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WHAT THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY WILL SUPPLANT.

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THE CZAR'S PEOPLE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

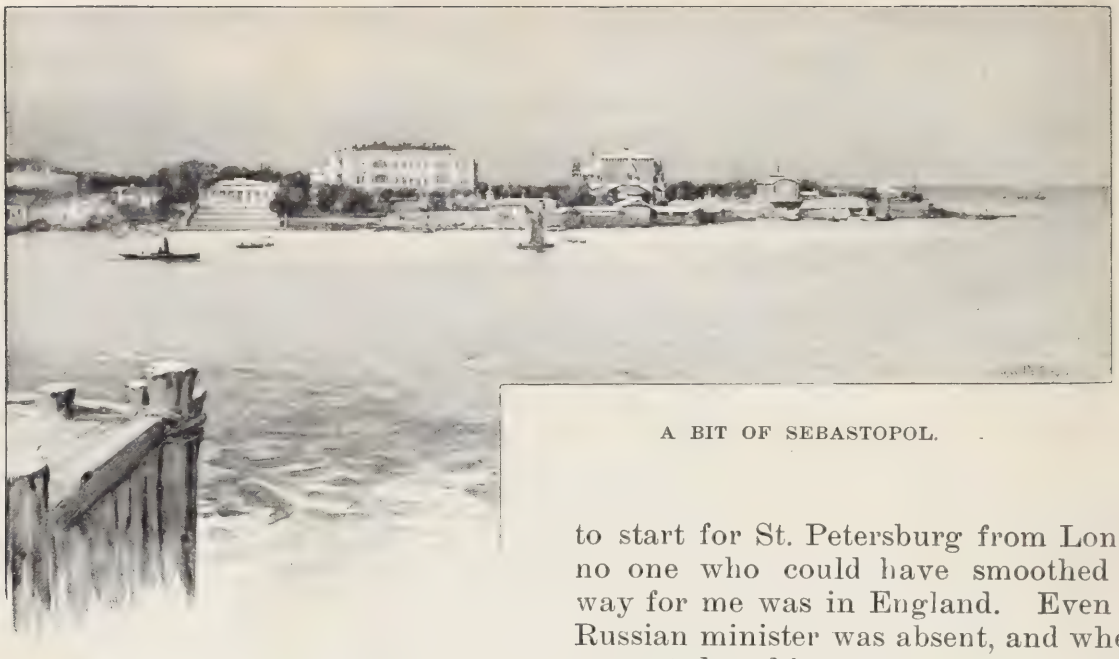
IN a sentence, Russia is a huge farm, comprising a seventh of the land surface of the globe, and a twenty-sixth of its total area. It has half a dozen men to manage it—according to the policy of one of the six—and the people are divided into ten millions of men and women of the more or less comfortable, more or less educated class, and one hundred and nineteen millions of citizens the mass of whom form the dullest, rudest, least ambitious peasantry in Europe. If one travels over Russia to spy out the land, he may go for days across it from west to east without breaking the continuous view of a flat disk, whose only variety lies between its farmed flatness and its waste flatness, its squat, shrinking, unkempt villages and its sandy districts wooded with thin birch or evergreens.

Everywhere it is new, rude, and untidy.

Or he may start from the almost limitless forest that belts the north of Russia and Siberia and travel for a greater number of days over a precisely similar flat and tiresome reach of farm-land, everywhere slovenly and unkempt, and varied again by sparse woods and villages of brown thatched huts, each village crowding around a huge white Greek church with Oriental towers and points of gold. Mud roads that are mere rough trails, low-browed, shaggy-haired, dirty men and women, of the intelligent status of Indian squaws, are the only other objects he will see.

To obtain a view of what any European would honor with the name of scenery he must go to the further boundaries of the European half of the empire —to the lovely wooded and rocky islets and emerald lakes of Finland in the west, to the not very scenically grand Urals in

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A BIT OF SEBASTOPOL.

the east, to the charming hills by the Black Sea in what Russia calls its Riviera, or, further south, to the truly splendid, the magnificent scenery of the Caucasus.

But the men of Russia who see the bulk of their country see only the steppes, marshy or sandy in the north, and black and rich in the south, but everywhere a checker-board of farms and waste places, everywhere flat as a table, and everywhere untidy, or, where the people congregate together, squalid. There are notable exceptions to this very general rule, and they are the cities. Warsaw is not Russian at all, but Polish, which is to say, eloquent of the best genius of Europe. St. Petersburg is artificial, planned to be an imitation European town, and maintained as such by the government in spite of its still great unpopularity with the mass of the people, even of the most enlightened among them. Moscow is disappointing as a European city, and yet, outside the Kremlin, is nothing else; and Odessa is a very lively modern commercial and cosmopolitan capital. Helsingfors, the Finnish capital, is rather small to put in the list, but it is one of the finest small cities in Europe—and is not Russian. Most of the other cities, small and large, except Nijni-Novgorod, which has been denationalized and rendered excessively commonplace by the government in order to render it the artificial setting for an exotic exposition, are more or less primitive, shabby, dirty, native—Asiatic.

It is of interest for the reader to know how the sight-seer in Russia is welcomed, and in what degree of comfort he travels there. It happened that when I was ready to start for St. Petersburg from London no one who could have smoothed the way for me was in England. Even the Russian minister was absent, and when I presented to his secretary my letters of introduction he read them mechanically and handed them back, and said, "If your minister in St. Petersburg wishes to make himself responsible for you, he will do so. This embassy knows nothing about you. Yes, I see your letters from your Secretary of State and other prominent Americans, but I know nothing about you."

Finally, when I reached St. Petersburg, Mr. Breckinridge, our minister, was on his holidays in Finland, so that never did tourist enter a foreign country with fewer advantages than I, so far as the Russians were concerned. The tales of the difficulties encountered by the visitor to Russia, of the close surveillance of his movements by the police, and of the facility with which a traveller may subject himself to suspicion and be expelled, or have his passport torn up and himself disappear (in Siberia) as completely as if the earth had swallowed him—such tales now form a considerable literature by themselves; and if a tourist is rendered uneasy by them before he gets to Russia, I can assure him that he will gather enough more of such stories after crossing the frontier to spoil his visit and his rest at night if he be nervous, timid, or extra-imaginative. I will not say that the obstruction, surveillance, suspicion, and extraordinary autocratic practices that we have all read and heard about are not there to meet you on the frontier, shadowing you afterwards, investigating your baggage while you sleep, and opening all letters to and from you the rest of the time, but I am compelled to admit that I was unaware of the least part of all this during my travels.

I was never less troubled by foreign customs laws and regulations in any journey I have ever made.

Every man in Russia, and every woman, if she wishes to travel from her town to the next, must have a passport. Everybody must have one in order to pass the frontier in either direction. A passport is as necessary to a Russian who desires to return to his native land as it is to an American who wishes to visit that country. Certain classes of officials have special passports that relieve them from the necessity of explaining where they are going when they make a journey in their own country, but these must be carried by them. I fancy that even the members of the Czar's cabinet have to carry passports when they go about Russia. The espionage is very strict in Poland, always very uniform and thorough in Russia proper, and has been very mild and somewhat lax in Finland, whose people gave themselves to the Russian Empire, and were treated with marvellous consideration until a few years ago, when the Russianizing process began, and the conscription law was extended to that splendid European, un-Russian province. When there is any new military improvement or movement afoot, as is now apparently the case in trans-Caspia, the surveillance of travellers becomes very strict. When there is trouble with an unruly population, as was the case in a part of Georgia over the Caucasus when I was there, foreigners are warned away.

I may be mistaken, but it seemed to me that a man might travel in Russia without a passport if he avoided hotels and dwellings, or if he escaped the notice of the police, or their agents, the door-porters, when entering a friendly residence. It is also possible to leave Russia without a passport if one risks the frontier dangers of sea, forest, wilderness, and desolate expanses — and of detection. But taking Russia by and large, in ordinary, peaceful times, the purpose of its strong government, one of whose chief items of expense must be for police service, is to make it impossible to depart, enter, or travel there without a passport.

I entered by steamer from Stockholm, stopping at several Finland ports. I left the ship at each place and roamed about, but as I did not register or put up at any hotel, I was not asked for my passport. As I was booked through to St. Peters-



AN IMPERIAL SENTRY.



HELSINGFORS, THE CAPITAL OF FINLAND.

burg, no customs officer called for it on the ship at any other place. On the ship were three women who were doing one of those irregular, unnecessary, risky things that members of their lovely sex are more given to doing than men. They had slipped out of Finland without permission, and were coming back into Russia without having had their passports viséd where they had travelled. Two, a married French woman and her English companion, had been holidaying in Finland, and had run over to Stockholm to see the World's Fair. The other, a Polish Jewess, had slipped out and gone to Paris. There must have been grave dereliction to make this possible. All three had taken tickets back to a Finland port, and then bought new tickets from that port to St. Petersburg in order to deceive the Russian police, and to enable the ship-captain, whose services they easily enlisted, to tell a white lie, and say they came only from the Russian port where they bought their last tickets. Nevertheless, they were dreadfully alarmed at what might happen at St. Petersburg; and I, with a head full of sensational stories of Russian strictness and severity and of Russian prejudice against journalists, was interested in my own fate—in a journalistic way—*i. e.*, like one who stands apart and watches what happens to himself.

Nothing happened. If my trunk and big portmanteau had been filled with dynamite bombs, the Russians would not have discovered it, for they did not take the trouble to examine my luggage.

As soon as our ship was tied to the wharf a very dandified officer of middle age, accompanied by a clerk, hurried into the dining-saloon and sat down at a table, upon which a waiter had laid an ink-pot and a pen. "Get the people in line," said the officer. His manner was that of a man who is already late for a dinner party and is being still longer delayed. He seized the first passport and stabbed the ink-pot with his pen. The bottle gave out a hollow dry sound of emptiness, and from that instant the laws, the watchfulness, and the majesty of Russia took a back seat, behind and subordinate to the petty annoyance the ink-bottle caused. The officer stabbed the bottle hard, tried to write, stabbed the bottle harder, made an incoherent illegible flourish of broken lines on the first passport, fumed, stabbed the bottle still harder, seized the next passport, and began to damn everything around him. The line filed before him eagerly, seeing how engrossed he was with his misfortune. New passports were pressed upon him. He ground his pen around and around in the nearly dry bottle, and groaned, and cursed the



ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL, ST. PETERSBURG.

ship. He did not examine a passport except to find the place for his signature, whereupon each time he clutched the bottle in one hand, and with the pen in his other hand tried to dig out its bottom. At last he damned his clerk, who then for the first time took notice of the trouble, and went off to get the captain's ink. It was like a bit of a play to see the Polish Jewess wriggle ahead of her place to get her passport signed before the fresh ink came and while the officer was in the heat of his fracas with the bottle. The husband of the French woman with the English companion had come aboard, and it was he who presented the passports of the law-breaking women. He was a person of consequence in diplomatic circles, and tried to impress the officer with the air of a man of affairs engaging in a tedious formality. "Kindly sign this—ladies in my charge—a cab waits," said he, in French.

"I am permitted to have only half a drop of ink," said the officer, now red-faced, grinding the pen in the bottle as a chemist uses a pestle in a mortar.

I waited till the last—till he got fresh ink and plenty, and calmed himself and squared off at the table with a sigh of relief. If the runaways from Russia had come up then, he would have questioned them—perhaps convicted them with the things from Stockholm and Paris in their boxes. But it was my turn, and my own passport so surprised him by its novelty that he studied its big eagle and its engraved flourishes, and then looked at me and said, "Americansky," and bowed as if I had gained some admirable quality by merely coming a great distance, as tea and ostrich feathers did before the days of steam.

My Murray's Guide had told me that I must get a new passport—with new in italics—and yet my old one, all frescoed with Turkish hieroglyphics made in Edhem Pasha's train, had served very well. My Murray next said that the customs examinations were very strict, and that the tourist would find it wisest and quickest to exercise a great deal of patience. So I held my breath for this grand test of quality



THE ESPLANADE, HELSINGFORS.

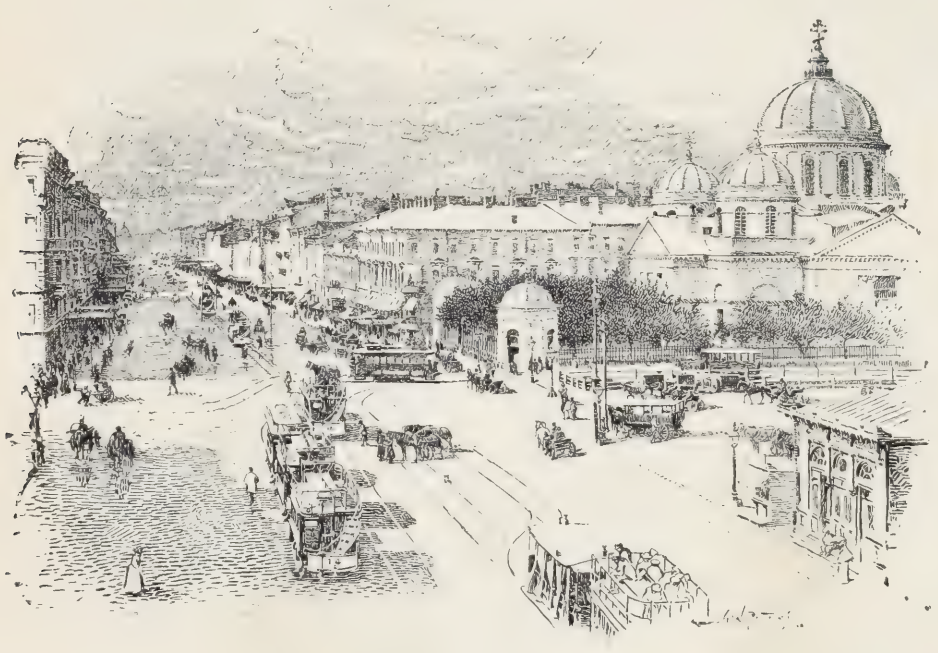
that is utterly lacking in my make-up. I saw the boxes and bags of others being emptied on the deck, and consultations of all the inspectors going on over bits of a few yards of lace and over little knick-knacks from foreign shops. Presently a man came to me.

"Englishky?" he asked.

"Dar, dar," said I, meaning "yes," made soft and gracious by duplication.

"Take your things away," he signalled in pantomime. "Don't open them. Get a porter. Here, porter, take these things."

I slipped a rouble (half a dollar) in his hand, and rolled away in a droschka to the Hôtel de France, where, as soon as I had said I was satisfied with the only room there was, the porter—the functionary who appears to run every hotel in Russia—remarked, "Passport, please, for the police."



A NEVSKY PERSPECTIVE.

So that absolutely the only trouble I found in entering Russia was in my own groundless anticipation; and afterwards, as I roamed from the Neva to the Black Sea, and into Asia, and back again to the Don, and through Poland, I did not even have the annoyance of borrowing trouble. At every hotel in European Russia the porter wanted my passport and wanted it immediately. In Russia proper it was kept from me a day or two, and once for six days. In Georgia, in Asia, it was not kept an hour. In the journey across the Caucasus Mountains it was not asked for. Every time it came back to me it had a new visé on it—printed lines made with a rubber stamp and with other lines written in, and the police signature added. In several places police stamps like postage-stamps were affixed to these declarations of approval. Whenever a high-priced stamp was put on it was stolen at the next city, evidently because it could be used again as well as not. The highest-priced stamp thus taken was for 80 copecks, or 40 cents. I was allowed to come away with two or three stamps for 10 and 20 copecks.

And now as to Russia and the Russians. As long as I tried to compare Russia with the countries of the West, and to consider it from a European standpoint, I found myself more than disappointed, almost hostile to it. The sight of the desperately poor millions — unconsidered, non-considering, at rest in their cattlelike condition; the comprehension of the vastness of the gulf between the millions upon millions of them and their few, so-called, betters; the shabbiness and want of pride of the soldiers, and the dirtiness and filthy quarters of the sailors—these were not comparable with American or European institutions, except at such a disadvantage to Russia as to arouse indignation at the thought that such conditions were the natural outcome of the system of government. How could European comparisons be made in a country where the poems of Heinrich Heine are not admitted, and the possession of a modern gentleman's library is an act of treason punishable with exile to Siberia? With what feelings must one who goes to Russia to compare it with France, for instance, arrive at the knowledge that in the main the mental cultivation possessed by the upper class is a mere surface polish, that a civil engineer knows nothing but his



THE STATION AT MOORAVIEFF-AMOORSKY, EASTERN SIBERIA.

science, that every specialist has had his learning confined to his speciality? Or learn that when a servant-girl goes away on a visit, and fails to announce her safe arrival at her destination, the police, on being applied to for news of her, present a report of every step she has taken since leaving her employer, every person she has spoken to, every shop she has called at, one might almost say every breath she has drawn.

These are a few of the thousand things that a tourist sees or feels or learns in Russia to make him judge it severely, if he considers it as European. The mistake of so considering it is encouraged by as many other things that are copied from those of Europe. St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, Sebastopol, are all built like European cities, with European-looking houses, facing European streets, with horse-cars and cabs and shops as full of Berlin-made trash and Viennese rubbish as are the shops of all European capitals, from Christiania to Constantinople. One cannot see in a day that, however they look, these cities are all under martial law. No one can know at a glance that the porters at the doors and gates of the dwellings and hotels form part of the police system. It is not apparent to the new-comer that every Russian he sees is numbered, and carries his passport in his pocket, and is as dependent on it for his safety as if it were a log to which he was clinging in mid-ocean. No, the cities and their scenes and inhabitants and the manners thereof all seem European. One cannot look into the houses of the rich and powerful and know that only the public rooms are ordered tidily, and that the private parts of the houses are neglected, not even the beds being made up, very often, until it is time to get into them again. Nor can a stranger see into the head of the Russian who casually mentions Molière or Thomas Jefferson and perceive that he merely repeats these names, but has not read Molière's plays or studied the declaration of our independence.

But let the visitor to Russia pursue his comparisons until, as nearly every one fails, he concludes that he must be doing Russia an injustice—until he comes to reflect that the basis and root of its civilization are Asiatic, and not European. Then the task of studying the huge, growing, progressive empire becomes easy and more pleasant at once. Let him once say "Russia is Asiatic," and with the change of his view-point he sees everything differently. Then he stops criticising, and begins admiring. He is not in the last and most primitive corner of Europe. He is in the first and most advancing country of Asia.

If any Russian objects to that view-point, he will not find fault or contradict if it is said that at least Russia is a land that lies between Europe and Asia.

I considered it Asiatic when its resemblances to what I had seen in other countries of the East forced home the comparison. And from that moment I was able to judge it calmly. In Asia the systems of government are less military, but Russia is forced into militarism by her contact with Europe. The lack of machine-like discipline in the Russian soldiery is truly Asiatic, and so are the stagnation, patience, suffering, and squalor of the people. In Russia they are drunken, instead of being gamblers and opium-smokers as in China. The absence of a middle class and the gulf that takes its place are Asiatic conditions. In Russia no man except a member of the cabinet or a diplomat dares to discuss politics. In other Asiatic countries the people are not forbidden to discuss them, because they have never shown any inclination to do so. No more do the 119,000,000 muzhiks of Russia. Their intellectual activity never goes beyond the affairs of village, family, farm, or employment. Their most active interest is in religion, but they make of that such a mere tissue of forms and mechanical or automatic practices that it is carried on without any more mental effort than the activity of a victim of St. Vitus's dance. The leaven of progress is not in the muzhik any more than it is in the coolie. If Russia's system of government is to be threatened or altered, it must be by the ten million who reflect the European ideals in their dress and manners, and who present fertile ground for the propagation of European reforms —the seeds of which, in the forms of free speech and free press and free literature, are denied to them. Russia's danger is from the top; the bottom is sodden.

When we come to consider the treatment of criminals in Russia, and the laws which determine what is criminal, I make bold to say that they have incurred sensational exposure and attack, and have aroused Western indignation largely by exaggeration, and because of that very wholesome Western egotism which condemns everything not fashioned in its own moulds. In her treatment of criminals, more than in anything else, Russia dilutes Asiatic practice with European self-restraint. In this she treats her own Asiatic traditions with a violence as marked as the consideration she shows for the lives and feelings of those who defy her laws. I am not Asiatic or a champion of Asia, yet I can see that there are two sides to this question, however much I may sorrow over the harder side. The side we do not all think of is that in this solitary system among those that are Asiatic or of Asiatic stock there is very little capital punishment; that treasonous offences are punished mercifully from the Russian point of view; that, taking the whole not very great annual exodus of prisoners to Siberia, the majority have no right to arouse the indignation and sympathy that we expend upon the few intellectual prisoners whose lot seems to us so painful; that these very sufferers are of Russian blood and training, and, being intelligent, are certain to have perfectly understood and accepted the chances when opposing the laws of their country; and finally, that in Russia and out of it there is plenty of foreign, free, and unpurchased testimony to show that the condition of the prisoners and the exiles is not nearly so bad as those who play upon the exceptional sensitiveness of American republicans have caused us to imagine.

I remember that the first time I spoke of Siberia, when in Russia, was to my waiter in a St. Petersburg hotel. "I'm afraid I should go to Siberia if I gave you my opinion," said I.

"That would not be so bad," said he. "Most people are better off than ever, when they are sent to Siberia."

The next time the subject was broached was in conversation with a Russian professional man in Moscow. "Exile to Siberia is very hard on men of education and gentlemen without means, but to the majority it means an improved condition," said he.

The third mention of the matter was to a German traveller. "It struck me," said he, "that the colonists in Siberia thought themselves worse off than any one else. They complained of the criminals who had served their time in prison and had to remain in Siberia, and who took work and money that the colonists thought ought to be exclusively their own."

Finally, I have just read the opinion of Lieutenant-Colonel Waters, the British military attaché who was the last man of note to make the trip across Siberia, and is of a nationality the most remote from any tendency to gloss over Russian faults. "I can deny with absolute authority," he says, "the oft-repeated stories of Siberian



RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION NEAR KHABAROVKA, EASTERN SIBERIA.



A SUMMER CAB, ST. PETERSBURG.

horrors and Russian cruelty. During my journey in midwinter, when, according to the statements of some, the traveller might expect to come across chained gangs of prisoners on their way to the mines, many dying unheeded on the road-side, I saw nothing of the kind. There was no question of preparation for my approach. I caught up hundreds of convicts on the road, and conversed with them in their own language. In the depth of a Russian winter, with 90° of frost, I found these exiles travelling in comfort, smoking and singing. In every case they were well clothed and well fed, and, so far from dying on the road-side, any prisoner falling lame or becoming ill was placed in a carriage and driven to the nearest hospital. As a matter of fact, in a majority of cases the Siberian exile is far better off than if he were at home. Take the children, for instance, who accompany their parents into exile; instead of having to subsist on black bread, as they would in the ordinary way, they are given white bread and milk until they are five years of age, and are clothed and fed well. Only murderers and dangerous criminals are chained, and their fetters are carefully padded so as not to injure the legs. I have not only not seen any case of ill treatment, but, what is more, I have not even heard of one. Even the Poles who were exiled for insurrection are now in many cases free to return to Russia, and several are employed as government officials. Political prisoners, unless they have committed some serious non-political crime, are not imprisoned, their heads are not shaved, and they are not fettered. Criminals, on the other hand, are kept in prison for only a short time if on good behavior. They are then released, having plenty of time to work on their own account and to make money. I can only add that I know—that I am perfectly satisfied—that the treatment of all classes of prisoners is remarkably kind, and that the sensational stories current in some quarters are absolutely untrue."

"Remarkably kind"—I know nothing personally of the merits of the question, whether or no the horrors of Siberia commonly painted in such high colors really exist, but that word "kind" suggests to



A WINTER CAB, ST. PETERSBURG.



TYPES OF RUSSIAN CABBIES.

me that if I were asked to dwell on the most remarkable trait of the Russian, it would be upon his kindliness that I would rest longest. It is the best and greatest gift of muzhik and lord alike. And it is distinctly un-Asiatic, in spite of Russia's many resemblances to Asia. Everywhere that you glance it is upon smiling, kindly, friendly faces. Every accident, misfortune, or embarrassment you see or meet with strikes the note of sympathy, which is most easily sounded in all Russian breasts. If you ask peasant, priest, or noble to direct you on your way, he will often go part of the way with you. If you cannot speak the language, and yet try to make yourself understood, there is never any ridicule or half-concealed amusement—only a demonstrative effort to understand and assist. The native African is happier, because the Slav blood in the Russian makes him hang forever between elation and despondency, but the African is nowhere so sympathetic, so friendly, or so kind-hearted. His critics call the Russian a great prevaricator, and declare him singularly lacking in a knowledge of the difference between *meum* and *teum*, but at least he is kindly—always, everywhere, chronically. And when we consider the rigid veracity of the Finns, and see it accompanied with cold selfishness, easily aroused anger and pursuit of revenge, or when we contemplate the extraordinary honesty of those who live next beyond the Finns, and have their own hard faults, we turn to the kindliness of the Russian, and say to ourselves that it is at least a compensating virtue.

The Russians are a restless people, and if the railway statistics do not show that they travel as much as we, it is partly because so many move about on foot, partly because so few, comparatively, have the means to make long journeys by rail, and partly because of the limitations imposed on travel by the passport system. The railway fares are the lowest in Europe. Since they were made so the chief cities of the country have grown remarkably—St. Petersburg most of all. The trains run very slowly, express trains are few, and, so far as I saw, are confined to the railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow. On all the other roads the trains stop for tedious lengths of time at all stations. Here criticism of the roads ends, and this is a criticism not expressed in



AN OMNIBUS TO THE SUBURB OF MOSCOW.

Russia, where the rate of railway speed is satisfactory to the people. The road-beds, the maintenance of way, the stations, coaches, and engines, are equal to the best on the Continent, and whoever takes a French sleeper into Russia finds, when he gets there, that the first-class Russian sleepers are better. The first railway in Russia was built by an American, and the influence of American railway methods is still apparent on all the roads. The passenger-cars are modified to meet the exigencies of caste, but the better-class freight traffic is carried on with very large box cars, as with us, instead of on flat cars roofed with tarpauling, as in England and France. Wood-burning locomotives, like those we used to have, are still to be seen, but on the main lines they are stoking with coal or with naphtha refuse. The first-class trains are corridored, and carry primitive dining-cars as well as excellent compartment sleepers, like those used in America.

The stations are uncommonly large, well built, and handsome, with orderly and often beautiful grounds. Labor is so cheap and plentiful that the whole route is often permanently manned, and instead of a mere "grass line," or tidied edge beside the road-bed, such as a few of our great railways maintain, I have seen the soil between the ends of the ties and the grass line scraped smooth, then patterned with a rake, and in one case sprinkled for miles. At all the busy stations there are restaurants, which are a great deal better than any we ever knew before the days of dining-cars, the rule being to set a large and handsome room with small tables and a bar, and to serve a warm meal either *à la carte* or *table d'hôte*. In this land of good fare I have had nearly as satisfactory meals in some of these stations as in the best hotels. The trains are started with two warning-bells preceding the starting-bell—a practice we have no time for, but which is admirable where the stoppages are so long. The use that is made of spare rails is most extraordinary. All the telegraph poles are short sticks riveted to upright rails; the cross-road gates are made of rails; so are the frames of the cement platforms of the stations; so are the station-garden railings, which are made by crossing the rails in a great variety of pretty patterns.

The views from the car windows have been often said to remind us Americans of home, but they only suggest a certain part of our country—South Dakota more than any other—and only this because of the great areas of land under wheat, the nature of the trees, the appearance of low-grade lignite coal in the earth, the use of wood for all structures, and in a general way by the character of the surface of the earth. The tremendous and showy-white churches which tower devouringly above the villages, the villages themselves, which are often mere collections of huts and cabins, and finally, the windmills set in rows or framing hollow squares—these are common Russian objects that are not at all American-like.

In the Russian cities one lives fairly well, from a European stand-point. The

hotels are not good, and where all classes are untidy, and discipline is either lacking or spasmodic, it is not possible that they should be. The only really excellent hotel that I found in my journeys was the Hotel Orient, in Tiflis, Georgia. It was managed by a Swiss and his wife, and they had learned to avoid Russians and Armenians in picking their servants, all of whom were Georgians. St. Petersburg has none but second-class hotels. Moscow has one great modern hotel building of showy design, but while stopping there four days on my first visit I saw four women servants drunk, the hall porters were often smoking or asleep on duty, and the halls and stairs were very dirty. An excellent thing about all the hotels in Russia is that the servants needed for each floor are kept on that floor, where there is also a rudimentary kitchen. Tea, coffee, cooked eggs, bread and butter, hot water, and such simple things are to be had quickly, and so is the attendance of the hall porter, boy, and maid. Russia is a stronghold of good fare. In the cities the best inventions of the cooks of Europe are as familiar as pure Russian cooking, the chief elements of which I found very palatable. Stchi, the regular soup of the people, is not half bad; and borsch, which is stchi colored with beets, enhanced by other vegetables, thickened with sour cream, and eaten with a side dish of roasted buckwheat, is a dish that would win its way around the world. The best bread I have found anywhere, better even than the Hungarian, is the Russian white bread. The bread of the people is black rye bread, like pumpernickel, but sweeter, damper, and looser. It is said to keep the teeth of the peasants white and their bodies strong. The tea of Russia, to one who has lived in England, where they drink a sort of tanners' dye and call it tea, is delicious. It is always served in thin glasses, with sugar and a slice of lemon. The wines are extravagantly bad, excepting certain brands from the Crimea and from Bessarabia, which are nearly as



A MANCHURIAN SCENE.



TROITZA CONVENT NEAR MOSCOW.

good as the Californian—the best low-priced table wines in the world. The servants are lazy, loquacious, and familiar. You always find this suggestion of democracy where there is autocracy, or tyranny, or slavery, or where society is divided into only two classes, as in Russia.

The heaviest swell on the steamship going to Russia, an officer of the Empress's Guard, kept stiffly aloof from the cabin passengers, but was freely approached and engaged in conversation by the Finn and Russian peasants of the steerage. The fashionable men on their way to Yalta on the Black Sea for the grape-cure and the whirl of social dissipation went among the bundled-up dirty peasants on the forward deck, and passed their cigarettes to them to light their own with, and chatted freely with them. Everywhere in Russia I noticed this. The position of the man in uniform is as secure as that of the wretch in long boots and a sheepskin coat, therefore they are at ease with one another. It is so in China, where the mobs flatten their noses against the mandarin's windows to see what he is doing in his house. It is so in Turkey, where the Araba-ji, or cabman, turns his back to his horses and chats with his fare, the pasha. Exactly so does the isvostchik, or cabman, of Russia. Of course this used to be so in the English feudal hall, where the lord and his retainers all ate together, and rejoiced over his successes and mourned his bereavements together. But to-day it has become an Asiatic condition.

In an article about the people of Russia and the degree of their civilization there should be a note upon the appearance they present. Since they include no middle class, there are but two sets to describe, and these may be fairly dealt with as the uniformed class and the muzhiks. When a visitor observes, before anything else, the multiplicity of uniforms in the streets, far exceeding in number even those to be met with in Germany or France, and then learns that the cities are under military rule, he jumps to the conclusion that it is an abundance of soldiery which litters every view with dull blue or gray cloth touched with buttons of silver or gold. It was a long time before I learned that these military-looking garments were by no means all on the persons of soldiers, and

to-day I cannot always be certain whether a man in uniform is a warrior or a professor of rhetoric in a boys' academy. It was in the Caucasus that I travelled along with a man in uniform who said he was an engineer, and offered to prepare for me an account of the resources of that mountain district. Supposing that he was a leader in the highest branch of the army, I rejoiced at my good fortune; but presently another Russian said: "You must not trust too much to what he says. He is simply the employé of some company owning land here and wishing to attract capital with which to develop it."

"Isn't he an officer of the engineer corps?" I asked.

"He is simply a civil engineer," said my acquaintance; and so I came by degrees to learn that all students, all government employés, railway men, and all professionals, like doctors, lawyers, architects, and teachers, as well as all officials, civil or military, are obliged to wear uniforms. Therefore the soldiers I saw romping with maid-servants, wheeling baby-carriages, loafing and smoking on the corners, and going about by the thousand with overcoats caught by one button at the neck and worn with the sleeves loose, may not have been soldiers after all. As for the nobles, barring the quantity the men drank and the publicity with which the elderly women smoked cigarettes, they were as like the aristocrats of Europe in taste and richness of dress and apparent cultivation as one silk hat is like another. The muzhiks have been described to tiresomeness perhaps. I was so fortunate as to see them in both their summer and winter costumes—that is, before and after they donned their warm sheepskin coats and wrapped their legs in cloth. At both times they were dull-looking, dirty folk, with very long hair and beards, with wives cruelly aged before their time, and bent and wrinkled terribly. I thought them a very fine race physically, the men being stout and strong and often very large, while the young women were as promising, from the important point of view of motherhood, as any peasant women I ever saw. The utter hopelessness of the condition of the great black mass of peasants which underlies the light embroidery of the uniformed class in Russia makes it the drunkenest peasantry in Europe. The fact that Russia is mainly a huge farm brings to that mass a winter of idleness. The shortness of the daylight over the great northern half of the empire in winter tends greatly to increase the drinking habits of the muzhik. Corn brandy, or whiskey, as we would say, is the staple intoxicant. It is a colorless liquid, as transparent as gin, but with the almost sparkling clearness of distilled water—fire would be a better word for this sparkle, because vodka is a liquid which starts a train of fire at the palate and blazes its way through one's body to one's boots. Sodden drunkenness is what I saw most of. The peculiar, hilarious, noisy, exuberant intoxication of the whiskey drunkard which I had expected to see continually fell under my observation only two or three times in all my journeyings.



A FATHER SUPERIOR.

Among the many important activities of M. Witte, the Finance Minister, none is more extraordinary than his effort to make the vodka trade a government monopoly. The scheme is attractively subtitled one



A VILLAGE WINTER SCENE.

to counteract the evil effects of the original dram-shops. It aims to provide a purer grade of whiskey to the masses, and to break the power of the dram-shops, which have been so managed in the past as to make them pawn-shops as well as public-houses—even to the degree that it was possible for a muzhik to lose there not only his superfluities and his tools, but even his right to a share of village land—even his profit on his own labor. It was in 1895 that M. Witte began the building of the government monopoly scheme by introducing it in the provinces of Samara, Ufa, Perm, and Orenburg. Eighteen months later, in July, 1896, it was extended to Bessarabia, Volhynia, Ekaterinoslav, Kiev, Podolia, Poltava, the Taurida, the Black Sea, and Kherson provinces.

In these places the excise on vodka is abolished, and the government has established central liquor-depots in each province, from which supplies are distributed in sealed bottles and vessels to retail shops set up by the government in the towns and country districts. The little local distilleries, once so numerous and prosperous, are closed, and the drink is supplied to the state (by distilleries operated under government control) in quantities and at prices fixed by the government. It is the law of South Carolina carried out consistently from the root—the purchase of the grain and its distillation—instead of being begun in the middle, as by Governor Tillman. For the public convenience, let us say (of course, not to increase the sale of the liquor), licenses are issued to tavern and restaurant keepers and grocers to sell the government liquor, the licensees being selected for trustworthiness and good repute, and they having to sign an agreement that their licenses are revokable at the government's pleasure. In connection with the scheme, temperance committees are formed in each province under the leadership of the Governor, and in the principal towns under the Marshal of Nobility, to prevent drunkenness and establish attractive tea-shops, to wean the people from their taste for liquor —tea, by-the-way, being the commodity which it is said the government means next to monopolize.

Wines, beer, and all other intoxicating beverages, as well as the government's vodka, may be sold by licenses under the same terms as the licenses for vodka-selling are given out.

The government's official announcements, after two years of experimenting

with the new law, are to the effect that it is working very satisfactorily. M. Witte made a tour of ten provinces in eastern and southern Russia where it is in operation, and was confirmed in his plan to extend the scheme all over Russia. It is declared that the better qualities of the liquor and the decrease of drunkenness have produced a reform whose good is already apparent. The unofficial newspapers of the empire do not altogether share this admiring and hopeful view of the new system. They declare that the government got a profit of fifty per cent. on the capital invested in the new enterprise, and argue that this came of increased sales of the liquor, in addition to increased excise rates, so that it is clear that there is the opposite of a reform in the drinking habits of the people. Where the new system has been longest in operation it is asserted that the temperance committees have failed to appropriate sufficient money to make the tea-shops attractive, and they are a failure. A serious loss to the unfortunate small farmer has come from the closing of the local distilleries—abandoned because of the advantages secured by the large ones under government control. The little distilleries afforded convenient markets for the sale of farm products, and produced a waste that was utilized to feed cattle and enrich the land. A considerable decline in cattle-breeding has followed the new system, and very small agricultural communities have suffered other losses which to them are very severe.

The muzhik is still being bled by the liquor-sellers. Even the government admits that under the new system the licensees, though obliged to sell vodka cheaper than under the old plan, still manage to get more from him than the former price of the liquor by charging for the use of glasses, corkscrews, and whatever the poor peasants need in connection with this liquor, and by exacting high prices for the relishes sold at the bars. These evils, being understood, are to be dealt with by law.

The muzhik, who possesses self or popular government in its purest and simplest form in the management of his village—which is all the world to him—has always shown remarkable skill and moderation in the use of this right. He has seen his own and his village rights shorn and invaded from time to time in ways and to an extent which must have seemed monstrous; but then, as always, he has proved himself the patient, amiable, simple, and docile creature that he is. He believed, for instance, from the beginnings of his nationality that, though he was a chattel



A MUZHIK FAMILY.



A VILLAGE MERCHANT—WINTER DRESS.

of the nobles, yet the land was his irrevocably. But when serfdom was abolished the land was partitioned, and the villagers got only a portion, which is now seen to be generally less than is actually necessary for the support of the inhabitants, whose numbers have greatly increased. New abuses have crept in, owing to the muzhik's simplicity, his lack of ambition, and the vices of drink, gaming, laziness, and aboriginal disregard for the morrow, so that the nihilist writers declare his present state as a freeman a worse and more hopeless one than his former serfdom. And the calmest men —even in official life—admit that the condition of agriculture is desperately bad. With a characteristic rebound into despondency that is a Slav trait, the journals which have recovered from their jubilation over the proposed reform of the drinking habits of the people now declare that there is no hope for reform by the government, and that the muzhik can only be turned from drunkenness by multiplying the primary schools and spreading education among the masses.

Of course this is true, and it is the hostility of the government to the spread of enlightenment by schooling, by travel, and by the introduction and multiplication of serious literature, that renders impossible a valuation of Russia's future based upon European comparisons. For myself, I cannot foresee the consequence of a long continuation of present Russian methods in Europe, because I cannot begin by conceiving their durability; and yet the Russians tell me that these must be maintained, that the self-interest of those who govern Russia demands the maintenance of present conditions, that with enlightenment must come rebellion, unrest, reforms in the direction of a constitutional government—and with this latter alone must come the breaking up of this huge feudal landlord's estate.

His government of his villages suggests the capacity the Russian peasant possesses, sadly rude and undeveloped as it is. His "artels" prove that this capacity is strong enough for him to govern himself, which we are taught is a mightier thing than the taking of a city. They show that he can make himself industrious, honest, thrifty, foresighted, responsible (nearly everything, in fact, that he is not—until such combination gives him the chance to redeem himself). The artelshik is a muzhik revolutionized—a beast of burden in man's guise transformed into a full-fledged man, or woman, for the women make good artelshiks also. They are developed out of the familiarity with and training in co-operative management which the peasants get in the little communes or village governments. To a certain extent the artels follow the same line. They are an institution peculiar to Russia, and of great interest to all mankind. In a Foreign Office report of Great Britain they have recently been most carefully studied and explained—a task which the Russians have never undertaken for themselves. It seems that an artel is simply a company or associa-

tion of peasants for the prosecution of a certain kind of labor or trade in a certain place, or for the performance of a single task. The custom of forming these companies has obtained there since the fourteenth century, though it grew out of a habit of certain Cossacks formed four centuries earlier. These Cossacks were fighters and brigands, who continued their warlike organizations in peaceful times for the division of their labor and of the spoils of hunting and fishing, and for the sale of their war booty and plunder. They carried their trade up the Dnieper, and so taught the boatmen of that river the advantage of forming the artels, which they still maintain. The system is to-day applied to the work of hunting, fishing, farming, mining, banking, custom-house, post-office, and railway work, and there are artels of laborers, mechanics, porters, factory-hands of many sorts, pilots, bargemen, stevedores, herders of every sort of cattle, musicians, beggars, and even horse-thieves. It is impossible to say how many artelshiks, or even artels, there are, because no statistics upon the subject have yet been published. It is certain, however, that in the higher



A VILLAGE POLICEMAN—WINTER DRESS.



A PEASANT GIRL IN NURSE'S DRESS.

fields of labor the institution is vigorously extending, though in the simpler relations of unskilled labor the practice of hiring individual muscle in the ordinary way is elbowing out the simpler artels of laborers.

Until recently the government has practically closed its eyes to the existence of the artels (except as it has employed them in certain works), regarding them with disfavor as being socialistic institutions, and yet refraining from opposing them because they confine their energy to the industrial purposes for which they are formed, and because they undeniably tend to the improvement of the muzhik, his work, and his value to the state. The Zemstvos, or provincial assemblage, has exercised whatever little governmental influence over them has been necessary, and there have not been until lately any laws concerning or affecting them. Even now these new statutes merely record



A PROSPEROUS PEASANT.

and extend to minor artels the rules governing the more important ones, the "exchange artels." Nothing more has been necessary. The institution is so very old, time has so perfected the simple regulations and customs governing these bands of workmen, and the peasants are themselves so familiar with the system, and so well suited by character and temperament to submit themselves to it, that no interference by legislation has been needed.

When we come to describe these bands and their methods and operations we shall see that once again, as in the case of the self-government of the villages, this absolute monarchy offers the strongest contrast to its own main system of government by tolerating the purest form of socialistic co-operation among its people.

In an artel each member has an equal share in the duties and work, and receives an equal share of the profits, except in the cases of such elders or head men as are obliged to negotiate for the work of the members. Such a man may not be able to do his share of the labor, and may be entitled to more than an equal share of the profits. All the members are responsible for the work and conduct of each member. In choosing their fellow-members the artelshiks give the preference to relatives or members of their own village or district communities, though in some artels, like those of the fishermen, the mere possession of the necessary tools is sufficient. Age, character, and personal fitness for the work to be engaged in are, however, the usual qualifications, and women are only admitted to the agricultural artels, or those which are wholly composed of women, like the ones that cultivate tobacco in one of the provinces, and the great grain-handling artel which loads the ships at Archangel. An entrance fee has to be paid by each newly made member. This varies from 12 cents in the simple agricultural artels to $500 in the exchange artels—the chief ones of Russia. There are thirty of these exchange artels in St. Petersburg alone, some dating from 1714. They have three thousand members. Their business is of two kinds: loading and unloading merchandise from ships, railway cars, or wagons, and the work of clerks and messengers in the banks, business houses, and railway stations. They are preferred as bank messengers and carriers of money, and are obliged to deposit money for security for their honesty. If they steal or lose money, and the amount of security they have given is not sufficient, the artel to which they belong is held responsible for the loss. It is the same if an artelshik damages or loses any article intrusted to him.

Each artelshik is appointed by the elder of his guild, with whom alone negotiation for his service must be carried on; but when there is not work enough for all the artelshiks in any guild, a member will get work for himself as an independent individual. It of course also happens that there is sometimes more work than an artel can perform. Then it goes into the open market and hires labor, often paying more for it than its own members are receiving. But it is a fact that the artels

are charged with too often sweating their employés. The carelessness and dishonesty on the part of the hired laborer which naturally follow such a course are so serious that the railways owned by the government are gradually replacing artel labor with labor got in the usual way.

I have not gone into the details of the management of the great and old artels, but they are as complete as centuries of experience would naturally render them. The system deals justly with the artelshiks and the public; it provides that no artel can break up while it has a contract in hand, that no member can sell his place, that any one may resign and be immediately paid his share of the common capital, that a member may be expelled, that if he dies his fellows shall arrange and pay for his funeral and deduct the cost from his share, turning the rest over to his heirs—and so on and so forth, throughout a comprehensive scheme, which includes fines, a division of the funds into reserve capital, security capital, and working capital, and which arranges for the care of the sick, the aged, and the widowed.



A POOR MUZHIK.

Whoever has even a superficial knowledge of the condition of the muzhik knows that in the readjustment of his relations to the state under Alexander II. the amount of land allotted to the peasant was not proportioned to the larger population that has now come to the country. The restless, migratory character of the peasant is therefore increased by necessity, and in a general way it has come about that only the adults, who are necessary to work their land, and who can live on its proceeds, permanently remain in the villages. The others go off to the great cities to be nurses, cab-drivers, artelshiks, and individual laborers, or else move in considerable bodies over the face of the country, seeking work upon the large farm-estates, or in those agricultural districts which are not well supplied with their own labor. Thus, especially in the harvest season, the peasant finds chances to bring home a little money to meet the exactions of the tax-collector, the needs of the family, and the payments needed to keep up easy relations with the village merchant, whose bill for vodka is often the heaviest tax the improvident muzhik has to pay for his variety of existence. The scattering of the farm-laborers in search of work is the chief and most curious movement of these people. They migrate in vast numbers, and not always with either plan or reason, travelling hundreds of miles from their homes to seek a doubtful chance, when an assurance of work may be had at a tenth of the distance in another direction. The migration occurs in early spring, and the return journeys are made in late autumn. Since the fares on the railways have been made the cheapest in Europe, and especially since a fourth-class fare has been established, almost especially for these roving laborers, the railway statistics show in actual figures a large fraction of the mass that moves to and fro to gain from the land of others that which they have not land enough of their own to get.

And here comes the artel again to play its part, though of late agricultural artels, except for the mere harvesting of heavy crops, are rapidly vanishing before the methods that obtain in other countries. But the farm artels do yet exist in great numbers, and the harvest artels are likely to increase as new ground is broken. Being accustomed to the selection of a starosta, or elder, in each village, and to the partial sharing of responsibility and the yielding of full obedience at home, the wanderers form their artels simply and easily on the village model, and work under its rules without friction. It is towards the end of winter that those peasants who can be spared from one or more villages meet and elect their elder, who goes to the locality where work has been had before, or where it is rumored to be obtainable, and makes a contract to deliver the labor of the artel. The entrance fees of the artelshiks suffice to buy the few and simple tools they need. The pay for the work is usually in farm products, which are sold by the elder at the market rate. The artelshik used to return to his village in October, to spend the winter in idleness or worse, and this is the rule to-day, except as a new sort of artels, formed for what are called cottage industries, are breaking into the hideous nightmare of the winter's sleep of the muzhik. The industries in question are the manufacture of simple instruments, toys, and ornaments of wood, which were at first very rude and poor because of the lack of proper tools, but these are being provided by the investment of private, and even in some cases of government capital, and the products are improving so rapidly that there is reason to augur well for this new effort towards the redemption of the peasantry.

Wherever the artels exist and are prosperous they improve the members by giving them the advantage of travel, or by allowing them to remain at home occupied, and with the ability to get the minor comforts of life, by inciting them to industry, by stirring within them pride in good work, by adding responsibility in themselves and their companions, by softening their lot, and in a dozen lesser ways shaking them out of the stagnation of mere animal existence. Artels formed among factory hands have even been known to lead to the purchase of a factory by the hands, to the partial payment for a schoolhouse in another instance, and to such improvement in the character of the work done in other cases that higher wages and advancing prosperity have come to both workmen and employer.





Old Chester Tales.

By MARGARET DELAND.

MISS MARIA.

I.

MISS MARIA WELWOOD'S house was on Locust Street—the street that climbs the hill, and melts into a country road, and then joins the turnpike over which the stage used to come every day from Mercer. It was such a house as one sees so often in Pennsylvania and Maryland—stone and brick—mostly stone, so that the bricks seemed to be built in in patches, to help out. It stood back from the street, behind a low brick wall that was crumbling here and there where the plaster had fallen out; but the vines heaped on the coping and trailing down almost to the flag-stones of the foot-path outside hid the marks of years and weather, so it never seemed worth while to repair it. In the spring these flag-stones were white with falling blossoms of the plum-trees just inside, and petals from the *Pirus japonica* drifted over and lay among them like little crimson shells; later in the season Persian lilacs waved their delicate purple plumes over the head of the passer-by, who could see, for the wall was low, a pleasant old garden at one side of the house. To be sure, it held nothing more choice than old-fashioned perennials, that showed their friendly faces year after year—peonies, and yellow iris, and the powdery pink of queen-of-the-meadow—and between them what annuals might sow themselves, with here and there a low bush of old-man, or musk, or clove-pink. The house itself was low and rambling, and much bigger than Miss Welwood needed—her family being herself and a cousin, Rose Knight. A nephew, Charles Welwood, lived with her until he was twenty-four, and, for that matter, considering the number of his visits, continued to live with her, now that he



"'AND WHO'S GOING TO SUPPORT 'EM?' DEMANDED MRS. BARKLEY."

was thirty. But the nominal household was herself and Rose; a "good girl," Old Chester called Rose, sensible, and modest, as a girl should be, and not too pretty, for that inclines to vanity. As for Miss Welwood, she had certainly been pretty when she was young; and now that she was over fifty she was like some little ruddy winter apple; there was the touch of frost on her brown hair, but her cheek had a fresh color, and her eyes were bright and smiling; she was little, and had a pretty figure, which she held very erect. "Because," she used to explain, "when I went to Miss Brace's academy, my dear, I was obliged to carry atlases on my head to make me stand straight." Miss Maria would have liked to put atlases on Rose's head; but, alas! Rose did not agree with her; and there it ended, for Miss Maria was one of those people who always want other people to do what they want to do. This characteristic does not belong to the reformer, but it is agreeable to live with. "*Dear* Maria Welwood," Old Chester called her —except Mrs. Barkley, who called her, generally, "a perfect fool." Now Mrs. Barkley loved Miss Welwood, that was why she called her a fool; and, besides, she limited this opinion to Miss Maria's way of allowing herself to be imposed upon.

When you come to think of it, there is nothing which makes us so angry at the people we love as their way of letting themselves be imposed upon.

Charles Welwood and his little income of about $300 a year had come to Miss Maria as the legacy of a dying brother, and for twenty-three years she had devoted herself and her pocket-book to him. When Charles was nearly sixteen, Rose, the orphan daughter of a far-away cousin, was also left, as it were, on her doorstep—probably on the principle of to him that hath shall be given. "And if you don't call that an imposition!" Mrs. Barkley said. "She's got those two children on her hands, and it will interfere with her chances of marrying—you see if it doesn't!"

Perhaps it did; certainly Miss Maria had not married. There had been a time, when she was about twenty-eight, and Mr. Ezra Barkley, Mrs. Barkley's brother-in-law, came to live in Old Chester, that she may have had hopes; but nothing came of them. Miss Maria began by admiring Mr. Ezra because of his learning; and then his kindness to everything and everybody went to her own kind heart; but, to tell the truth, except for that kindness, which made him excessively polite to her as well as to everybody else, Mr. Ezra did not notice Miss Maria very much. She used to look at the back of his head in church, and listen, awe-struck, to his conversation when she came to tea with Mrs. Barkley, and she was apt to take her afternoon walk — Charles clinging to her hand—down the street by which Mr. Ezra returned from his office. But though Mr. Barkley offered her a hymn-book once or twice, and bowed with great friendliness whenever they met, and saw her home, with a lantern, and slow, ponderous politeness, when she spent the evening with his sister-in-law, she could not feel that there was anything significant in his attentions, because he offered these same civilities to every lady in Old Chester with the same gentility of manner and real kindness of motive. So Miss Maria hid her little fluttering tenderness in her own heart, where it lay, like a fly in amber, while the placid years came and went. But the memory of the buried hope was like some faint soft fragrance in her life. She never forgot it.

As for her two young people, when they arrived at those years of indiscretion of which matrimony is often the outward and visible sign, propinquity suggested that they might marry; but for once it would appear youth was prudent. Neither displayed any tender symptoms.

Charles was absorbed in making water-color sketches, in the hope that he might one day be an artist, and had no time, he had been heard to say, contemptuously, for sentimentality. As for Rose, she had never "taken to Charles," Miss Maria used to admit, sadly; besides, all such possibilities ended when Charles, at twenty-four, still dependent on his aunt, save for his $300, married, suddenly, a nice, inefficient, sickly girl, without a cent, who promptly presented him with twins.

"And who's going to support 'em?" demanded Mrs. Barkley. "I declare—*twins!*"

"But you can't blame dear Charles for that," Miss Maria protested.

"Not blame Charles? Well, I'd like to know—" Mrs. Barkley began; but ended by telling Miss Maria again that she was

a perfect fool about that boy. "You've always spoiled him, and you always will!"

Miss Welwood had spoiled Charles, according to Old Chester rules; and yet, he really was the one child to whom the "spare the rod" precept did not apply—he was naturally good. Unnaturally good might be a better term. If he had died young (as Miss Maria always feared he would) he might have had a memoir written about him, which would have been put in all the Sunday-school libraries; for in those days the anæmic child was a great part of spiritual literature. He had a sort of angelic beauty when he was five or six, with his pink cheeks, his large blue eyes, and his yellow hair that every afternoon was curled up into a long, sleek roll, and tied with a blue ribbon; he looked "good," and he was fond of hymns, and used to say things about Heaven that brought tears to your eyes. Dr. Lavendar once compared him to little Samuel, and said he was a "godly child." Afterwards, Dr. Lavendar may have apologized to Samuel—though Charles never was a naughty boy. He never robbed birds' nests, or smoked behind the barn, or played marbles on Sunday. Perhaps that was why Dr. Lavendar was apologetic. But be that as it may, he kept on being good in spite of prophecies that a child who had never been tied to a bedpost, or sent supperless to bed, must turn out badly. He was a "good young man," too; and by-and-by he was a good husband, and a better—or at least a more extensive—father every year; for when he was thirty, he and his poor foolish wife had themselves and five children to look after. The way in which Charles looked after them was to bring them, whenever things were going badly with him, to Old Chester to visit Miss Maria. But never mind that: he certainly did do everything a mortal husband could for his sickly Edith, and he loved each of the five babies dearly, and was ready and willing to love five more, if the Lord sent them to him—for Charles was a religious man, and believed that the Lord was responsible for bringing into the world all these delicate little children, whose father could not support them. He had also a sincere affection for his aunt, and meant it in all simplicity when he told her that it was very sweet to him to take favors from her hands.

"Why don't you tell him," demanded Mrs. Barkley, when Miss Maria repeated this to her—"why don't you tell Charles Welwood that it would be very sweet to you to take favors from his hands?"

The color came into Miss Welwood's face, but she only said, mildly, "You never did appreciate Charles."

"Oh, I appreciate him," Mrs. Barkley said, grimly. Mrs. Barkley sat straight up in her chair darning stockings; she was a little woman, with a thin, melancholy face, and a very high crown to her head. Her hair, which was still brown, was parted in the middle, or a little to one side of the middle, and brought down over her cheeks in loops and then twisted up behind her ears. She had very bushy eyebrows, which twitched when she talked, in a way that, being coupled with a deep and masculine voice, inspired her listener with a sort of alarmed respect. "Now, Maria," she went on, "this is the sixth time he has come to stay with you since he was married; and those children—"

"Bless their little hearts," said Miss Maria, "they are such pretty children!"

"They're well enough. I only hope you won't spoil them as you did their father."

"Well, he is very unselfish, Matty, anyhow," Miss Maria defended him, "and amiable; never a word of complaint! There are not many men who would not rebel at having a sick wife on their hands."

"Maybe their aunts might rebel," Mrs. Barkley said.

"I think it was noble in Charles to marry Edith to take care of her," cried Miss Welwood.

"Then why doesn't he take care of her? And look at all those children; he is perfectly delighted with this last one!"

"Well, I should hope so!" said Miss Maria, with spirit. "Matty, how can you pretend to be so heartless? Would you have a parent indifferent to his offspring?"

"Indifferent?" cried Mrs. Barkley, with a snort. "What do you call bringing five children into the world, just to starve 'em? I call it something worse than indifference."

Miss Welwood held up her hands, horrified.

"My dear Matty, I can't think that is quite delicate."

"If they were kittens, he could drown 'em. As it is, he just gives them to you."

"My *dear* Matty!" said poor Miss Welwood again. She said to herself that some time she would certainly lose her temper with Matilda Barkley.

"There's no use getting into a passion, Maria. I'm only speaking the truth. You know I am always perfectly open with you. You seem to like being imposed upon; I suppose that's why you are supporting Charles's family—though my opinion is that a man hasn't any business to have a family if he can't support it. He is worse than an infidel—"

"Matty—"

"That's the Bible. I suppose I may quote the Scriptures?"

Miss Welwood sighed. Mrs. Barkley pushed her spectacles up on the bridge of her nose, and said, "How's Rose?"

"Why," said Miss Maria, "she's very well, the dear child!"

After that there was peace, for Mrs. Barkley liked Rose as much as she disliked Charles, and she listened with a grim chuckle when Miss Maria told her that Rose had done this or that—put up ten quarts of strawberries, or made over her best dress so that it would do for another season. "She won't let me buy her a new one," said Miss Maria—"such an obstinate child!"

"Pity Charles hasn't a little of her obstinacy," Mrs. Barkley couldn't help saying. Which was a mistake, for it made Miss Welwood go home, and Mrs. Barkley had to sit all by herself until tea-time, fuming at the way Maria Welwood "was imposed upon."

II.

Mr. Ezra Barkley was a fat, placid man, rather bald, with that look of aged youth which is so confusing. He might have been fifty or thirty with equal probability; in point of fact, he was nearly fifty. He was a good deal of a dandy; and though not exactly worldly, was supposed to have rationalistic tendencies—believing, it was said, that the world had been created in six periods of time instead of six days. Thus the awful interest of the freethinker was attached to him, and it was known that Mrs. Barkley made his conversion a subject for special prayer.

Perhaps Miss Welwood prayed for him too; but she never said so.

Mr. Barkley's deplorable rationalism was the outcome, his sister-in-law thought, of his learning, and she was apt to remind him, in a sad bass, that the wisdom of men was foolishness with their Creator. His wisdom, it must be admitted, was almost entirely confined to statistics; but that did not shake Old Chester's belief that he was a learned man. He had a slow amiability which impatient persons called stupidity; and his kindness to animals was proverbial. But the best thing about Mr. Ezra Barkley was that he knew how to listen. Indeed, he had a genius for listening. Now there are few things that are more endearing than the grace of listening with attention. The man who permits us to dogmatize or rhapsodize, with a nod or murmur at the right place, has in him the material for friendship; indeed, my own belief is that matrimony itself would be deprived of half its dangers if one party to it would cultivate the art of listening.

As for Ezra Barkley, he listened to his sister-in-law and never interrupted; when he did speak, it was generally to give some small, quite irrelevant piece of information of a statistical nature; but he expressed no opinions of his own. This had led Mrs. Barkley, in the course of years, to the conclusion that he had no opinions. But that was her mistake.

"What do you suppose," Mrs. Barkley demanded the evening of the day that she had been so candid with Miss Maria—"what do you suppose, Ezra? That boy Charles has put every cent of his money into some patent oil-can! I only hope he won't induce Maria to put hers into it. I know she's giving him money to live on now—he hasn't anything to do. How different he is from Rose! She is so sensible and industrious."

Mr. Ezra Barkley crossed his legs, as one who would assent, comfortably.

"Well, Maria said that Charles said it troubled him dreadfully to be dependent on her even for a little while; and then, if you please, she said that nobody was 'more sensitive in such things than Charles was.' I told her I was glad to hear it—very glad indeed to hear it!" said Mrs. Barkley, in a dreadful bass.

Ezra rose and went over to a large wicker cage which held some of his pets; he opened the door and took out two little green paroquets, and, balancing one on each forefinger, he came back to his arm-chair. He expressed no opinion concerning Charles's dependence upon his aunt. He seemed absorbed in scratching the head of one of the little parrots, which

uttered small, shrill cries of approval; but he was listening.

"And then what do you suppose she said? She said that it was very difficult for the artistic temperament to consider earning money. I just said, 'Maria Welwood, the artistic temperament is another name for dishonesty!' (You know, Ezra, I make a point of being perfectly open with Maria.) 'There is too much of this "genius" that doesn't pay its debts, or lets its female relations support it,' I said. And just think of all those children, Ezra!"

Ezra shook his head in melancholy assent. "Are you aware," he said, "that the word lullaby — your reference to Charles's family suggests the fact — the word *lullaby* is thought to be derived from the name of Adam's first wife—Lili Abi? She was said to be queen of the succubæ—devils who had taken the female form."

"I told her," Mrs. Barkley continued, as though Mr. Ezra had not spoken, "I just wished Charles had half the spirit Rose has!"

Ezra watched the paroquets climbing up his leg, heels over head, so to speak, for the little creatures, grasping at his trousers with beak and claw, lifted themselves up and up until they gained his welcoming hand and were fed with small crumbs of sugar.

"Rose is a superior girl, Ezra," Mrs. Barkley announced, in the tone of one who dares a contradiction. Mr. Barkley scratched one of the little green heads too hard, and the bird bit at him angrily. "But she is an expense to Maria," Mrs. Barkley went on, "and I wish — I wish she had a home of her own, Ezra."

"She converses somewhat rapidly," observed Mr. Ezra; "at times I find it difficult to—"

"To follow her? Oh, well, one would get used to that."

"—to apprehend her. Nevertheless, she is a very pleasing young lady." With this Mr. Ezra Barkley put the parrots back in their cage. Now Mr. Barkley could put two and two together as well as anybody else: *Rose was a superior girl; he was an unmarried man.* He had listened to Mrs. Barkley too many years to doubt either of these propositions—or the obvious deduction; but he still continued to listen, and stroke his parrots' heads, and look blind.

On this particular evening, however, he was really interested in what his sister-in-law said of Miss Welwood and Charles. The fact was Ezra Barkley knew that Miss Maria believed in that oil-can to such an extent that she wanted to put every bit of her money into her nephew's hands, that he might invest it for her and they might both grow rich together. She had met him only the day before, and had told him of Charles's project. She was to contribute the money to start the enterprise, she said, and Charles was to contribute time, and they were to divide the profits. That she was getting the best of the bargain she never doubted.

"Charles says he is going to divide all the profit with me," she said; "but of course I sha'n't allow that! At least I'll leave it all back again to those precious children."

"But suppose he does not acquire this, as you might say, fortune?" Mr. Barkley inquired. "If you will permit me to say so, Miss Maria, I cannot but feel—ah—anxious."

But Miss Welwood's confidence could not be shaken. "If there was any doubt about it, my darling boy wouldn't want me to invest my money in it, you know."

Mr. Ezra said nothing, and Miss Maria felt she had silenced him by her logic, but she hoped she had not hurt his feelings. He certainly did not look wounded; he bowed politely, and asked her if she had any idea how many eggs there were in a shad roe. She said, with immediate interest, she supposed quite a number — over two hundred, perhaps; and when Mr. Barkley gave what he called the "approximate number," she threw up her hands in the greatest astonishment, and said: "Dear me! You don't say so! You have so much information, Mr. Ezra."

Later in the evening Miss Maria repeated what she had learned concerning shad roe to Rose, and added that it was very improving to talk with Mr. Barkley.

"I'm sure it must be," Rose said, gravely, "but it's very serious to think of eating so many little fish at a time."

Miss Welwood looked at her young cousin sidewise; it seemed to her Rose was making fun of Mr. Barkley.

"Well, there is nobody so kind as Mr. Ezra, anyhow," she said, with spirit; "and I only wish I knew half as much as he does!" And then Miss Maria be-

gan to talk about the oil-can and her future wealth—("for I won't have Ezra laughed at," she said to herself).

As for the oil-can, Miss Welwood had made up her mind to put almost half of her little capital into Charles's hands. The fact was, her nephew's enthusiasm about the oil-can was as sincerely hopeful as though he had been the inventor, instead of merely the promoter.

"Why," he said, his big visionary blue eyes shining with excitement, "there is absolutely no doubt. It can't fail. It simply *can't*. Why, just see: the country population of the United States is, well, say so much: now supposing there are nine souls to a family—well, say ten —it's easier to divide by ten, and it's better to be on the safe side; though, of course, there are a great many families where there are only five—or even two, like you and Rose. But it's more conservative to say ten souls to a family: you see at once how many families there are?"

"And every family must have an oil-can?" cried Miss Maria.

"Ah! but wait," Charles said. "That's the country population. Now the number of villages in the United States where they don't have gas— You see what I am trying to get at?"

"Why, of course!" his aunt said. "Why, here is Old Chester, for instance: I'm sure Matty would take two. We must give one to Dr. Lavendar, Charles; he mustn't buy it."

Charles, proceeding with his calculation, did not stop to think of the profit on Mrs. Barkley's purchase. "We can reckon certainly on such and such a number to be sold in small villages, to say nothing of the poor people in cities."

"Can't we have some cheaper for the poor?" Miss Maria asked, sympathetically.

But Charles would not stop to answer questions. "You see," he said, "it's perfectly easy to figure the profits!"

Edith was so excited that she began to laugh hysterically, and Miss Maria caught up the youngest from the floor, and cuddled him, and kissed him, and bade him go to sleep:

> "And when you awake,
> You shall have a cake,
> And a coach and six little horses!"

sung Miss Maria, "because we are all going to be rich, you precious little Theodore!" And the fifth, being so named because he was, Charles said, "a gift from God," cooed and gurgled, and everybody was very happy.

Except Rose. Rose had shown no inclination to trust the oil-can; not because she had any superior wisdom, but just because Charles advocated it.

"But never mind, my darling child," Miss Maria said; "when my profit comes in—Charles says it will be certainly ten times what I invest—I will give half of it to you!"

"No," Rose declared, gayly, "I'm not going to have any oil-can money. I'm going to wait until Miss Bailey gets married, and then I'm going to have her school; and you and Charles and Edith can live in a palace, and not burn gas, so you can have an oil-can in every room."

"Oh, Rose won't believe in any of my projects," Charles said, much wounded. "Rose thinks, Edith, that we ought to stay in the tavern, instead of visiting Aunt Maria."

"Oh, now, my dear Charles," protested poor Miss Welwood, putting the gift of God down on the floor—"my dear children, please—"

"Well, Charles, I must say," Rose retorted, "I don't see how you can be under such obligations to Cousin Maria."

"Oh, my *dear* Rose," sighed Miss Welwood, "please—"

Edith, as usual, began to weep. "Charlie always paints a picture for aunty when we've been making her a visit," she defended her husband.

"It is very sweet to me to owe everything to aunty," Charles said, stung and helpless. "Where one loves, one can accept."

"Well, you must love a good deal," Rose flung out.

"I do," Charles declared. "And just let me say, Rose, that it is the little nature that is afraid of an obligation. Aunt Maria has made me what I am; I admit it—I am proud to admit it. And when the money comes in, it shall all be hers."

"Oh, but Charlie," Edith whimpered, "sha'n't we have a little?"

At which there were tears and protests and explanations, and Rose went whirling out of the room, angry and ashamed, her young heart bursting with the sense of her own dependence.

III.

It was in February that these dreams of affluence first began to dazzle Miss Maria's eyes; and they grew more dazzling as the spring went on. Charles had gone back to Mercer, so that he might be "on the spot," to look after the family interests, and Edith had been sent South to escape the March winds. As Charles had pointed out, the expense of her journey would be covered ten times over when the first dividend came in. When Miss Maria repeated this to Rose, the girl dropped down upon her knees beside the little, trim, upright figure, and hugged her.

"And in the mean time you pay her expenses?" she said.

"That has nothing to do with it," said Miss Maria, affronted.

"It strikes me that it has a great deal to do with it," Rose retorted. "Cousin Maria, what should you do if—if the oil-can exploded?"

"Oh, it is to be very strong," Miss Welwood explained.

And then Rose explained: "I meant if it failed, dear?"

"Oh, Charles says it can't fail!" Miss Maria declared, cheerfully. "Charles says it's absolutely sure."

"But if—*if?*" Rose persisted, patting Miss Maria's hand, and putting it up against her cheek.

"Nonsense!" cried the other, and then bade Rose move back a little from the fire. "It's bad for your complexion to scorch your cheeks, my dear. When I was young, we were never allowed to come nearer the fire than the outside edge of the hearth-rug."

"Is that the reason your complexion is so pretty?" said Rose.

And Miss Maria said "Nonsense!" again, and blushed, and said that once Mr. Ezra Barkley had paid her a compliment on her color. "He was remarking upon the number of tons of roses used every year, and he said something about my cheeks. Of course he said it in a very polite and genteel way."

"Why, Cousin Maria!" cried Rose. "Well! When is it to be?"

"Fie, fie!" protested Miss Maria. "At Miss Brace's, Rose, we were always told that jests upon the affections were indelicate. Not that you meant it so, my darling, of course."

"The question is, what does Mr. Ezra mean?" said Rose. "I shall certainly ask him his intentions."

Miss Welwood gasped with dismay. "Miss Brace used to say that any allusion to matters of the heart was 'exceedingly unladylike,'" she declared; but she half sighed. "He's always very kind, Rose, but he has never thought of such a thing. He is too superior for—for such things. I think learned men are apt to be."

It seemed as though her fresh face fell into lines of age, and Rose, looking at her, felt a sudden pang of pity. "Let's talk about the oil-can," she said; and Miss Welwood was ready and eager for the subject.

Indeed, as the spring went, Miss Welwood talked of little else. Her confidence grew with the season; in May she was eager to give Charles still another thousand dollars for the enterprise, which "needed pushing," the profits being, Charles said, merely a matter of proportion.

"The more you push, the more you'll get," he said. "It's self-evident."

"Why, *of course!*" said his aunt. "I think, Charles, I'll put in two thousand instead of one; it seems foolish to simply cut off future profits because of a little present inconvenience."

"That's perfectly true," he told her, admiringly, "but there are very few women who would have the business keenness to see it. Still, dear, you must be your own judge. I consider you quite as good a judge in business matters as I am, and I wouldn't urge you for the world."

"Do you hear that, Rose?" cried Miss Maria. "Charles says he considers me as good a judge in business matters as he is (of course I'm not); but what do you think of that?"

"I think that Charles is quite right," Rose said, dryly.

However, the two thousand dollars was given, and still another two. By this time more than three-quarters of Miss Maria's eggs were in one basket—from which, indeed, no chickens had yet been hatched; hence the "present inconvenience" became very obvious, not only to Miss Maria and Rose, but to Mrs. Barkley—and consequently to Mr. Erza, who played with the paroquets, and listened, and at last gratified Mrs. Barkley by nodding silently when she observed that if

Rose were married, things would be easier for Maria.

They were sitting in the grape-arbor, with a little table between them; it was just after dinner on Sunday, and, as was Mrs. Barkley's habit when the weather permitted, the coffee had been brought out to this shady place, and now it was being stirred and sipped, and the sermon discussed. A little later, when the sun should burn through the leaves and look in at the western end of the arbor, Mrs. Barkley would grow drowsy, and pick up her religious paper, and go off to take a nap; but just now she was alert. She had said what she thought of Dr. Lavendar's sermon, and added that he was plainly failing; then remarked, significantly, that he was, however, still able to edify and instruct upon matters of doctrine. Then she said that she declared it was too bad, Maria Welwood hadn't got a new bonnet yet!

"I don't know where this is going to end," said Mrs. Barkley. "Maria is really pinched for money. Rose is a good, economical girl, but she does eat, and she has to have clothes." Mrs. Barkley's eyebrows twitched, and she looked at her brother-in-law with anxiety.

Ezra took off his glasses and examined them; then he rubbed the bridge of his nose thoughtfully. "Were you aware, Matilda, that glass was discovered by the accident of—"

"No, I wasn't. Now, Ezra, I'm always perfectly open with you, so I'm going to give you some advice. I never shrink from giving advice. Some people do. I once heard Dr. Lavendar with my own ears say he did not like to advise people. He said he always 'hoped they would do the other thing'—which was very foolish in him, for why shouldn't he advise the other thing, to begin with? Well, well, he's getting old. However, I only wanted to say that you are really getting on in years yourself; and—and Rose Knight is certainly a superior girl. A very superior girl, Ezra!"

Ezra breathed on his glasses and polished them with his handkerchief, and then held them up to see if they were bright.

"She's twenty-five. I call that just the right age for a man of fifty, Ezra; and she's a good, capable girl, and she has about as much religion as you like. (Dear me, Ezra—you know my prayer for you in that regard?)"

Ezra coughed.

"I mean, she isn't like Grace Smith, running to church all the time, when she ought to be at home looking after things."

"You may be interested to know," said Mr. Ezra, mildly, "that the scientific researches of Bishop Colenso prove that the children of Israel could not have—"

"Ezra!" said Mrs. Barkley, with proper indignation, "not in my presence, if you please! *I* avoid 'profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science *falsely so called!*' (You'll find that somewhere in 1st Timothy, Ezra; I advise you to look it up.) But to go back to Rose: Maria has brought her up to have the greatest respect for you; I've heard her myself tell Rose that your conversation was most improving."

Mr. Ezra was plainly gratified, though he pooh-poohed the compliment. "I fear that I can scarcely hope that my conversation would be of interest to so bright a young lady as Miss Rose."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Barkley. "Of course it is. What you said at breakfast to-day about chairs being used in Egypt 3300 before Christ would interest any young person who is quick to learn, as Rose is. No, Ezra; Rose is all I could expect to find in any girl out of our own family. And if she were married, Maria could live with her—at least until she gets back that oil-can money that that Charles has stolen! I call it stolen. I told Rose so frankly. I'm perfectly open with Rose about Charles."

Mr. Ezra recalled, silently, the reply that he had heard Miss Rose make to this remark—"As for getting back the money for the oil-can, I'm afraid she *can't!*" And then Rose had flung up her head, and laughed, and showed all her white teeth, and Mr. Ezra believed that there was a joke somewhere. But just now his heart was heavy at the thought of Miss Maria's troubles.

"Do you apprehend," he said, laboriously, "that Miss Welwood's circumstances are really, as you might say, straitened?"

"I *know* they are!" his sister-in-law said, her eyebrows twitching. "Ezra, she's sent away Jane. You know Jane's been with them since—why, it's seventeen years if it's a day!—and she's had to send her away, and she and Rose (good, capable girl!) do the work. And Maria looks worn out," said Mrs. Barkley, nearly crying,

"and it's all that Charles! Somebody ought to do something. Of course we can't give Maria money; she wouldn't take anybody else's money, though she thinks it's all right for that boy Charles to take hers! But then she likes to be imposed upon. Oh dear! Well, she is a perfect fool. I've told her so. Well, Ezra, I'm going up stairs to lie down. But just remember, Rose is a superior girl. It's queer no man has had sense enough to take her. But men haven't any sense!" ended Mrs. Barkley, with a snort.

As for Ezra, he went and got his cat, and settled back in his chair, rubbing pussy's ears with an absent hand, and reflecting. It was warm and still in the arbor; a honeysuckle swaying in some warm, wandering breath of wind threw a lacing shadow over the pool of sunshine that, at the western end, began to widen over the uneven flags.

"Well," said Ezra Barkley to himself, "it is certainly very distressing—very distressing;" and after a while he added that it certainly would be very pleasing to have an agreeable young person in the house. And so Miss Maria had brought her up to have a great respect for him? The thought increased his respect for Miss Maria. It occurred to him that if Rose liked "facts," he could certainly interest her. He decided to make researches in the line of ladies' clothing: he would tell her when gloves were introduced into England; he would divert her with the height of the head-dress in the fifteenth century; and he was sure she would be astonished to learn that boots with pointed toes had been thought, in the Middle Ages, to be obnoxious to the Deity, calling down His wrath in the form of the pestilence of the black death. Yes, it would be very agreeable to have a bright young creature eager to listen to his facts. Poor Miss Maria! she was anxious, no doubt, and was worrying over money matters. "Ladies ought not to have such anxieties," thought Mr. Ezra. "Poor lady! Well—it is very hard. Young Charles's conduct is certainly reprehensible. But something must be done—something must be done." His eyes narrowed with thought, and he sighed once or twice. He scratched the cat under her chin, which caused her to shut her eyes and wave her tail and purr loudly. The pool of sunshine widened to his feet; the arbor was hot and still, and the heavy fragrance of the tall white lilies crept like some tangible sweetness into the shadows under the grape leaves. Mr. Ezra nodded a little, his hand sunk into the soft warm fur, and he and the kitten slept soundly.

IV.

The summer passed, and still Miss Maria did not get a new bonnet. Indeed, the time of new bonnets seemed postponed and still postponed. However, four of Charles's children came to pay her a visit, as, in the business anxiety of the last month, Charles had felt unequal to the care of them; and Edith was preparing for another gift from God, and so really could not ("and should not," Miss Maria said) have the burden of her entire household on her shoulders. It was while they were with her that the oil-can exploded, to use Rose's metaphor.

When their father's letter came bringing news of the catastrophe, there came also a little package ("Charles never forgets these darling children!" said Miss Maria)—a doll for small Edith, a book for one boy, a transparent slate for the other, a rattle for Theodore. The distribution of these gifts delayed the reading of the letter with its big engraved heading, "The Universal Oil-Can Co." The children had been painting: it was a rainy afternoon, and Miss Maria had rummaged in the garret among the possessions of her youth, and brought down her old paint-box, and the four little people had been very happy over it. Dear me! don't we all know those old paint-boxes of our maiden aunts—with cakes of dried and flaked water-colors, rubbed down, some of them, sidewise, or with holes worn through them by pointed feminine brushes—and the saucers, with their cracked films of crimson lake or gamboge still clinging to them!

"I used to paint when I was a young lady," Miss Maria said; "I studied the Berthollet method at Miss Brace's. Dear me! I'm afraid I've forgotten a great many things we learned at Miss Brace's. We used to have a class in making alum baskets, and we painted on velvet. It was certainly very elegant. I don't believe there are such schools nowadays. My paints are nearly worn out, but these precious children won't mind that—will you, my darlings?"

The children did not mind in the least; so they were all put down around the

table in the dining-room, each one with an old magazine full of wood-cuts, which gave great choice as to the subject to be colored. Small Edith, however, had been so enterprising as to possess herself of an old album, and with sacrilegious hand daubed at faded photographs of aunts in enormous hoop-skirts, and uncles in uniform with baggy trousers. This had just been discovered with grief by Miss Maria, when Charles's letter and the package of presents arrived. At the mention of presents the four artists, greatly excited, slipped from their chairs, leaving the wood-cuts of *Little Dorrit* half finished, and their brushes standing in dauby tumblers of colored water. Rose, on her knees among them, looked at the dolly's shoes and drew on the transparent slate, and promised to read the book aloud, all the while raging at the tender father who bought presents out of Miss Maria's money (and yet he was a tender father—nobody could possibly deny that). Miss Maria smiling at the children's joy, and cuddling Theodore, read the letter with a startled look that changed into absolute bewilderment: The enterprise had failed; Charles was bankrupt; the money was lost—her money (and Charles's time as well). She read with Theodore clinging about her neck, and she had to stop and kiss him, and listen to his rattle, and cuddle him, yet her bewildered eye followed Charles's bold handwriting with dreadful clearness.

"Rose," she said, tremulously, "I'm afraid it's bad news, my dear."

Of course then it had to be read aloud to Rose. This was a terrible task—Rose kneeling on the hearth-rug, playing with Charles's children, and saying not one word; but Miss Maria saw the girl's cheek grow rigid over her set teeth, and little Edith shrunk away from her, frightened at the anger in her eyes.

"Of course, Rose, my darling," the old cousin said, timidly, "it *is* serious, but—"

"Yes, it's serious," Rose said, grimly. She put the eldest boy down from her knee; there was a sort of repugnance in the very way she touched the child that made her, an instant afterwards, catch him in her arms and kiss him, ashamed of herself. The children, squabbling joyously over their possessions, felt the sudden cloud, and looked up, wondering.

"Of course it's serious; but never mind, my dear," Miss Maria said; "we'll get along." Then, her hands shaking, she opened the letter again and tried to take in the facts: an infringement; a miscalculation as to the amount of alloy in the metal, necessitating a much higher price than had been reckoned; the plant now almost worthless; unfortunate litigation necessary. Possibly, only possibly —"but we must leave no stone unturned," Charles said, courageously;—possibly a little more money might set the thing on its feet. ("But I *haven't* any more," said Miss Maria to herself.) However, that it was the Lord's doing Charles had no doubt. "Dear boy! what a lesson he is to me!" said Miss Maria, her eyes full of tears. "What should I do if he were rebellious, or did not put his trust in his Heavenly Father?" The submission in her face silenced Rose's bitter tongue. The girl squeezed her hands together, and did not open her lips.

"He bears it so beautifully," said Miss Maria, wiping her eyes. "Did you notice, Rose, on the third page, where he says—let me see, here it is:—'but we know the Lord will provide'? Dear, precious boy! What an example he is!"

"What kind of an example?" Rose said, curtly; and then burst out crying, and knelt down at Miss Maria's side, and put her arms around her waist, and asked to be forgiven. "*You're* an example! I wish I were a quarter as good."

As for Miss Maria, she was afraid she had been harsh, and kissed Rose's brown head, and said: "Come, come! Never mind; it will all be right!"

But Rose could not hold her tongue.

"Charles meant well, I suppose, Cousin Maria; but it isn't enough in this world just to mean well. I hate him! How could he let you suffer?"

And then Miss Maria had to scold her again, and then apologize again, and then bid her cheer up and look after those precious children. After that she went up stairs, leaving the children to Rose and their toys, and sat down on a big chintz-covered chair beside her bed. She wanted to be alone and get her breath. It was growing dusk, and the vines grew so close about the windows, drooping even in a green fringe from the lintels, that the room was dark—too dark to read again the bleak facts of Charles's letter, or the words of sacred comfort that she had known and lived on these many

years — long enough before Mr. Charles Welwood had adopted them as his own.

"I haven't any more money; and what are we going to do?" she said to herself, in despair. And then she remembered what her nephew had said. "Yes, He *will* provide ; these darling children are His," said Miss Maria, and got up in the darkness, and knelt down beside her big four-poster, and hid her face on the soft lavender-scented pillow. When she got up, rather stiffly, for she had knelt there a long time, she wiped her eyes, and went smiling down stairs to the children and Rose.

"My darling Rose," she said, "of course it's unfortunate. But it isn't the worst thing in the world. Suppose some of you were dangerously sick ! Would I think of mere money then? No, indeed! We'll get along nicely ; and—and we mustn't let Charles know how serious it is; he would feel so badly. Besides, it isn't so very bad, so never mind! Now don't let's talk about it any more. These precious children must have their supper and play with these nice presents their dear father has sent them, and have a happy time. When they've gone to bed, we'll talk it all over."

V.

At first Miss Maria shut the appalling fact that she was penniless in upon herself and Rose. Charles came flying down to Old Chester to explain and to protest at fate. He made no excuses; why should he? He too had lost everything he possessed, although a new baby came just at that moment to comfort him—a new baby that was to be called Maria. He had lost all he had in the world, so he certainly was not to be blamed, he told his Edith; besides, as she would remember, he had distinctly said he would not urge his aunt Maria to invest. "It was her own judgment, you know, Edith," said Charles; "I really can't feel myself responsible."

Charles was in hopes of getting a place as a clerk in a railroad office. But before going to work he came (on borrowed money) to condole with his aunt and to advise. He felt that it might be well, he told her, for her to mortgage her house and invest the money, living on the interest, less the interest on the mortgage.

"I'm sure I could get ten per cent. for you on some perfectly conservative stock."

"But mightn't there be a *little* risk, dear Charles ?" Miss Maria objected, mildly. "Not that I don't trust your judgment absolutely," she added, quickly, for she thought he looked hurt.

"But what are you going to live on?" Charles faltered, his blue eyes staring at her in dismay; "what are you going to do?"

Alas! how many times had Miss Welwood asked herself that very question, her gentle heart sinking lower and lower at the blank reply of silence in her own mind. She did not consult any one, but she spent a good deal of time on her knees beside her big high bedstead; and of late she thought a glimmer of light had fallen on the subject.

"You've got to have something to live on," Charles repeated, in a bewildered way.

"Well, I have an idea," she said. "No, I am not going to tell you; it shall be a surprise. But I'm sure it's going to be a good thing."

She had told Rose her "idea"; she had to tell her, for the girl had been in a frenzy of anxiety to do something; "anything," Rose said, and meant it,—for she had a very determined plan of going to Mercer, to get a place in a shop. "There's nothing in Old Chester for a girl to do," Rose said, impatient, and loving, and raging at poor well-meaning Charles.

It was to prevent this Mercer project that Miss Maria confided her idea. "For you can help me, my darling," she told the girl; "indeed, I couldn't do it without you—you are so much fresher in some of the things than I am. For instance, Rose, what is the length of the Amazon River? I'm ashamed to say I've forgotten." And then she explained her plan.

Miss Maria had hoped, at first, to keep the knowledge of the catastrophe to herself, thinking in some irrational, tender, feminine way that if she gave no reason for her project of self-support, Charles would not be connected with it, and so would not be blamed. But of course the disaster had to be known. By its very nature an oil-can does not explode in the dark. In a week Old Chester knew that Miss Maria Welwood had lost almost all her money, for there had been an afterclap in the maturing of a note which, as "a matter of form," she had endorsed for the Oil-Can Company.

"But what's she going to live on?"

Old Chester said, with a gasp of dismay. "What on earth is she going to live on? What is she going to do?"

It was poor Miss Maria's question over again: "*What am I going to do to earn my living?*" Now this question, asked by the suddenly impecunious, middle-aged, unmarried woman, is ghastly; it was especially so in a place like Old Chester, where the demand for women in the industries was unknown. It is a wretched enough question even in the great busy world, where there is so much to be done, but where, alas! this frightened feminine voice is lifted up in such a gathering chorus. No one can quite understand the misery, the sick hopelessness of the inquiry but the woman herself. She begins by reckoning up her abilities: She can sew; yes, but who wants her sewing? Nobody! She can keep house, in a small way; yes, but for one such position a hundred applicants are already entreating — younger, cleverer, better-looking, perhaps. Nursing; yes, in the tender, ignorant, old-fashioned way. But see the crowd of women educated in the science and business of caring for the sick: who will take her, when a dozen trained nurses are ready at every doctor's elbow? Teaching? Yes; but come now, can you or I, at fifty, remember the multiplication table? And contrast the curriculum of the private school to-day with that which prevailed fifty or sixty years ago! No; we middle-aged folk have the education of life, truly; we know the multiplication table of anxieties and sorrows, the subtraction table of loss, the division table of responsibility. Deportment and religion we might, perhaps, impart; but who is ready, at a moment's notice, to instruct eager and irreverent youth in—dear me! what does not youth study nowadays? Yet it was to teaching that Miss Maria Welwood looked to provide bread for herself, and bread and butter for Rose, and bread and butter and jam for Charles's children.

"There's nothing else I can do, Matty," she pleaded to Mrs. Barkley, who sat snorting with anger and misery.

"Maria," said Mrs. Barkley, her eyebrows twitching violently, "you are a perfect fool!"

Miss Welwood had sought to soften the blow which she knew the knowledge of her poverty would be to Mrs. Barkley by bringing a little present with her. It was no more than a slipper-bag, which, before this grim fact of poverty had taken possession of her thoughts, she had made for her friend; since then she had been so anxious and confused she had forgotten to present it.

"I promised it to you a month ago," she said, "and I am ashamed to say I forgot to bring it over, Matty; but here it is now."

"You needn't apologize," said Mrs. Barkley. "I've lived all my life without a slipper-bag; I guess a week or two more won't hurt me. Besides, I don't wear slippers. Still, I'm obliged to you."

"I've had so much on my mind," said Miss Maria, nervously; and then confessed.

Poor Mrs. Barkley! She was so angry and so wretched that, for once, she could not speak; so Miss Welwood got in her explanations and intentions almost without interruption. She and Rose were going to support themselves by teaching. Then it was that Mrs. Barkley called her a fool.

"In the first place, all the children go to Miss Bailey's, or else to the public school," she said, with two little hot tears trickling down her nose. "I wish Charles Welwood had to go out and break stones! But you'll see that he has his trips South, and all his children dressed in—in gold," said Mrs. Barkley, in a flight of angry and terrified fancy, "but you, you poor dear Maria—" and then Mrs. Barkley snorted, and wiped her eyes on the slipper-bag, and observed that, for her part, she never could waste her time making things like that! Miss Maria came and put her arms about her neck and kissed her.

"Oh, Matty," she said, "what should I do without you? I do thank my Heavenly Father that I've got such a friend!"

"Well, then," retorted Mrs. Barkley, "be guided by me. Come and live here. It will be a blessing to me. The greatest blessing. Maria, I shall think it all providential if you'll only come."

"Matty," said the other, the tears running over her cheeks, "it's worth while to be poor! But I couldn't come here; no, dear Matty, no; you must not urge it. As for Miss Bailey, I wouldn't interfere for the world; I don't mean a child's school. I mean an academy for young ladies. You know Mrs. Dale had to send Ellen away to boarding-school; and Mrs. Wright told me herself once that

it was a great expense to her to have to educate Lydia away from home, and she didn't know how she would manage with Mary and Agnes; and then the new people have girls, the rich Smiths have two; and Rachel King would send Anna, I know."

"Did you mean to have a boarding-school?" Mrs. Barkley demanded.

"I mean an academy, dear Matty, on the lines of Miss Brace's; of course it never could be so fine, but I'll do my best. The young ladies may board, or they may return to their families at night, if their parents prefer." And then Miss Maria produced her trump card: "In fact, Matty, my dear, I have arranged an advertisement of the school, and it is to appear in the *Globe* next Saturday. This is a proof. (The gentleman to whom I gave my notice called it a 'proof'.)" She fumbled in a reticule at her side—a black bag with a band of flexible bead embroidery representing flowers and blue stars—and produced the notice; the bit of paper was flimsy and inky, and it had several typographical errors, but it displayed the advertisement, enclosed in a black border of inverted urns, which, in an upright position, formed the usual frame for the funeral notices in the *Globe:*

MISS MARIA WELLWOOD
Begs Leave to Intimate to her Friends and the Inhabitants of Old Chester that She Intends to Open an Academy On Monday, 20th of November, for the Instruction of Young Ladies, in Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography (with the use of the Globes and Mapping), Chronology, Drawing, French, Painting on Velvet, Berthollet Art System, Painting on Glass, Mezzotinto, Alum Baskets, Wax Flowers, Plain and Ornamental Needle-Work.
Especial Attention will be given to Deportment and Religion.
MISS WELLWOOD,
Locust Street, Old Chester.

"You know, Matty," Miss Maria said, eagerly, "we had all those things at Miss Brace's. Dear me! can't you just see Miss Brace when she opened the classes in September, with those white curls and her turban! Oh, my gracious, how we girls used to shiver when she pointed her forefinger at us! I sha'n't do that, anyhow."

"Nobody would shiver if you did," Mrs. Barkley assured her. "Miss Brace was very genteel and dignified; but if you think, Maria Welwood, that *you*—"

"Oh," Miss Maria said, with eager humility, "of course not! but I've got my notes, and I'm going to say just the same things. I was looking over her remarks on art this morning—I took 'em down in my commonplace-book—and I've committed 'em to memory: '*The making of wax flowers is an art most suitable for young ladies; frost and snow may reign around us, and nip the tender blossoms in our gardens, but our homes may still be made elegant by delightful representations of Flora's children.*' We began with the pomegranate flower," Miss Welwood ended, with a happy sigh of memory.

"Well," Mrs. Barkley said, morosely, "I don't believe anybody would pay twenty-five cents to learn how to make a pomegranate flower, nowadays; *I* wouldn't. Anyhow, I don't believe you remember it, Maria. I tell you the only thing for you to do is to come here. Now, Maria—I—I—wish you would," said Mrs. Barkley, with a sob.

But Miss Welwood only patted the hard old hand, and said, cheerfully: "Of course I shall have to brush up a little. I wasn't quite sure about the alum baskets, but I tried one to-day, and it came out pretty well. History is the only thing I'm nervous about, but Rose is pretty fresh in that. As for arithmetic, of course I'll have all the answers in the book, so I can tell when the sums are not right."

"Well—" began Mrs. Barkley, slowly, and then burst out: "suppose Rose were to get married? You couldn't get along by yourself, so what's the use of beginning?"

"Rose get married?" said Miss Maria. "Well—I don't see any prospect just now; not but what any gentleman might be glad to have her."

"If she did, you'd go and live with her," said Mrs. Barkley, decidedly, "so why not both of you come here until then?"

"I wouldn't think of living with her," cried Miss Maria, with spirit; "no, indeed! If my darling Rose gets married, and leaves the academy, I'll—I'll just get something else to do. Or maybe by that time I'll have brushed up so I can keep along by myself. But no young gentleman is waiting on Rose. Why, there aren't any young gentlemen in Old Chester!"

Mrs. Barkley took off her spectacles, and looked at Miss Maria sidewise.

"Suppose Ezra took a fancy to Rose?"

"To—*Rose*?" Miss Welwood looked at her open-mouthed.

"Yes, Rose," Miss Barkley repeated, with a snap. "That's what I said."

"Rose!" Miss Maria faltered. And then she said, with a certain sharpness, "He's twenty-five years older than Rose."

"Well, well," Mrs. Barkley interrupted crossly, "I only said '*suppose*.'"

Miss Maria, with the color hot in her face, said again something of age and youth; "and, anyhow, they never, either of them, thought of such a thing!"

"Well," said Mrs. Barkley, "very likely I was mistaken. I was only supposing, anyway. But there's another thing (somebody's got to talk sense to you!)—I don't believe you'd get pupils enough to pay for your shoestrings. Miss Brace was very superior, of course, but schools are very different now—I've been told."

"True," Miss Welwood admitted; "too true; and it is high time that things should improve. If I may be the humble instrument in educating young women as we were educated, Matty, to respect their parents, and honor their God, and learn how to walk across a room properly, and remember dates—(Do you recollect, 'Now Semiramis, Beautiful Sinner'—that stood for 1050 B.C., you know—N.S.B.S. Think how I've remembered that out of Miss Brace's old chronology)—if I can teach them these things, I shall feel that the Lord had a purpose in taking away my money."

"The Lord!" cried Mrs. Barkley, angrily; "don't put it on the *Lord's* shoulders!"

Afterwards, when she repeated this conversation to her brother-in-law, Mrs. Barkley added that it was bad enough to think that the Lord was responsible for creating "that Charles!—though maybe He isn't," said Mrs. Barkley, in a deep bass; "maybe it's Somebody Else!" Which bold theology was quite startling, even to a man who had gone so far towards infidelity as to say that the size of a whale's throat would have precluded the passage of a man of average size—"And we are not told in Holy Writ that Jonah was a dwarf," Mr. Ezra had said, in one of those rationalistic flights which so shocked Old Chester.

"That Charles!" said Mrs. Barkley. "Think of Maria, at her time of life, having to earn her own living!"

Mr. Ezra frowned and sighed. "I fear," he said, "that Miss Welwood will not find that appreciative demand for—"

"An academy?" Mrs. Barkley finished. "Of course not!"

"—demand for alum baskets," Mr. Ezra continued. He had not meant to finish his sentence in that way, but it was as good as any other; and it was his own. "But I cannot but admire," he proceeded, "Miss Maria's desire for independence; it commands my respect. Were you aware that the number of school-teachers in the United States was—"

"Ezra," said his sister-in-law, slowly, looking at him over her spectacles, "to be perfectly open: if you are thinking of settling, I must say that Rose is a girl in a thousand. Dear me! dear me! I don't know what men want nowadays!"

And Mr. Ezra listened.

VI.

Mr. Barkley came home from his office early in the afternoon. He had a careworn expression natural to a man who has a heavy task before him; he stopped to look at the paroquets, climbing with beak and claw up the wires of the cage and squeaking shrilly at his approach; but he did not give them any sugar or scratch their heads. He was thinking to himself that in two hours—it would be over; he would be back again, and could sit peacefully down in his arm-chair, and let the parrots walk about over his shoulders and knees.

"I do not," he thought, "understand this feeling of enlargement in the region of my throat. And my respiration is hastened. I think I am indisposed. At such a moment I should be especially calm. Perhaps it would be well to arrange the interview to some extent."

Any immediate action is a relief; and Mr. Ezra went up stairs to his room, to get his brief together, so to speak. He dressed slowly, and just before he put on his coat he opened his watch, and standing before the little tipping glass on his high bureau, so that he might watch his expression, timed himself.

"I will open the subject by remarking upon the weather. 'These October days are very agreeable.' 'Yes, Mr. Ezra,' she will reply. 'I trust your occupations do not keep you in-doors too much?' I will

say. Here I might introduce some interesting data as to exercise. (Allow a minute.) Then I will try and bring up financial matters, and speak, perhaps, of the hardships of life. (Allow five minutes.) And then I must"—the perspiration started to Mr. Ezra's brow—"I must remark that I should be pleased to smooth the path of life for her feet. Ending with the request that she should accept my hand."

Mr. Barkley looked at his watch. Fourteen minutes. Very good. Her reply would no doubt take another minute—allowing for the ladylike hesitation which would probably precede it. Mr. Ezra grew more careworn every minute.

However, he had to go. It was already a good half-hour later than he had planned to start. So he took his stick, and set his teeth, and opening the front door, let himself out into the still October sunshine. His sense of the seriousness of his object imparted dignity to his rotund and somewhat jaunty figure; he wore a full-skirted frock-coat, and his high bell-crowned hat was set just a little on one side. As he walked he kept repeating to himself the form of his proposal. When he reached Miss Welwood's gate he had only gotten so far as the "hardships of life," and he debated with himself for a moment as to whether he had not better walk on and finish his silent rehearsal before he put it to the touch. But while he stood hesitating, Rose came down the garden path, and when she saw him there came that flicker of fun into her eyes that was so disconcerting to Mr. Ezra. "You'll find Cousin Maria in the parlor, Mr. Barkley," she said. "Oh, quite so, quite so," returned Mr. Barkley, alarmed, but so polite that before he knew it he found himself ushered into the parlor and into Miss Welwood's presence.

Miss Welwood was seated at a spindle-legged table drawn close to the window, struggling, it appeared, to make wax flowers. She was deeply depressed. Her advertisement was to come out in two days, and the academy was to open in less than a month, and here she was "brushing up" her accomplishments, only to discover that her hand had lost its cunning; for even Miss Maria could see that the heavy dark red spirals stuck to shaky green stems were as unlike the flowers she meant to make as the painty smell of the wax was unlike the fragrance of roses. Her fingers were clumsy and trembling, and a dull feeling of fright was growing up in her breast. Suppose she should find she had forgotten the use of the globes? Suppose that she could not remember Berthollet's method? She looked up and saw Mr. Ezra stumbling among the chairs and tables, for the room was shadowy, even though the autumn nights had thinned the vines about the windows, and some of the broad five-fingered leaves of the Virginia-creeper were stained crimson. Miss Maria put down her wax-work with a faint sigh; she was awakening to a horrible sense of inability to meet a responsibility, and it was a relief to put it aside for a moment.

"Why, Mr. Ezra," she said, "it is indeed a compliment to have a call from a gentleman in the afternoon, especially from you! How is dear Matty?"

Mr. Ezra Barkley took off his hat and wiped his forehead. "I fear I am interrupting your delightful work," he said, politely.

"Oh, no, indeed," she said. "You couldn't interrupt me, Mr. Ezra. I am making wax roses. I hope you think they're—pretty good?" She looked at him wistfully.

"Oh yes; just so; quite so; most beautiful;" he assured her, kindly. "These —ah—October days are very agreeable, Miss Maria?"

"Yes," she agreed, "I suppose they are, but I've had a good deal on my mind; I have not noticed them, I am afraid. You know I am going to open an academy, Mr. Ezra?"

"Yes," he said, eagerly; this was more direct than he could have hoped—the reference to exercise might be omitted, and he could proceed at once to financial matters and the hardships of life. This he did, with several statistical allusions to which Miss Welwood listened with deep attention.

"Dear me," she said, "if I only had some of your learning, Mr. Ezra, I am sure my academy would be successful!"

"Well, now, for the matter of the academy," said Mr. Barkley, changing color violently, "may it not be possible that some other arrangement may be made? In fact, I had in mind a—ah—plan which would make it possible for you to give it up. It is of this I came to speak this afternoon." (Here Mr. Ezra looked at his watch.)

"If you mean coming to live with

Matty," she said, touched and smiling, "it's just the kindest thing in the world for you both to think of it; but indeed I couldn't do it. Why, what would become of Rose?"

"Oh, Miss Rose would be there too," Mr. Ezra said, warmly; "in fact, personally, I would find her presence a most agreeable addition to the household."

Miss Maria smiled, but shook her head. "You are both of you just as kind as you can be; but I'm going to work, Mr. Ezra." Miss Maria took up a strip of pink wax, and rolled it into a coil for the heart of a rose. "Indeed I do appreciate what Matty offered," she said; "I shall never forget it. And—and your kindness, too." She looked at him as she spoke, and her lip quivered.

"Miss Maria," said the little gentleman, "I was not referring to Matilda's plan."

"Oh," said Miss Maria, blankly.

"No, ma'am," said Mr. Ezra; "I have an idea of my own, which seems to combine my sister's wishes, with greater, as I may say, convenience, and—and suitability. Miss Maria, you may not be aware that the average life of the married man exceeds that of the bachelor by some years? And I—it—my sister—" Mr. Ezra was very unhappy; he grew red, and put on his hat, and stammered, and took it off again. As for Miss Welwood, she sat up very straight, and squeezed her hands together under the table. She had forgotten Mrs. Barkley's suggestion about Rose, but it all came back to her: he was going to offer himself to Rose! Her face grew dully red, but she did not speak. Mr. Barkley continued, bravely: "I have given the subject much thought, and I am convinced that my—my plan, as you may say—will be a desirable arrangement. I venture to hope that Miss Rose will not object to it, if you do not."

"Rose is very young," Miss Welwood said, in a low voice. "I'm sure I don't know her—her sentiments."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Ezra, and drew himself up, and looked at her with a kindly eye. "Miss Welwood, I have long felt the deepest esteem for you, and your present courageous attitude in this distressing financial crisis has added admiration to esteem. Miss Welwood, though in matters so delicate as the affections I dislike haste, the exigencies of the present moment must be my excuse for so abrupt a statement of my—my—of my—ah—as you might say, regard. Miss Welwood, will you do me the honor to accept my hand?"

Miss Maria put down the roll of wax on the table, and stared at him without speaking.

"You see," he said, "it will be—to me an agreeable solution of this somewhat difficult situation. May I hope that your sentiments towards me are not unkind?"

"Why," she said, in a whisper, "I don't—I don't understand!"

"I am aware that my request may seem sudden," Mr. Barkley explained, "and I should have been glad to lead up to it with proper decorum; but I assure you, Miss Maria, of the warmth of my—my sentiments." There was silence for a moment. Mr. Ezra's face was red and anxious. "I trust I have not offended you by the—as you might say, bluntness of my—of my address?"

"No; oh no," Miss Maria assured him, faintly. Then she added, in a low voice, "But Matty? perhaps Matty would have wished—something else?"

"Miss Rose will live with us," said Mr. Ezra, with calm directness; "that will be a gratification to Matilda, beyond a doubt."

"I don't know what to say," Miss Maria said, beginning to roll a piece of wax in her trembling fingers. "I never thought of such a thing—at least—not lately."

Then suddenly she put her head down on the table on the strips of red and pink wax, and covered her eyes with her shaking fingers. It had come—her long-delayed romance. Her little hope had risen on glittering wings out of the amber of the past, where it had lain so long. Mr. Ezra had spoken!

She looked over at him, and put her hand out across the table and touched his arm timidly. "Ezra," she said, "you do—care for me?" It seemed to Miss Maria, in the stress and reality of her calamity, that this was all unreal—all a sort of play; as if she were looking at Mr. Ezra through the wrong end of a magnifying-glass.

Her poor little words pierced the haze of Mr. Ezra's mild and kindly wish with a shock; he, too, looked at her, silent.

"Why—" he said, and stopped. After all, the days when such a question would have had meaning for Ezra were very

far back; perhaps there never had been such days;—kindly, silent, dull, with few thoughts and many facts, perhaps he never knew the answer a man might make to such a question. All he knew now was that here was a *fact:* a lady for whom he had great esteem was in need. But as he looked at her, suddenly he blushed, and breathed a little more quickly; a break came in his calm, kind voice. "I hope you will think favorably of my offer?" He took her hand as he spoke and patted it, with evident agitation. "I entreat you, Miss Maria!" he said.

And Miss Maria smiled through her tears.

Mrs. Barkley nearly swooned, she told Miss Welwood afterwards, when Ezra came home and told her; and she added that, to be perfectly frank, Ezra was as stubborn as a mule. "But upon my word," said Mrs. Barkley, "I believe he was right! Everybody is sometimes right, by chance; and I think, after all, that this is the best arrangement. But why didn't I think of it myself? I was a perfect fool!"

As for Rose, the gayety leaped back into her voice, and she laughed with all the old flashing looks and rapid words, and declared that she was ready to say, "Bless you, my children," right away.

But all the same she held on to a quiet plan of her own in regard to some work Dr. Lavendar had proposed for her, which later was, it must be admitted, a blow to Mr. Ezra.

Charles was delighted. He sent his aunt a wedding-present, bought from her last loan to him, and he wrote her a most beautiful letter, which he ended by protestations of unaltered affection, and the statement that, as things had turned out, it proved just what he had said: "*The Lord would provide!*"

CURRENT FALLACIES UPON NAVAL SUBJECTS.

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

ALL matters connected with the sea tend to have, in a greater or less degree, a distinctly specialized character, due to the unfamiliarity which the sea, as a scene of *action*, has for the mass of mankind. Nothing is more trite than the remark continually made to naval officers, that life at sea must give them a great deal of leisure for reading and other forms of personal culture. Without going so far as to say that there is no more leisure in a naval officer's life than in some other pursuits—social engagements, for instance, are largely eliminated when at sea—there is very much less than persons imagine; and what there is is broken up by numerous petty duties and incidents, of which people living on shore have no conception, because they have no experience. It is evident that the remark proceeds in most cases from the speaker's own consciousness of the unoccupied monotony of an ocean passage, in which, unless exceptionally observant, he has not even detected the many small but essential functions discharged by the officers of the ship, whom he sees moving about, but the aim of whose movements he does not understand. The passenger, as regards the economy of the vessel, is passive; he fails to comprehend, often even to perceive, the intense functional activity of brain and body which goes on around him—the real life of the organism.

In the progress of the world, nautical matters of every kind are to most men what the transactions of a single ship are to the passenger. They receive impressions, which they mistake for opinions—a most common form of error. These impressions are repeated from mouth to mouth, and having the common note of superficial observation, they are found to possess a certain resemblance. So they serve mutually to fortify one another, and to constitute a *quasi* public opinion. The repetition and stereotyping of impressions are greatly forwarded by the system of organized gossip which we call the press.

It is in consequence of this, quite as much as of the extravagancies in a certain far from reputable form of journalism, that the power of the press, great as it unquestionably still is, is not what it should be. It intensifies the feeling of its own constituents, who usually take

the paper because they agree with it; but if candid representation of all sides constitutes a fair attempt to instruct the public, no man expects a matter to be fairly put forward. So far does this go, in the experience of the present writer, that one of the most reputable journals in the country, in order to establish a certain extreme position, quoted his opinion in one paragraph, while omitting to give the carefully guarded qualification expressed in the very succeeding paragraph; whereby was conveyed, by implication, the endorsement of the extreme opinion advocated, which the writer certainly never held. It so happened that on the day this was published the paper was not delivered at the house by the local carrier; but some friends dining with him mentioned the quotation, from which they, units of the public, not knowing his real position, had inferred that he was opposing the annexation of Hawaii.

The paragraph quoted ran thus (the italics not being those of the writer):

> There is, however, one caution to be given from that military point of view beyond the need of which the world has not yet passed. Military positions, fortified posts, by land or by sea, however strong or admirably situated, do not by themselves confer control. People often say that such an island or harbor will give control of such a body of water. It is an utter, deplorable, ruinous mistake. The phrase may indeed by some be used only loosely, without forgetting other implied conditions of adequate protection and adequate navies; but the confidence of our own nation in its native strength, and its indifference to the defence of its ports and the sufficiency of its fleet, give reason to fear that the full consequences of a forward step may not be soberly weighed. Napoleon, who knew better, once talked this way. "The islands of San Pietro, Corfu, and Malta," he wrote, "will make us masters of the whole Mediterranean." Vain boast! Within one year Corfu, in two years Malta, were rent away from the state that could not support them by its ships. Nay, more; had Bonaparte not taken the latter stronghold out of the hands of its degenerate but innocuous government, that citadel of the Mediterranean would perhaps—would probably—*never have passed into those of his chief enemy.* There is here also a lesson for us.

The paragraph immediately following, which was not quoted, was this:

> It is by no means logical to leap, from this recognition of the necessity of adequate naval force to secure outlying dependencies, to the conclusion that the United States would need for that object a navy equal to the largest now existing. A nation as far removed as is our own from the bases of foreign naval strength may reasonably reckon upon the qualification that distance—not to speak of the complex European interests close at hand—impresses upon the exertion of naval strength by European powers. The mistake is when our remoteness, unsupported by carefully calculated force, is regarded as an armor of proof, under cover of which any amount of swagger may be safely indulged. An estimate of what is an adequate naval force for our country may properly take into account the happy interval which separates both our present territory and our future aspirations from the centres of interest really vital to European states.

So much for trying, as the actual writer had done, to show people the truth, as he saw it, by giving them both sides of the question.

Direct misrepresentation, however, whether by commission or by omission, careless or wilful, is probably less harmful than the indirect injury produced by continual repetition of unintentional misconceptions. The former occurs generally in the case of living, present-moment questions; it reaches chiefly those already convinced; and it has its counteraction in the arguments of the other party, which are read by the appropriate constituency. The real work of those questions of the day goes on behind the scenes; and the press affects them, not because of its intrinsic power, but only in so far as it is thought to represent the trend of thought in a body of voters. On subjects of less immediate moment, as military and naval matters are—except when war looms near, and preparation is too late—men's brains, already full enough of pressing cares, refuse to work, and submit passively to impressions, as the eye, without conscious action, takes note of and records external incidents. Unfortunately these impressions, uncorrected by reflection, exaggerated in narration, and intensified by the repetition of a number of writers, come to constitute a body of public belief, not strictly rational in its birth or subsequent growth, but as impassive in its resistance to argument as it was innocent of mental process during its formation.

The intention of the present paper is to meet, and as far as possible to remove, some such current errors of the day on naval matters—popular misconceptions,

continually encountered in conversation and in the newspapers.

Accepting the existence of the navy, and the necessity for its continuance—for some starting-point must be assumed—the errors to be touched upon are:

1. That the United States needs a navy "for defence only."

2. That a navy "for defence only" means for the immediate defence of our seaports and coast-line; an allowance also being made for scattered cruisers to prey upon an enemy's commerce.

3. That if we go beyond this, by acquiring any territory overseas, either by negotiation or conquest, we step at once to the need of having a navy larger than the largest, which is that of Great Britain, now the largest in the world.

4. That the difficulty of doing this, and the expense involved, are the greater because of the rapid advances in naval improvement, which it is gravely said make a ship obsolete in a very few years; or, to use a very favorite hyperbole, she becomes obsolete before she can be launched. The assertion of the rapid obsolescence of ships of war will be dwelt upon, in the hopes of contravening it.

5. After this paper had been written, the calamity to the United States ship *Maine*, in the harbor of Havana, elicited, from the mourning and consternation of the country, the evident tokens of other unreasoning apprehensions — springing from imperfect knowledge and vague impressions—which at least should be noticed cursorily, and if possible appeased.

First, the view that the United States should plan its navy—in numbers and in sizes of ships—for defence only, rests upon a confusion of ideas—a political idea and a military idea—under the one term of "defence." Politically, it has always been assumed in the United States, and very properly, that our policy should never be wantonly aggressive; that we should never seek our own advantage, however evident, by an unjust pressure upon another nation, much less by open war. This, it will be seen, is a political idea, one which serves for the guidance of the people and of the statesmen of the country in determining—not *how* war is to be carried on, which is a military question, but—under what circumstances war is permissible, or unjust. This is a question of civil policy, pure and simple, and by no means a military question. As a nation, we have always vehemently avowed that we will, and do, act justly; in practice, like other states, and like mankind generally, when we have wanted anything very badly, we have—at least at times—managed to see that it was just that we should have it. In the matter of general policy our hands are by no means clean from aggression. General Grant, after retiring from public life, maintained that the war with Mexico was an unjust war; a stigma which, if true, stains our possession of California and much other territory. The acquisition of Louisiana was as great an outrage upon the technical rights of Spain as the acquisition of Hawaii would be upon the technical rights of the fast-disappearing aborigines; and there can be little doubt that, although we did not go to war with Spain to get Florida, we made things so uncomfortable for her that she was practically forced at last to get out. It does not follow necessarily that any of these actions were wrong, even if we consider that the so-called *legal* rights of Mexico and Spain were set aside by the strong hand; for law is simply an invention of mankind to secure justice, and when justice, the natural rights of the greater number, is prevented by the legal, not the natural, rights of a few, law may be set aside, as it is at every election, where large minorities of people are forced to submit to what they consider grievous wrong. The danger of overleaping law to secure what is right may be freely admitted; but no great responsibility, such as the use of power always is, can be exercised at all without some danger of abuse. However, be that as it may, there can be no question that in times past we have aggressed upon the legal rights of other states; and in the annexation of Louisiana we infringed the letter of our own Constitution. We broke the law in order to reach an end eminently beneficial to the majority of those concerned. Nevertheless, while thus aggressive on occasion, warring for offence and not for defence only, it is distinctly a good thing that we hold up the ideal, and persuade ourselves that we cherish it; that we prepare means of war only for defence. It is better honestly to profess a high standard, even if we fall from it at times, than wilfully to adopt a lower ideal of conduct.

The phrase "War for defence only" conveys, therefore, a political idea, and, as such, a proper and noble idea. Un-

fortunately, in our country, where almost all activities fall under two chief heads — politics and business — politics, the less sensitively organized but more forceful of the two, intrudes everywhere and masters everything. We dread standing armies. Why? Because standing armies, being organized masses of men, trained to obey capable leaders, may overcome the resistance of a people which is far greater in numbers, but unorganized. What are our politics now but organized masses of men, habituated to obey their leaders, among whom to change their vote is stigmatized as the treason of an Arnold, and between which the popular will is driven helplessly from side to side, like a shuttlecock between two battledores. Politics cleans our streets, regulates our education, and so on; it is not to be wondered at that it intrudes into the military sphere, with confidence all the greater that it is there especially ignorant. Let there be no misunderstanding, however. It is perfectly right that the policy of the country should dictate the character and strength of the military establishment; the evil is when policy is controlled by ignorance, summed up in a mistaken but captivating catchword—"for defence only."

Among all masters of military art—including therein naval art—it is a thoroughly accepted principle that mere defensive war means military ruin, and therefore national disaster. It is vain to maintain a military or naval force whose power is not equal to assuming the offensive soon or late, which cannot, first or last, go out, assail the enemy, and hurt him in his vital interests. A navy for defence only, in the *political* sense, means a navy that will only be used in case we are forced into war; a navy for defence only, in the *military* sense, means a navy that can only await attack and defend its own, leaving the enemy at ease as regards his own interests, and at liberty to choose his own time and manner of fighting.

It is to be observed also that the most beneficial use of a military force is not to *wage* war, however. successfully, but to *prevent* war, with all its suffering, expense, and complication of embarrassments. Of course, therefore, a navy for defence only, from which an enemy need fear no harm, is of small account in diplomatic relations, for it is nearly useless as a deterrent from war. Whatever there may be in our conditions otherwise to prevent states from attacking us, a navy "for defence only" will not add to them. For mere harbor defence, fortifications are decisively superior to ships, except where peculiar local conditions are found. All our greatest cities on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts can be locally defended better by forts than by ships; but if, instead of a navy "for defence only," there be one so large that the enemy must send a great many ships across the Atlantic, if he sends any, then the question whether he can spare so great a number is very serious, considering the ever-critical condition of European politics. Suppose, for instance, we could put twenty battle-ships in commission for war in thirty days, and that we had threatening trouble with either Germany, France, Great Britain, or Russia. There is not one of these, except Great Britain, that could afford to send over here twenty-five battle-ships, which would be the very fewest needed, seeing the distance of their operations from home, while we have friendly ports; while Great Britain, relying wholly on her navy for the integrity of her empire, equally cannot afford the hostility of a nation having twenty battle-ships, and with whom her points of difference are as inconsequential to her as they are with us.

It should be remembered, too, that any war which may arise with the naval nations of Europe—or with Japan, which will soon rank with them—will not be with reference to our own territories, but to our external relations. In the Monroe doctrine, as now understood and viewed in the light of the Venezuela incident, with the utterances then made by our statesmen of all parties, we have on hand one of the biggest contracts any modern state has undertaken. Nor may we anticipate from other nations the easy acquiescence of Great Britain. The way the latter sticks by Canada should warn us, that we prevailed in Venezuela because the matter to her was not worth war. Great Britain is gorged with land. Her statesmen are weary of looking after it, and of the persistence with which one advance compels another. It is not so with Germany and France. The latter is traditionally our friend, however, and her ambitions, even when she held Canada, have ever pointed east rather than west. But how about Germany? It is the fashion here to proclaim the Emperor

a fool, for his shibboleth is imperialistic and not republican; but if he be, it is with the folly of the age on the European Continent—the hunger for ships, colonies, and commerce, after which the great Napoleon so hankered, and upon which the prosperity of Great Britain has been built.

Ships, colonies, commerce, mean to a European nation of to-day just what our vast, half-improved, heavily tariffed territory means to us. They mean to those nations room to expand, land wherewith to portion off the sons and daughters that cannot find living space at home, widespread political and international influence, through blood affiliation with prosperous colonies, the power of which, in the sentiment of brotherhood, received such illustration in the Queen's Jubilee—one of the most majestic sights of the ages; for no Roman triumph ever equalled for variety of interest the Jubilee, in which not victorious force, but love, the all-powerful, was the tie that knit the diversities of the great pageant into one coherent, living whole. What political power is stable save that which holds men's hearts? And what holds men's hearts like blood-relationship, permitted free course and given occasional manifestation and exchange? German colonies, like unto those of Great Britain —such is the foolish day-dream of the German Emperor, if folly it be; but if he be a fool, he knows at least that reciprocal advantage, reciprocal interests, promote the exchange of kindly offices, by which has been kept alive the love between Englishmen at home and Englishmen in the colonies. He knows, also, that such advantages derive from power, from force—not force exerted necessarily, but force possessed—and that force, power, depends not upon fleets and armies only, but upon positions also—war being, as Napoleon used to say, "a business of positions"—one of those pregnant phrases of the great captain upon which a man may meditate many hours without exhausting it. A state that aims at maritime power and at colonial empire, as Germany unquestionably—nay, avowedly—now does, needs not only large and widely dispersed colonies; she further needs influence upon those routes of commerce which connect together countries and colonies, and for that she wants possession of minor points, whose value is rather military than commercial, but which essentially affect the control of the sea and of the communications.

Now the secrets of the Emperor and of his more confidential advisers are not all worn upon the sleeve, as might be inferred from the audacity and apparent imprudence of occasional utterances. It is known, however, not only from his words, which might be discounted, but from his acts, that he wants a big navy, that he has meddled in South Africa, and that he has on a slight pretext, but not, it may well be believed, in any frivolous spirit, seized Kiao-chou, in China. What all this means to himself can be only a matter of inference. The present writer, after inquiring in quarters likely to be well informed, has been able to obtain nothing more positive than deductions, reasonably made, by men whose business it is to watch current events in Europe; but the idea has long been forming in the minds of political thinkers, looking not only upon the moves of the political chess-board as they superficially appear in each day's news, and are dictated largely by momentary emergencies, but seeking also to detect the purpose and temperament of the players—be they men in power or national tendencies—that the German Emperor is but continuing and expanding a scheme of policy inherited from his predecessors in the government of the state. Nay, more; it is thought that this policy represents a tendency and a need of the German people itself, in the movement towards national unity between its racial constituents, in which so great an advance has already been accomplished in the last thirty years. Elements long estranged, but of the same blood, can in no way more surely attain to community of interest and of view than by the development of an external policy, of which the benefits and the pride may be common to all. True unity requires some common object, around which diverse interests may cling and crystallize. Nations, like families, need to look outside themselves, if they would escape, on the one hand, narrow self-satisfaction, or, on the other, pitiful internal dissensions. The far-reaching external activities fostered in Great Britain by her insular position have not only intensified patriotism, but have given also a certain nobility of breadth to her statesmanship up to the middle of this century.

Why, then, should not Germany, whose political unity was effected near two centuries after that of Great Britain, do wisely in imitating a policy whereby the older state has become an empire, that still travels onward to a further and greater unity, which, if realized, shall embrace in one fold remote quarters of the world? Where is the folly of the one conception or of the other? The folly, if it prove such, has as yet no demonstrable existence, save in the imaginations of a portion of the people of the United States, who, clinging to certain maxims of a century ago—when they were quite applicable—or violently opposed to any active interest in matters outside our family of States, find that those who differ from themselves are, if Americans, jingoes, and if foreigners, like the present Emperor William and Mr. Chamberlain, fools. The virtues and the powers of the British and German peoples may prove unequal to their ambitions—time alone can show; but it is a noble aim in their rulers to seek to extend their influence, to establish their positions, and to knit them together, in such wise that as races they may play a mighty part in the world's history. The ambition is noble, even if it fail; if it succeed, our posterity may take a different view of its folly, and of our own wisdom in this generation.

For there are at least two steps, in other directions than those as yet taken, by which the Emperor, when he feels strong enough at sea—he is yet scarcely in middle life—might greatly and suddenly increase the maritime empire of Germany, using means which are by no means unprecedented, historically, but which would certainly arouse vehement wrath in the United States, and subject to a severe test our maxim of a navy for defence only. There is a large and growing German colony in southern Brazil, and I am credibly informed that there is a distinct effort to divert thither, by means direct and indirect, a considerable part of the emigration which now comes to the United States, and therefore is lost politically to Germany—for she has, of course, no hope of colonization here. The inference is that the Emperor hopes at a future day, for which he is young enough to wait, to find in southern Brazil a strong German population, which in due time may seek to detach itself from the Brazilian Republic, as Texas once detached itself from Mexico; and which may then seek political union with Germany, as Texas sought political union with the United States, to obtain support against her former owners and masters. Without advancing any particular opinion as to the advisable geographical limits of the Monroe doctrine, we may be pretty sure that the American people would wordily resent an act which in our press would be called "the aggression of a European military monarchy upon the political or territorial rights of an American republic." This also could be accompanied with the liberal denunciation of William II. which now ornaments our editorial columns; but hard words break no bones, and the practical question would remain, "What are you going to do about it?" with a navy "for defence only." If you cannot offend Germany, in the military sense of "offend"—that is, if you cannot seek her out and *hurt* her—how are you going to control her? In contemplation of the future contingencies of our national policy, let us contrast our own projected naval force with that now recommended to the German Reichstag by the Budget Committee, despite the many prophecies that the Emperor could not obtain his desired navy. "The Budget Committee of the Reichstag to-day adopted, in accordance with the government proposals, parts of the naval bill, fixing the number of ships to be held in readiness for service as follows: 1 flag-ship, 18 battle-ships, 12 large cruisers, 30 small cruisers, 8 coast-defence ironclads, and 13 gunboats, besides torpedo-boats, schoolships, and small gunboats."* That these numbers were fixed with reference to the United States is indeed improbable; but the United States should take note.

A second means of expanding Germany as a colonial power would be to induce the Dutch—who are the Germans of the lower Rhine and the North Sea—to seek union with the German Empire, the empire of the Germans of the upper Rhine, of the Elbe, and of the Baltic. This, it may be said, would be far less difficult in consummation than the scheme last suggested; for in Brazil, as in the United States and elsewhere, the German emigrant tends to identify himself with the institutions he finds around him, and shows little disposition to political independence—a fact which emphasizes the necessity of strictly German colonies, if the race, outside of Europe, is not to un-

* From a telegram from Berlin of March 2 ult.

dergo political absorption. The difficulties or the advantages which the annexation of Holland might involve, as regards the political balance of power in Europe, and the vast Asiatic colonies of the Dutch —Sumatra, Java, New Guinea, etc.—are a consideration outside the scope of American policy; but the transaction would involve one little incident as to which, unlike southern Brazil, a decided opinion may be expressed, and that incident would be the transferrence of the island of Curaçao, in the West Indies, to Germany. If Curaçao and its political tenure do not fall within the purview of the Monroe doctrine, the Monroe doctrine has no existence; for the island, though small, has a wellnigh impregnable harbor, and lies close beside the routes to the Central American Isthmus, which is to us what Egypt and Suez are to England. But what objection can we urge, or what can we do, with a navy "for defence only," in the military sense of the word defence?

The way out of this confusion of thought, the logical method of reconciling the political principle of non-aggression with a naval power capable of taking the offensive, if necessary, is to recognize, and to say, that defence means not merely defence of our territory, but defence of our just national interests, whatever they be and wherever they are. For example, the exclusion of direct European political control from the Isthmus of Panama is as really a matter of national defence as is the protection of New York Harbor. Take this as the political meaning of the phrase "a navy for defence only," and naval men, I think, must admit that it is no longer inapplicable as a military phrase, but expresses adequately the naval needs of the nation. But no military student can consider efficient a force so limited, in quantity or in quality, that it must await attack before it can act.

Now admitting this view as to the scope of the word defence, what is the best method of defending your interests when you know that another intends to attack them? Is it to busy yourself with precautions here, and precautions there, in every direction, to head him off when he comes? Or is it to take the simpler means of so preparing that you have the power to hurt him, and to make him afraid that, if he moves, he will be the worse hurt of the two? In life generally a man who means mischief is kept in check best by fear of being hurt; if he has no more to dread than failure to do harm, no reason to apprehend receiving harm, he will make his attempt. But while this is probably true of life in general, it is notably true of warfare. The state which in war relies simply upon defending itself, instead of upon hurting the enemy, is bound to incur disaster, and for the very simple reason that the party which proposes to strike a blow has but one thing to do; whereas he who proposes only to ward off blows has a dozen things, for he cannot know upon which interest, of a dozen that he may have, the coming blow may fall. For this reason, again, a "navy for defence only" is a wholly misleading phrase, unless defence be construed to include *all* national interests, and not only the national territory; and further, unless it be understood that the best defence of one's own interests is power to injure those of the enemy.

In the summary of points to be dealt with has been included the opinion that offensive action by a navy may be limited to merely preying upon the enemy's commerce—that being considered not only a real injury, but one great enough to bring him to peace. Concerning this, it will suffice here to say that national maritime commerce does not consist in a number of ships sprinkled, as by a pepper-pot, over the surface of the ocean. Rightly viewed, it constitutes a great system, with the strength and weakness of such. Its strength is that possessed by all organized power, namely, that it can undergo a good deal of local injury, such as scattered cruisers may inflict, causing inconvenience and suffering, without receiving vital harm. A strong man cannot be made to quit his work by sticking pins in him, or by bruising his shins, or blacking his eyes; he must be hit in a vital part, or have a bone broken, to be laid up. The weaknesses of commerce—the fatally vulnerable parts of its system—are the commercial routes over which ships pass. They are the bones, the skeleton, the framework of the organism. Hold them, break them, and commerce falls with a crash, even though no ship is taken, but all locked up in safe ports. But to effect this is not the work of dispersed cruisers picking up ships here and there, as birds pick up crumbs, but of ves-

sels massed into powerful fleets, holding the sea, or at the least making the highways too dangerous for use. A navy so planned is for defence indeed, in the true sense that the best defence is to crush your enemy by depriving him of the use of the sea.

We now come to the assertion that if the United States takes to itself interests beyond the sea—of which Hawaii is an instance—it not only adds to its liabilities, which is true, but incurs an unnecessary exposure, to guard against which we need no less than the greatest navy in the world.

It might be retorted that, willy-nilly, we already, by general national consent, have accepted numerous external interests—embraced under the Monroe doctrine; and that, as regards Hawaii, many even who reject annexation admit that our interests will not tolerate any other nation taking those islands. But how shall we enforce even that limited amount of interest if any other power—Great Britain, Germany, or Japan—decide to take, and the islanders acquiesce? In such cases we should even be worse off, militarily, than with annexation completed. Let us, however, put aside this argument—of the many already existing external interests—and combat this allegation, that an immense navy would be needed, by recurring to the true military conception of defence already developed. The subject will thus tend to unity of treatment, centring round that word Defence. Effective defence does not consist primarily in power to protect, but in power to injure. A man's defence against a snake, if cornered—if he must have to do with it—is not to protect himself, but to kill the snake. If a snake got into the room, as often happens in India, the position should not be estimated by ability to get out of the room one's self, but by power to get rid of the snake. In fact, a very interesting illustration of the true theory of defence is found in a casual remark in a natural history about snakes—that comparatively few are dangerous to man, but that the whole family is protected by the fear those few inspire. If attacked by a dog, safety is not sought chiefly in the means of warding him off, but by showing him the means possessed of hurting him, as by picking up a stone; and with a man, where an appeal lies to the intelligence, the argument from power to injure is peculiarly strong. If a burglar, thinking to enter a room, knows that he may—or will—kill the occupant, but that the latter may break his leg, he will not enter. The game would not be worth the candle.

Apply this thought now to the United States and its naval needs. As Great Britain is by very far the greatest naval power, let us take her to be the supposed enemy. If we possessed the Hawaiian Islands, and war unhappily broke out with Great Britain, she could now, if she desired, take them without trouble, so far as our navy is concerned; so could France; so possibly, five years hence, could Japan. That is, under our present conditions of naval weakness, either France or Great Britain could spare ships enough to overcome our force, without fatally crippling her European fleet; whereas, were our navy half the size of the British, she could not afford to send half her fleet so far away from home; nor, if we had half ours in the Pacific and half in the Atlantic, could she afford to send one-third or one-fourth of her entire navy so far from her greater interests, independent of the fact that, even if victorious, it would be very badly used before our force was defeated. Hawaii is not worth that to Great Britain; whereas it is of so much consequence to us that, even if lost, it would probably be returned at a peace, as Martinique and Guadeloupe invariably have been to France. Great Britain would not find its value equivalent to our resentment at her holding it. Now the argument as to the British fleet is still stronger as to France, for she is as distant as Great Britain and has a smaller navy. The argument is different as regards Japan, for she is nearer by far than they, only half as far again as we, and that power has recently given us an intimation which, if we disregard, we do so in face of the facts. Her remonstrance about the annexation of Hawaii, however far it went, gave us fair warning that a great naval state was about to come into being in the Pacific, prepared to watch, and perhaps to contest, our action in what we thought our interests demanded. From that instant the navy of Japan becomes a standard, showing, whether we annex the islands or not, a minimum beneath which our Pacific fleet cannot be allowed to fall, without becoming a "navy for defence only," in the very worst sense.

This brief train of reasoning will sug-

gest why it is not necessary to have a navy equal to the greatest, in order to insure that sense of fear which deters a rival from war, or handicaps his action in war. The biggest navy that ever existed cannot all be sent on one mission, in any probable state of the political world. A much smaller force, favorably placed, produces an effect far beyond its proportionate numbers; for, to quote again Napoleon's phrase, "War is a business of positions." This idea is by no means new, even to unprofessional men; on the contrary, it is so old that it is deplorable to see such fatuous arguments as the necessity of equalling Great Britain's navy adduced against any scheme of external policy. The annexation of Hawaii, to recur to that, may be bad policy for many reasons, of which I am no good judge; but, as a naval student, I hesitate not to say that, while annexation *may* entail a bigger navy than is demanded for the mere exclusion of other states from the islands—though I personally do not think so—it is absurd to say that we should need a navy equal to that of Great Britain. In 1794 Gouverneur Morris wrote that if the United States had twenty ships of the line in commission, no other state would provoke her enmity. At that time Great Britain's navy was relatively more powerful than it is now, while she and France were rivalling each other in testing the capacity of our country to stand kicking; but Morris's estimate was perfectly correct, and shows how readily a sagacious layman can understand a military question, if only he will put his mind to it, and not merely echo the press. Great Britain then could not—and much more France could not—afford to have twenty ships of the line operating against her interests on the other side of the Atlantic. They could not afford it in actual war; they could not afford it even in peace, because not only might war arise at any time, but it would be much more likely to happen if either party provoked the United States to hostility. The mere menace of such a force, its mere existence, would have insured decent treatment without war; and Morris, who was an able financier, conjectured that to support a navy of such size for twenty years would cost the public treasury less than five years of war would, —not to mention the private losses of individuals in war.

All policy that involves external action is sought to be discredited by this assertion, that it entails the expense of a navy equal to the greatest now existing on the sea, no heed being given to the fact that we already have assumed such external responsibilities, if any weight is to be attached to the evident existence of a strong popular feeling in favor of the Monroe doctrine, or to Presidential or Congressional utterances in the Venezuela business, or in that of Hawaii. The assertion is as old as the century; as is also the complementary ignorance of the real influence of an inferior military or naval force in contemporary policy, when such force either is favored by position, or can incline decisively, to one side or the other, the scales in a doubtful balance. To such misapprehensions we owed, in the early part of this century, the impressment of hundreds of American seamen, and the despotic control of our commerce by foreign governments; to this, the blockading of our coasts, the harrying of the shores of Chesapeake Bay, the burning of Washington, and a host of less remembered attendant evils. All these things might have been prevented by the timely maintenance of a navy of tolerable strength, deterring the warring powers from wanton outrage.

In the present day the argument that none but the greatest navy is of any avail, and that such is too expensive for us to contemplate — as it probably is— is re-enforced by the common statement that the ship built to-day becomes obsolete in an extremely short time, the period stated being generally a rhetorical figure rather than an exact estimate. The word obsolete itself is used here vaguely. Strictly, it means no more than "gone out of use"; but it is understood, correctly, I think, to mean "become useless." A lady's bonnet may become obsolete, being gone out of use because no longer in fashion, though it may still be an adequate head-covering; but an obsolete ship of war can only be one that is put out of use because it is useless. A ship momentarily out of use, because not needed, is no more obsolete than a hat hung up when the owner comes in. When a ship is called obsolete, therefore, it is meant that she is out of use for the same reason that many old English words are—because they are no longer good for their purpose; their meaning being lost to mankind in gen-

eral, they no longer serve for the exchange of thought.

In this sense the obsolescence of modern ships of war is just one of those half-truths which, as Tennyson has it, are ever the worst of lies; it is harder to meet and fight outright than an unqualified untruth. It is true that improvement is continually going on in the various parts of the complex mechanism which constitutes a modern ship of war; although it is also true that many changes are made which are not improvements, and that reversion to an earlier type, the abandonment of a once fancied improvement, is no unprecedented incident in recent naval architecture and naval ordnance. The revulsion from the Monitor, the turreted ship pure and simple, to the broadside battery analogous to that carried by the old ships of Farragut and Nelson, is one of the most singular and interesting changes in men's thoughts that the writer has met, either in his experience or in his professional reading. The day can be recalled when the broadside battle-ship was considered as dead as Cock-Robin—her knell was rung, and herself buried without honors; yet, not only has she revived, but I imagine that I should have a very respectable following among naval officers now in believing, as I do, that the broadside guns, and not those in the turrets, are the primary battery of the ship—primary, I mean, in fighting value. Whatever the worth of this opinion—which is immaterial to the present contention—a change so radical as from broadside battery to turreted ships, and from the latter back to broadside, though without entirely giving up turrets, should cause some reasonable hesitancy in imputing obsoleteness to any armored steamship. The present battleship reproduces, in essential principles, the ships that preceded the epoch-making Monitor—the pivot guns of the earlier vessels being represented by the present turrets, and their broadsides by the present broadside. The prevalence of the Monitor type was an interlude, powerfully affecting the development of navies, but making nothing obsolete. It did not effect a revolution, but a modification—much as homœopathy did in the "regular practice."

There is, of course, a line on one side of which the term obsolete applies, but it may be said that no ship is obsolete for which fighting-work can be found, with a tolerable chance—a fighting chance—of her being successful; because, though unequal to this or that position of exposure, she, by occupying an inferior one, releases a better ship. And here again we must guard ourselves from thinking that inferior force—inferior in number or inferior in quality—has *no* chance against a superior. The idea is simply another phase of "a navy equal to the greatest," another military heresy. A ship under the guns of one thrice her force, from which her speed cannot carry her, is doubtless a lost ship. She may be called even obsolete, though she be the last product of naval science, just from a dock-yard. Before such extreme conditions are reached, however, by a ship or a fleet, many other factors than merely relative force come into play; primarily, man, with all that his personality implies — skill, courage, discipline,—after that, chance, opportunity, accidents of time, accidents of place, accidents of ground,—the whole unforeseeable chapter of incidents which go to form military history. A military situation is made up of many factors, and before a ship can be called obsolete, useless to the great general result, it must be determined that she can contribute no more than zero to either side of the equation—or of the inequality. From the time she left the hands of the designers, a unit of maximum value, throughout the period of her gradual declension, many years will elapse during which a ship once first-rate will be an object of consideration to friend and foe. She will wear out like a garment, but she does not necessarily become obsolete till worn out. It may be added that the indications now are that radical changes of design are not to be expected shortly, and that we have reached a type likely to endure. A ship built five years hence may have various advantages of detail over one now about to be launched, but the chances are they will not be of a kind that reverse the odds of battle. This, of course, is only a forecast, not an assertion; a man who has witnessed the coming and going of the Monitor type will forbear prophecy.

Now, as always, the best ships in the greatest number, as on shore the best troops in the greatest masses, will be carried as speedily as possible, and maintained as efficiently as possible, on the front of operations. But in various directions

and at various points behind that front there are other interests to be subserved, by vessels of inferior class, as garrisons may be made up wholly or in part of troops no longer well fitted for the field. But should disaster occur, or the foe prove unexpectedly strong, the first line of reserved ships will move forward to fill the gaps, analogous in this to the various corps of reserved troops who have passed their first youth, with which the Continental organizations of military service have made us familiar. This possibility has been recognized so well by modern naval men that some even have looked for decisive results, not at the hands of the first and most powerful ships, but from the readiness and number of those which have passed into the reserve, and will come into play after the first shock of war. That a reserve force should decide a doubtful battle or campaign is a frequent military experience—an instance of superior staying power.

There is no reason, therefore, to worry about a ship becoming obsolete, any more than there is over the fact that the best suit of to-day may be that for the office next year, and may finally descend to a dependent, or be cut down for a child. Whatever money a nation is willing to spend on maintaining its first line of ships, it is not weaker, but stronger, when one of these drops into the reserve and is replaced by a newer ship. The great anxiety, in truth, is not lest the ships should not continue valid, but lest there be not trained men enough to man both the first line and the reserve.

Here the present article, as at first contemplated, would have closed; but the recent disaster to the *Maine* has produced its own crop of sudden and magnified apprehensions. These, to the professional mind, are necessarily a matter of concern, but chiefly because they have showed the seeds of a popular distrust before sown in men's minds. As evinced, however, they too are fallacies born of imperfect knowledge. The magnitude of the calamity was indisputable; but the calm self-possession of the nation and of the better portion of the press, face to face with the possible international troubles that might ensue, contrasted singularly with the unreasoned imaginations that immediately found voice concerning the nature and dangers of battle-ships. The political self-possession and dignity reposed upon knowledge—not, indeed, of the eventual effect upon our international relations—but knowledge, bred of long acquaintance with public affairs, that, before further action, there must be investigation; and that after investigation, action, if it must follow, would be taken with due deliberation. So men were content to wait for justice to pursue its even course.

But the fact that such an appalling catastrophe had befallen one battle-ship fell upon the minds imperfectly informed in naval matters, and already possessed by various exaggerated impressions, loosely picked up from time to time. Men knew not what to think, and so thought the worst—as we are all apt to do when in the dark. It is possible that naval officers, being accustomed to live over a magazine, and ordinarily to eat their meals within a dozen yards of the powder, may have a too great, though inevitable, familiarity with the conditions. There is, however, no contempt for them among us; and the precautions taken are so well known, the remoteness of danger so well understood, that it is difficult to comprehend the panic terror that found utterance in the remarks of some men, presumably well-informed on general matters. It is evidently a very long and quite illogical step to infer that, because the results of an accident may be dreadful, therefore the danger of the accident occurring at all is very great. On land a slight derangement of a rail, a slight obstacle on a track, the breaking of a wheel or of an axle, may plunge a railroad train to frightful disaster; but we know from annual experience that, while such accidents do happen, and sometimes with appalling consequences, the chance of their happening in a particular case is so remote that we disregard it. At sea, every day of every year for centuries back, a couple of hundred war-ships—to speak moderately—have been traversing the ocean or lying in port, like the *Maine*, with abundance of powder on board; and for the last quarter of a century very many of these have been, and now are, essentially of the type of that unfortunate vessel. The accident that befell her, if its origin be precisely determined, may possibly impose some further precaution not hitherto taken; but, whatever the cause may prove to have been, it is clear that the danger of such an event happening is at no time great, because it is al-

most, if not quite, unprecedented among the great number of war-ships now continuously in service. Similarly, on the seas, the disasters to the *Ville du Havre*, to the *Oregon*, and, only three years ago, to the *Elbe*, show the terrific results of collision, to which every ship crossing the ocean is liable. Collisions between vessels less known than those named are of weekly occurrence. Yet no general outcry is raised against the general safety of the transatlantic liners. People unconsciously realize that, where accidents are so infrequent, the risk to themselves in the individual case is slight, though the results, when they happen, are dreadful. Men know instinctively that the precautions taken must be practically adequate, or safety would not be the almost universal rule which it is.

It should be remembered, too, that the present battle-ship is not a sudden invention, springing up in a night, like Jonah's gourd, or newly contrived by a council sitting for the purpose, like a brand-new constitution of the French Revolution. The battle-ship of to-day is the outcome of a gradual evolution extending over forty years. Its development has been governed by experience, showing defects or suggesting improvements; and the entire process has been superintended by men of the highest practical and scientific intelligence, naval architects and seamen, constantly exchanging ideas, not only with their own countrymen, but, through the scientific publications of the day, with the whole world. What Ruskin said of the old ship of the line is still more true of the modern battle-ship: no higher exhibition of man's creative faculties is probably anywhere to be found. In view, therefore, of its genesis, and of the practical results of yearly cruisings, the battle-ship in its service of peace is entitled to the confidence we give to the work of competent men in all departments; nor should that confidence be withdrawn because of a single occurrence, if the *Maine* prove to have fallen victim to internal accident. If, on the other hand, her destruction proceeded from an external cause—that is, if she fell as ships fall in war—it may safely be said that, in actions between ships, no means of injury now in use on shipboard could effect the instantaneous and widespread destruction manifested in her case, unless by a shell finding its way to her magazine. This is a remote possibility, though it exists; but when it comes to fighting, men must remember that it is not possible to make war without running risks, and that it is highly improbable that one-tenth as many seamen will die from the explosion of their own magazines, so occasioned, as from the direct blow of the enemy's projectiles.

THE SPIRIT OF MAHONGUI.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

IT is so I have called this old document, which is an extract from the memoirs of le Chevalier Bailloquet, a Frenchman living in Canada, where he was engaged in the Indian fur trade, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and as yet they are unpublished. It is written in English, since the author lived his latter life in England, having left Canada as the result of troubles with the authorities.

He was captured by the Iroquois, and after living with them some time, made his escape to the Dutch.

My Chevalier rambles somewhat, although I have been at pains to cut out extraneous matter. It is also true that many will not believe him in these days, for out of their puny volition they will analyze, and out of their discontent they will scoff. But to those I say, Go to your microbes, your statistics, your volts, and your bicycles, and leave me the truth of other days.

The Chevalier was on a voyage from Quebec to Montreal; let him begin:

The next day we embarqued, though not wthout confuſion, becauſe many weare not content, nor ſatiffied. What a pleaſure ye two fathers to ſee them trott up and downe ye rocks to gett their manage into ye boat. The boats weare ſo loaded that many could not proceed if foul weather ſhould happen. I could not perſuade myſelf to ſtay wth this concourſe as ye weather was faire for my journie. Wthout adoe, I gott my ſix wild men to paddle on ye way.

This was a fatal embarquation, butt I did not miſtruſt that ye Iriquoits weare abroad in ye forest, for I had been at ye Peace. Nevertheleſs I find that theſe wild men doe naught butt what they reſolve out of their bloodie mindedneſs. We paſſed the Point going out of ye Lake St. Peter, when ye Barbars appeared on ye watter-ſide discharging their muſkets at us, and embarquing for our purſuit.

"Kohe — kohe!" — came nearer ye fearſome warre cry of ye Iriquoit, making ye hearts of ye poore Hurron & ffrench alike to turn to water in their breaſts. 2 of my ſavages weare ſtrook downe at ye firſt diſcharge & an other had his paddle cutt in twain, beſides ſhott holes through wch the watter poured apace. Thus weare we diminiſhed and could not draw off.

The Barbars weare daubed wth paint, wch is ye ſigne of warre. They coming againſt our boat ſtruck downe our Hurrons wth hattchetts, ſuch as did not jump into the watter, where alſo they weare in no wiſe ſaved.

But in my boat was a Hurron Captayne, who all his life-time had killed many Iriquoits & by his name for vallor had come to be a great Captayne att home and abroad. We weare reſolved ſome execution & wth our gunns dealt a diſcharge & drew our cuttlaſſes to ſtrike ye foe. They environed us as we weare ſinking, and one ſpake, ſaying, "Brothers, cheere up and aſſure yourſelfe you ſhall not be killed; thou art both man and Captayne, as I myſelf am, and I will die in thy defenſe." And ye afforeſaid crew ſhewed ſuch a horrid noise, of a sudden ye Iriquoit Captayne took hold about me—"Thou ſhalt not die by another hand than mine."

The ſavages layd bye our armes & tyed us faſt in a boat, one in one boat and one in another. We proceeded up ye river, rather ſleeping than awake, for I thought never to eſcape.

Att near ſunſett we weare taken on ye ſhore, where ye wild men encamped bye making cottages of rind from off ye trees. They tyed ye Hurron Captayne to a trunk, he reſolving moſt bravely but deſſparred to me, and I too deſparred. Nevertheleſs he ſang his fatal ſong though ye fire made him as one wth the ague. They tooke out his heart and cut off ſome of ye fleaſh of ye miſerable, boyled it and eat it. This they wiſhed not to doe att this time, but that ye Hurron had been ſhott wth a ball under his girdle where it was not ſeen, though he would have died of his deſperate wound. That was the miſerable end of that wretch.

Whilſt they weare buſy wth ye Hurron, they having ſtripped me naked, tyed me above ye elbows, and wrought a rope about my middle. They aſked me ſeveral queſtions, I not being able to anſwer, they gave me great blows wth their fiſts, then pulled out one of my nails. Having loſt all hopes, I reſolved altogether to die, itt being folly to think otherwiſe.

I could not ſleep, butt was flung into a boat att daylight. The boats went all abreaſt, ye wild men ſinging ſome of their fatal ſongs, others their howls of victory, ye wild "Kohes," beating giens & parchments, blowing whiſtles, and all manner of tumult.

Thus did we proceed wth these ravening wolves, God having delivered a Chriſtian into ye power of Satan.

I was nott ye only one in ye claws of theſe wolves, for we fell in wth 150 more of theſe cruels, who had Hurron captyves to ye number of 33 victimes, wth heads alſoe ſtuck on poles, of thoſe who in God's mercie weare gone from their miſeries. As for me, I was put in a boat wth one who had his fingers cutt & bourned. I aſked him why ye Iriquoits had broak ye Peace, and he ſaid they had told him ye ffrench had broak ye Peace; that ye ffrench had ſet their pack of doggs on an olde Iriquoit woman who was eat up alive, & that ye Iriquoits had told ye Hurron wild men that they had killed ye doggs, alſoe Hurrons and ffreneh, saying that as to ye captyves, they would boyl doggs, Hurrons, and ffrench in ye ſame kettle.

A great rain aroſe, ye Iriquoits going to ye watter-ſide did cover themſelvs wth their boats, holding ye captyves ye meanwhile bye ropes bound about our ancles, while we ſtood out in ye ſtorm, wch was near to cauſing me death from my nakedneſs. When ye rain had abated, we purſued our way killing ſtaggs, & I was given ſome entrails, wch before I had only a little parched corne to ye extent of my hand full.

At a point we mett a gang of ye head hunters all on ye ſhore, dancing about a tree to wch was tyed a fine ffrench maſtiff dogg, wch was ſtanding on its hinder leggs, being laſhed up againſt a tree by its middle. The dogg was in a great terror, and frantic in its bonds. I knew him for a dogg from ye fort att Mont-royal, kept for to give warnings of ye Ennemys approach. It was a ſtrange ſight for to ſee ye Heathen rage about ye noble dogg, but he itt was nevertheleſs wch brought ye Barbars againſt us. He was only gott wth great difficulty, having killed one Barbar, and near to ſerving others likewiſe.

They untied ye dogg, holding him one ſide and ye other, wth cords they brought and tyed him in ye bow of a boat wth 6 warriors to paddle him. The dogg boat was ye Head, while ye reſt came on up ye river, ſinging fatal ſongs, triumph ſongs, piping, howling, & ye dogg above all wth his great noiſe. The Barbars weare more delight-



"THIS WAS A FATAL EMBARQUATION."

ed att ye captyve dogg than at all of us poore Chriſtians, for that they did ſay he was no dogg. The doggs wch ye wild men have are nott ſo great as wolves, they being little elſe & ſmall att that. The maſtiff was conſidered as a conſequence to be a great intereſt. This one had near defeated their troupe, & now was to be horridly killed after ye bloody way of ye wild men.

Att camp they weare ſleep moſt of ye night, they being aweary wth ye torture of ye Hurron Captaine previouſly. The dogg was tyed & layd nott far off from where I was alſoe tyed, butt over him weare 2 olde men, who guarded him of a fear he would eat away his ropes. Theſe men weare Elders or Prieſts, ſuch as are eſteemed for their power over ſpirits, & they did keep up their devil's ſong ye night thro.

I made a vertue of neceſſity & did ſleep, butt was early caſt into a boat to go on toward ye Ennemy's countrie, tho we had raw meat given us, wth blows on ye mouth to make us ye more quickly devour itt. An Iriquoit who was the Captayne in our boat bade me to be of a good courage, as they would not hurt me. The small knowledge I had of their ſpeech made a better hope, butt one who could have underſtood them would have been certainly in a great terror.

Thus we journied 8 days on ye Lake Champlaine, where ye wind and waves did ſore beſet our endeavors att times. As for meate we wanted none, as we had a ſtore of ſtaggs along ye watterſide. We killed ſome every day, more for ſport than for need. We finding them on Iſles, made them go into ye watter, & after we killed above a ſcore, we clipped ye ears of ye reſt & hung bells on them, and then lett them looſe. What a ſport to ſee ye reſt flye from them that had ye bells!

There came out of ye vaſt foreſt a multitude of bears, 300 at leaſt together, making a horrid noiſe, breaking ye ſmall trees. We ſhott att them. butt they ſtirred not a ſtep. We weare much frightened that they ſtirred nott att our ſhooting. The great ffrench dogg would fain encounter them notwithſtanding he was tyed. He made ye watterſide to ring wth his heavy voiſe, & from his eyes came flames of fyre & clouds from out his mouth. The bears did ſtraightway fly, wch much cheered ye Iriquoits. One ſaid to me they weare reſolved nott to murder ye dogg, wch was a ſtone-God in ye dogg ſhape, or a witch, butt I could nott fully underſtand. The wild men ſaid they had never heard their fathers ſpeak of ſo many bears.

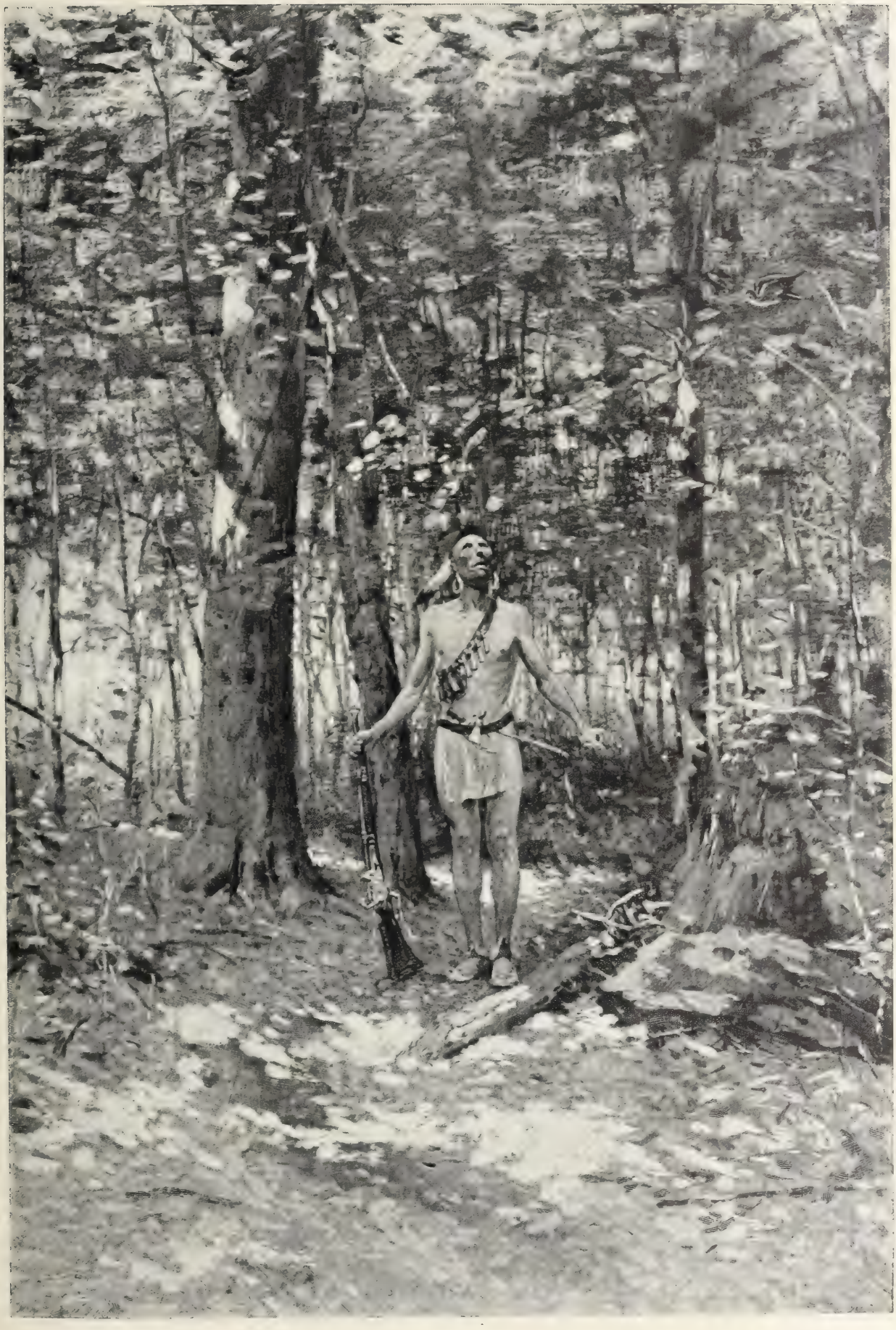
When we putt ye kettle on, ye wild man who had captured me gave me of meate to eat, & told me a ſtory. "Brother," ſays he, "itt is a thing to be admired to goe afar to travell. You muſt know that tho I am olde, I have always loved ye ffrench for their goodneſs, but they ſhould have given us to kill ye Algonkins. We ſhould not warre againſt ye ffrench, butt trade wth them for Caſtors, who are better for traffic than ye Dutch. I was once a Captayne of 13 men against ye Altignaonanton & ye ffrench. We ſtayed 3 whole winters among ye Ennemy, butt in ye daytime durſt nott marche nor ſtay out of ye deep foreſt. We killed many, butt there weare devils who took my ſon up in ye air ſo I could never again get him back. Theſe devils weare as bigg as horriniacs,* & ye little blue birds wch attend upon them ſaid itt was time for us to go back to our people, wch being reſolved to do, we came back, butt nott of a fear of ye Ennemy. Our warre ſong grew ſtill on our lipps, as ye ſnow falling in ye foreſt. I have nott any more warred to the North, until I was told by ye ſpirits to go to ye ffrench & recover my ſon. My friend, I have dreamed you weare my ſon;" and henceforth I was not hurted nor ſtarved for food.

We proceeded thro rivers & lakes & thro foreſts where I was made to support burdens. When we weare come to ye village of ye Iriquoits we lay in ye woods becauſe that they would nott go into ye village in ye night time.

The following day we weare marched into ye brought of ye Iriquoits. When we came in ſight we heard nothing butt outcryes from one ſide as from ye other. Then came a mighty hoſt of people & payd great heed to ye ffrench dogg, wch was ledd bye 2 men, while roundabout his neck was a girdle of porcelaine. They tormented ye poore Hurrons wth violence, butt about me was hung a long piece of porcelaine—ye girdle of my captor, & he ſtood againſt me. In ye mean while many of ye village came about us, among wch a goode olde woman & a boy wth a hattchett came neere me. The olde woman covered me, & ye boy took me by my hand and led mee out of ye companie. What comforted me was that I had eſcaped ye blowes. They brought me into ye village, where ye olde woman showed me kindneſs. She took me into her cottage & gave me to eat, butt my great terror took my ſtumack away from me. I had ſtayed an hour when a great companie came to ſee me, of olde men wth pipes in their mouths. For a time they ſat about, when they did lead me to another cabbin, wre they smoked & made me apprehend they ſhould throw me into ye fyre. Butt itt proved otherwiſe, for ye olde woman followed me, ſpeaking aloud, whome they anſwered wth a loud Ho, then ſhee tooke her girdle, and about me ſhe tyed itt, ſo brought me to her cottage & made me to ſitt downe.

Then ſhe gott me Indian corne toaſted, & took away ye paint ye fellows had ſtuck to my face. A

* Moose. † Borough.



THE OMEN OF THE LITTLE BLUE BIRDS.

maide greaſed & combed my haire, & ye olde woman danced and ſung, while my father bourned tobacco on a ſtone. They gave me a blew coverlitt, ſtockings, and ſhoes. I layed w^th^ her ſon & did w^t^ I could to get familiarity w^th^ them, and I ſuffered no wrong, yet I was in a terror, for ye fatal ſongs came from ye poore Hurrons. The olde man inquired whether I was Aſſerony, a ffrench. I aſſured him no, ſaying I was Panugaga, that is, of their nation, for w^ch^ he was pleaſed.

My father feaſted 200 men. My ſiſters made me clean for that purpoſe, and greaſed my haire. They tyed me w^th^ 2 necklaces of porcelaine & garters of ye ſame. My father gave me a hattchett in my hand.

My father made a ſpeech, ſhowing many demonstrations of vallor, broak a kettle of cagamite w^th^ a hattchett. So they ſung, as is their uſual cuſtom. The banquette being over, all cryed to me "Shagon, Orimha!"—that is, "Be hearty!" Every one withdrew to his quarters.

Here follows a long account of his daily life among the Indians, his hunting, and observations which our space forbids. He had become meanwhile more familiar with the language. He goes on:

My father came into ye cabbin from ye grand caſtle & he ſat him downe to ſmoke. He said ye Elders had approved after much debate, & that ye ffrench dogg was not a witch, but ye great warrior Mahongui, gone before, whoſe ſpirit had roſe up into ye ffrench dogg & had ſpyed ye ffrench. Att ye council even ſoe ye dogg had walked into ye centre of ye great cabbin, there ſaying loudly to ye Elders what he was & that he muſt be heard. His voice muſt be obeyed. His was not ye mocking cryes of a witch from under an olde snakeſkin, butt a chief come from Paradiſe to comfort his own people. My father aſked me if I was agreed. I ſaid that witches did not battile as openly as ye dogg, butt doe their evil in ye dark.

Theſe wild men are ſore beſet w^th^ witches and devils—more than Chriſtians, as they deſerve to be, for they are of Satan's own belonging.

My father dreamed att night, & ſang about itt, making ye fire to bourne in our cabbin. We ſatt to liſten. He had mett ye ffrench dogg in ye foreſt path bye night—he ſtanding accross his way, & ye foreſt was light from ye dogg's eyes, who ſpake to my father, ſaying, "I belong to ye dead folks—my hattchett is ruſt—my bow is mould—I can no longer battile w^th^ our Ennemy, butt I hover over you in warre—I direct your arrows to their breaſts—I ſmoothe ye little dry ſticks & wett ye leaves under ye ſhoes—I draw ye morning miſt accroſs to ſhield you—I carry ye 'Kohes' back and fore to bring your terror—I fling aſide ye foeman's bulletts—go back and be ſtrong in council."

My father even in ye night drew ye Elders in ye grand cabbin. He ſaid what he had ſeen and heard. Even then the great ffrench dogg gott from ye darkneſs of ye cabin, & ſtrode into ye fyre. He roared enough to blow downe caſtles in his might, & they knew he was ſaying what he had told unto my father.

A great Captayne ſent another night & had ye Elders for to gather at ye grande cabbin. He had been paddling his boat upon ye river when ye dogg of Mahongui had walked out on ye watter thro ye miſt. He was taller than ye foreſt. So he ſpake, ſaying, "Mahongui ſays—go tell ye people of ye Panugaga, itt is time for warre—ye corne is gathered—ye deer has changed his coat—there are no more Hurrons for me to eat. What is a Panugaga village w^th^ no captyves? The young men will talk as women doe, & ye Elders will grow content to watch a ſnow-bird hopp. Mahongui ſays itt is time."

Again att ye council fyre ye ſpirit dogg ſtrode from ye darkneſs & ſaid itt was time. The tobacco was bourned by ye Prieſts. In ye ſmoke ye Elders beheld ye Spirit of Mahongui. "Panugaga —Warre."

Soe my father ſaw ye ghoſt of ye departed one. He ſmoked long bye our cabbin fyre. He ſang his battile ſong. I aſked him to goe myſelf, even w^th^ a hattchett, as I too was Panugaga. Butt he would in no wiſe liſten. "You are nott meet," he ſays; "you ſaye that your God is above. How will you make me believe that he is as goode as your black coats say? They doe lie, & you ſee ye contrary; ffor firſt of all, ye Sun bournes us often, ye rain wetts us, ye winde makes us have ſhipwrake, ye thunder, ye lightening bournes & kills us, & all comes from above, & you ſay that itt is goode to be there. For my part, I will nott go there. Contrary they ſay that ye reprobates & guilty goeth downe & bourne. They are miſtaken; all is goode heare. Do nott you ſee that itt is ye Earthe that nouriſhes all living creatures, ye watter, ye fiſhes & ye yus, and that corne & all other fruits come up, & that all things are nott ſoe contrary to us as that from above? The devils live in ye air, & they took my ſon. When you ſee that ye Earthe is our Mother, then you will ſee that all things on itt are goode. The Earthe was made for ye Panugaga, & ye ſouls of our warriors help us againſt our Ennemy. The ffrench dogg is Mahongui's ſpirit. He tells us to goe to warre againſt ye ffrench. Would a ffrench dogg doe that? You are nott yett Panugaga to follow your father in warre."



"YE SPIRIT DOGG STRODE FROM YE DARKNESS & SAID IT WAS TIME"



THE TROLLEY IN RURAL PARTS.

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.

THE rusticating city dweller is sauntering through sunlit meadows, strolling in woodland solitudes. The country quiet fills his soul with peace. The only sounds that strike his ears are the song of birds, the chirping of insects, and, at intervals, the lowing of kine, the distant cries of sporting children, the barking of a dog now and then—things that only accent the pervading calm.

Suddenly he notes a faint humming in the air—something strangely familiar. It gradually grows louder, and a steady purring undertone keeps it company. Before he can realize the meaning of it all there dashes across his astonished vision—flying swiftly down the rural highway or darting through the solemn woods—a sight all too common in his eyes: a gay-looking electric car in all its splendor of fresh varnish, bright lettering, and trimmings of nickel and brass. A sense of exasperation overcomes him. One of the city's nightmare brood has escaped the urban cage and pursued him to his resting-place. In his imagination all the rest comes following upon its heels: the heavy wagons rumbling over pavements, the roar and the driving rush of traffic, the whole city's overwhelming din. Is there no escape?

The swish and hum of the trolley, the purring of the motor, have grown faint again and have died away in the distance—the rural silence is once more absolute. It was not really disturbed; there was only a ripple in the calm. There was no cause for alarm, after all; there is no danger that the interruption may become continuous, that it may bring other city sights and sounds in its wake. In the country the trolley-car is no more to be

feared than is the well-groomed and stylish buggy that stands in the prosperous farmer's carriage-house, or the group of family bicycles waiting about his door.

The latter mean an assurance of good roads all through the country. The trolley in rural parts is another civilizing influence of great significance. The claws of the monster are clipped, as it were. Afar from town its power for harm is broken. The city needs quiet; it demands relief from its nerve-shattering ferment. But the country likewise needs the quickening of sluggish blood. For the rusticating city-dweller, therefore, all sense of vexation vanishes with a realization of what the trolley means as an instrumentality for awakening country districts from their dull life, filling them with healthy movement, mobilizing an inert population, and bringing new interests and fresh activities into dormant existences.

The trolley is weaving over the land a finer mesh of steel within the coarser network formed by the steam railway, carrying out by a sort of village-to-village and house-to-house shuttle-work the mission instituted by the puffing locomotive—that of substituting among men solidarity for isolation, breaking up self-centred satisfaction, self-satisfied ignorance; making communities and individuals—once mutually jealous, suspicious, distrustful, and hostile—ever more and more acquainted with each other, interested in each other, and consequently friendly with the growth of understanding of others; alive to the reality of the larger world, and their parts and relations therein.

A decade has worked wonders in the evolution of the electric railway, as in many other modern things. It has grown from an experiment to a universal institution. It is to be found in all parts of the world. It has cheapened very materially the cost of transportation. Its general utility in ordinary traffic is rivalled in importance by its recreative uses. On perhaps a large majority of trolley lines the summer-excursion business is depended upon to make the undertakings profitable. The ordinary traffic may possibly pay operating expenses, but the dividends come from the summer travel. There are some highly profitable lines that run only in the summer. In the great cities, even, the summer traffic shows an enormous increase over that of winter. The open car is the phaeton, the landau, of the multitude. The business of transporting the public to and from the parks, the baseball and racing grounds, etc., together with suburban trips and fresh-air outings, assumes enormous proportions.

In the country the same lines of traffic have developed on a relatively greater scale. Thousands of women and children, for instance, who hitherto have rarely found the opportunity to get outside of their own door-yards, now are enabled, at a slight outlay, to enjoy regular weekly outings: long trips through pleasant scenery, shopping and sight-seeing expeditions to neighboring large towns and cities, with the prospect of a theatre matinée or perhaps a popular concert; or a visit to one of the great recreation-grounds run by the street-railway company, with all sorts of attractions—band concerts, variety performances, a menagerie, swings, teeter-boards, roller-coasters, fireworks, etc.

These street-railway recreation-grounds are now very numerous throughout the country. Routes are laid out to beautiful lakes that had been visited only by occasional fishermen or hunters, or to picturesque spots on river or sea-shore. Here delightful electric-launch trips are to be had, with power obtained from the trolley wire; and there are also sail-boats, row-boats, canoes, and perhaps Venetian gondolas. Church societies, Sunday-schools, and other organizations charter open cars for picnic trips to these places, and the going and coming are as enjoyable features of the day's pleasure as the picnic itself. In these recreation-grounds we have a peculiarly American variation of the German beer-garden—without the beer. The reproach that we take our pleasures sadly can no longer be made. The American people—or at least a very large part of the American people—has become a pleasure-loving folk. Is there a more festive-looking vehicle than the open electric car, with its happy-faced occupants? A sort of semi-holiday aspect is imparted even to the loads of operatives on their way, morning and evening, between their work in the factory towns and the country homes that so many of them have the good fortune to live in.

The love of natural scenery—the most universal of the æsthetic passions—finds a means for its gratification and cultivation in the rural trolley line that only the



A SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC.

bicycle has equalled. There are few rural highways in New England, or elsewhere in the Eastern United States, that do not pass through pleasant scenery of some kind; and the trolley lines, as a rule, follow the highways.

It is not long since the field of a street-railway company was confined to a single municipality and its immediate environment. The adoption of electricity as a motive power has radically changed these conditions. The local transit system for large groups of municipalities is now commonly monopolized by single companies, and these companies are in turn controlled by great syndicates of capitalists. The ownership of all the lines in a large section of a State will thus frequently be found to reside in practically the same hands. There is an advantage in this, for the lines thus controlled are operated in harmony, with through cars run over long distances, and making close connection with other lines.

The mileage of some of these electric-railway systems sometimes approaches that of important systems of steam railway. In the densely populated districts of eastern Massachusetts through cars are run between cities lying considerable distances apart—for example, between Lynn and Lowell, Salem and Malden, Salem and Woburn. Through cars are also run between Taunton and Nantasket Beach, by way of Bridgewater and Brockton. Nantasket Beach is an objective point for many trolley lines in the Norfolk and Plymouth county districts southward from Boston. The New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company has also adopted electricity for its Nantasket branch, with fares reduced to the trolley basis.

One may now travel by trolley-car in eastern Massachusetts very long distances in continuous directions. The longest continuous trip that may be made is that between New Bedford, Massachusetts, and Nashua, New Hampshire. This route takes one from the holiday shores of Buzzards Bay to Mount Hope Bay at Fall River, thence to Taunton, along the right bank of the beautiful Taunton River the greater part of the way, and thence to Boston by way of Brockton and Quincy. From Boston to Lowell there is a choice

of several routes as far as Reading, by way of Lynn, of Malden, of Medford, and Winchester, or of Cambridge and Winchester. At Lowell the Merrimac River is crossed to the left bank, and a return to the right bank is made not far from Nashua. There are also continuous trolley-car connections between Boston and Worcester and Boston and Newburyport, the latter city being reached by pleasant routes along the Merrimac through the "Whittier country" by way of Lowell, Lawrence, and Haverhill.

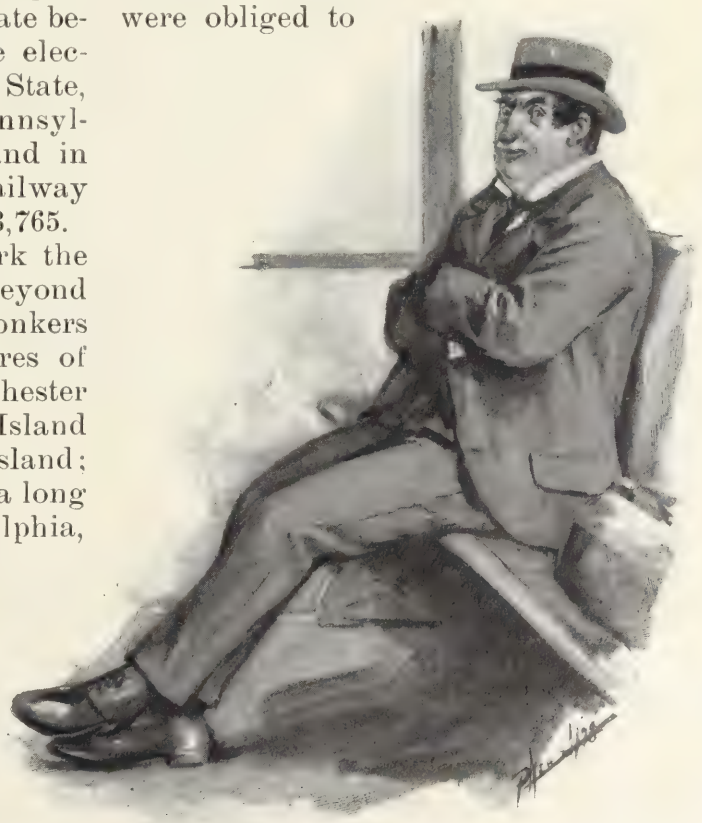
These numerous long-distance routes are in such great favor with summer excursionists that for the eastern Massachusetts districts several special guide-books have been published. One of these, by a Lowell lady, is a prettily illustrated little pocket volume, with accounts of notable scenes and historic places. The charm of such excursions is next to that of a long-distance carriage journey over good roads. Pilgrimages to many historic or famous spots may be taken in this way. The routes in the North Shore country—from Boston to Lynn, Swampscott, Marblehead, Salem, Danvers, and the lovely Cape Ann and eastern Essex regions—are rich in such attractions.

In 1897 there were in Massachusetts 1325 miles of electric railway, the proportion of mileage to the area of the State being the largest in the Union. The electric-railway mileage in New York State, in the same year, was 1559; in Pennsylvania it was 1668, in Ohio 1174, and in Illinois 1113. The total electric-railway mileage in the United States was 13,765.

In and around Greater New York the long-distance trolley lines extend beyond the Harlem, up the Hudson to Yonkers and beyond, and out on the shores of Long Island Sound in the Westchester region; far out into rural Long Island from Brooklyn; all over Staten Island; and from Jersey City and Hoboken a long way out into New Jersey. Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington are other centres for important long-distance lines. From Cleveland there are several lines from 20 to 38 miles in length, running to Akron, Painesville, Chagrin Falls, Elyria, Lorain, and other towns. In Ohio there is also the line of the Miami Traction Company—commonly known as the Dayton Fast Line—between Dayton and Hamilton, a distance of 38 miles. New long lines have also lately been built in Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Missouri, and New Jersey; their construction is so rapid that it is difficult to keep run of them.

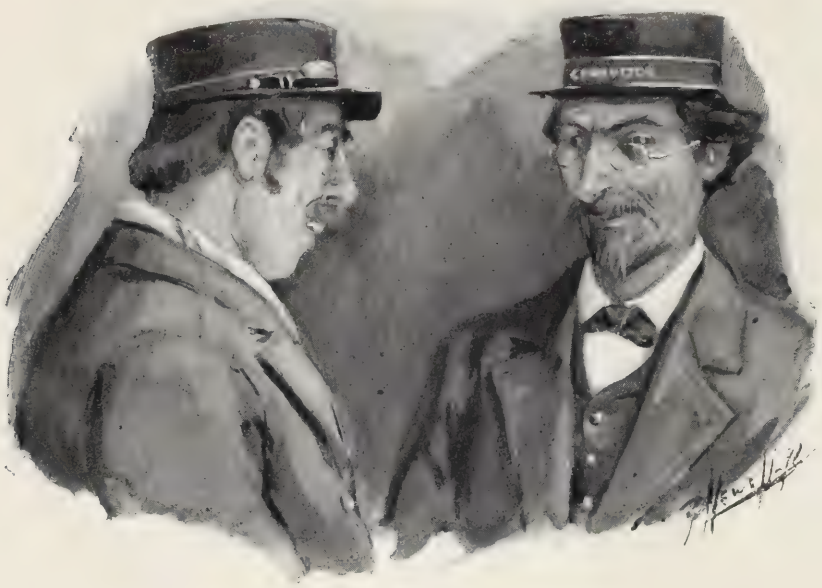
The competition of the trolley lines with the steam railways has become serious in local traffic, but it has not yet affected the long-distance traffic of the latter to any considerable extent. Nor does it seem likely that it will. The limitations of the trolley line in the way of speed are altogether too great, for the conditions of the highway will not admit of as rapid a pace as the steam lines are free to make. The trolley excursion business is an entirely new development in railway passenger traffic. It has been made possible only by the conditions of pure air and broad prospects over the country from the open cars; conditions that cannot exist on the steam lines, with their smoke and cinders.

The street-railway companies have learned to cater to this long-distance excursion traffic. For example, there was at first much annoyance from frequent changes of cars; passengers, comfortably seated, were obliged to



A THROUGH TRAVELLER.

scramble for good places when transfers were made, perhaps spoiling the rest of the trip for them. By the running of through cars this trouble is avoided. The very convenient sliding curtains now in use on the open cars, intended for rainy weather, are often the means of seriously marring the pleasure of excursionists. It is not uncommon for persons to occupy the end seats and to be so indifferent to the view, and at the same time so afraid of the sunlight, that they pull down the curtains to shade themselves, unmindful that they thus efface for their neighbors half of the scenery—and perhaps the more beautiful half. It would be well for this use of the curtains to be forbidden.



"THEY CALL EACH OTHER BY THEIR FRONT NAMES"

The unit of fare, as a rule, is five cents, and the charge commonly amounts to that figure between the limits of each township through which the line passes. On some lines through tickets are sold for the entire trip. But the usual custom is for the conductor to collect a nickel at stated intervals. The rate on trolley lines is much less than on steam lines—perhaps a quarter to a third lower, on the average. Cheap fares have naturally done much to develop the excursion traffic. The time required for these long-distance journeys is too long to divert regular business travel to the street railways. Time is money for men in a hurry. To women time is of less account, and the saving in fares not infrequently induces women to go twenty or thirty miles by trolley on a shopping expedition.

The habits of the trolley-car change very materially in the country. Its urban mate is commonly circumspect in its gait—sober-going and sedate. Its manner is guarded and reserved. It picks its way cautiously through crowded thoroughfares, and has contracted a plodding bearing. At times it seems nervously apprehensive, and never really "lets itself go." In the country, however, the trolley-car becomes another creature. When it starts from its city terminal, to be sure, it is on its good behavior—maintaining a conventional air, with strict regard to all the proprieties of the street. Once at the city line, and what a change! It is like that which comes over a boy let loose from school, or a colt turned into its pasture. With a zip and a whiz it darts forward, taking the free track with a bound that brings laughter to careworn lips and blood to the cheeks. Pulses beat quicker and eyes sparkle. The holiday mood of the passengers is infectious; the car itself catches it. The gong ceases its querulous clang, and the car rushes along at a speed that at first seems a bit reckless to those accustomed to the creeping pace of urban transit. Now and then, perhaps, the highway's confines are scorned in the exuberance of its spirit; it suddenly departs from the road, like a dog that spies a cat in a neighboring field, and whisks across pasture-lands to take a short-cut across a curve made by the road that it commonly follows. Again, maybe, in going through the woods, it bounds aside and plays hide-and-seek through the trees with the farm wagons on the road it has left, for the track makes a new right of way for itself—a way arched by a delightful sylvan tunnel, where the air is sweet with the resinous breath of pine-trees. Again the car comes to a steam railway which has jealously barred to its young



"SOMETIMES THE CONDUCTOR DOES ERRANDS FOR HIS FRIENDS."

rival the passage across. Never mind! It jumps over, clearing the obstacle by a leap through the air! It might be more accurate to say that it climbs a ladder, very much as a cat climbs a tree, and is on the other side in a jiffy. The ladder is a light skeleton bridge of steel, which Yankee ingenuity has devised for contingencies like this.

The conductor and the motorman are also of types different from their city brethren. They come from the neighboring country-side, and they call each other by their front names—Abner and Seth, Obed and Ezekiel, or other prænomens of that sort. They take a friendly interest in their passengers, and are on a fraternal footing with those who regularly patronize the line. They know who live in every house along the way, and all the family histories.

There are long pauses between fares, and



"A COZY LITTLE PICNIC."

the conductor enjoys the employment of his leisure moments in pointing out all the features of interest to strangers among the excursionists. Sometimes, in good country-neighbor fashion, the conductor does errands for his friends along the way. A farmer's wife hears the trolley humming in the distance, and comes to the gate for the package which the conductor brings from town and tosses at her feet as the car flies past; or a dinner-pail is taken on for somebody up the line.

On the steam-railway lines it is an old custom, in some parts of New England, to give the name of "huckleberry train" to certain accommodation trains that are distinguished by a very leisurely gait. While the trolley-car in the country has the reverse of a leisurely air—speeding its way with the nervous haste so characteristic of the century's end—yet something of the old-time mood that goes with the open highway's freedom of movement has been inherited with the new conveyance. There is related a very entertaining true story of the early weeks of a trolley line built between a great shoe town in the Old Colony and a quiet village a few miles away: how an old lady who had all her life been the autocrat of the village, and who set out to take her first trip on the trolley-car which passed her door, found, after she had gone something like a half mile on the way, that she had forgotten her gloves. She at once ordered the conductor to turn back. Accustomed, like all his fellow-villagers, to yield unquestioning obedience to commands from that quarter, he held a brief conference with the motorman. The car then reversed its course, halted before the old lady's gate, and waited until she waddled into the house and up stairs to get her gloves out of the bureau drawer, and then came back again—the other passengers, with the national docility of the American people, submitting uncomplainingly to the delay.

Many excursionists bring their lunches along on these long-distance trolley trips,

sometimes eating them *en route*, but usually choosing some pleasant spot in the woods, the fields, or by the water for the scene of a cozy little picnic. Or perhaps they resort to some nice way-side inn—for touring wheelmen and the popularity of carriage journeys through the country—caused by the development of good roads—have revived the prosperity of the country tavern, with its traditional comfort and good cheer, as known in stage-coach days.

It is not uncommon for parties to engage special cars for these long-distance excursions. In the large cities it is now a common thing for the street-railway companies to have special drawing-room cars, fitted with all the luxurious appointments of a Pullman, to be let for special occasions, such as theatre parties from the suburbs, etc. These cars, being of the "box" type, are not adapted to summer excursions, the charm of which lies in the open-air character of the trip. It is the custom, therefore, to engage ordinary open cars for this purpose, and they answer the requirements very well. With a car specially chartered there is not the annoyance from crowding so often attendant upon the regular trips, and therefore the fatigue of a long jaunt is reduced very materially. One has plenty of elbow-room and considerable freedom of movement. Seats may be reversed and space made for stretching the legs, while cushions and wraps may be spread out for comfort. An ordinary open car may temporarily and expeditiously be made over into a very comfortable special car for excursion use. All that need be done is to strip it of its seats, construct some sort of a light guard at the sides—such as a top rail, with wire netting below—spread the floor with rugs or matting, and then dispose easy-chairs about according to the number of the party, with perhaps a table in the centre. If a particularly festive appearance is wanted for the evening, additional electric lamps may be put in, with Japanese lanterns suspended to enclose them.

At the present rate of electric-railway construction the principal portions of a State like Massachusetts will soon be made accessible for trolley excursions throughout its length and breadth. It will then be possible to take long holiday trips for days at a time over these routes, visiting many points of varied interest, and making vacation-journeys of a delightful character. For such purposes special private cars will come into use, and Yankee ingenuity may be trusted to give vehicles of this kind a form that will make them marvels of convenience and luxury. A combination of the open and box types of car suggests itself as the proper design to be adopted for these uses. The closed portion would be required for shelter in inclement weather, and for use at night. The open portion should occupy a liberal section of the car, and would be similar to the "observation" portion of a private car for steam railways. Instead, however, of being at the rear end of the car, it would naturally occupy the front, commanding the full view ahead as the car advances. The roof of the car might also be used as a "hurricane-deck." The closed portion would be fitted with all the comforts of a drawing-room, and would contain a library for reading in the evening and on rainy days. Beds might easily be provided, so that nights could be spent on board very comfortably. A snug kitchen, with electric cooking appliances, would be an appropriate feature. Large windows of plate-glass, letting down into the sides, would practically convert this part into an open section when desired. On the other hand, the open portion, closed in with wire screens to keep out mosquitoes and other insects, and also with curtains when needed, would likewise be available for sleeping purposes on summer nights. A hammock could be slung here, just as on the veranda of a country house. A portable siding might be provided, so that the car could be switched from the line at any place that might be selected. This would make it possible to pass the nights in retired and pleasant spots by the way-side, with pure air and quiet surroundings.

The transportation of merchandise is a feature of the long-distance trolley lines to which little attention has yet been paid, but which has great possibilities. These lines offer remarkable opportunities for the development of convenient express and parcels-delivery service between cities and their suburbs, and even far out into the country. Freight could also be cheaply carried in this way from town to town, and a large business might be built up in the transportation of market produce and of milk from the coun-

try into the city. Platform cars might be arranged so that heavily loaded wagons could be taken bodily for long distances at a material saving in time and expense. The relief of the highways from heavy traffic might thus be very great; it would also save the community large expenses for repairs and renewal of roads, for there would be a corresponding reduction in the wear and tear of the way from heavy teaming and the destructive chopping action of steel horseshoes.

The question as to how far the occupation of the public highways by trolley lines shall be permitted to proceed is a serious one. It cannot be denied that the ordinary use of the highways is made more hazardous by this form of occupancy, and the tracks are often laid in such a manner as to make the cost of maintaining the roadway in good condition very much greater for the public authorities. On the other hand, the increased convenience to the public is urged as an offset to these objections. But, with the universal tendency towards the improvement of roads, and their growing utility through the introduction of new forms of vehicular transit, it would seem evident that it will be necessary to impose restrictions against undue encroachments upon the highways on the part of street railways.

In the residential districts of some of our great cities, and in their suburbs, this difficulty has been met in an admirable manner by the adoption of the "boulevard" form of highway, with a double line of roadway separated by a central reserved space, where electric-railway tracks run through a belt of well-kept turf. The development of a new and high-class residential quarter in Greater Boston gave the opportunity for the first example of this type of highway, in the construction of an amplification of Beacon Street. The convenience and beauty of the improvement were so great that several great radial avenues in the metropolitan area of Greater Boston have since been laid out upon similar lines, and the example has been extensively followed elsewhere.

It has been noted that occasionally an electric railway will be found departing from the highway to skirt it in adjacent fields or woods. This suggests that a universal adoption of the practice would offer a thoroughly satisfactory solution of the problem raised by threatened dangers from encroachment upon the highways. The boulevard form of construction is, of course, too costly for general adoption away from the vicinities of large cities. The foregoing expedient, however, would provide an economical and thoroughly practical modification of the boulevard idea, adapting it to rural conditions. Land in rural districts is so cheap, as a rule, that it should be easy to obtain a strip adjacent to the highway along the greater portions of the routes desired for railway purposes, sufficient for the accommodation of the tracks. In view of the advantages gained from the relief of the highway, this strip might well be taken under the right of eminent domain, being considered as a part of the highway reserved for railway purposes. The cost of grading and construction would be so much less, in most instances, than in the roadway that the projectors of the railway could well afford the outlay for this strip, which would also confer the advantages of greater attractiveness for passengers by reason of increased speed, diminished dust, and a pleasanter environment. The lawnlike treatment of the road-bed on boulevarded lines prevents the dust nuisance, and also reduces noise. It would be hardly practicable to treat the road-bed in this fashion on rural lines, even where the railway has its own right of way. But it is now the custom to ballast very thoroughly the track of an electric railway in the country, and this reduces the trouble from dust in a highly gratifying degree. It has lately been discovered that by sprinkling the road-bed with crude petroleum once or twice in a season the great annoyance from dust on a steam railway can be entirely overcome. The same treatment should also prove effective on the rural trolley lines.

The great expansion and consolidation of these electric lines throughout the country has, in a measure, complicated the question of public ownership of street railways, in behalf of which a powerful agitation has developed in recent years. When street railways comprised but a few miles of horse-car routes within the limits of a city or town, and were designed exclusively for local accommodation, the problem of municipal ownership of such enterprises was relatively simple. But with the growth and unification of these lines into great systems, providing

interurban and rural transit facilities over large territories, they appear to have transcended the scope of purely municipal ownership and operation. If they are to come into public hands, it would seem that the controlling authority must be either vested directly in the State itself, or intrusted to some larger administrative entity than the municipalities; such as the counties, perhaps, or specially constituted local-transit districts formed of groups of municipalities that would naturally have common interests in local transportation.

It is noteworthy that municipal groups of this kind were contemplated in a bill advocated by the Citizens Committee for the Municipal Ownership of Street-Railways, in a strong presentation of the case before the Massachusetts Legislature. A feature of this bill is the authorization of "municipal street-railway companies" in which cities and towns are shareholders, being represented upon the board of directors in proportion to their respective holdings.

Communities throughout the country have, as a rule, been so eager to secure the conveniences of street-railway transportation that they have recklessly given away to private corporations the use of their highways for these purposes. This has commonly been done with few or no restrictions, and often indefinitely. Fortunately there has lately been aroused a keener public sense of the value of these franchises, and it is not uncommon now for the corporations themselves to offer compensation for the privileges, while in the communities there is a growing disposition to insist upon favorable terms for the public, and to hold to a strict accountability the authorities who, under corrupt influence, are too ready to sacrifice the public rights intrusted to their guardianship.

Can the rights and values that have thus been heedlessly thrown away or corruptly sacrificed ever be recovered? With a growing sense of their greater worth when held in public hands, and with the increasingly frequent demonstrations of the practicability and economy of public ownership and operation, it is likely that communities will more and more insist upon their restoration. Costly as the exercise of the right of public domain might be, when not duly provided for by conditions imposed in the giving of the franchises, it will doubtless be resorted to.

One method of recovery that has been suggested prescribes conditions that appear to be alike favorable to the public and to private interests in the properties. This method would substitute for the bonds and stock of the private corporations owning the lines bonds bearing a municipal or State guarantee, while additions to the capitalization made to provide for extensions and improvements would also be made by the issue of such bonds. The accumulation of a sinking-fund would provide for the redemption of these bonds upon their maturity, and the property would pass into the possession of the public without the expenditure of a dollar on the part of the latter. Meanwhile the management would reside in a board of directors, one half of whom would represent the owners of the securities, and the other half the public interest. Since public securities have a market value much higher than those of private corporations, the exchange would be manifestly to the advantage of the owners of the properties.

On the side of the public there would be a great economy in the lower rate of interest at which public securities can be issued. Another great economy would lie in the saving of the enormous expenditures for legal expenses, fancy salaries, and "legislative influence," which are prolific sources of outgo in the finances of private corporations.

This method is the same as that adopted by the city of Springfield, Illinois, in relation to its lighting service. By this course it will, in a comparatively few years, acquire without cost a fully equipped municipal plant for electric lighting. Private capital finds it profitable to pay for a limited franchise on these terms. The fact that the city of Melbourne, Australia, will, by a similar arrangement, obtain possession of its street railways without cost, indicates that the method is equally applicable to street-railway conditions in general.

A TOAST.

BY FRANCIS JAMES MACBEATH.

TO the Crystal of Desire,
To the Wheel of Mystic Birth,
Child of the Mine and Fire,—
Drink, Riders of the Earth!

To the hum of the whirring wire
In the rush of the air disturbed;
To the purr of the spurning tire,
And the speed of the steed uncurbed.
To the stroke of the corded muscle,
And the rise of the warming thigh;
To the lift and drop of the hills we top,
And the woodlands rolling by.

To the deep exhilaration,
To the brawn, and the touch that guides;
To the freedom of creation—
The world is his who rides.
To the spindrift mists of morning,
To noon, of the golden light;
To the tints that fade, and the mystic shade,
To the Moon, and the mottled night.

To the air, to the winds that buffet,
And the will to which they bend;
To life, and the way we rough it,
To the roads that never end.
To the vilest and the velvet,
To the wind-flung leaves we toss;
To the birds that race at a breathing pace,
And the bird that darts across!

To a joy beyond dimensions,
To a pleasure never old;
To the Prince of all Inventions,
To the steel worth more than gold.
We, Heirs of an Age of Science,
With leaping Life shall ride,
From the purple dawn of manhood, on
To the ebbing eventide.

A Toast to the Child of Fire,
To the Wheel of Mystic Birth,
To the End of all Desire,—
Drink, Riders of the Earth!

RODEN'S CORNER.*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

CHAPTER XXI.

A COMBINED FORCE.

"Hear, but be faithful to your interest still.
Secure your heart, then fool with whom you will."

MRS. VANSITTART walked to the gate of the Malgamite works, thinking that Von Holzen was following her on the noiseless sand. At the gate, which the porter threw open on seeing her approach, she turned and found that she was alone. Von Holzen was walking quietly back towards the factory. He was so busy making his fortune that he could not give Mrs. Vansittart more than a few minutes. She bit her lip as she went towards her horse. Neglect is no balm to the wounds of the defeated.

She mounted her horse and looked at her watch. It was nearly five o'clock, and Percy Roden was doubtless waiting for her in Park Straat. It is a woman's business to know what is expected of her. Mrs. Vansittart recalled in a very matter-of-fact way the wording of her letter to Roden. She brushed some dust from her habit, and made sure that her hair was tidy. Then she fell into deep thought, and set her mind in a like order for the work that lay before her. A man's deepest schemes in love are child's play beside the woman's schemes that meet or frustrate his own. Mrs. Vansittart rode rapidly home to Park Straat.

Mr. Roden, the servant told her, was awaiting her return in the drawing-room. She walked slowly up stairs with a queer smile. Some victories are only to be won with arms that hurt the bearer. Mrs. Vansittart's mind was warped, or she must have known that she was going to pay too dearly for her revenge. She was sacrificing invaluable memories to a paltry hatred.

"Ah!" she said to Roden, whose manner betrayed the recollection of her invitation to him. "So I have kept you waiting—a minute, perhaps, for each day that you have staid away from Park Straat."

Roden laughed, with a shade of embarrassment, which she was quick to detect.

"Is it your sister," she asked, "who has induced you to stay away?"

"Dorothy has nothing but good to say of you," he answered.

"Then it is Herr von Holzen," said Mrs. Vansittart, laying aside her gloves and turning towards the tea table. She spoke quietly and rather indifferently, as one does of persons who are removed by a social grade. "I have never told you, I believe, that I happen to know something of your—what is he?—your foreman. He has probably warned you against me. My husband once employed this Von Holzen, and was, I believe, robbed by him. We never knew the man socially, and I have always suspected that he bore us some ill feeling on that account. You remember — in this room, when you brought him to call soon after your works were built — that he referred to having met my husband. Doubtless with a view to finding out how much I knew, or if I was in reality the wife of Charles Vansittart. But I did not choose to enlighten him." She had poured out tea while she spoke. Her hands were unsteady still, and she drew down the sleeve of her habit to hide the discoloration of her wrist. She turned rather suddenly and saw on Roden's face the confession that it had been due to Von Holzen's influence that he had absented himself from her drawing-room. "However," she said, with a little laugh, and in a final voice, as if dismissing a subject of small importance — "however, I suppose Herr von Holzen is rising in the world, and has the sensitive vanity of persons in that trying condition."

She sat down slowly, remembering her pretty figure in its smart habit. Roden's slow eyes noted the pretty figure also, which she observed, one may be sure.

"Tell me your news," she said. "You look tired and ill. It is hard work making one's fortune. Be sure that you know what you want to buy before you make it, or afterwards you may find that it has not been worth while to have worked so hard."

* Begun in January number, 1898.

"Perhaps what I want is not to be bought," he said, with his eyes on the carpet. For he was an awkward player at this light game.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "Then it must be either worthless or priceless."

He looked at her, but he did not speak, and those who are quick to detect the fleeting shade of pathos might have seen it in the glance of the tired eyes. For Percy Roden was only clever as a financier, and women have no use for such cleverness—only for the results of it. Roden was conscious of making no progress with Mrs. Vansittart, who handled him as a cat handles a disabled mouse while watching another hole.

"You have been busier than ever, I suppose," she said, "since you have had no time to remember your friends."

"Yes," answered Roden, brightening. He was so absorbed in the most absorbing and lasting employment of which the human understanding is capable that he could talk of little else, even to Mrs. Vansittart. "Yes, we have been very busy, and are turning out nearly ten tons a day now. And we have had trouble from a quarter in which we did not expect it. Von Holzen has been much worried, I know, though he never says anything. He may not be a gentleman, Mrs. Vansittart, but he is a wonderful man."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Vansittart, indifferently, and something in her manner made him all the more desirous of explaining his reasons for associating himself with a person who, as she had subtly and flatteringly hinted more than once, was far beneath him from a social point of view. This desire rendered him less guarded than it was perhaps wise to be under the circumstances.

"Yes, he is a very clever man—a genius, I think. He rises to each difficulty without any effort, and every day shows me new evidence of his foresight. He has done more than you think in the Malgamite works. His share of the work has been greater than anybody knows. I am only the financier, you understand. I know about bookkeeping and about—money—how it should be handled—that is all."

"You are too modest, I think," said Mrs. Vansittart, gravely. "You forget that the scheme was yours; you forget all that you did in London."

"Yes—while Von Holzen was doing more here. He had the more difficult task to perform. Of course I did my share in getting the thing up. It would be foolish to deny that. I suppose I have a head on my shoulders, like other people."

And Mr. Percy Roden, with his hand at his mustache, smiled a somewhat fatuous smile. He thought, perhaps, that a woman will love a man the more for being a good man of business.

"Yes," said Mrs. Vansittart, softly.

"But I should like Von Holzen to have his due," said Roden, rather grandly. "He has done wonders, and no one quite realizes that—except, perhaps, Cornish."

"Indeed! Does Mr. Cornish give Herr von Holzen his due, then?"

"Cornish does his best to upset Von Holzen's plans at every turn. He does not understand business at all. When that sort of man goes into business he invariably gets into trouble. He has what I suppose he calls scruples. It comes, I imagine, from not having been brought up to it." Roden spoke rather hotly. He was of a jealous disposition, and disliked Mrs. Vansittart's attitude towards Cornish. "But he is no match for Von Holzen," he continued, "as he will find, to his cost. Von Holzen is not the sort of man to stand any kind of interference."

"Ah?" said Mrs. Vansittart again, in the slightly questioning and indifferent manner with which she received all defence of Otto von Holzen, and which had the effect of urging Roden to further explanation.

"He is not a man I should care to cross, myself," he said, determined to secure Mrs. Vansittart's full attention. "He has the whole of the Malgamiters at his beck and call, and is pretty powerful, I can tell you. They are a desperate set of fellows: men engaged in a dangerous industry do not wear kid gloves."

Mrs. Vansittart was watching him across the low tea table; for Roden rarely looked at his interlocutor. He had more of her attention than he perhaps suspected.

"Ah!" she said, rather more indifferently than before. "I think you exaggerate Herr von Holzen's importance in the world."

"I do not exaggerate the danger into which Cornish will run if he is not careful," retorted Roden, half sullenly.

There was a ring of anxiety in his voice. Mrs. Vansittart glanced sharply

at him. It was borne in upon her that Roden himself was afraid of Von Holzen. This was more serious than it had at first appeared. There are periods in every man's history when human affairs suddenly appear to become unmanageable, and the course of events gets beyond any sort of control—when the hand at the helm falters, and even the managing female of the family hesitates to act. Roden seemed to have reached such a crisis now, and Mrs. Vansittart, charm she never so wisely, could not brush the frown of anxiety from his brow. He was in no mood for love-making, and men cannot call up this fleeting humor, as a woman can, when it is wanted. So they sat and talked of many things, both glancing at the clock with a surreptitious eye. They were not the first man and woman to go hunting Cupid with the best will in the world—only to draw a blank.

At length Roden rose from his chair with slow, lazy movements. Physically and morally he seemed to want tightening up.

"I must go back to the works," he said. "We work late to-night."

"Then do not tell Herr von Holzen where you have been," replied Mrs. Vansittart, with a warning smile. Then, on the threshold, with a gravity and a glance that sent him away happy, she added, "I do not want you to discuss me with Otto von Holzen, you understand!"

She stood with her hand on the bell, looking at the clock, while he went down stairs. The moment she heard the street door closed behind him she rang sharply.

"The brougham," she said to the servant, "at once."

Ten minutes later she was rattling down Maurits Kade towards the Villa des Dunes. A deep bank of clouds had risen from the west, completely obscuring the sun, so that it seemed already to be twilight. Indeed nature itself appeared to be deceived, and as the carriage left the town behind and emerged into the sandy quiet of the suburbs, the countless sparrows in the lime-trees were preparing for the night. The trees themselves were shedding an evening odor, while from canal and dike and ditch there arose that subtle smell of damp weed and grass which hangs over the whole of Holland all night.

"The place smells of calamity," said Mrs. Vansittart to herself as she quitted the carriage and walked quickly along the sandy path to the Villa des Dunes. Dorothy was in the garden, and seeing her, came to the gate. Mrs. Vansittart had changed her riding-habit for one of the dark silks she usually wore, but she had forgotten to put on any gloves.

"Come," she said, rapidly, taking Dorothy's hand and holding it—"come to the seat at the end of the garden where we sat one evening when we dined alone together. I do not want to go in-doors. I am nervous, I suppose. I have allowed myself to give way to panic like a child in the dark. I felt lonely in Park Straat, with a house full of servants, so I came to you."

"I think there is going to be a thunder-storm," said Dorothy.

And Mrs. Vansittart broke into a sudden laugh.

"I knew you would say that. Because you are modern and practical—or, at all events, you show a practical face to the world, which is better. Yes, one may say that much for the modern girl, at all events—she keeps her head. As to her heart—well, perhaps she has not got one."

"Perhaps not," admitted Dorothy.

They had reached the seat now, and sat down beneath the branches of a weeping-willow, trimly trained in the accurate Dutch fashion. Mrs. Vansittart glanced at her companion and gave a little, low, wise laugh.

"I did well to come to you," she said, "for you have not many words. You have a sense of humor—that saving sense which so few people possess—and I suspect you to be a person of action. I came in a panic, which is still there, but in a modified degree. One is always more nervous for one's friends than for one's self. Is it not so? It is for Tony Cornish that I fear."

Dorothy looked steadily straight in front of her, and there was a short silence.

"I do not know why he stays in Holland, and I wish he would go home," continued Mrs. Vansittart. "It is unreasoning, I know, and foolish, but I am convinced that he is running into danger." She stopped suddenly, and laid her hand upon Dorothy's; for she had caught many foreign ways and gestures.

"Listen," she said, in a lower tone. "It is useless for you and me to mince matters. The Malgamite scheme is a terrible crime, and Tony Cornish means to stop it. Surely you and I have long suspected that. I know Otto von Holzen. He killed my husband. He is a most dangerous man. He is attempting to frighten Tony Cornish away from here, and he does not understand the sort of person he is dealing with. One does not frighten persons of the stamp of Tony Cornish, whether man or woman. I have made Tony promise not to leave his rooms to-day. For to-morrow I cannot answer. You understand?"

"Yes," answered Dorothy, with a sudden light in her eyes, "I understand."

"Your brother must take care of himself. I care nothing for Lord Ferriby or any others concerned in this, but only for Tony Cornish, for whom I have an affection, for he was part of my past life —when I was happy. As for the Malgamiters, they and their works may—go hang!" And Mrs. Vansittart snapped her fingers. "Do you know Major White?" she asked, suddenly.

"Yes; I have seen him once."

"So have I—only once. But for a woman once is often enough—is it not so?—to enable one to judge. I wish we had him here."

"He is coming," answered Dorothy. "I think he is coming to-morrow. When I saw Mr. Cornish yesterday, he told me that he expected him. I believe he wrote for him to come. He also wrote to Mr. Wade, the banker, asking him to come."

"Then he found things worse than he expected. He has, in a sense, sent for reenforcements. When does Major White arrive—in the morning?"

"No; not till the evening."

"Then he comes by Flushing," said Mrs. Vansittart, practically. "You are thinking of something. What is it?"

"I was wondering how I could see some of the Malgamite-workers to-morrow. I know some of them, and it is from them that the danger may be expected. They are easily led, and Herr von Holzen would not scruple to make use of them."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Vansittart, "you have guessed that, too. I have more than guessed it—I know it. You must see these men to-morrow."

"I will," answered Dorothy, simply.

Mrs. Vansittart rose and held out her hand. "Yes," she said, "I came to the right person. You are calm, and keep your head; as to the other, perhaps that is in safe-keeping too. Good-night, and come to lunch with me to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXII.

GRATITUDE.

"On se guérit de la bienfaisance par la connaissance de ceux qu'on oblige."

"CAN you tell me if there is a moon to-night?" Mrs. Vansittart asked a porter in the railway station at the Hague. The man stared at her for a moment, then realized that the question was a serious one.

"I will ask one of the engine-drivers, my lady," he answered, with his hand at the peak of his cap.

It was past nine o'clock, and Mrs. Vansittart had been waiting nearly half an hour for the Flushing train. Her carriage was walking slowly up and down beneath the glass roof of the entrance to the railway station. She had taken a ticket in order to gain access to the platform, and was almost alone there with the porters. Her glance travelled backwards and forwards between the clock and the western sky, visible beneath the great arch of the station. The evening was a clear one, for the month of June still lingered, but the twilight was at hand. The Flushing train was late to-night of all nights, and Mrs. Vansittart stamped her foot with impatience. What was worse, was Dorothy Roden's lateness. Dorothy and Mrs. Vansittart, like two generals on the eve of a battle, had been exchanging hurried notes all day; and Dorothy had promised to meet Mrs. Vansittart at the station on the arrival of the train.

"The moon is rising now, my lady—a half-moon," said the porter, approaching with that leisureliness which characterizes railway porters between trains.

"Why does your stupid train not come?" asked Mrs. Vansittart, with unreasoning anger.

"It has been signalled, my lady—a few minutes now."

Mrs. Vansittart gave a quick sigh of relief and turned on her heel. She had long been unable to remain quietly in one place. She saw Dorothy coming up the slope to the platform. At last mat-



"THE PLACE SMELLS OF CALAMITY."

ters were taking a turn for the better—except, indeed, Dorothy's face, which was set and white.

"I have found out something," she said at once, and speaking quickly but steadily. "It is for to-night, between half past nine and ten."

She had her watch in her hand, and compared it quickly with the station clock as she spoke.

"I have secured Uncle Ben," she said—all the ridicule of the name seemed to have vanished long ago. "He is drunk, and therefore cunning. It is only when he is sober that he is stupid. I have him in a cab downstairs, and have told your man to watch him. I have been to Mr. Cornish's rooms again, and he has not come in. He has not been in since morning, and they do not know where he is. No one knows where he is."

Dorothy's lip quivered for a moment, and she held it with her teeth. Mrs. Vansittart touched her arm lightly with her gloved fingers—a strange, quick, woman's gesture.

"I went up stairs to his rooms," continued Dorothy. "It is no good thinking of etiquette now—or pretending—"

"No," said Mrs. Vansittart, hurriedly, so that the sentence was never finished.

"I found nothing except two torn envelopes in the waste-paper basket. One in an uneducated hand—perhaps feigned. The other was Otto von Holzen's writing."

"Ah! In Otto von Holzen's writing—addressed to Tony at the 'Zwaan' at Scheveningen?"

"Yes."

"Then Otto von Holzen knows where Tony is staying, at all events. We have learnt something. You have kept the envelopes?"

"Yes."

They both turned at the rumble of the train outside the station. The great engine came clanking in over the points, its lamp glaring like the eye of some monster.

"Provided Major White is in the train," muttered Mrs. Vansittart, tapping on the pavement with her foot. "If he is not in the train, Dorothy—?"

"Then we must go alone."

Mrs. Vansittart turned and looked her slowly up and down.

"You are a brave woman," she said, thoughtfully.

But Major White was in the train, being a man of his word in small things as well as in great. They saw him pushing his way patiently through the crowd of hotel porters and others who had advice or their services to offer him. Then he saw Mrs. Vansittart and Dorothy, and recognized them.

"Give your luggage ticket to the hotel porter and let him take it straight to the hotel. You are wanted elsewhere."

Still Major White was only in his normal condition of mild and patient surprise. He had only met Mrs. Vansittart twice, and Dorothy as often. He did exactly as he was told without asking one of those hundred questions which would inevitably have been asked by many men and more women under such circumstances, and followed the ladies out of the crowd.

"We must talk here," said Mrs. Vansittart. "One cannot do so in a carriage in the streets of the Hague."

Major White bowed gravely and looked from one to the other. He was rather travel-worn, and seemed to be feeling the heat.

"Tony Cornish has probably written to you about his discoveries as to the Malgamite works. We have no time to go into that question, however," said Mrs. Vansittart, who was already beginning to be impatient with this placid man. "He has earned the enmity of Otto von Holzen—a man who will stop at nothing—and the Malgamiters are being raised against him by Von Holzen. Our information is very vague, but we are almost certain that an attempt is going to be made on Tony's life to-night between half past nine and ten. You understand?"

Mrs. Vansittart almost stamped her foot.

"Oh yes," answered White, looking at the station clock. "Twenty minutes time."

"We have the information from one of the Malgamiters themselves, who knows the time and the place, but he is tipsy. He is in a carriage outside the station."

"How tipsy?" asked Major White, and both his hearers shrugged their shoulders.

"How can we tell you that?" snapped Mrs. Vansittart, and Major White dropped his glass from his eye.

"Where is your brother?" he said, turning to Dorothy. He was evidently rather afraid of Mrs. Vansittart, as a quick-spoken person not likely to have patience with a slow man.

"He has gone to Utrecht," answered Dorothy. "And Mr. Von Holzen is not at the works, which are locked up. I have just come from there. By a lucky chance I met this man Ben, and have brought him here."

White looked at Dorothy thoughtfully, and something in his gaze made her change color.

"Let me see this man," he said, moving towards the exit.

"He is in that carriage," said Dorothy, when they had reached a quiet corner of the station-yard. "You must be quick. We have only a quarter of an hour now. He is an Englishman."

White got into the cab with Uncle Ben, who appeared to be sleeping, and closed the door after him. In a few moments he emerged again.

"Tell the man to drive to a chemist's," he said to Mrs. Vansittart. "The fellow is not so bad. I have got something out of him, and will get more. Follow in your carriage—you and Miss Roden."

It was Major White's turn now to take the lead, and Mrs. Vansittart meekly obeyed, though White's movements were so leisurely as to madden her.

At the chemist's shop, White descended from the carriage and appeared to have some language in common with the druggist, for he presently returned to the carriage carrying a tumbler. After a moment he went to the window of Mrs. Vansittart's neat brougham.

"I must bring him in here," he said. "You have a pair of horses which look as if they could go. Tell your man to drive to the pumping-station on the dunes, wherever that may be."

Then he went and fetched Uncle Ben, whom he brought by one arm, in a dislocated condition, trotting feebly to keep pace with the Major's long stride.

Mrs. Vansittart's coachman must have received very decided orders, for he skirted the town at a rattling trot, and soon emerged from the streets into the quiet of the wood, which was dark and deserted. Here, in a sandy and lonely alley, he put the horses to a gallop. The carriage swayed and bumped. Those inside exchanged no words. From time to time

Major White shook Uncle Ben, which seemed to be a part of his strenuous treatment.

At length the carriage stopped on the narrow road, paved with the little bricks they make at Gouda, that leads from Scheveningen to the pumping-station on the dunes. Major White was the first to quit it, dragging Uncle Ben unceremoniously after him. Then, with his disengaged hand, he helped the ladies. He screwed his glass tightly into his eye and looked round him with a measuring glance.

"This place will be as light as day," he said, "when the moon rises from behind those trees."

He drew Uncle Ben aside, and talked with him for some time in a low voice. The man was almost sober now, but so weak that he could not stand without assistance. Major White was an advocate, it seemed, of heroic measures. He appeared to be asking many questions, for Uncle Ben pointed from time to time with an unsteady hand into the darkness. When his mind, muddled with Malgamite and drink, failed to rise to the occasion, Major White shook him like a sack. After a few minutes' conversation Ben broke down completely, and sat against a sand bank to weep. Major White left him there and went towards the ladies.

"Will you tell your man," he said to Mrs. Vansittart, "to drive back to the junction of the two roads and wait there under the trees?" He paused, looking dubiously from one to the other. "And you and Miss Roden had better go back with him and stay in the carriage."

"No," said Dorothy, quietly.

"Oh no!" added Mrs. Vansittart.

And Major White moistened his lips with an air of patient toleration for the ways of a sex which had ever been far beyond his comprehension.

"It seems," he said, when the carriage had rolled away over the noisy stones, "that we are in good time. They do not expect him until nearly ten. He has been attempting for some time to get the men to refuse to work, and these same men have written to ask him to meet them at the works at ten o'clock, when Roden is at Utrecht, and Von Holzen is out. There is no question of reaching the works at all. They are going to lie in ambush in a hollow of the dunes and knock him on the head about half a mile from here—northeast—" and Major White paused in this great conversational effort to consult a small gold compass attached to his watch-chain.

The two women waited patiently.

"Fine place, these dunes," said the Major, after a pause. "Could conceal three thousand men between here and Scheveningen."

"But it is not a question of hiding soldiers," said Mrs. Vansittart, sharply, with a movement of the head indicative of supreme contempt.

"No," admitted White. "Better hide ourselves, perhaps. No good standing here where everybody can see us. I'll fetch our friend. Think he'll sleep if we let him. Chemist gave him enough to kill a horse."

"But haven't you any plans?" asked Mrs. Vansittart, in despair. "What are you going to do? You are not going to let these brutes kill Tony Cornish? Surely you, as a soldier, must know how to meet this crisis."

"Oh yes. Not much of a soldier, you know," answered White, soothingly, as he moved away towards Uncle Ben. "But I think I know how this business ought to be managed. Come along—hide ourselves."

He led the way across the dunes, dragging Uncle Ben by one arm, and keeping in the hollows. The two women followed in silence on the silent sand. The band at the Kurhaus at Scheveningen was in full blast, and the sound of certain time-keeping instruments reached them as they walked towards the northeast.

Once Major White paused and looked back.

"Don't talk," he said, holding up a large fat hand in a ridiculous gesture of warning which he must have learnt in the nursery. He looked like a large baby listening for a bogie in the chimney.

Once or twice he consulted Uncle Ben, and as often glanced at his compass. There was a certain skill in his attitude and demeanor, as if he knew exactly what he was about. Mrs. Vansittart had a hundred questions to ask him, but they died on her lips. The moon rose suddenly over the distant trees and flooded all the sand hills with light. Major White halted his little party in a deep hollow, and consulted Uncle Ben in whispers. Then bidding him sit down, he left the three alone in their hiding-place and went away



"GIVE IT TO THEM, TONY!"

by himself. He climbed almost to the summit of a neighboring mound, and stopped suddenly, with his face uplifted, as if smelling something. Like many short-sighted persons, he had a keen scent. In a few minutes he came back again.

"I have found them," he whispered to Mrs. Vansittart and Dorothy. "Smelt 'em—like sealing-wax. Eleven of them—waiting there for Cornish," and he smiled with a sort of boyish glee.

"What are you going to do?" whispered Mrs. Vansittart.

"Thump them," he answered, and presently went back to his post of observation. Uncle Ben had fallen asleep, and the two women stood side by side waiting in the moonlight. It was chilly, and a keen wind swept in from the sea. Dorothy shivered. They could still hear certain notes of certain instruments in the band of the Scheveningen Kurhaus, nearly two miles away. It was strange to be within sound of such evidences of civilization, and yet in such a lonely spot—strange to reflect that eleven men were waiting within a few yards of them to murder one. And yet they could safely have carried out their intention, and have scraped a hole in the sand to hide his body, in the certainty that it would never be found; for these dunes are a miniature Desert of Sahara, where nothing bids men leave the beaten paths, where certain hollows have probably never been trodden by the foot of man, and where the ever-drifting sand slowly accumulates—a very abomination of desolation.

At length White rose to his feet agilely enough, and crept to the brow of the dune. The men were evidently moving. Mrs. Vansittart and Dorothy ascended the bank to the spot just vacated by White.

Only a few dozen yards away they could see the black forms of the Malgamiters grouped together under the covert of a low hillock. Hidden from their sight, Major White was slowly stalking them.

Dorothy touched Mrs. Vansittart's arm, and pointed silently in the direction of Scheveningen. A man was approaching, alone, across the silvery sand hills. It was Tony Cornish, walking into the trap laid for him. Major White saw him also, and thinking himself unobserved, or from mere habit acquired among his men, he moistened the tips of his fingers at his lips.

The Malgamiters moved forward, and White followed them. They took up a position in a hollow a few yards away from the foot-path by which Cornish must pass. One of their number remained behind, crouching on a mound, and evidently reporting progress to his companions below. When Cornish was within a hundred yards of the ambush, White suddenly ran up the bank, and lifting this man bodily, threw him down among his comrades. He followed this vigorous attack by charging down into the confused mass. In a few moments the Malgamiters streamed away across the sand hills like a pack of hounds, though pursued and not pursuing. They left some of their number on the sand behind them, for White was a hard hitter.

"Give it to them, Tony!" White cried, with a certain ring of exultation in his voice. "Knock 'em down as they come!"

For there was only one path, and the Malgamiters had to run the gauntlet of Tony Cornish, who knocked some of them over neatly enough as they passed, selecting the big ones, and letting the others go free. He knew them by the smell of their clothes, and guessed their intention readily enough.

It was a strange scene, and one that left the two women, watching it, breathless and eager.

"Oh, I wish I were a man!" exclaimed Mrs. Vansittart, with clenched fists.

They hurried toward Cornish and White, who were now alone on the path. White had rolled up his sleeve, and was tying his handkerchief round his arm with his other hand and his teeth.

"It is nothing," he said. "One of the devils had a knife. Must get my sleeve mended to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A RE-ENFORCEMENT.

"Prends moy telle que je suy."

When Major White came down to breakfast at his hotel the next morning, he found the large room deserted and the windows thrown open to the sun and the garden. He was selecting a table, when a step on the veranda made him look up. Standing in the window, framed, as it were, by sunshine and trees, was Marguerite Wade, in a white dress, with de-

mure lips, and the complexion of a wild rose. She was the incarnation of youth —of that spring-time of life of which the sight tugs at the strings of older hearts; for surely that is the only part of life which is really and honestly worth the living.

Marguerite came forward and shook hands gravely. Major White's left eyebrow quivered for a moment in indication of his usual mild surprise at life and its changing surface.

"Feeling pretty — bobbish?" inquired Marguerite, earnestly.

White's eyebrow went right up and his glass fell. "Fairly bobbish, thank you," he answered, looking at her with stupendous gravity.

"You look all right, you know."

"You should never judge by appearances," said White, with a fatherly severity.

Marguerite pursed up her lips and looked his stalwart frame up and down in silence. Then she suddenly lapsed into her most confidential manner, like a schoolgirl telling her bosom friend, for the moment, all the truth and more than the truth.

"You are surprised to see me here; thought you would be, you know. I knew you were in the hotel—saw your boots outside your door last night—knew they must be yours. You went to bed very early."

"I have two pair of boots," replied the Major, darkly.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have brought papa across. Tony wrote for him to come, and I knew papa would be no use by himself, so I came. I told you long ago that the Malgamite scheme was up a gum-tree, and that seems to be precisely where you are."

"Precisely."

"And so I have come over, and papa and I are going to put things straight."

"I shouldn't, if I were you."

"Shouldn't what?" inquired Marguerite.

"Shouldn't put other people's affairs straight. It does not pay, especially if other people happen to be up a gum-tree —make yourself all sticky, you know."

Marguerite looked at him doubtfully.

"Ah!" she said. "That's what—is it?"

"That's what," admitted Major White.

"That is the difference, I suppose, between a man and a woman," said Marguerite, sitting down at a small table where breakfast had been laid for two. "A man looks on at things going—well, to the dogs—and smokes and thinks it isn't his business. A woman thinks the whole world is her business."

"So it is, in a sense—it is her doing, at all events."

Marguerite had turned to beckon to the waiter, and she paused to look back over her shoulder with shrewd, clear eyes.

"Ah!" she said, mystically. Then she addressed herself to the waiter, calling him "Kellner," and speaking to him in German, in the full assurance that it would be his native tongue.

"I have told him," she explained to White, "to bring your little coffee-pot and your little milk-jug and your little pat of butter to this table."

"So I understood."

"Ah! Then you know German?" inquired Marguerite, with another doubtful glance.

"I get twopence a day extra pay for knowing German."

Marguerite paused in her selection of a breakfast roll from a silver basket containing that Continental choice of breads which look so different and taste so much alike.

"Seems to me," she said, confidentially, "that you know more than you appear to know."

"Not such a fool as I look, in fact."

"That is about the size of it," admitted Marguerite, gravely. "Tony always says that the world sees more than any one suspects. Perhaps he is right."

And both happening to look up at this moment, their glances met across the little table.

"Tony often is right," said Major White.

There was a pause, during which Marguerite attended to the two small coffee-pots for which she had such a youthful and outspoken contempt. The privileges of her sex were still new enough to her to afford a certain pleasure in pouring out beverages for other people to drink.

"Why is Tony so fond of the Hague? Who is Mrs. Vansittart?" she asked, without looking up.

Major White looked stolidly out of the open window for a few moments before answering.

"Two questions don't make an answer."

"Not these two questions?" asked Marguerite, with a sudden laugh.

"No; Mrs. Vansittart is a widow, young, and what they usually call 'charming,' I believe. She is clever, yes, very clever; and she was, I suppose, fond of Vansittart; and that is the whole story, I take it."

"Not exactly a cheery story."

"No true stories are," returned the Major, gravely.

But Marguerite shook her head. In her wisdom—that huge wisdom of life as seen from the threshold—she did not believe Mrs. Vansittart's story.

"Yes, but novelists and people take a true story and patch it up at the end. Perhaps most people do that with their lives, you know; perhaps Mrs. Vansittart—"

"Won't do that," said the Major, staring in a stupid way out of the window with vacant, short-sighted eyes. "Not even if Tony suggested it—which he won't do."

"You mean that Tony is not a patch upon the late Mr. Vansittart—that is what *you* mean," said Marguerite, condescendingly. "Then why does he stay in the Hague?"

Major White shrugged his shoulders and lapsed into a stolid silence, broken only by a demand made presently by Marguerite to the waiter for more bread and more butter. She looked at her companion once or twice, and it is perhaps not astonishing that she again concluded that he must be as dense as he looked. It is a mistake that many of her sex have made regarding men.

"Do you know Miss Roden?" she asked, suddenly. "I have heard a good deal about her from Joan."

"Yes."

"Is she pretty?"

"Yes."

"Very pretty?" persisted Marguerite.

"Yes," replied the Major. And they continued their breakfast in silence.

Marguerite appeared to have something to think about. Major White was in the habit of stating that he never thought, and certainly appearances bore him out.

"Your father is late," he said at length.

"Yes," answered Marguerite, with a gay laugh. "Because he was afraid to ring the bell for hot water. Papa has a rooted British conviction that Continental chambermaids always burst into your room if you ring the bell, whether the door is locked or not. He is nothing if not respectable, poor old dear—would give points to any bishop in the land."

As she spoke her father came into the room, looking, as his daughter had stated, eminently British and respectable. He shook hands with Major White, and seemed pleased to see him. The Major was, in truth, a man after his own heart, and one whom he looked upon as solid. For Mr. Wade belonged to a solid generation that liked the andante of life to be played in good heavy chords, and looked with suspicious eyes upon brilliancy of execution or lightness of touch.

"I have had a note from Cornish," he said, "who suggests a meeting at this hotel this afternoon to discuss our future action. The other side have, it appears, written to Lord Ferriby to come over to the Hague." There had in Mr. Wade's life usually been that "other side," which he had treated with a good honest respect so long as they proved themselves worthy of it, but which he crushed the moment they forgot themselves. For there was in this British banker a vast spirit of honest, open antagonism, by which he and his likes have built up a scattered empire on this planet. "At three o'clock," he concluded, lifting the cover of a silver dish which Marguerite had sent back to the kitchen awaiting her father's arrival. "And what will you do, my dear?" he said, turning to her.

"I?" replied Marguerite, who always knew her own mind. "I will take a carriage and drive down to the Villa des Dunes, to see Dorothy Roden. I have a note for her from Joan."

And Mr. Wade turned to his breakfast with an appetite in no way diminished by the knowledge that the "other side" were about to take action.

At three o'clock the carriage was awaiting Marguerite at the door of the hotel, but for some reason Marguerite lingered in the porch, asking questions, and absolutely refusing to drive all the way to Scheveningen by the side of the "Queen's Canal." When at length she turned to get in, Tony Cornish was coming across the Toornoifeld under the trees; for the Hague is the shadiest city in the world, with forest trees growing amid its great houses.

"Ah!" said Marguerite, holding out

her hand. "You see I have come across to give you all a leg-up. Seems to me we are going to have rather a spree."

"The spree," replied Cornish, with his light laugh, "has already begun."

Marguerite drove away towards the Hague wood, and disappeared among the transparent green shadows of that wonderful forest. The man had been instructed to take her to the Villa des Dunes by way of the Leyden Road, making a round in the woods. It was at a point near the farthest outskirts of the forest that Marguerite suddenly turned at the sight of a man sitting upon a bench at the road-side reading a sheet of paper.

"That," she said to herself, "is the Herr Professor—but I cannot remember his name."

Marguerite was naturally a sociable person. Indeed a woman usually stops an old and half-forgotten acquaintance, while men are accustomed to let such bygones go. She told the driver to turn round and drive back again. The man upon the bench had scarce looked up as she passed. He had the air of a German, which suggestion was accentuated by the solitude of his position and the poetic surroundings which he had selected. A German, be it recorded to his credit, has a keen sense of the beauties of nature, and would rather drink his beer before a fine outlook than in a comfortable chair in-doors. When Marguerite returned, this man looked up again with the absorbed air of one repeating something in his mind. When he perceived that she was undoubtedly coming towards himself, he stood up with heels clapped together, and took off his hat. He was a small, square-built man, with upright hair turning to gray, and a quiet, thoughtful, clean-shaven face. His attitude and indeed his person dimly suggested some pictures that have been painted of the great Napoleon. His measuring glance—as if the eyes were weighing the face it looked upon—distinctly suggested his great prototype.

"You do not remember me, Herr Professor," said Marguerite, holding out her hand with a frank laugh. "You have forgotten Dresden and the chemistry classes at Fräulein Weber's?"

"No, Fräulein; I remember those classes," the professor answered, with a grave bow.

"And you remember the girl who dropped the sulphuric acid into the something of potassium? I nearly made a great discovery then, mein Herr."

"You nearly made the greatest discovery of all, Fräulein. Yes, I remember now—Fräulein Wade."

"Yes, I am Marguerite Wade," she answered, looking at him with a little frown, "but I can't remember your name. You were always Herr Professor. And we never called anything by its right name in the chemistry classes, you know; that was part of the — er — trick. We called water H.2, or something like that. We called you J.H.U., Herr Professor."

"What does that mean, Fräulein?"

"Jolly hard up," returned Marguerite, with a laugh, which suddenly gave place, with a bewildering rapidity, to a confidential gravity. "You were poor then, mein Herr."

"I have always been poor, Fräulein, until now."

But Marguerite's mind had flown to other things. She was looking at him again with a frown of concentration.

"I am beginning to remember your name," she said. "Is it not strange how a name comes back with a face? And I had quite forgotten both your face and your name, Herr.... Herr.... von Holz"—she broke off, and stepped back from him—"von Holzen," she said, slowly. "Then you are the Malgamite man?"

"Yes, Fräulein," he answered, with his grave smile, "I am the Malgamite man."

Marguerite looked at him with a sort of wonder, for she knew enough of the Malgamite scheme to realize that this was a man who ruled all that came near him, against whom her own father, and Tony Cornish, and Major White, and Mrs. Vansittart, had been able to do nothing—who in the face of all opposition continued calmly to make Malgamite, and sell it daily to the world at a preposterous profit, and at the cost only of men's lives.

"And you, Fräulein, are the daughter of Mr. Wade the banker?"

"Yes," she answered, feeling suddenly that she was a schoolgirl again, standing before her master.

"And why are you in the Hague?"

"Oh," replied Marguerite, hesitating for perhaps the first time in her life, "to enlarge our minds, mein Herr."

She was looking at the paper he held in his hand, and he saw the direction of her glance. In response, he laughed quietly and held it out towards her.



"LEARNING IT BY HEART."

"Yes," he said, "you have guessed right. It is the Vorschrift, the prescription for the manufacture of Malgamite."

She took the paper and turned it over curiously. Then, with her usual audacity, she opened it and began to read.

"Ah," she said, "it is in Hebrew."

Von Holzen nodded his head, and held out his hand for the paper, which she gave to him. She was not afraid of the man—but she was very near to fear.

"And I am sitting here quietly under the trees, Fräulein," he said, "learning it by heart."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A BRIGHT AND SHINING LIGHT.

"Un homme sérieux est celui qui se croit regardé."

WHEN Lord Ferriby decided to accede to Roden's earnest desire that he should go to the Hague, he was conscious of conferring a distinct favor upon the Low Countries.

"It is not a place one would choose to go to at this time of year," he said to a friend at the club. "In the winter it is different; for the season there is in the winter, as in many Continental capitals."

One of the numerous advantages attached to a hereditary title is the certainty that a hearer of some sort or another will always be forth-coming. A commoner finds himself snubbed or quietly abandoned so soon as his reputation for the utterance of egoisms and platitudes is sufficiently established, but there are always plenty of people ready and willing to be bored by a lord. A high-class club is, moreover, a very mushroom-bed of bores, where elderly gentlemen who have travelled quite a distance down the road of life without finding out that it is bordered on either side by a series of small events not worth commenting upon meet to discuss trivialities.

"Truth is," said his lordship to one of these persons, "this Malgamite scheme is one of the largest charities that I have conducted, and carries with it certain responsibilities — yes, certain responsibilities."

And he assumed a grave air of importance almost amounting to worry. For

Lord Ferriby did not know that a worried look is an almost certain indication of a small mind. Nor had he observed that those who bear the greatest responsibilities, and have proved themselves worthy of the burden, are precisely they who show the serenest face to the world.

It must not, however, be imagined that Lord Ferriby was in reality at all uneasy respecting the Malgamite scheme. Here again he enjoyed one of the advantages of having been preceded by a grandfather able and willing to serve his party without too minute a scruple. For if the king can do no wrong, the nobility may surely claim a certain immunity from criticism, and those who have allowance made to them must inevitably learn to make allowance for themselves. Lord Ferriby was, in a word, too self-satisfied to harbor any doubts respecting his own conduct. Self-satisfaction is, of course, indolence in disguise.

It was easy enough for Lord Ferriby to persuade himself that Cornish was wrong and Roden in the right; especially when Roden, in the most gentlemanly manner possible, paid a check, not to Lord Ferriby direct, but to his bankers, in what he gracefully termed the form of a bonus upon the heavy subscription originally advanced by his lordship. There are many people in the world who will accept money so long as their delicate susceptibilities are not offended by an actual sight of the check.

"Anthony Cornish," said Lord Ferriby, pulling down his waistcoat, "like many men who have had neither training nor experience, does not quite understand the ethics of commerce."

His lordship, like others, seemed to understand these to mean that a man may take anything that his neighbor is fool enough to part with.

Joan was willing enough to accompany her father, because in the great march of social progress she had passed on from charity to sanitation, and was convinced that the mortality among the Malgamiters, which had been more than hinted at in the Ferriby family circle, was entirely due to the negligence of the victims in not using an old disinfectant served up in artistic flagons under a new name. Permanganate of potash under another name will not only smell as sweet, but will perform greater sanitary wonders, because the world places faith in a new name, and faith is still the greatest healer of human ills.

Joan therefore proposed to carry to the Hague the glad tidings of the sanitary millennium, fully convinced that this had come to a suffering world under the name of "Nuxine," in small bottles, at the price of one shilling and a penny half-penny. The penny half-penny, no doubt, represented the cost of bottle and drug and the small blue ribbon securing the stopper, while the shilling went very properly into the manufacturer's pocket. It was at this time the fashion in Joan's world to smell of "Nuxine," which could also be had in the sweetest little blue tabloids, to place in the wardrobe and among one's clean clothes. Joan had given Major White a box of these tabloids, which gift had been accepted with becoming gravity. Indeed, the Major seemed never to tire of hearing Joan's exordiums, or of watching her pretty, earnest face as she urged him to use "Nuxine" in its various forms, and it was only when he heard that cigar-holders made of "Nuxine" absorbed all the deleterious properties of tobacco that his stout heart failed him.

"Yes," he pleaded, "but a fellow must draw the line at a sky-blue cigar-holder, you know."

And Joan had to content herself with the promise that he would use none other than "Nuxine" dentifrice.

Lord Ferriby and Joan, therefore, set out to the Hague, his lordship in the full conviction (enjoyed by so many useless persons) that his presence was in itself of beneficial effect upon the course of events, and Joan with her "Nuxine" and, in a minor degree now, her "Malgamiters" and her "Haberdashers' Assistants." Lady Ferriby preferred to remain at Cambridge Terrace, chiefly because it was cheaper, and also because the cook required a holiday, and, with a kitchen-maid only, she could indulge in her greatest pleasure — a useless economy. The cook refused to starve her fellow-servants, while the kitchen-maid, mindful of a written character in the future, did as her ladyship bade her—hashing and mincing in a manner quite irreconcilable with forty pounds a year and beer-money.

Major White met the travellers at the Hague station, and Joan, who had had some trouble with her father during the simple journey, was conscious for the

first time of a sense of orderliness and rest in the presence of the stout soldier who seemed to walk heavily over difficulties when they arose.

"Eh—er," began his lordship as they walked down the platform, "have you seen anything of Roden?"

For Lord Ferriby was too self-centred a man to be keenly observant, and had as yet failed to detect Von Holzen behind and overshadowing his partner in the Malgamite scheme.

"No—cannot say I have," replied the Major.

He had never discussed the Malgamite affairs with Lord Ferriby. Discussion was, indeed, a pastime in which the Major never indulged. His position in the matter was clearly enough defined, but he had no intention of explaining why it was that he ranged himself stolidly on Cornish's side in the differences that had arisen.

Lord Ferriby was dimly conscious of a smouldering antagonism, but knew the Major sufficiently well not to fear an outbreak of hostilities. Men who will face opposition may be divided into two classes—the one taking its stand upon a conscious rectitude, the other half hiding with the cheap and transparent cunning of the ostrich. Many men, also, are in the fortunate condition of believing themselves to be invariably right unless they are told quite plainly that they are wrong. And there was nobody to tell Lord Ferriby this. Cornish, with a sort of respect for the head of the family—a regard for the office irrespective of its holder—was so far from wishing to convince his uncle



"MAJOR WHITE MET THE TRAVELLERS AT THE HAGUE STATION."

of error that he voluntarily relinquished certain strong points in his position rather than strike a blow that would inevitably reach Lord Ferriby, though directed towards Roden or Von Holzen.

Lord Ferriby heard, however, with some uneasiness, that the Wades were in the Hague.

"A worthy man—a very worthy man," he said, abstractedly; for he looked upon the banker with that dim suspicion which is aroused in certain minds by uncompromising honesty.

The travellers proceeded to the hotel, where rooms had been prepared for them. There were flowers in Joan's room, which her maid said she had rearranged, so awkwardly had they been placed in the vase. The Wades, it appeared, were out, and had announced their intention of not returning to lunch. They were, the hotel porter thought, to take that meal at Mrs. Vansittart's.

"I think," said Lord Ferriby, "that I will go down to the works."

"Yes, do," answered White, with an expressionless countenance.

"Perhaps you will accompany me?" suggested Joan's father.

"No—think not. Can't hit it off with Roden. Perhaps Joan would like to see the Palace in the Wood."

Joan thought that it was her duty to go to the Malgamite works, and murmured the word "Nuxine," without, however, much enthusiasm; but White happened to remember that it was mixing day. So Lord Ferriby went off alone in a hired carriage, as had been his intention from the first; for White knew even less about the ethics of commerce than did Cornish.

The account of affairs that awaited his lordship at the works was, no doubt, satisfactory enough, for the manufacture of Malgamite had been proceeding at high pressure night and day. Von Holzen had, as he told Marguerite, been poor all his life, and poverty is a hard task-master. He was not going to be poor again. The gray carts had been passing up and down Park Straat more often than ever, taking their loads to one or other of the railway stations, and bringing, as they passed her house, a gleam of anger to Mrs. Vansittart's eyes.

"The scoundrels!" she muttered. "The scoundrels! Why does not Tony act?"

But Tony Cornish, who alone knew the full extent of Von Holzen's determination not to be frustrated, could not act —for Dorothy's sake.

A string of the quiet gray carts passed up Park Straat when the party assembled there had risen from the luncheon table. Mrs. Vansittart and Mr. Wade were standing together at the window, which was large even in this city of large and spotless windows. Dorothy and Cornish were talking together at the other end of the room, and Marguerite was supposed to be looking at a book of photographs.

"There goes a consignment of men's lives," said Mrs. Vansittart to her companion.

"A human life, madam," answered the banker, "like all else on earth, varies much in value."

For Mr. Wade belonged to that class of Englishmen which has a horror of all sentiment, and takes care to cloak its good actions by the assumption of an unworthy motive. And who shall say that this man of business was wrong in his statement? Which of us has not a few friends and relations who can only have been created as a solemn warning?

As Mrs. Vansittart and Mr. Wade stood at the window, Marguerite joined them, slipping her hand within her father's arm with that air of protection which she usually assumed towards him. She was gay and lively, as she ever was, and Mrs. Vansittart glanced at her more than once with a sort of envy. Mrs. Vansittart did not, in truth, always understand Marguerite or her English, which was essentially modern.

They were standing and laughing at the window, when Marguerite suddenly drew them back.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Vansittart.

"It is Lord Ferriby," replied Marguerite.

And looking cautiously between the lace curtains, they saw the great man drive past in his hired carriage.

"He has recently bought Park Straat," commented Marguerite. And his lordship's condescending air certainly seemed to suggest that the street, if not the whole city, belonged to him.

Mr. Wade pointed with his thick thumb in the direction in which Lord Ferriby was driving.

"Where is he going?" he asked, bluntly.

"To the Malgamite works," replied Mrs. Vansittart, with significance.

And Mr. Wade made no comment. Mrs. Vansittart spoke first.

"I asked Major White," she said, "to lunch with us to-day, but he was pledged, it appeared, to meet Lord Ferriby and his daughter, and see them installed at their hotel."

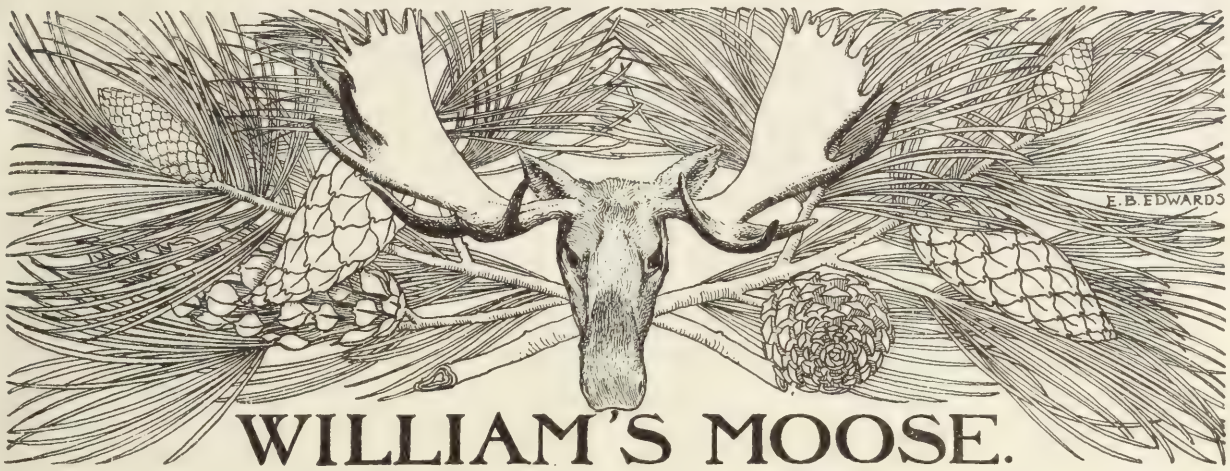
"Ah!" said Mr. Wade.

Mrs. Vansittart, who in truth seemed to find the banker rather heavy, allowed some moments to elapse before she again spoke.

"Major White," she then observed, "does not accompany Lord Ferriby to the Malgamite works."

"Major White," replied Marguerite, demurely, "has other fish to fry."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



WILLIAM'S MOOSE.

BY HAMBLEN SEARS.

I.

IT has not been given to many to know William. Those who do know him must have been in the North-of-Maine woods, for he only came out of his lair once, which was sufficient for William, as, indeed, it was for me. That occasion was one of importance in the history of both our lives. William and I had been friends for many years, as, I believe, we shall be for as many years as are allotted us upon this game-stocked earth; but that single step of his out of the world and into the city was near being the close of all friendly relations between us. It happened that at my suggestion William appeared in New York once on a time, and before I had succeeded in transporting him from the railway to the seclusion of my four walls he had attracted the attention of some twenty thousand persons on Broadway, and had very nearly decapitated a policeman.

Yet he is remarkable for other things than his looks. He is an original in every way, is William, more especially in his birth. No one to look upon him could doubt that he was an Indian some centuries back. Some time after the arrival of the *Mayflower* he took upon himself the qualities of the Puritan; and finally, no one to know him could doubt that he had developed from some New England ancestor a very generous share of Yankee keenness and wit. As an Indian he travels and lies with prodigious ease. As a Puritan he not only objects to deceit in others, but takes the severest measures at hand to punish it. As a Yankee he usually secures whatever moneys you may have brought into his country.

Nevertheless, if it were not for the extraordinary wisdom of William he would long ago have spiked his metaphorical guns and gone over to the kingdom of Rock and Rye. Many a time when money fails to persuade him to a bit of still-hunting, whiskey will quicken his sporting spirit, and all the tales which he has but a moment before poured forth to show that neither moose nor deer ever haunted this or that particular region are airily waived, and acknowledged to be—what in reality they have been all along—lies such as are only heard in the Canada timber.

Still there never was an honester chap. He will bring you up to a moose with the utmost skill after hours of work, unless you have come into the woods to bag a cart-load of heads. Then William takes on the robes of governmental office. He has been running over Maine these twenty years. He has seen practical demonstrations of what the game laws have

done to increase the game, and his third ancestor, the Yankee, tells him that if he limits a man to one head, there are sure to be more left for others. He therefore becomes the enforcer of the laws, and therein lies a touch of the Puritan. His method of showing you the physical impossibility of coming up with more than one moose is eminently Indian.

You have become greedy, we will say. One head is already in the camp, but you must have another, one for each of the children, and a promise of $6 instead of $5 a day finally overcomes William's expressed scruples. He leads the way all day and all night. You follow. By-and-by there stands the moose feeding in a swale. All goes well; you crawl here and there and everywhere, and are on the point of bringing him under the sights, when a twig mysteriously breaks, or the canoe brings up suddenly on a rock, or William's paddle flashes in the sun, and the moose is gone. There comes in the William of the woods, who ought to have been named "Rain-in-the-Face," or "Young-Man-afraid-of-his-Horses."

Such is the friend of my woodland days, the man who, in late September, after our Broadway episode, sent me a note to the effect that he believed the moose were as usual rutting, and that if I would leave Broadway behind and proceed in back of the Rangeleys, that beautiful series of ponds and lakes in Maine, he felt reasonably certain that we might search out one and bring him to the end of his days.

You may go into Rangeley to-day in a Pullman car, reading the morning paper you have bought in Boston. There are hotels and electric lights, trolleys, and such; but northward the Maine woods are still primeval. Our journey beyond Rangeley consisted of several days of paddling northward, with now and then a carry around some rapids, or out of one lake and into another, as finally we began to get into moose country, cold and clear, with a touch of snow in the air, and the feeling of stalking sifting into our veins as the snow would soon be sifting through the trees.

II.

As William said to me on the day we made the New Brunswick line, "Moose, him no picnic, you see. See you mos' time 'fore you see him. Come up quiet like; look 'round; sneak um off. Next morning moose track thirty yard off. Moose vamoose." Herein lies more wisdom than is contained in some of the prophets. You may call; in which case you get nothing. William may call; in which case you receive replies, and sometimes get a shot. You may stalk, or, as it is called, "still-hunt," and with William, perhaps come up with the game; never without him. Indeed, you can run down a big bull on snow-shoes when the animal's feet cut through to the ground, and you can kill him with a club, but this you may not do. Somewhat betwixt and between you may get into a boat at night, light a torch, and fascinate the big beast until you are fifteen or thirty yards away. Here again, follow William—in fact, William is Appendix No. 1 to the Encyclopædia of the Woods—"Hit um square, back shoulder, sure. Big moose no like fool. Maybe jump; then better canoe and two men somewheres else."

According to theory, stalking—that is, crawling through the labyrinth of the woods by skill and by stealth, playing with your ears and eyes against his ears and nose, coming up with him on his own terms, your better intelligence pitted against his better senses, is the only way to hunt the lordly moose. As a matter of fact, good sportsmen, after many days of stalking and no shooting, spend their nights with their Williams making the long yearning call of the cow moose through a birch-bark cone-shaped horn, calling the old bulls in the rutting season. Unquestionably this is proper sport; partly because thorough sportsmen consider it as such, which is sufficient reason for me, as they know more of it than I do; partly because the extraordinary skill required in calling is as great in its way as the extraordinary skill in still-hunting. Flaring the moose is only resorted to by sportsmen when they have nearly exhausted their time, and have entirely exhausted their patience to no purpose. It is close to the border-line between our friend the sport and our necessary animal the butcher. Running a beast down on snow-shoes, on the other hand, is solely the property of the latter; and as the moose is not, like the sheep, plentiful and necessary for food, the sportsmen have stepped in and procured certain written laws to assist those that have been unwritten for some time, which take that

particular food animal out of the steak-, chop-, and hide-dealers' hands.

And hence abideth still-hunting, calling, and flaring, these three; but the greatest of these is still-hunting.

The difficulty of getting at the game, the setting in which the sport lies, make it the most interesting as well as the most beautiful of big-game work. In the fall of the year, for about six weeks, during late September and through all October, when the bulls begin to go about the country in the rutting season, the woods of northern Maine and New Brunswick, brown, red, and yellow in their autumn dresses, are warm in the daytime, cold at night, and beautiful always. By day the stalking is a game beyond all description, wherein you follow the wanderings of your wonderful Indian, which at first seem to be without reason. He will look at the ground, then high up on the tree trunks, and in a moment he is striding off at right angles, moving gradually to the direction whence comes the wind.

At another time, after an examination, he falls flat upon his stomach. You follow the lead, and there is nothing in the world so important as to avoid the little dead branches and twigs along the way. Should your gun scrape along one of the leafless twigs lying all about, should your hand or elbow press too heavily upon a pile of leaves, you might not hear a sound in all this stillness, but two hundred yards further on you would come upon displaced moss here and there, telling the inevitable story of the keen animal's discovery that man had come his way. Or perhaps you are close on him—here where you have been trying to get these two weeks. Nothing but care is needed now, when the blessed wind shifts and comes out of some other quarter, and the jig of that particular moose-hunt is up.

Such, no doubt, has been the misfortune of many a disappointed man. Such, at all events, had been the luck of William and myself on a certain afternoon some ten days after getting into the timber, and as we had come upon the fruitless trail after a muscle-straining paddle across lakes and up rivers, interspersed with heart-rending carries over the dry land, where, although he bore the heavy canoe, the huge pack of blankets, tin cans, provisions, and rifles, which fell metaphorically to and physically upon me, was in close proximity to the last straw. There was no talk of moving our kit from the spot where the unsportsmanlike wind had changed, and there we slept, therefore, in an impromptu lean-to. Next day, returning to the canoe, we spent the daylight hours, and some of those which were dark, in building the "William" Camp.

As every man has his own idea of a house, so every hunter has his own conception of a camp. Furthermore, each season and each particular country has its idea of a camp as well. Sometimes man and Nature collide as to these, and usually man gets the worst of it; so that he becomes courteous to Nature, asks her what will suit her highness, and if he have a level head, such, for example, as William possesses, he modifies his idea to please the lady.

In September and October the days and nights are ideal in the North-of-Maine country, and therefore our camp was simple. William cut some logs, and laid them two deep in the form of a square. This was the foot-high foundation of our house. Between these, long poles were stuck, and where they came together at their top they were securely fastened. On the outer side of these poles were laid bark and leaves and anything we happened to have. And here were our walls extending to within a foot or two of the top, which was left open for the several very necessary purposes of light, ventilation, and chimney.

At the front of the camp the logs for a distance of three feet were cut nearly to the ground, and a blanket was laid across outside, so that we could have our door open or shut as the spirit and the weather might move. Inside, for a distance of three feet from the three walls towards the centre of our residence, the ground was covered with a foot of balsam boughs; and I have found, as others found several years before I had the fortune to be born, that, provided the boughs are sufficiently small, there is nothing short of a spring bed and mattress to equal them for buoyancy. Thus we had a berth on three sides of our house, we had a fire in the centre, and we stretched lines across from side to side close to the walls, where wet clothes and all the paraphernalia of camp might be hung.

It would be dishonest not to confess that I prefer a twenty-foot house on Fifth Avenue with five stories and an exten-

sion. Furthermore, Francois, if I had him, would no doubt be a better *chef* than William. There are sportsmen—some of them known everywhere for their truth-telling and their good shots—who not only say, but appear to believe, that balsam is finer than the linens of Germany, that the mystical odor of the boughs is better than all the perfumes of Arabia, not to mention the city, and that a tin can of tea and some dried bacon in the forest is as much finer than a well-ordered dinner at the Café Américain as America is superior to France. Such belief comes from poets, and, in my case, to look back upon that cup of tea and mess of bacon which William and I partook of by a big fire is far more attractive than was the eating and drinking thereof. Of course it tasted good, but roast beef and ale, or rice pudding, would have tasted better, and there is the plain truth of it stripped of the poetry of the woods.

Still, it would be unjust to William to say that we did not enjoy our meals and our home. No one can appreciate the beautiful setting for tramps and hunts and tired afternoons which these great forests and the month of October furnish, unless he has walked there and hunted there and lain out under the trees in sight of the camp, and smoked his pipe lying flat upon the autumn grass looking up through the brown and red branches into the sky, with now and then the rustle of some little fellow of the forest, who is a trifle surprised to find him there, or the note of a bird, or the quiet rustle of the dying wind in among the leaves and branches. With twenty-five miles to your credit, and a wearied yet in some way restful feeling in your bones, you smoke awhile, and sleep awhile, and doze betweenwhiles, and think of far-away work and home, and wonder if you will bag your moose to-morrow or to-night. And if it rains, what matter? We shut our blanket door; we build a fire within, and, dreaming on the balsam beds, we sit and smoke and watch the rain come down through the ventilation-light-chimney-hole, while William tells stories of hunts that I never saw, and doubt if he ever did. And only the fire is disturbed as it spits and splutters over the rain-drops that fall upon it.

III.

So we lived till once the sun was getting within an hour of its bedtime, the cold October twilight was coming on, and a little snow flurry had just stopped, leaving almost half an inch of clean white carpet all within the woods. There was not the least movement of air, and in two hours we should have a big moon rising up into a cold sky.

"William," I said, "I have three days more, and what with your changing winds and the dry woods, we seem to have succeeded in scaring off all the bulls you remember in these parts."

"Don't understand um, you see," answered William.

"Try."

"Dat one big feller. We mos' get um week ago. Nearly see 'um yesterday. Right off here now. Very wise moose. P'rhaps um Devil."

"Could we call him to-night?"

"Maybe can. Maybe no. Very much wise old Devil. You say try, we try."

"Try it is," I answered; and in twenty minutes we had some tea, a hot-water kettle, some biscuit, a bit of bacon, a sleeping-bag, and a rifle apiece, and were off to a barren that had taken William's eye some time before.

No place could be better adapted to this great art of calling. For, be it remembered, calling involves secrecy on the part of the caller and publicity on the part of the called. Barrens are therefore favorite places for calling. After a good walk through thick underbrush surmounted by high trees, finding difficulty in getting a clear way through, you suddenly step out upon a bit of prairie without a twig on its whole length and breadth. It is perhaps four or five miles long and two or three wide. The edges are marked with indentations and irregularities, and in the centre are small tree-covered knolls, closely packed with underbrush. It looks as if in some forgotten age the tide had gone out one day and, along with the age, had forgotten to come back. If there were water there the open bit would be a lake, and the knoll an island. If the lake were a desert, the island would be an oasis. In Canada the lake becomes a barren; the island becomes a swale.

William and I had come upon this barren one day as we worked up wind on the track of this old Devil, for whom he had by now developed a combination of dislike and superstitious fear. As we reached the edge of a point with a little bay on either side, a tiny swale raised its head



"VERY WISE MOOSE. P'RHAPS UM DEVIL."

about one hundred and fifty yards off the point. It would avail not should we sit upon this swale a month, unless we had a perfectly still moonlight night. For the wind would carry our whereabouts to any moose that might come to the call; and even if he did not discover us, we could not see him unless there were sufficient light. The coming of this silent, snow-carpeted, moonlit night brought back the remembrance of the barren, and thither we forthwith proceeded.

All was done silently, and we soon had a little place cleared on the swale, wood for a fire ready when we could dare to let the smoke rise, and a few boughs made into a nest at the foot of a goodly balsam.

There was still a half-light in the sky, and the woods were as still as any woods can be, when William had his birch horn made and gave the first long plaintive call of the lone cow moose. He then silently worked up into a tree, and I lay down to listen. As darkness came on every noise seemed much louder than it really was, and the nervous strain of listening made it impossible for me to keep still. The buzzing of the blood in my ears began to sound like a railway train five miles away. The rustle of a leaf under my arm gave me a nervous fit, for I thought surely it was the first step of a moose coming up. Not a sound disturbed the night, however, and after half an hour William gave another long, plaintive, mournful, most unmusical cry from the tree. Not a sound in reply.

Then in a moment I had jumped in my reclining position, making a noise that it seemed must be heard down in Bangor. An owl had hooted directly over my head, and I grew hot with confusion as I remembered that William was to give an owl hoot if anything were at hand. When I could cool down I began to scan the shore of the barren near the point. The moon had just come above the trees, and made the snow and the open barren remarkably light, though beneath the trees all was dark. In the next instant, however, I saw, perhaps five hundred yards down the left shore, the huge motionless head and antlers of a big moose. So far as could be seen he did not move, but held his head stretched out toward the swale, and his antlers laid back on his withers. How the animal had come through that close bit of timber on this silent night without making a sound is as much of a mystery now as this silent approach of a moose has always been.

I lay fascinated by the motionless head, when I had like to have spoiled the whole game by jumping to my knees as something touched my shoulder. No one can realize what the nerves become under such trying circumstances. I looked round, expecting to see another moose smelling of me, and found William sitting by my side. He straightway put the mouth of the horn close to the ground, to deaden the call, and, with a face that was distorted with anxiety and excitement, gave out a most yearning cry. The moose did not stir.

"Him no big fool moose. Old Devil know everything. Ugh! pist!" he added the next moment, for our silent third party had turned and disappeared in the woods without so much as the crackle of a twig.

I could have cried out from disappointment, as well as helplessness at the thought of how useless the average man, and myself in particular, was under such conditions. Alone, I should not only have failed to call well enough to attract the game, but never should have discovered the moose on the barren, even had he been called there. And now what had sent him off thus silently?

"Old bull," said William, impressively, "he know too much. Think um something wrong. Come up slow, quiet like, you see. Him mighty particular 'bout um cow."

There was nothing to do but settle down and call once in half an hour or so, which we did as the moon went slowly down, and the night grew chill and raw. It is a trying time. You can neither sleep nor keep awake in your bag, which, warm as it is, cannot keep that nervous chill of suppressed excitement from congealing the blood. The sport in me had almost given out, and I was on the point of telling William to build a fire and get some breakfast, just as the cold, rasping light began to come in from the eastward in a white line along the tops of the trees, when he stood up softly and climbed the tree again for the tenth time. Out went the long call of the cow—Heaven help her if she had stood here all night as we had!—and then we waited again.

All at once the whole scene changed. William was on the ground in an instant.

I was close under a bush, looking toward the point, a little more than a hundred yards away. For out of the spectral silence of the morning had come the indescribable, huge, far-reaching grunt of a bull. It sounds like a hard, rasping "gwoof!" and carries a prodigious distance. Then we could hear the crackling of twigs and branches, and the stamp of the amorous old chap, who fancied other bulls in the vicinity, and wished to give them warning that he was here and ready to fight over the lady.

It is totally impossible to give an adequate impression of the excitement of the moment. The crisp, chill air makes you shiver in any case, and the unseen beast tearing through the forest in the indistinct light, how far away, how near, you cannot tell, but likely to burst out on the barren at any moment, and only stand for an instant, the necessity for an immediate and accurate shot—all this made my already somewhat tried nervous system work up to such a white heat that, as I got the rifle ready in position, the barrel wabbled about all over the swale, pointing up first one bay and then up the other. It seemed utterly impossible to keep it headed for the point, out upon which was coming this tearing



THE CAMP.

cyclone. It did not seem as if he could take so long to break into view, when, in a moment, every sound ceased.

Discretion was becoming the better part of valor. William waited anxiously a moment, and then, with the greatest care, placing his horn against the ground, he gave out a short, plaintive grunt.

We both jumped simultaneously. No one could have helped it, for without the least warning a huge bull leaped out of the dark woods at the point into the clear snow of the barren.

"Now shoot! Hit um! Pick um sure!" gasped William; and with a lump in my throat, and a barrel that I could not keep my eye running along, I fired as the huge beast stood motionless, looking straight at our swale. The next moment he was up in the air and turned to go back, but that one shot had steadied me, and as William's rifle cracked I got in another on the broad side in back of the shoulder, and the three reports went shuffling about under the trees and across the barren to announce that the game was dead in his tracks.

IV.

After the storm came the calm. After the cold chills of daybreak came the lazy sleepiness of the warm noon. After the fasting of the night came the feast of bacon and tea, and then I laid me down upon the warm earth full in the sun's glare, where now all was dry and odorous that had been snow and chill but a few hours before. And I fell to wondering how in this very swale, upon this very barren, I could so have lost my nerve as to jump through all my body at each crack of a twig so short a time ago. Lying there in the midst of the brilliant autumn forest, with the noise of birds and animals on all sides tickling my ears, with the morning breeze swinging the limbs over my head back and forth in easy, graceful, lazy sweeps, I lit the never-to-be-forgotten pipe, and put my hands behind my head and tried to think it all over again.



STILL-HUNTING.

This was not only the first moose; he had been the aim and purpose of life since the passage of nearly fourteen days; he had been something to dream on by night beside the fire, something to think on by day as we wandered afoot or astomach, something to talk of with William as we rose in the morning and laid us down to sleep at night; he had become a purpose; and there he lay now, for I could see him by merely turning my head away from the blue sky and



"THE GAME WAS DEAD IN HIS TRACKS."

red trees — there he lay with his head severed, with his hide just coming off, and some of his good haunch being made ready for more and more feasts.

The smoke from the pipe crawled still closer over me. Things assumed hazy, limpid shapes above, and there grew upon me the feeling of wonder that William could still work on: he had been more awake than I all night; he had made the only discovery that was to be made during those hours of trial; he had kept me up when I would surely have given in without him; and now he was still silently, stolidly at work cleaning up the results of the fray. What would the twenty thousand persons on Broadway say to him now? Would any one of them have been awake to question at this hour? Might not the policeman who owes his head to my intervention feel less like amusing himself at William's expense, and less officious over the prying—let us say investigating—instinct of the Maine woodsman? Here was the old Indian, of such magnificent physique that he could go on with his day's work after such a night's labors, still showing his touch of the conscientious Puritan by an absolutely inborn belief in the necessity for cutting up the moose before resting or eating. His bronze face shone with perspiration in the warm morning sun, and with his black hair hanging about in disorder his head might have been the choice work of some sculptor who had used a down-East Yankee as a model on which to make an American Indian.

Never was I more fond of William than that morning when I took him in through a haze of smoke, sunshine, and drowsiness, and then the sky and the trees, William and the moose, gradually and softly crept farther and farther away, the pipe dropped to the ground, and one man in New Brunswick forgot his troubles for a space.



The Pettingrew Family.

MRS. PETTINGREW'S QUESTION.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

IT had been raining for nearly two weeks, and perhaps it was that which caused Mrs. Pettingrew to ask the question, for though in conversation one tries to avoid all allusion to the weather as being scarcely worth mentioning, there is no doubt that it has a marked effect upon human affairs. If Mrs. Pettingrew had not been made depressed and nervous by two weeks of rain, dampness, and indoor life, who can say for a certainty that these events would have ever come to pass?

Miss Susan Todd stood at her parlor window and looked out upon the road. Beyond the road she could see but little, for the heavy mist that hung over the mountains shut off completely their giant shapes. Miss Susan Todd lived in a small valley that was completely surrounded by towering hills. The summer boarder likened the spot to the bottom of a basin; to Miss Todd it was life.

It was not often that Susan used her parlor. The regularity of the heaps of books upon the marble-topped centre table showed this to be the case, while the obtrusive freshness of the parlor set—one arm-chair, three straight backs, and a sofa, each adorned with a crocheted tidy—proved that they were sat upon but seldom. Only when the Woman's Club met there, or the minister and his wife came to supper, was this holy of holies thrown open to the public. But the weather had been too much for even the strictly disciplined nature of Susan Todd, and casting aside all scruples, she raised the shade at one of the parlor windows, and stood gazing at the puddles in the road.

"I don't think I ever knew such a spell of weather as this," said she to herself. "I've known it to rain three or four days at a time, and then get over it and clear up again, but I declare it does seem as if there wasn't such a thing as a sun anywheres. It requires all the faith you have in the Bible and the flood and the rainbow to think it isn't a-going to keep on raining forever. I do miss the moun-

tains so when I can't see 'em! Who's this coming down the road? Why, there wouldn't a dog go out in such a pour as this if he wasn't forced to, and this is a woman. Well, I want to know! It's Ellen Pettingrew, as sure as I stand here! Wherever on earth can she be going to? She's turning in at my gate! Well, I ain't a-going to have her coming into the best room all dripping wet." And hastily pulling down the shade, Miss Todd returned to the kitchen.

"How do you do, Mrs. Pettingrew?" said she, somewhat stiffly, as she opened the back door in response to the agitated knock of her visitor. "'Tisn't often I have the pleasure of a call from you, but you're welcome, all the same. Kindly take off your rubbers before you come in, and if you would be so good as to set your umbrella outside the door—"

"La, Susan, you're just as old-maidish as ever, ain't you?" interrupted Mrs. Pettingrew, as she complied with her request. "If you could see my kitchen! But there, it ain't to be expected you'd act as you would if you had a husband and four boys coming in all hours, rain or shine."

"There isn't much shine just at present," remarked Miss Todd, ignoring the tone of commiserating superiority in which Mrs. Pettingrew had spoken. "But, Ellen, what's the matter?" The visitor had removed her rubber waterproof and her hood, and her face was visible for the first time. "You ain't sick, are you? I shouldn't have thought you'd come out in this weather if you was. What *is* the matter, Ellen?"

"I ain't surprised that you ask," returned Mrs. Pettingrew, solemnly, as she drew her chair toward the stove and extended her feet from beneath her shortened skirts. She was a pretty woman still, though well over forty and with a figure inclined to stoutness. "I ain't at all surprised you ask. This morning I was a well woman. This afternoon I'm doomed."

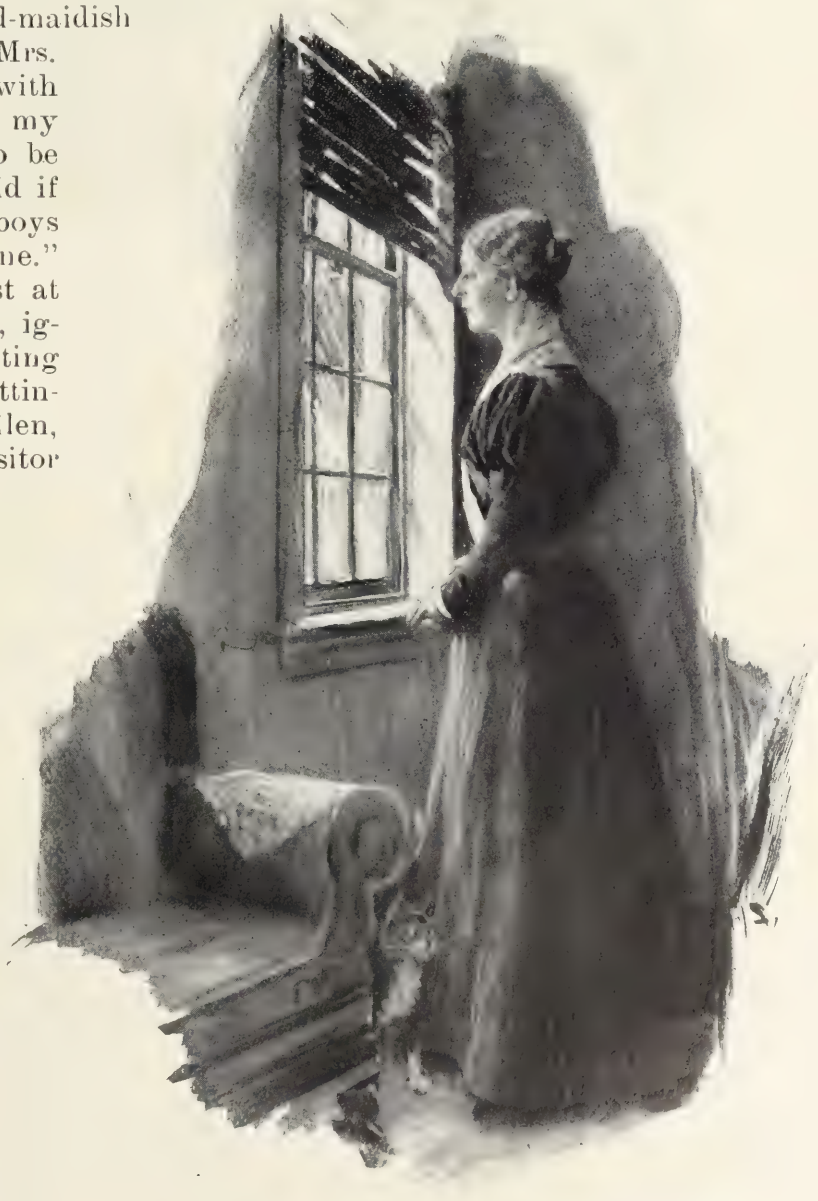
"Land's sake, Ellen, how you do talk!" said Miss Todd. "I should think you'd had a death-warrant served on you. You haven't been committing a murder, have you, and are going to be hung?"

Miss Todd had little sense of humor herself, and when she joked she was apt to go to an extreme.

"I shouldn't think you'd make fun of me, Susan," said Mrs. Pettingrew. "It 'll be time enough to laugh and make your jokes when I'm gone. It won't be long now." And drawing her handkerchief from her pocket she covered her face with it while she rocked her body to and fro.

Miss Todd was distinctly impressed.

"I do wish you'd explain what you mean, Ellen Pettingrew," she said, with some impatience. "If you think you're



"I DON'T THINK I EVER KNEW SUCH A SPELL OF WEATHER."



"'I HAVEN'T GOT A LANGUISHMENT,' SAID MRS. PETTINGREW."

going to die, do say so right out, and tell me what causes you to think it. You haven't got a pain, have you? Or a sore throat? Or a languishment, like the poor lady in our cemetery who died of a languishment, though I never knew exactly what it meant."

"I haven't got a languishment," said Mrs. Pettingrew, removing her handkerchief. "If anybody had died of a languishment 'twould have been you, and not me, for it means a broken heart, and everybody said— But there! I don't want to begin on that yet, though it's partly what I've come about. Neither have I got a sore throat, nor a pain. So far as I know, I haven't got an ache, nor is anything the matter with me, which only makes it all the more aggravating, for I'm going to die on Monday."

And again Mrs. Pettingrew's comely face was hidden behind her handkerchief.

"I don't know what you mean about a broken heart," said Miss Todd, with dignity. "There isn't a crack in mine, nor ever has been. If you came down here this rainy day to talk about past grievances and spiteful doings, all I can say is, I've got something better to be at."

"I didn't! I didn't!" moaned Mrs. Pettingrew, rocking with renewed vigor. "Susan, don't be hard on me. If you knew what I was going through!"

"Well, I can't possibly know till you tell me," said Susan, sitting down for the first time since her visitor came. She placed herself near the window, and in the fading light of the rainy afternoon one could not see the silver hairs that streaked her smooth brown head, nor the lines which time and care and a gradually narrowing life had etched upon her delicate face. In the soft gray twilight she looked almost young and pretty, as Mrs. Pettingrew did not fail to notice whenever she removed her moist handkerchief.

Susan was slender too, which had always been a trial to her neighbor.

"I will tell you," said Mrs. Pettingrew, in a broken voice. "As I said, I'm doomed. I've had my summons. This morn-

ing I was a well woman, planning about the boys, thinking how I'd do over my winter cloak, and intending to get one of those cheap silks you see advertised so much to make a waist of, for best this winter. I sha'n't need one of 'em; and as for the boys, somebody else will plan for them hereafter, I suppose. Oh, Susan, say you'll be good to 'em! I know you will to Ira; I haven't any fear for him. He'll be looked after; but the boys!"

"Ellen Pettingrew, either you're crazy or I am. What have I got to do with your boys? I shouldn't wonder if you have a fit coming on. My mother's second cousin used to have 'em, and she always talked queer for an hour or two before they seized her. Are your hands and feet cold?"

"Not a bit. 'Tisn't a fit, Susan; it's a summons. All I've got to do now is to prepare for death. My time is very short. Here it is Friday afternoon, going on half past four. On Monday at this time I'll be lying stiff and cold upon my bed. On Tuesday, or at the latest Wednesday, I'll be in my coffin. On Thursday I'll be in my grave. One week from to-day it 'll all be over. Oh, Susan!"

Miss Todd felt very uncomfortable. She was quite sure that her visitor was about to have an attack of some kind, if it had not already begun. It might be approaching insanity. She glanced out of the window, not a creature was in sight, and the rain was falling more relentlessly than ever. Susan lived alone, and did her own work, with the occasional help of a laboring-man, a scrubbing-woman, or a neighbor. There was no one within reach at present, so she rose to the occasion, as she had done once or twice before in her life.

"I'll make you a cup of tea, Ellen," said she, "and then maybe you'll feel better. A cup of tea always seems to set me right. I guess you're tired with all your planning and this wet weather. It's enough to make any one sort of miserable. It 'll have a bad effect on the autumn leaves, I'm afraid; though it's a good thing it's come in the fall instead of the spring, on account of the crops,—It's best to divert her mind," she added to herself, as she placed two cups and saucers upon the table, and unlocked the lacquered-ware box that contained her grandmother's silver teaspoons.

"You think I'm crazy," said Mrs. Pettingrew; "and you've a right to. Maybe you'll change your mind, though, when you hear what I've got to say. A cup of tea will be very nice, though, and I thank you, Susan, for thinking of it. It won't be many more cups of tea I'll have in this world, and as for the world to come —well, it's all uncertain how it 'll be there, and there's no mention of tea in the Bible, but I'm sorry enough to think I'm not going to have much more."

"Ellen!" exclaimed Miss Todd, greatly shocked. Then she remembered the course of conduct which she had decided upon as proper under the circumstances. Ellen's mind must be diverted.

"I've some nice crab-apple jelly I put up not long ago," said she. "We'll open a tumbler of it, and have some bread-and-butter. A rainy day like this makes you hungry. I'll light the lamp too, and it 'll be more cheerful. And how are you going to have your silk waist made?"

Mrs. Pettingrew glanced reproachfully at her hostess, but made no reply. For some minutes she devoted herself to the tea and the jelly. Though death might be near, the pleasures of this life had not yet lost their charm. When her cup had been filled for the second time, she spoke.

"Susan," she said, "you know I'm not one of the superstitious kind. If I had been I'd have been more upset when my mirror was broken shortly after Ira and I were married, or at the many times I've seen the new moon over the wrong shoulder. None of those happenings has ever caused me a single tremor. But this is different. To-day, after dinner, when the dishes were washed and Ira had gone back to the store and the boys were at school and my hired girl was in her room and the house was quiet, I felt so sleepy, what with the rain and everything, I thought I'd lie down a minute. 'Tisn't often I do it; but all this rainy weather does make you feel different from usual. Well, I lay down, and must have fallen asleep pretty quickly, for the first thing I knew there was Hannah Hawkes—"

"Hannah Hawkes!" interrupted Miss Todd.

"Yes, Hannah Hawkes, who died last week! There she was, sitting talking to me. 'How do you feel, Mrs. Pettingrew?' s' she. I told her I was nicely, thank you. 'That's strange,' s' she, 'for next week you'll be where I am,' s' she. 'On Monday you're going to die. The new hearse is at the door. Come with

me and try it,' s' she. So she took me by the hand — oh, Susan, 'twas an awful feeling hand! — and led me out to the front gate, and there, sure enough, was the new hearse. You know Mr. Simmons only bought it two weeks ago, and Hannah Hawkes is the only one it's been used for. And just as I was stepping in behind her I woke up with an awful scream, and I knew my summons had come."

"La, Ellen!" said Miss Todd. "'Twas only a dream." But here her words failed her. Mrs. Pettingrew's manner was impressive, and the dream was a strange one. Miss Todd had heard before of dreams that came true.

"So it was, Susan; but I know what it means. I'm going to die on Monday. To-morrow I'll lay in a stock of meat for the funeral, when Mr. Bates comes round. It's lucky it's Saturday. A ham will be a good thing, and I'll bake my bread and cake so all will be ready, and Ira won't have that to bother him. I dare say it 'll be a large funeral, for folks will hear about the dream. It seems a pity I can't be there to superintend it all. I don't see how Ira's ever going to manage it. He's an awful poor hand at attending to things," she added, again glancing at Susan with peculiar meaning.

But Susan was absorbed in examining the contents of the teapot.

"And now I want to say something," continued Mrs. Pettingrew. "I've been thinking over my past life, and that's the reason I came to see you. If I'm going to die, I want my conscience to be clear. I can't say I'm sorry for what I did, for I liked Ira, and I wanted him to marry me, and not to marry you. At one time it looked as though our chances were pretty even. I'm not acknowledging he cared as much for you as he did for me. I never thought so; but you had this little property, and I had nothing but my face, and then I always was smarter than you in some ways, Susan. But I was fearful of losing him, so one night when he was walking home with me from choir-practicing, and it was pretty dark, we saw two people in front. 'Twas Jennie Parker and William Sands, and she was leaning on his arm. You know Ira never did see very well, particularly at night, and he asked me if 'twas you. I said it looked like you; and so it did, Susan. I didn't say a word that wasn't true, all through it. Then he said, who was the man? I said, William Sands, which was also true. Then he asked me, 'Are they going to be married?' and I said yes, for that was true. The girl was Jennie Parker, and they were going to be married. Ira was pretty quiet after that till we got to the front gate, and then he asked me to marry him. Most likely he'd have asked me anyhow, but I've always felt a little uneasy when I've thought of that night, for though I didn't *say* anything that wasn't true, I let him think that Jennie Parker was you. La, Susan, you needn't take it so hard!"

For Miss Todd had risen; and with the teapot in her trembling hands she stood and looked at her visitor. Her face had grown pale, and her mouth twitched nervously.

"I always thought there was some underhand doings," said she, as soon as she could speak. "I *knew* that Ira liked me. Well, Ellen Pettingrew, I hope you've been satisfied; and I'm glad something has made you confess the truth! It's a satisfaction to me, anyhow. For my part I shouldn't think you'd have had a comfortable nor a happy moment all these years, getting a man by stealthy means, so to speak, and feeling that he liked another woman."

"I've been very happy," said Mrs. Pettingrew, "and I don't say as 'twas stealthy. Neither am I at all sure he would have married you instead of me. Fact is, I don't believe Ira himself knew which one of us 'twas he wanted. He's an awful uncertain kind of man, and he needed a little helping along, which you would have been too proud to give him, Susan Todd, even if you'd been smart enough. But now I've told you, and I want to settle something else. I'm going to die, and—"

"Die!" cried Susan. "Die! You're no more likely to die than I am. You've just come down here to irritate me with this story. Why couldn't you have left me alone? I've never bothered you. You never knew whether I cared or not. I went to your wedding, and I belong to the same club with you, and nobody knows anything about my feelings. I've kep' 'em to myself, and I've lived my life the best way I could, and am not under any obligations to anybody, least of all to you, Ellen Pettingrew. Now I'll thank you to let me alone."

The agitation of a person who is usually

self-controlled is always alarming, and Mrs. Pettingrew was in her turn startled. She would have liked to leave the house at once, but her purpose in coming was as yet unfulfilled; and at the risk of still further exciting her neighbor she summoned courage to put her question. "Susan," she said, "I *am* going to die on Monday, and before I go I must know something. I feel quite sure that when a decent time has gone by Ira will ask you to marry him. Now I'm sure you won't refuse to answer the question of a dying woman. Are you going to have him?"

"A dying woman!" repeated Susan, scornfully. "I tell you you're not a dying woman. Any one who can drink three cups of tea and swallow more than a good half-tumbler of crab-apple ain't a dying woman. And what's more, I'll never tell you. No, not if you was to lie in your last expiring gasp at my very feet, with the angels awaiting on either side to bear you up to heaven, I'd never tell you!" And then, shocked at her own irreverence and spent with her emotions, Susan Todd burst into tears and left the room.

"She did care," thought Mrs. Pettingrew; "and what's more, she's cared all these years. It'll only be her pride that'll keep her from marrying him when I'm gone. Oh, if I only knew!"

She waited for fully fifteen minutes, but Susan did not return. Then, putting on her water-proof once more, and getting her rubbers and umbrella from the shed where they had been left, Mrs. Pettingrew went out into the rain and the darkness.

The next day there was much commotion in the Pettingrew household. The mistress was early astir, and the broom, the dust-pan, and the scrubbing-brush were largely in evidence.

"I'm not going to have folks from all around the mountains coming to the funeral and criticising my housekeeping," said Mrs. Pettingrew to herself. "It's a good thing Ira chose to-day to go to Portland. A man's no use when you're house-cleaning, and he wouldn't understand its being done the same day with so much cooking." For Ira had not yet been told.

Extra help had been procured, and while the broom was active abovestairs, bread and cake were being baked below, hams were boiling merrily, and apples were waiting to be prepared for pies. The hired girl thought that there was to be a party, and her mistress did not undeceive her.

In the midst of her preparations, however, Mrs. Pettingrew found time to run down the road to the house of her neighbor. It was no longer raining, and the wind had changed. Weather prophets thought that "the spell of weather" was over, and there might be some chance of clearing, but rolls of mist still hung about the mountains, and scarcely more of the surrounding country was visible than had been for the past two weeks.

Miss Todd sat in her kitchen. There was nothing to prove that she had stood for a long time at the window which commanded a view of the Pettingrew house, that she had counted the wagons of the trades-people who had stopped at the gate, nor that the furniture set out in the yard and the curtains which streamed from the clothes-line had been seen and inwardly commented upon. At present she was knitting, and her face was calm.

She bowed to Mrs. Pettingrew when she entered, but she did not offer her a chair nor even rise.

"Susan," said the visitor, "I'm very busy getting ready, but I'm 'most crazy with the uncertainty. I can't get it out of my mind that maybe you'll have all my things. When I looked into my preserve-closet I said to myself, 'Next year maybe Susan Todd will be putting her preserves here, and maybe again she won't.' If you'd only tell me one way or the other, I should feel better. Susan, are you going to have him?"

But Susan was silent, and the only sound was the click of her steel knitting-needles.

"You always were an aggravating sort of person," said Mrs. Pettingrew, presently, "but I should think you'd act differently with a dying woman."

"You don't look particularly dying," remarked Miss Todd, as she picked up the ball of yarn that had rolled from her lap.

"I may not look it, but I'm going to, all the same. You'll be sorry, Susan Todd, when you see me in my coffin! You'll wish then you'd answered me. I declare I feel now as if I'd rise to a sitting position and ask you then and there before all the folks, whether or not you're going to marry Ira, if you don't tell me before

I die. Say, Susan, are you going to have him?"

But Susan made no answer, and once more Mrs. Pettingrew, with her curiosity unappeased, left the house and returned to the preparations for her own funeral. When Ira came home that night from Portland, all was ready.

The next day was Sunday, and at the usual hour, when the bell was ringing for morning service, the Pettingrew family walked past the Todd farm on their way to church. Susan from her bedroom window watched them as she had watched them every Sunday for the past twenty years. It was Susan's custom to dress early and then wait for them to pass. When the bell ceased ringing and began to toll, she herself would leave the house, which gave her time to reach the church at just the proper moment.

To-day she looked at them more critically than usual. Ellen had a worn look, she noticed. She was pale, and her step had lost its usual spring. She was actually allowing her best silk skirt to trail in the mud, and her bonnet strings were tied carelessly. All this Susan's critical glance covered in a moment.

The boys, whom she had seen grow from small toddlers to stalwart young fellows in their teens, walked behind their parents. The eldest was nineteen now, while the youngest was almost ten. They were nice-looking boys. No wonder Ellen was proud of them! And then there was Ira.

As his name came into Susan's mind a hot flush spread over her thin face. Middle-aged woman though she was, and hidden behind a wooden blind, she blushed crimson as she looked at him. He was middle-aged also, now. Almost fifty, and he stooped slightly. His hair had grown thin and gray, though not much was to be seen under his large felt hat. He always wore a long frock-coat on Sunday, buttoned tightly about his tall, spare figure, and his trousers were somewhat short for him.

Ellen glanced furtively toward the house as she passed, but Ira was talking, and did not once look that way. He pointed out the blue sky in the west, and remarked that he thought it was going to clear up for good now, most likely. You could see the top of Fox Hill, which was always a sure sign.

He was not thinking of Susan. He had been married for more than twenty years, and the past was not so clearly defined in his mind as in the minds of the two women. It is usually the women who remember.

"I wish she hadn't come and stirred me up," said Susan to herself as they passed out of sight. "She's brought it all back, and all because of a dream. She's not going to die to-morrow any more than I am. P'r'aps we'll all be dead by to-morrow night; who knows? For my part it does seem real wicked to me that any one should think they knew when they were going to die. I don't believe the Lord ever intended we should. It's real sacrilegious. And as for asking you whether you're going to marry a man that already has a wife and four sons, and trying to make you commit yourself to yes or no, it's a shame, and I'll never tell her."

And then she realized that the bell was tolling, and Miss Todd, in her second-best gown, because it was still so damp and muddy, hurried to the old meeting-house on the hill. She was late, and she walked up the aisle to her usual seat while the Doxology was being sung. She did not remember ever having been late before.

"It shows such thoughts are wicked," she said to herself. "They've led me into sin already."

That afternoon, shortly before dusk, Mrs. Pettingrew came again to the house. Susan did not have her knitting this time, but she was reading a missionary leaflet. Her caller asked her the same question, but with the same result. Susan would not speak.

"This time to-morrow you'll be sorry," said Mrs. Pettingrew as she left her. "Mark my words, you'll be sorry, Susan Todd!"

The next day, shortly after twelve o'clock, Miss Todd, watching as usual from her window, saw one of the Pettingrew boys come running down the road. He was hatless, and as he ran his feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground.

"Can he be going for the doctor?" Susan asked herself. "Nonsense! He's only running back to school."

But presently the doctor's buckboard was driven rapidly past. It drew up at the Pettingrews' door.

"She's been taken sick!" said Susan, aloud. "It's fright that's done it, but she'll get over it."

In spite of her confidence, however, she shuddered.

Presently the Pettingrews' hired girl came out of the house. She, too, ran down the road, but she turned in at Susan's gate.

"Oh, Miss Todd, Miss Todd!" she cried, as she burst into the kitchen. "Mrs. Pettingrew is dead!"

Susan Todd neither spoke nor stirred. She sat in her chair as one turned into stone.

Such news flies quickly, and before many hours had passed the road was black with people on foot or in carriages, who wended their way to Ira Pettingrew's from all the country around. The story of the dream had already spread, for Mrs. Pettingrew had told her husband of it that morning. Manlike, he had laughed at the notion, and had gone to his store as usual. When he came back at noon to dinner he found his wife in sudden and violent pain. He was with her when she died.

Susan Todd alone, of all the neighbors and friends, did not go to the house. Many of them dropped in to see her on their way home, but they found her silent and unapproachable, and they went away again, remarking to one another that Susan was queerer than ever. Some remembered the gossip of twenty years ago, and said that Ellen and Susan never had been friends since then; but wonder at the strange dream and the death filled the minds of most of them to the exclusion of petty gossip.

And Susan sat there in her kitchen consumed with unavailing remorse.

"I might have been kinder about it," she said again and again. "I don't *know*, myself, and so I couldn't tell her, but I might have been kinder. Oh, Ellen, what can I do now to make up for my harshness?"

Alas, that is a question which few can answer.

She went to the funeral and sat motionless while the minister prayed and preached and the village choir sang. In the light of all that had happened she fully expected to see Ellen "rise to a sitting position," as she had threatened, and ask her the old question once more, but nothing of the kind happened. When the long service was over, the new village hearse, the same that had been used for Hannah Hawkes, carried Ellen Pettingrew to the village cemetery. Afterwards the friends from the surrounding hill country partook of the ham, the cake, and the pies that Ellen herself had made ready for them. And then all was over, and they returned to their homes.

Every Sunday afternoon during the long winter months Ira Pettingrew and his four boys walked to the cemetery. When the snow was on the ground the prints of a woman's feet were visible, pointing to the place toward which the Pettingrews walked, and stopping at Ellen's grave. This fact made no impression upon them, however. Not one of them wondered whose they were. When the snow disappeared, and spring came, Ira, who went now alone, would often find a bunch of flowers laid upon the grave. Even then it did not occur to him to conjecture. Once in the early summer he chanced to meet Susan Todd.

She did not see him coming, for her back was toward him, and he heard her talking to herself.

"I couldn't have told you, Ellen," she was saying, "for I don't know myself even now, so I hope you'll forgive me." Then she turned and saw him.

He did not know what she could be talking about, but he was glad to see her. He had always thought Susan Todd a nice, pleasant woman, and latterly he had seen nothing of her. She seemed to keep to her house more closely than she once did. On this occasion, instead of lingering at Ellen's grave, he turned and walked down the slope with her.

Susan scarcely spoke, and when he asked her, as he parted from her at the gate, if he could come to see her sometimes, as she was a near neighbor, and his house was a gloomy one nowadays, she replied:

"I don't know. I really can't tell."

It was a strange answer, Ira thought, but he was a man of no imagination, and it did not trouble him.

Very soon he developed the habit of dropping in at Susan Todd's once or twice a week. The neighbors said that Ira Pettingrew was beginning to take notice, and they did not wonder. "It's lonesome," said they, "for a man like him, and Susan would be just the one for him."

And in the course of time, when two winters' snows had whitened Ellen's grave, and another spring was dawning among the mountains, Ira Pettingrew

made up his mind to put the fateful question.

"I'm lonesome, Susan," said he, "and I'd be glad if you'd marry me. There's no one to look after the house or the boys, and since Ellen died we don't seem to have the same things to eat. I'd make you very comfortable. You can have all the hired help you want, and as much money as you like to spend. I can afford to give you more than most men about here. There ain't any one else you care about, is there? You never seemed like a girl who liked beaux."

Any one else! So this was the ending to her romance of more than twenty years ago. Ira had completely forgotten.

To herself she said: "Ellen, I couldn't have told you, possibly. I didn't know myself till this minute. I don't think you need mind, though." Aloud, "No, Ira, there's no one else, nor ever has been, but—" She paused.

"Well, then, you'll marry me, Susan, will you?" he interrupted, with some eagerness. "I'm real glad."

"Stop!" said Susan. "I haven't said I would. Mr. Pettingrew, there's some things a woman wants besides money and hired help and being comfortable, and I guess you can't give 'em to me. I've done without 'em, though, for a good many years, and I can get along without 'em now. And so, if you'll excuse me for seeming to be in a hurry, I'll say good-evening."

"You don't mean 'no,' do you, Susan?" he asked, with an astonished face.

"Yes," said she, "it is just what I do mean. No."

The front door closed, and Susan Todd was left alone.

"There, Ellen Pettingrew," she said, aloud, "your question's answered at last, and I wonder if you know about it, and if you're as surprised as I am."

And then she covered her face with her hands and cried.

CHARM.

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

IT is a presence sweet and rare,
A something oft attained by Art,
Yet oft possessed, all unaware,
By folk of simple mind and heart.

And he that has it cannot pass
The secret on with gold or name;
It vanishes like dew on grass,
Or heat that hovers over flame.

In books that man but little seeks,
Neglected or forgotten long,
This living essence dwells, and speaks
In happy rhymes of deathless song.

The subtlest of all mystic things,
'Tis strange indeed that it should be,
When worn by poets, beggars, kings,
Twin sister of Simplicity.

And you that seek it never find,
And you that have it never tell;
And all that strive to catch and bind
Can only startle and dispel.

A REBEL CIPHER DESPATCH.

ONE WHICH DID NOT REACH JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

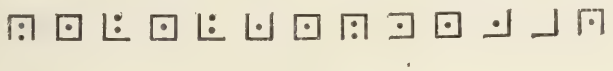
BY DAVID HOMER BATES.

THERE appeared in the New York *Herald*, in the month of July, 1896, an article headed,

"CRYPTOGRAPH SOLVED,"

in which was given a key to certain cabalistic characters on an old tombstone in Trinity Church Yard.

The full inscription reads thus:



Here lies
deposited the body of
JAMES LEESON
who departed this life on the 28th day of Sep
tember 1794.
Aged 38 years.

The hieroglyphics at the head of the tombstone, when translated by the method shown in the *Herald* article, reveal the motto, "Remember Death," and by analogy the remaining letters of the alphabet are discovered by the writer of that article, who deserves great credit for his perspicacity.

The reading of the *Herald* article recalled to my mind certain rebel cipher despatches in 1863, which I helped to translate, and in which the same hieroglyphics were used. These despatches were written in New York by J. H. Cammack, an agent of the rebel government, and were enclosed in an envelope addressed to Alexander Keith, Jr., Halifax, Nova Scotia, to be forwarded by him to Richmond, Virginia. One of them was addressed to Judah P. Benjamin, and the other to Benjamin H. Hill, members of Jeff Davis's cabinet. As soon as possible I confirmed my recollection by referring to my war records, and as the history of these rebel ciphers has never been written, except briefly, I determined to give the facts to the public, believing them to be of general interest.

First let me speak of the United States Military Telegraph Staff, to whose members were intrusted all the more important military and state despatches transmitted from and to the government at Washington during the civil war. W. R. Plum, in his history of the Military Telegraph, says, "To the statement that, in no case did the enemy ever succeed in deciphering our messages, let us add that neither did any Federal cipher-operator ever prove recreant to his sacred trust, and we have in a sentence two facts that reflect infinite credit upon the corps."

Plum further says that "Colonel Thomas A. Scott, Assistant Secretary of War and General Manager of Military Railroads and Telegraphs, called to his aid four operators from the Pennsylvania Railroad line. These operators reported at Washington on April 27, 1861, travelling *viâ* Philadelphia, Perryville, and Annapolis. Their names were David Strouse, D. H. Bates, Samuel M. Brown, and Richard O'Brien." This was the nucleus of the United States Military Telegraph Corps, which rendered such important service to our government during the civil war. The outlines of the history of that war were sketched by the telegraph.

Strouse was appointed superintendent, Brown was stationed at the Navy-Yard, O'Brien at the Arsenal, and the writer at the War Department, where he remained until after the close of the war as manager and cipher-operator, two of his associates being Mr. Charles A. Tinker and Mr. Albert B. Chandler, who have long occupied high official positions in the commercial telegraph service of the country.

Two cipher-operators were required to be at their post of duty during the daytime, holidays and Sundays not excepted, and, as a rule, until eleven or twelve o'clock at night.

On the fateful night of April 14, 1865, we remained all night for the purpose of transmitting Secretary Stanton's graphic bulletins to the newspapers, giving the details of Lincoln's assassination and of the scenes at his death-bed.

The Federal cipher codes were very simple and yet absolutely secret, arbitrary words being used to represent proper names, and also many ordinary words and military phrases. The words of the

entire body of the despatch, after being concealed in this manner, were then arranged in one of over a thousand possible combinations, the particular combination being indicated by a key-word, and as each combination had several key-words, it was not necessary to use the same one twice in succession. As a feature of the combination blind words were interspersed at regular or varying intervals, which, in translation, were of course discarded. When finally prepared for transmission the despatch was wholly unintelligible to the transmitting or receiving operator, and no case is recalled of the enemy having translated a Federal cipher despatch. On the other hand, many of the rebel cipher despatches, which fell into our hands by capture or through our spies, were translated by our cipher-operators, and thus important military information was secured by our commanding generals.

The rebels, instead of adopting a plan similar to ours, which was at once secret and speedy, made use of the crude plan of transposing the letters of the alphabet in various ways. I remember that when John Wilkes Booth was captured there was found in his vest pocket a copy of the identical alphabet square which formed the basis of many of the rebel ciphers.

In some cases the hieroglyphic plan was adopted by the rebels, and it was this method which was followed in the instances referred to below.

As the chief feature developed by the fortunate translation of these two ciphers was a plot for the seizure by rebel emissaries of two ocean steamers after leaving New York Harbor, it is well to recall that during the latter part of 1863 there was very great excitement in the North occasioned by the activity and aggressiveness of the rebel navy, and by the fact that both England and France were allowing rebel ships to be built and equipped in those countries. The newspapers were full of accounts of damage done to our shipping by the rebels, and it was feared that by means of a sudden dash they might even capture and set fire to one of our seaport cities before suitable help could arrive. Slidell, the rebel envoy, was in Europe trying to secure recognition, and while he did not accomplish this result, he did obtain practical aid and comfort from English and French shipbuilders. Gun-boats, iron-clad rams, and war-ships had been purchased by the rebels, and were already on the high seas, and others were then building in England under the quasi protection of the authorities. Years afterwards, in the Geneva award of $15,000,000, the United States received definite acknowledgment of the fact that England, in allowing the *Alabama* and other rebel war-vessels to be fitted out in English ship-yards, had violated our treaty rights.

The state correspondence between the United States and Great Britain in 1863 shows how serious and critical the conditions were, for on September 4 of that year our minister at London, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, after repeated protests addressed to the British government, received a note from Lord Russell, Prime Minister, stating that "her Majesty's government are advised that they cannot interfere in any way with these vessels" —referring to certain iron-clad rams already completed by the Lairds at Birkenhead, and which were about to sally forth to prey upon our commerce. Minister Adams answered Lord Russell instantly in these words: "It would be superfluous for me to point out to your lordship that this would be war."

In France the situation was equally grave, for Slidell was in close touch with the French cabinet, and especially with Emperor Napoleon, the latter having in a private interview promised that certain iron-clad rams and corvettes, which were building at Bordeaux and Nantes for the rebel navy, should be allowed to sail. The Emperor also gave to the French ship-builders like assurances.

On this side of the Atlantic the capture of the city of Mexico, in June, 1863, by French troops, and the selection, in August, of Prince Maximilian of Austria as Emperor of Mexico, by the hastily convened assembly of notables, were events of grave importance to us, and seemed likely to have an immediate and favorable influence upon the fortunes of the Confederate cause.

Secretary Seward, in September, 1863, instructed Minister Dayton to convey to the French government the views of President Lincoln, which pointed to the maintenance by the United States of the Monroe doctrine even at the risk of ultimate war with France, if the latter persisted in imposing a monarchy upon Mexico.

In October the reply of the French government was received, to the effect that "the sooner the United States showed itself satisfied, and manifested a willingness to enter into peaceful relations with the new government in Mexico, the sooner would France be ready to leave," etc.

This disturbance of our foreign relations was creating intense anxiety in the North, and the public mind was further roused by various movements of rebel vessels, including freebooters and pirates, as well as those acting under regular commission.

For instance, in September, 1863, a plot was laid by the rebels to seize the steamer *Michigan* on Lake Erie, and to make use of her to liberate several thousand rebel prisoners near Sandusky. Fortunately this failed in execution, but attention was strongly drawn to the latent possibilities of such movements, and the newspapers contained daily references to the subject, so that the excitement in the public mind was running high. In December of that year the United States steamer *Chesapeake* sailed from New York for Portland, Maine, and when several days out from land, rebel emissaries, who had shipped as passengers, assaulted the officers and crew, overpowered them, and seized the vessel, which was then headed for the Bay of Fundy. The cruise of these pirates was not continued, however, because some of the crew stole the cargo and decamped.

But a far bolder plot was being hatched in New York city, having for its immediate object the seizure of two large ocean steamers when one or two days out by rebel agents, who were to ship as passengers or crew. The scheme included also the shipment as freight of crates, packages, and hogsheads, ostensibly containing merchandise, but which in reality contained guns, small-arms, ammunition, etc., for the use of the pirates after they had overpowered the loyal crew and obtained control of the ship.

It will be readily seen that, at the time referred to—December, 1863—the seizure of two ocean steamers, and their conversion into privateers, would create dismay and consternation in the North, and would perhaps be followed by the capture of many small craft, merchant vessels, and government transports, and possibly the destruction of some of our seaport cities.

Meantime the rebel government was actually having a large and varied issue of Confederate bonds engraved and printed almost within sight of the old tombstone in Trinity Church Yard, and communications on the subject of such bonds were passing to and fro between the rebel government in Richmond and its agents in New York city, the medium of these communications being the very same hieroglyphics which were carved on that old tombstone nearly one hundred years before.

These deep-laid plots were fortunately revealed to the Federal authorities in time to prevent their fulfilment. The date set for the seizure of the two ocean steamers was Christmas, 1863, and only four days previous to that time the first of the two rebel ciphers was translated by the trio of War Department cipher-operators, and the Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Charles A. Dana, started for New York at 7.30 P.M. the same day to confer with General Dix, and before the date set for the seizure of the ocean vessels the rebel plotters and agents had been spotted, a watch set upon their movements, and within a week they had all been arrested, and millions of rebel bonds seized and destroyed, instead of being used in England and France to help pay for the rebel ships of war then being built in those countries.

The history of these two rebel ciphers is as follows:

They were each enclosed in an envelope addressed to Alexander Keith, Jr., Halifax, Nova Scotia, and were mailed from New York city; the first one being dated December 18, 1863, and the second one four days later.

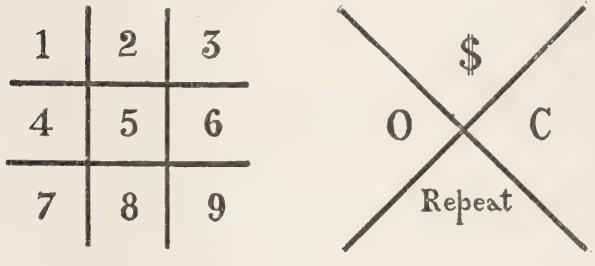
United States Consul Jackson at Halifax had previously reported that Keith was in frequent communication with rebel blockade-runners and with rebel agents in the United States. The mails were therefore being closely watched, and when Abram Wakeman, postmaster, discovered the envelope bearing Keith's address, which was dropped in the New York post-office on December 18, he promptly sent it to the Secretary of War, who, on seeing that the enclosure was in cipher, turned it over to the War Department clerks, who vainly puzzled over the mysterious signs for two days. On the third day the important document was turned over to the telegraph department and

placed in the hands of the trio, who set to work with a determination to do what the War Department clerks had failed in doing.

Horace White, now editor of the New York *Evening Post*, was a clerk in the War Department at that time, and may have tried to solve the puzzle.

In my boyhood days I was for a short period employed in the store of John Horne and Company, Pittsburg, and as one of their cost marks was based upon the thirteen prime characters taken from the two geometrical figures shown below, I was thus able to discern, perhaps more readily than my associates, the slight differences between the several characters of that series.

The basis or foundation referred to is as follows—the Arabic numerals and the dollar and cent mark being shown in their respective places :



By placing a dot in each of the thirteen spaces, all the letters of the alphabet can be represented by the above signs, thus:



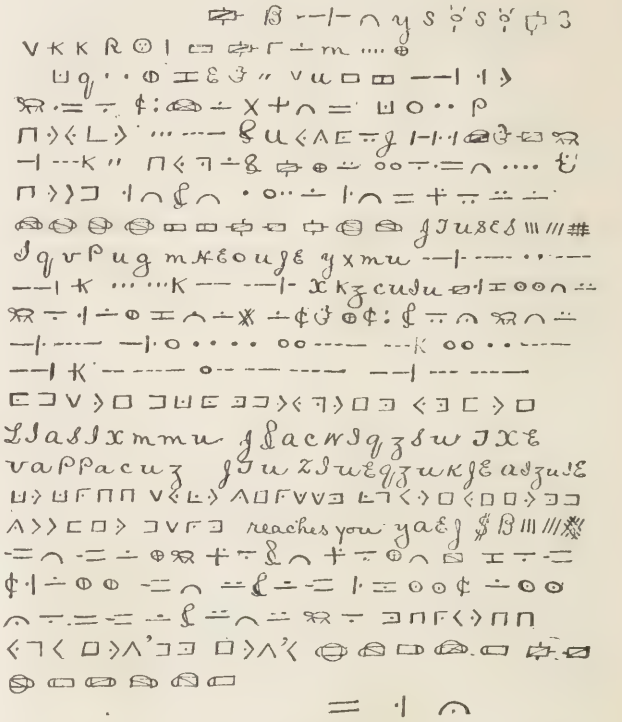
the first thirteen letters being shown without the dot, and the other thirteen with the dot. Thus ⌟ stands for A, ⌟· for B, and so forth.

The close resemblance between these symbols and those on the Trinity tombstone will be readily apparent.

In the rebel cipher letter the two words "*before this*" are represented by signs taken from the series last above shown, and as the letter *e* occurred twice, we followed the clew, but with only limited success.

Meantime my associates had found other clews, there being, in fact, at least ten separate and distinct series of cipher characters used in the Keith letter. Cammack, however, made the vital mistake of confining himself to only one series for any given word. Had he varied the series of symbols, taking the characters from two or more different series to represent each word, the result of our efforts might have been far different. Together we labored for hours, at first with only a few detached words being revealed, but little by little the whole letter was deciphered.

The following is an exact copy, and is all we had to work from:



After we had translated the above hieroglyphics, the following is what appeared:

N Y *Dec* 18 1863

Hon J P Benjamin Secretary of State Richmond Va

Willis is here *The two steamers will leave here about Christmas* Lamar and Bowers left here via Bermuda two weeks ago 12000 rifled muskets came duly to hand and were shipped to Halifax as instructed

We will be able to seize the other two steamers as per programme Trowbridge has followed the Presidents orders We will have Briggs under arrest before this reaches you Cost $2000 We want more money How shall we draw Bills are forwarded to Slidell and rects recd. Write as before

[Signed] J H C

Two days after we had interpreted the first cipher despatch, another one, dated December 22, and also enclosed in an envelope bearing Keith's address, was placed before us, and was quickly translated.

This communication proved to be of almost equal importance, referring as it did to the fact that Confederate notes and bonds were being engraved and printed in New York city.

The second cipher was prepared in the same way as the first, and its translation is as follows:

NEW YORK *Dec* 22 1863

Hon Benj H Hill Richmond Va

DEAR SIR—Say to Memminger [Secretary of the Treasury] that Hilton will have the machines all finished and dies all cut ready for shipping by the first of January The engraving of the plates is superb

They will be shipped via Halifax and all according to instructions

The main part of the work has been under the immediate supervision of Hilton who will act in good faith in consequence of the large amount he has and will receive The work is beautifully done and the paper is superb A part has been shipped and balance will be forwarded in a few days

Send some one to Nassau to receive and take the machines and paper through Florida Write me at Halifax I leave first week in January Should Goodman arrive at Nassau please send word by your agent that he is to await further instructions

Yours truly

(Signed) J H C

The following telegrams to the War Department, during the week following Mr. Dana's visit to General Dix, will show that no time was lost in hunting up the rebel gang and placing them under arrest:

NEW YORK, 1 P.M., *Dec.* 29, 1863.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

I have this morning seen evidence which affords good ground for the belief that the United States . . . . . here is probably in full partnership with the rebel operators of this city. From long personal knowledge of the individual I have no doubt he is perfectly capable of such treasonable conduct.

C. A. DANA.

NEW YORK CITY, *Dec.* 30, 1863.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

The man inside the Bank Note Co. reports that the work is not being done there. He says they are capable of it, and informs me they have a branch establishment at Montreal, and that there is no doubt but the work is being done there.

Send the proper person to Montreal and Rouse's Pt. In my opinion the plates will come through to Albany, and the Western Road to Boston, and by Cunard steamer to Halifax. ROBERT MURRAY, U. S. Marshal.

NEW YORK, 5.30 P.M., *Dec.* 31, 1863.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

I have arrested Hilton, and his partner and foreman, and secured the plates for the rebel bonds, also 5's, 10's, 20's, and 50's, Confederate notes.

I have arrested the lithographer and printer, and taken possession of Hilton's premises, and the lithographer's, and placed a guard over them until the morning, and I have no doubt I shall get the machinery also.

ROBERT MURRAY, U. S. Marshal.

NEW YORK, *January* 1, 1864.

E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

I secured machinery and dies this morning at 2 A.M., together with several millions of dollars in bonds and notes of various denominations. I am after the maker of the machinery, and will get him. From an intercepted letter I learn that Cammack is in Havana.

ROBERT MURRAY, U. S. Marshal.

One result of our successful work in unravelling the rebel ciphers was personal in its character, but not the less interesting to the trio, for on Christmas day General Eckert, our chief, notified us that the Secretary of War had authorized him to make a substantial increase in our salaries from December 1.

Alexander Keith, Jr., the man to whom the rebel cipher despatches were enclosed, continued to act as rebel agent at Halifax until the close of the war, and then disappeared from public view, only to turn up in 1875 as Thomassen, who was blown up on the dock at Bremerhaven, Germany, by an infernal machine, which had been placed in a crate or box of merchandise for shipment to the United States. The supposition at the time was that he was engaged in the nefarious scheme of insuring packages of little value shipped on transatlantic steamers, and one of which at least on each steamer contained an infernal machine, set to operate in mid-ocean and sink the vessel and cargo, Thomassen then collecting his insurance. Not long before his tragic death several ocean vessels, including the *Boston*, had sailed from port never to be heard from again.

My associate in the War Department, Mr. Charles A. Tinker, was ordered to Halifax in the autumn of 1864, to watch Keith's doings, and from his observations it was generally concluded that Keith was capable of any crime in the calendar. Mr. Tinker has told me of his belief in the identity of Keith and Thomassen.

A QUESTION.

BY ETHEL A. IRELAND.

I ASKED the wind for word of him,
The wild west wind that scours the sea;
But all the sky with rain grew dim,
And dead leaves trembled on the tree.

I asked the sea, so still and gray,
Sighing strange secrets o'er and o'er;
But with a moan it stole away,
And left me on the wide, wet shore.

I asked the sea-bird, proud and shy,
The plaintive bird that never sings;
He swoopèd towards me with a cry,
And on a far wave furled his wings.

I asked the moon, the harvest-moon,
Hanging so still in Heaven's high place;
But while I spoke she paled, and soon
Gathered the clouds about her face.

And with a sudden throb I knew
That my poor hope had been in vain;
And round me wept the heavy dew,
And the leaves fell, and sobbed like rain.

A WOMAN WHO LOST HER PRINCIPLES.

BY LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.

TO begin with, Marire was a grandmother. Little Marie—called Marry by her playmates, which was sternly corrected into M'ree whenever her "gramma" heard it—would have proved the fact, even had Marire retained any deceiving relics of youthful freshness; but youth and freshness had long been lacking from the puckered face, with shrewd, kind, saddened eyes, surmounted by an odd buttonlike knot, into which her grizzled hair was tightly drawn at the top of her head.

"Her father—my only son, madame, who died in M'ree's babyhood, as she has doubtless often told you — wanted her called for me, but Dear preferred Marie, because it had more of a sound to it. He's so refined, you know. You'll see him inside; likewise M'ree, unless she has finished her dinner. If you don't object to seeing us at a simple meal, I'll bring you right into the room, madame."

The visitor, whom she nimbly preceded, through mazes of soap-boxes and gasoline-cans and heaps of kindling-wood, toward the door of the inner room, thought she had never seen greater pomposity of manner in a meaner setting. No flaming-liveried English flunky could have announced her entrance into some glittering drawing-room with more impressiveness than that with which Marire ushered her

into the dark, untidy, cook-stove-smelling room, and whispered: "My husband, Mr. Minturn. He's so refined! Cousin of Charles Samuel Minturn, the lawyer." And aloud: "This lady will come in, darling. She is doubtless M'ree's Sabbath-school teacher. No?"—upon a motion of dissent. "Day-school, then?"

"Temperance-school teacher," said the visitor, as Mr. Minturn ceremoniously rose and bowed. Though collarless, and arrayed in a soiled seersucker coat, he was rather handsome, with a high bald forehead, very prominent black eyes, and a white imperial.

"Pray excuse my hot-weather undress," he said. "The thermometer stays at ninety in this room, as you will readily believe. Will you not join us at our meal? Marire, pour a cup of tea for the lady."

The table from which he had just risen looked so uninviting, with its cups of weak drab-colored tea and its steaming soapy potatoes, that the visitor inwardly regretted her spoken regrets that she had recently lunched. But the same fine courtesy which had prompted the offer of the meal ignored any possibility that it could be refused save in a similar spirit. "It's all a body can do to eat one meal, this weather," Mrs. Minturn cordially agreed, wiping her forehead with her apron, "let alone two. In this one room," waving her hand around it, "we are obliged to cook and eat and sleep, owing to the building's having but one story. That accounts for the mussy appearance, which you have doubtless noticed and must excuse. There is a little wing, or shed—I may call it—but we are obliged to use it for M'ree to sleep in. Dear, will you talk to the lady while I call M'ree in from play?"

"No, Marire, I won't," taking her lean arm and pushing her toward the table. "You've been ironing all the morning, and now wanting to run out in the sun. Eat your dinner—I know the lady will excuse you—and I'll bring M'ree in."

He fulfilled his word in a moment, bringing with him a large-eyed child, who giggled in embarrassed delight at the sight of the visitor, and answered all her questions in oppressed monosyllables.

"M'ree likes temp'rance school," said Marire, beaming. "And her grampa and I are very particular about sending her. I want that she should learn to shun the wine-cup."

As a teacher in the temperance school—that odd part of a modern great city's educational system, a pathetic straw put out to stem its sweeping current of crime and sorrow—Miss Way had visited many poor homes, but none whose poverty so grieved, almost frightened, her as this. The squalid beings who sat passive amidst dirt and rags and destitution, with almost the humanity stamped out of them, save a fierce groping animal love for their offspring, seemed to her creatures of another clay. But these Minturns were so terribly like the class she came from, with their careful speech, their gentle manners, their Darby-and-Joan devotion, their striving after the appearances of life—she glanced at the Nottingham lace window-curtains and pillow-shams, and the incongruous brass piano-lamp which stood lank and bare in one corner—and their struggle after independence, of which the grocery-shop, dingy, deserted, depressing little place though it was, spoke with eloquence. Her heart swelled at the thought that she could do at least something to widen the sordid channel into which their lives had been forced, and she had just opened her lips, when Marire spoke, slipping her arm quite simply into her husband's, without any cheap embarrassment:

"Charley dear, can't you take a book and go read in the square? You tended store all morning while I ironed, and it's very confining. Not that anybody came in, either. Dear is so literary in his tastes," she explained to Miss Way; "he is of quite superior family—cousin of Charles Samuel Minturn, the lawyer."

"I know Mr. Minturn—" said Miss Way, somewhat startled.

They both interrupted her at once, and in alarm: "Don't tell him you know us!" "He's lost track of us, as folks do of their poor relations," finished Marire; "but I couldn't bear for him to know we were keeping a corner grocery, and not getting along at that. I always say it's vulgar to be proud when you're poor, but, land sakes! I'm afraid I've a touch of it."

Here M'ree pulled her sleeve and her thoughts in another direction. "Gramma," she inquired, "is Miss Way going to send us to the sea-shore?"

"That's just what I came about," said

Miss Way, briskly, glancing from the pleased smile on the child's face to the suddenly compressed lips of the grandmother. "You are to go on the 11th—I have the tickets with me, and the receipt for the two weeks' board," producing some papers. "You know you applied to the society in good season. Why, can't you go on that date?" for there was a look on Mrs. Minturn's face that gave her pause.

"I'm afraid we can't go at all," said Marire.

"Oh, gramma, why not?" wailed M'ree, and "Why not?" echoed Miss Way, while "Dear" made a third in the chorus: "Marire, what's turned you? Why, a month ago you were all for sea-shore, sea-shore, nothing else talked about."

"I've changed my mind since then," said Marire. Her voice sounded hollow—disappointed—tragic. Her wiry hands closed and unclosed convulsively. Her husband could not believe his ears.

"Marire," he said, in a wounded tone, "can't you at least tell us what 'tis? If it's leaving me, you know I can housekeep for a couple of weeks, and I calculate the store will hold together. And you and M'ree both look peaked—"

"Oh, gramma, I'll be sick, I know I will!" wailed Marie. "Didn't the doctor sign a certiskit for me, and say I needed to be built up? You're a promise-breaker; you're just that!" and she threw herself, choking with grief, flat on the dingy floor, and beat impotently with her small angry heels on a little keg.

"Now don't you sauce your gramma," warned Mr. Minturn. "Get up off the floor and stop making a show of yourself. I don't know what to say to you," he added, awkwardly, to Miss Way; "but, you see, Marire—that is, my wife—Marire and I never took charity before, and I suppose, now it comes to the point, it kind of sticks in her throat. Though why it should, after we'd talked it over and she seemed quite resigned, I don't know—do I, Marire?"

The pale puckered lips—faded petals of what had been a rose-bud mouth—opened for an instant, to close, accompanied by the same nervous movement of the hands; then opened again with abruptness:

"I am extremely sorry, madame. I would explain if it was convenient, but it is—not." She gulped a little, and Miss Way, instead of feeling incensed at encountering another instance of the pathetic, unyielding, perpetually self-defeating pride of the poor, felt a dim regret that she had come, and departing after an exchange of stiff adieux, underwent an equally vague regret in a few moments that she had not staid and argued them down with some kindly common-sense.

M'ree returned to her grovelling position on the floor the instant her teacher's back was turned, and reiterated her intention of being sick. "If I can't be built up, I'll tumble down, I will. All that's kept me from tumbling down this summer has been thinking of the sea-shore. Oh, gramma, and me never seen the ocean! I'm tired of reading about it and looking at pictures of it and bounding countries with it, and never seeing it!"

"You did what you thought was right, gramma, I suppose?" asked Mr. Minturn, wistfully, with a hesitating hand laid on his wife's. Never in her life before had she struck it away with that fierce gesture, and his pained, surprised face melted her to quick remorse, and his arms received her as she threw herself into them as though the two were lovers: "Oh, Charley, dear, don't you be hurt! I don't suppose there's any help for things, so we must just bear and forbear with 'em."

But bearing and forbearing, while they came easily to Marire, came hard, bitterly hard, to her twelve-year-old namesake. First M'ree sulked, then she pined, then she had a little touch of the malarial fever, which always steams up in summer from undrained cellars, uncared-for garbage-heaps, and noisome gutters, even in districts which only tiptoe on the slums, such as that which included the little shop with "C. Minturn, Groceries and Provisions," on its smeary canvas sign.

M'ree's grandmother could scold at sulks, but the slight fever which made the doctor prescribe "a trip out of the city, if possible," threw her in a panic. So Miss Way was surprised, and in her heart more gratified than she deemed it sensible to show in her face, when M'ree dragged a thin little body and wan face, under a Sunday hat whose roses as well as its ribbons had been ironed out, to the by no means pretentious residence of her teacher, to ask her,

"Oh, Miss Way, when does temperance school begin?"

"The third Saturday in September. Haven't you the announcement card?"

"Yes, 'm." Then, while Miss Way wait-

ed, "Oh, Miss Way, did you know day school began on the 10th of September?"

"Yes, Marie; so I saw by the papers."

More waiting on the part of Miss Way, while the straw hat, with its bristling orange roses like imitation suns, wagged uncomfortably with the weight of thought beneath it. Marire had impressed it on her messenger that she was to approach her subject gradually and introduce it carelessly. So when Miss Way finally asked, "Was that all you came to see me about?" M'ree coughed a little, coyly, as she had seen her grandmother do, and announced:

"Well, Miss Way, the fack is—the facks are"—stumbling a little on the grammatical pitfalls of her grown-up phrase—"gramma sent me to inquire, if you please, Miss Way, couldn't they send me to the sea-shore alone? I know you said they couldn't, but gramma sent me to ask, Miss Way."

When Miss Way, holding the trembling, eager little girl by one hand, arrived, within ten minutes, at the door of the little grocery, Marire was on her knees by the step scrubbing. M'ree uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Grampa don't like her to do that one bit," she said. "He says I'm young and strong and can do it—and so I can, but I forget just awful."

But "grampa's" aspect was altered in some way so indefinable that for a moment Miss Way could not analyze it. Like many of the best people in the world who labor against its deepest-rooted evil, she did not know her enemy well by sight. Mr. Minturn stood with his back against a barrel of kindling-wood, eying his wife, his grandchild, and their visitor morosely. The contrast with his usual suave manner was sharp. He grunted unpromisingly in answer to Miss Way's salutation, and the temperance teacher felt herself suddenly dragged rather than guided into the shop. "You forgot to order onions, Pet," said Marire's voice, more tremulous and rapid than usual. "Go and get some, there's a love. Do, now," she urged, her face working somewhat. In Miss Way's ear she whispered, in the same swift tremolo: "Please be so obliging as not to notice him, madame. This is not usual with him—oh, very unusual! He's so refined when he's himself." Both women shrank back a little as, without deigning any answer to his wife's entreaty, he strode past them to the doorway of the little dining-room, and there addressed Miss Way:

"You've come to take 'em away to the shore? That's right. Do 'em both good. Do me good too. Marire wants a change from watching me like a hungry dog watches a bone. When women get old and ugly, seems as if all they're good for is watching and nagging."

"That is what I want to speak about," began Miss Way, hurriedly, with cheeks flaming for a fellow-woman's pain and shame. She did not look at Marire, or at anything save M'ree's big, uncomprehending eyes. "Marie gave me your message, and I am very sorry, Mrs. Minturn"—a dawning realization of the state of affairs lending sincere emphasis to the words—"that it is against the rules of the Sea-shore Home to admit children without guardians. You can see it wouldn't do. They cannot take the responsibility, especially of a girl of Marie's age."

"But M'ree is so good," said poor Marire. "I never let her go with coarse, rude girls in the street, but keep her mostly with her grampa and me. Have you noticed, her language is so refined, madame?"

"I'm going after those onions," said her husband, abruptly, before Marie's teacher could answer. "Here, Marie, what are you gaping around for, instead of finishing the steps your gramma was down on her poor old knees scrubbing? Run along!" and she fled from under his rough hand with the fleet gait and frightened face of a child who is not used to being struck. As he slouched away and out of sight, without a backward look, Marire, who had borne his taunts with stanch dignity, suddenly threw her dark apron up to her face.

"Always that!" she said, in a stifled voice. "Always thinking of me, and loving of me, even when he's saying hard things, and never that unless he's been to the—the corner." Miss Way knew that the distracted flick of her hand indicated the establishment diagonally opposite, opulent in colored glass and bright-stained woods and elaborate brass-work, across whose threshold whoever passed trod, it is safe to say, on the heart of some woman.

"Now you know," continued Marire, still in the same stifled tone behind the

dark gingham curtain, "why I can't go. I hoped you'd think it was pride, or me being afraid M'ree would mix with bad children and learn bad ways. It ain't either!" relapsing in her despair out of the "refined" vocabulary in which she had been at such pains to imitate her husband. "It's that Charley, that used to detest the — corner — as much as me and M'ree, and would no more think of going in—Charley's starting in to drink, and I don't dare leave him. You don't know anything about drinking," she pursued, clinching her lean hands together. "You think you do; and you're all right to teach temperance to M'ree, for she don't know anything about it either. She thinks her grampa's sick, these spells. *I* know about drinking! My father drank, and my two brothers, and night after night of my life they'd come home queer and ugly, just as Charley does. If Charley were to strike me, as they used to, times, I think I would die. I can't leave him, for M'ree or anybody else, and I can't let him see why I stay, for he's that sensitive it would make him sad, and I can't bear to see Dear sad. When he's himself, you have seen for yourself how elegant and considerate he is."

"I suppose it is as bad for your business as it is distressing to your mind," said Miss Way, at a loss for more delicate words in which to convey the lesson she felt it her duty to enforce. The quick blood rose resentfully in Marire's sunken cheeks.

"Don't you believe it!" she cried, indignantly. "Some people lose their living because of it, I'm not denying, but that's not Charley! All the years we were married he never did it, till now he does it to drown his disappointment. Maybe if I'd been brought up refined the same as Dear, and been disappointed again and again in business, until I come 'most to starving, 'cept that you can't starve in a grocery-store, I'd drink too; though I hope not, for my principles are strong—strong as his used to be. Oh!" — with a sudden choking sob—"don't you coax me to go, for I can't care if I get sick, or even if M'ree gets sick, for I've got to stay and save my husband from going to ruin, if anybody can. Don't let M'ree come in and coax me either, for I can't bear it."

The atmosphere of the greater tragedy which had been unfolded to her inexperienced eyes hung so closely and darkly upon Miss Way that she did not see the lesser, but no less real, one written in M'ree's eyes, brimming with hope, which she raised as the teacher passed out. "See!" she cried, from her knees before the door-step, which fairly blazed with cleanliness. "I'll bring some sand home from the sea-shore and scour it whiter'n ever. You've fixed it with gramma, haven't you, Miss Way?"

Alas for Miss Way! Her mind was a human one and narrow-built, incapable of considering more than one outside sorrow at a time. Happy the mind which can consider that one! Her puzzled young brows frowned all the gladness out of M'ree. "I wouldn't bother grandma about that now," she said, absent-mindedly.

But M'ree, thus lightly dismissed by her elders, was experiencing, and most acutely, the great primal pang of sentient existence—that one cannot dismiss one's self. Marire, in her earlier hopeful mood, had painted glorious bubble pictures of the much-talked-of sea-shore, till the child had sincerely looked forward to a place which was a combination of heaven, as described in the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the Sunday-school books, the tropical zone, as set forth in an enthusiastic scarlet-bound gift-book on *Life in Torrid Climes*, and New York city, as a travelled schoolmate of untrammelled imagination had depicted it. With her grandmother usually crying and her grandfather usually cross, her sharp young elbows wearing through her Sunday dress and no other coming to replace it, life grew so thorny to M'ree that when, near the close of the month, she broke her arm by falling down the dark cellarway, she was positively pleased. It was not a serious fracture, necessitating only two or three days in bed; and during those days, while her grandmother sat with an anxious, ever-puckered face by her side, and Miss Way brought her flowers and a charlotte-russe, she was certain of doing one of two things, she did not care which — dying and going to heaven, or living and going to the sea-side. The doctor said he had never seen such resignation. It was not resignation; it was exultation, especially when he said, briskly, "Now if you can get her away—" and left the sentence unfinished.

Miss Way fairly started, on coming



"'ALWAYS THAT!' SHE SAID IN A STIFLED VOICE."

down to her summer-darkened parlor one day to receive two visitors, to see that both were dressed for a journey, and that M'ree clutched a battered valise.

"We are going, madame," said Marire, with her customary dignity, but an ashen pallor on her cheeks. Her tone was solemn, hushed, portentous, as if announcing that an irrevocable die had been cast. "I have out and told Dear what obstacle stood in the way of M'ree and me taking that little pleasure-trip; I've made that sacrifice, Miss Way. He was overcome, poor boy; no more nor less than overcome; and he's promised in the name of the day we were married, and Marie's poor dear father's grave, and I don't know what all, to stay away from—the corner—till we come back. Oh, the Lord send he keeps to it! He wept, Miss Way; he wept tears, and he said: 'I'm getting old and tired, Marire, and the struggle for existence'—he always expresses himself so well, you know—'is getting so close, and the business don't pay, and there's not much taste to anything any more, and so I'm tempted. But I'll try to keep out of it till you come back. I love you, Marire,' my husband says to me," her voice breaking a little, "'and I won't be a stumbling-block in the way of your sea-shore.'"

"But I don't know that I can get you off this way, without a moment's notice," cried Miss Way, between laughter and tears. She did know, however, even as she spoke the words, for she was resolved that this toil-worn woman, who was tired too from the struggle for a tasteless existence, and yet refrained even from being tempted, should have her little holiday, though all the charitable red tape in the universe were broken through.

Once afloat on the river, however, in the huge puffing steamboat which was to bear them to their destination, the grandmother of M'ree cast all her care to the ocean breeze, which, though but a few miles out of the city, she declared she could already scent. She came out in an entirely new character, which amazed M'ree, while it rather frightened her; for surely gramma would lose her balance if she leaned that perilous distance over the deck railing, or be brought into unpleasantly emphatic contact with the big pillars as she skipped as lightly as a girl from spot to spot, from fore to aft, pointing out to her companion, with great interest and

rather less accuracy, the various places they passed. A withered witch in a folk-tale, who had brewed herself a potion to restore youth, could scarcely have lost wrinkles and gained animation more rapidly with the passing moments than did Marire, whose excitement won the fleeting but kindly attention of every passenger.

"That summer garden there wasn't built or thought of when your grampa and I sojourned to the sea-shore together," she said to M'ree, illustrating with her forefinger. "I want you to promise me, M'ree, that you will never go to one of those places, for I consider them highly injurious. Dear and I had only been married a little while then, and everything seemed so new—so new. We have never took—I should say taken—such a journey since."

"It must be lovely to be a bride," sighed M'ree, overwhelmed at the thought of the years of deprivation between twelve and twenty.

"It depends on who you're bride to," said her grandmother, judicially. "Husbands like your grampa—so refined always, and so devoted — don't grow on every bush. Even your poor dear father and your poor dear mother, M'ree, wasn't so happy—" She suddenly stopped.

"I wonder what grampa's doing now?" was Marie's next remark—fatal in its innocence. Marire started as though some evil insect had stung her. The gray shade that had fallen from her face passed over it again; the Elixir of Youth was ebbing from her veins, leaving, if anything, deeper traces of age and toil than before.

"Why did you mention the subject, M'ree?" Her hands became tremulous, her voice almost querulous. "What should he be doing but tending to the store, and working hard for you and me, as he always does?"

In her mind's eye she saw a brilliant, baleful eye of light blinking defiance to her over the low swinging door that women so hate—a cruel magnet for the well-meaning, wavering feet of her dearest hope and pride. "He promised me about it," she said to herself, in defiance of that defiance. "I don't remember that I ever asked Dear to promise me anything before, and he would surely keep it for a week."

When brought face to face with the monotonous strip of shell-strewn sand, with a vast, incomprehensible, noisy sea lapping at its farthest ledge, Marie's face grew grave, almost reproachful. While not prepared to acknowledge herself disappointed, she was reserving her judgment on a place which had not as many blades of grass as grew between two pavement bricks at home, and where the ocean which played so important a part in geography lessons spent its time in a capricious game of "catch-me-tag," with no more substantial purpose than to deposit a line of soapsuds on the shore, then retreat.

As her grandmother and she undressed in the tiny cubby-hole which, to Marire's deep gratification, was granted them instead of a "charity dormitory," she asked, in tones of disapproval, "How long have we got to stay here, gramma?"

Marire, the wife of her husband, felt her heart leap with hope, even as she answered, with some sternness: "A week at least, child. Less than that would be ungrateful and disgraceful. Don't you think you'll enjoy yourself, M'ree?" All the while her heart was singing, "Charley! Charley! I'm coming right back to take care of you, Dear!"

But the colors of the next day were as different as they always are. Sleep had blotted out the vividness of M'ree's towering ideals, and she was content, like other children, to take the sea-shore as it was. And there were other girls of her own age, to whom the same gracious charity had given a week's pleasure—girls whom her anxious grandmother could approve as her companions.

But while Marie raced and waded, and shouted and laughed, and forgot to take any care of the arm which she still wore in a sling, the gray shade on the face of Marire deepened and deepened. It was no use, she told herself, dejectedly. She couldn't be happy here without Dear, even if it was safe to leave him, with every minute bringing some reminder of their never-to-be-forgotten bridal journey. And every minute brought, too, the conviction that it was not safe to leave him.

"It ain't just the drinking," she told herself, pacing distractedly up and down the beach. "He does that when I'm home, more's the sorrow. But with so many bad, quarrelsome men as go to the—the corner, and gasoline-barrels in the cellar, and all—oh, anything might happen to my husband, and I b'lieve something will, if I don't go to him right quick."

That second night was too much for her. Close upon ten o'clock she rose from her bed, resolved, yet trembling. Marie's browned cheek was pressed tightly to the pillow in the heavy sleep of tired childhood. Her grandmother allowed no stirrings of remorse for the possible curtailment of the child's holiday to turn her. Charley was important. Other things were trifles.

"They won't have the heart to send her home, with that arm in a sling," she murmured, as she rapidly dressed, "before the week's up. Anyway, if they do, she will have one more day than if I took her along. They'll take care of her if I leave her, but there's nobody to take care of Darling if I leave him any more."

The quiet household put out its lights at nine. Mercifully for Marire, a forgotten dead-latch made her egress from a side door of the building easy. The railway station was not far from the Home, and she was seated in the train and with several miles start on her journey before the conductor's curt refusal of her boat ticket, with "Issued by the Fresh-Air Charity" stamped right across it, awakened her to realities.

"But I must go to the city." She had started up with terror in her eyes. "I've a dollar: won't that do? I've got to go to my husband, I tell you," and she wrung her hands till the worn old wedding-ring cut into her worn old fingers.

"Is he dying?" asked a fellow-passenger, in hushed tones, with his fingers straying near his pocket.

"Maybe he is," fairly sobbed Marire, her nerve completely gone. "I don't know just what is wrong; but I must get home to him, or I'll die myself." In perfect apathy she watched the liberal-hearted passenger hand the price of her fare to the conductor, who passed on with an appeased nod; and she, on whose pride every cent of alms-money would ordinarily have burned like molten iron, scarcely thanked him, but sat motionless through the rest of the journey, her furrowed forehead bowed against the ledge of the seat before her, her distracted fancy roving through a vale of terrors. The presentiment of evil had been strong that had urged her at once passive and practical nature into a step so sudden and irrational. With every whirling moment came the deeper conviction that Dear had not merely broken his vow of sobriety, but that some awful calamity had overtaken him in consequence of her desertion.

Eleven o'clock, a lively hour in the slum district proper, or improper, is a quiet one on its border-lines of narrow streets, where shabby gentility struggles against squalor. On Marire's street the only wakeful thing was the great wicked winking eye of light over the stained-glass transom of the saloon, which had shone across a State to light her distracted footsteps home. *To what?* She sobbed aloud, and shook her fist vindictively at its swinging door, yet did not stop and listen, crouched on the sill, for Charley's voice, as she had often done before. The presentiment to whose leadings she had delivered herself urged her onward to the sunken little one-story shop, whose white awning sign, fluttering in the dim moonlight, put her in mind of a shroud.

Just as she pushed open the unlocked door, however, a sound from within arrested her worst fears. It was a groan. A groan such as could only come from a sick and anguished heart; but yet—

"Oh, dear and good Lord, he's living!" wept Marire—the words turning cold on her lips, however, as her eyes followed the pale ray of light from the bowed shutter of the store window. It was not the place itself, unutterably sad and squalid and desolate in its disorder, its poverty, its half-empty cobwebby shelves, and unreplenished jars and boxes. It was not even the grizzled head bowed on the counter, which had been raised at her entry, to regard her with heavy, startled eyes. It was a faintly glittering object which lay on the counter beside him, whose sinister outlines there was no mistaking even in the dimness. Marire shrieked, and sprang to drag it from him, but he closed his hand jealously on the cold steel.

"What are you coming back for, Marire?" he muttered, hoarsely.

"Oh, my God, he's broke his word, and he's not himself!" cried Marire, still struggling desperately with the witness of her eyes to the reality of that terrible object on the counter.

"No, I've not broken my word." He spoke dully at first, then with a sudden vehemence. "I've not drunk a drop since you left town; but, by Heaven! I'd have had to to-night if I hadn't chosen—this—instead. No, don't interrupt me, Marire; my mind's made up. I couldn't hold out any longer; I can never pick up and re-



"SHE KNELT AT HER HUSBAND'S FEET."

form, for all your staying home in the world, and I won't be a drag and a curse to you any longer."

"A curse!" Marire could say no more.

"Yes, I am. You didn't dare to leave me—you wouldn't ever dare to leave me—for fear I'd begin it all again, just as I seemed safe. What brought you back here so early from your one little trip away you had counted on so much? *I* know. It wasn't that you didn't like the place; it was because something said to you, 'Charley's been drinking again!'"

"Oh, I wish he had been drinking!" She wrung her hands over and over in a helpless panic of fear. The sight of that grisly weapon on the counter, the tone of impassive determination in his voice, nearly drove her mad. "When you weren't—yourself—you spoke ugly to me. You didn't care whether you were a curse to me or not. Oh, isn't there any one can stop him?"

"Marire," he said, in the same cold, firm tones, as she turned to open the door, "you can call somebody in if you like, and get the whole thing in the paper, our names and all"—Marire's strength sunk in her—"but it won't do any good, for I'll do it some other way, some other time. I'm tired of drinking, I tell you, and I'm tired of living; and I've got to do one if I do the other. Maybe if I kept on living and drinking I'd even get tired of you, Marire, like other men do—" The first quiver came in his voice.

"Oh, Charley, my dear, darling love!" She had thrown her arms desperately around his neck. Her lined cheek lay against his gray locks, and one shaking hand withheld his from the dreaded thing on the counter. "Stay and be tired of me; I don't care if you do. I'd rather have you drinking than not have you at all. Why, I've *got to* have you! I've lost my principles. I want you anyway. Oh, Charley!" as his body, emaciated from semi-starvation, and the still more awful deprivation of his accustomed stimulant, swayed backward out of her arms in a sort of swoon. "Somebody come! My husband's fainted!" she screamed; and before the words were out of her mouth, and two passers-by hastily pushed

in through the door, she had arranged a desperate plan.

"To the saloon!" she said, hoarsely, anticipating their question "Where shall we carry him?" as they raised the spare figure in their arms. Charley Minturn opened bewildered eyes upon Marire, walking very straight and stern-eyed at the side of the two astonished-looking men, who were half dragging, half carrying him into a place which seemed strangely, loathsomely familiar. Its fierce lights beat into his eyes; its thousand stenches nearly suffocated him. But his wife gave him no time for questions or retreat. Watched half fearfully by all the men in the place, especially by the barkeeper, to whom the presence of a woman in the room always meant trouble, she dragged the half-stupefied man forward with the abrupt demand,

"Give him something to make him drunk."

"How?" said the barkeeper.

"Give him something to drink—beer, spirits, anything. Quick! I've got the money!" as he hesitated.

"No, no, Marire." The man's voice was low and agonized. "I'm tired of drinking. Oh, don't let me see it!" beseechingly. "Where are your principles?"

"I've lost my principles," she said, stonily. "I'd rather lose anything in the world than you. When he was drunk"—in explanation to the man at the counter—"he never talked of killing hisself. He had his spirits. I want his spirits kept up. Here, Charley dear," and she pushed toward him a half-empty glass which stood on the counter. The barkeeper, who had not made the least motion in obedience to her command, watched the strange scene in perfect silence—the two pallid faces with their burning eyes gazing into each other; the trembling hand which pushed the goblet of temptation nearer and nearer; the trembling hand which warded it away.

"I never thought to see you tempt—me—Marire," said her husband, brokenly. The muscles of his face were hard with anguish. "I won't give in; I'm done with everything—drinking and all." He swayed heavily again, as if age had come suddenly to him. The glass fell from Marire Minturn's fingers with a light tinkle, which somehow sounded louder in the strained silence than a thunder-clap, and its dark contents crawled like thick blood in the sawdust strewn on the floor. It stained the decent black of Marire's best gown as she knelt at her husband's feet, with her arms clasping his knees.

"Charley," she gasped, in a voice of spent strength, "can you hold out against me, Marire, your beloved wife, a-begging and praying you on her knees to drink it and forget what's troubling you?"

"I must, Marire," almost in a whisper.

Two men—the rescuers of the would-be suicide, one of whom still carried the captured revolver—rose, as if suddenly sickened, and left the room—arrested, however, at the doorway by the swift change in the tone of the woman, who, springing to her feet, cried, excitedly:

"Then you've got no reason to kill yourself, Charley Minturn! If you can hold out against me a-tempting you, can't you hold out against yourself, or anybody in the world? Oh, Charley, my dearest darling boy, you didn't think of that, did you?" and all the tears her tense agitation had held back came with one mighty gasp, as her husband's arms enfolded her, and he murmured in her ear some words no one present could hear, and no one wanted to hear. The barkeeper had turned his face away, and the few other men who still lingered had not the courage to look at the gray-headed man and woman, who, closely clinging to each other, walked out of the garish-lighted, evil-smelling, frowzy room, with the triumphant step of a bridal couple passing from the altar with new vows on their lips. Almost immediately with their departure the great eye of prismatic light over the saloon doorway was suddenly extinguished, the hour when the law commanded its short sleep to begin having arrived. There seemed something symbolic in the incident. As the two men by the doorway moved slowly off in the pale pure moonlight which was lighting Marire and her husband home, one said to the other,

"Think that was what she was driving at?"

"Naw. She didn't know what she was drivin' at. She was half crazy, and the thought just come to her; that was all."

"Think he'll be drinking again?" mused the first speaker. "No? What makes you know?"

"I don't know; I'm just sure. Reason is, I don't feel as if I'll be drinking myself in a hurry—not after to-night."

A STUDY OF A CHILD.

BY LOUISE E. HOGAN.

PSYCHOLOGISTS, physicians, and educators have for many years been seeking opportunity to study individual records of children.

Dr. Sully tells us that the greatest desideratum to-day for practical results in child-study is the study of individual children as they may be approached in the nursery; that environment, heredity, and methods of education should all be noted in relation to the child in question. In view of the fact that children as well as their environments differ very widely, he says we need to know much more about these variations, that there is no substitute for the careful, methodical study of the individual child, and that the *co-operation of the mother is indispensable*, as the knowledge of others never equals that of the mother. He predicts that women will become valuable laborers in this new field of investigation if they will only acquire a genuine scientific interest in babyhood and a fair amount of scientific training. He indicates the necessity of *careful* training in observation, because a child is very quick to see whether he is being observed; and as soon as he suspects that you are especially interested in his talk, he is apt to try to produce an effect. The wish to say something startling or wonderful will, it is obvious, detract from the value of the utterance.

Susan Blow says, pertinently, "notwithstanding all that has been said and written about conforming to the different stages of natural development, we still make knowledge an idol, and continue to fill the child's mind with foreign material, under the gratuitous assumption that at a later age he will be able, through some magic transubstantiation, to make it a vital part of his own thought. But glaring as are our sins of commission, they pale before our sins of omission; for while we are forcing upon the child's mind knowledge which has no roots in his experience, or calling upon him to exercise still dormant powers, we refuse any aid to his spontaneous struggle to do, and learn, and be that which his stage of development demands"—thus killing the creative activity, the absence of which in later life we deplore and endeavor to recreate. It is true that it is the exceptional mother or teacher to-day who takes up this question in any but a superficial manner, but it is not too much to hope that the day will come, and that very soon, when the practical results of the science of child-study will have permeated every home of intelligence, kindergarten, and school, and when mother, nurse, kindergartner, and primary-school teacher will work hand in hand, without stepping over the line forbidden for normal physical development. From a foundation like this should arise a nation of people possessing such marked individuality and productive capability as would conclusively demonstrate the value of the work that has been done.

This field, which, as Dr. Preyer pointed out, has been lying open for hundreds of years, has been little trodden, and is therefore virtually new. The chief workers have been Comenius, Pestalozzi, Rousseau, Froebel, Herbart, Horace Mann, and finally Preyer, whose work in individual child-study, with Darwin, is widely known. Similar work is now being done by Sully, Harris, Baldwin, Stanley Hall, and many others.

In a letter of singular charm which I received recently from Dr. Preyer, he says: "Since fifteen years, when the first German edition of my book on *The Mind of the Infant* was published, I have wished that a lady, after having studied the work done, would let a child develop itself naturally and without continually interfering with Mother Nature. I actually brought my boy up in this way, and he is always happy. The boy you have observed seems to have been educated in a similar way; I feel nearly sure we are sailing carefully but with energy in exactly the same direction. I think the wish I mentioned will soon be fulfilled by you to my heart's content. Mind you do not go too deep into psychology —controversies would spoil the effect of your observations, which in many cases may serve as a practical guide without any commentary. . . . When some years ago I was often asked to write a popular nursery psychology with my pedagogical

rules, I always answered that such a manual must be written by a mother who has not intrusted her baby to nurses, but brought it up and thoroughly studied it lovingly herself, and I added that I would help any lady who would undertake the lengthy but very pleasant work." The recent and much lamented death of Dr. Preyer adds special significance to these words, and they illustrate very clearly the comprehensive character of the work to which his life was given.

Seven years ago, following suggestions such as these, I began to observe a child systematically, endeavoring to keep constantly in view the fact that he was but one of many, and taking no liberty of expression whatever beyond recording facts. The child referred to was trained under what might be called the Pestalozzian principle of letting alone with unconscious supervision, in a carefully guarded environment which supplied a great number of centres of interest that were full of indirect suggestion. No formal teaching of any kind was allowed until the end of the sixth year, but all questions were carefully answered, and effort was made to see that the answers were clearly understood. Servants were instructed to refer him to his parents for answers to all questions they did not themselves comprehend, and sufficient supervision was given to see that these directions were followed. All baby talk was forbidden, and great care was taken to enunciate distinctly. Surroundings were carefully planned to meet the growing needs of the child from the moment he began to notice things. The record is therefore one of spontaneous development of self-activity, produced as a result (1) of suggestion based upon a carefully considered environment, (2) of accurate and sympathetic explanation given only when asked for, and (3) of carefully graded steps that were taken one at a time. Self-restraint upon the part of the parent or teacher is a necessity when developing children, in order to prevent giving more information than the child can absorb.

Whilst the gradual development of an infant during its first year may be of great interest to both scientist and mother, the quaint and fanciful tangents of a child's self-activity during the years following closely upon infancy are the most absorbing to the general reader, and for this reason the following selections have been made as illustrative of various stages of unconscious growth, and as not altogether of simply scientific interest.

Again following Dr. Preyer's suggestion, the extracts are given as originally written, with but occasional comment, leaving the reader to read between the lines and draw his own conclusions.

RECORD.

April 11, 1891.—Fourteen months old. I was reading aloud from *Punch and Judy*, which is fully illustrated, when I came to the place where Punch says, "Oh, my nose, my best Sunday nose!" Harold touched his nose, then bent over and touched mine, and leaning his head against my shoulder, screwed up his face in a grin and laughed loud twice in succession. The book was given to him when he was a year old, and ever since receiving it he has shown great delight when he sees the picture where Punch and Judy are turning their faces to each other, and Judy says, "Punchy, wunchey, dear old Punchy." Harold always laughs aloud when he sees this, and at any time of the day or night I need but say the words to make him laugh. Once I whispered them to him in the middle of the night when he was restless, and he laughed loud, was diverted for the moment, turned, and fell asleep.

(The record shows to present date that he is keenly alive to fun, and advantage of the fact was often taken for diverting him from what might otherwise have proved a source of trouble.)

About this time he learned what "no, no," meant. A cover that was used for a water-pail in the room next to his seemed to attract him very much on account of a hole in its centre, through which we would occasionally find him poking his fists. One day he was found there pretending to wash his hands. We then began to take him away from it and say "No, no," doing it quietly but persistently. One day nurse and I followed him at intervals no less than twenty times to do this, as a matter of experiment, to find out whether he could learn what "inevitable" meant. Frequently he seemed to understand what we were trying to do, for he would often run away from us and go directly there, as if in a spirit of mischief, look at us and laugh as he stood there, whilst at other times he would walk up to it gravely,

stand there, shake his head, and say, "No, no." We had the same experience with a linen-closet, the lower shelf of which had a little door, which he could pull open very easily, and the lock of which we often found him examining very intently. (The record shows a keen interest in mechanics.) We would find him sitting before the closet, door open, and all the clean towels scattered about him. He seemed to take a special delight in rumpling them. We took him away every time, saying, "No, no; they belong to mamma." He soon understood that this too was forbidden ground. From this date we began systematically to teach him to consider the rights of others, and to touch nothing that did not belong strictly to himself.

(The record shows that this was carried out unfailingly, but without severity in order to keep the child fearless, and results recorded show complete success in the effort.)

A few days after the first experience with "no, no," he ran away from us through two rooms, going directly to the water-pail, crowing all the way as though he thought he would get there before we could catch him. He did get there, and laughed as if he did it for fun, stood and waited for nurse to take him away, when he went without a struggle.

He has begun dancing when he hears the street organs, but only when he hears a suitable rhythm.

(When seven years old he showed a marked sense of rhythm, and although he had received very little musical instruction, he then picked out very pretty harmonies.)

April 16, 1891.—He has had blocks for some time, but he began to build with them to-day for the first time of his own accord, placing five or six on top of each other with great care and precision.

The words he has tried to say since November, when he was nine months old, are as follows, given in their order of acquirement: "oh;" "mammam;" "hab'em;" "gib'em;" "ups-a-da-da;" "wow-wow;" "bow-wow;" "ba" and "ba-ba" for papa; "by-by;" "ssss" (which he says to dogs, cats, etc., pointing his finger at them as he says it); "cock" for clock; "ga" for cat; "rub-a-dub-dub." He also imitated the crowing of a cock so well one day when in the country that the cock answered, and it became a favorite pastime during the week's visit.

May, 1891.—He said "out" distinctly to-day. He has said "outs" for some time, but we could not discover what he meant until this month, when we heard him say it when he stuck himself with a pin. We then traced the connection between his expression and a word used by one of the servants, "ouch," and had a practical demonstration of the influence of an uneducated servant upon a child learning to talk, for it took a long time and much patient effort to teach him to drop this expression.

August 17, 1891.—When he awoke this morning he said "door," pointing to it. Then he pointed to the bell, and said to a servant, "Bridyet, door-bell ringing."

This was his first attempt at connecting words in a sentence of any length. He is now eighteen months old. He sleeps soundly; it appears as if he does not want to wake, for whenever he is disturbed he seems annoyed, not exactly cross, and falls asleep again as quickly as he is let alone. I have noticed that when he is well and eats a light early supper he sleeps soundly. The least indiscretion at his supper-time, or too much excitement after five o'clock, invariably causes restlessness. He still says "puddy" for pussy; says "peep-oh," and plays it on the slightest provocation; grows more affectionate every day; runs up and touches me, lays his head or hands against me, and says "bavy" in a long-drawn-out tone of affection that is indescribable.

(The record shows this same habit, later on, when he would say to his mother, in the same manner, "mommie's pwecious boy," or "mommie's sootheart," or "poppie's darlin'.")

September 24, 1891.—To-day he said "water" instead of "wat." He also said "Tottie" for Topsy, his dog's name.

October 8.—He said "han," then "fan," to-day for fan.

October 18.—He wanted to sit on a chair that had a towel on it. He brought it to me, saying "towel" distinctly, for the first time.

From October 1 *to* 21.—He said "cushy" for cushion; "neeze" for sneeze, and at the same time imitated a sneeze he heard; "baa-baa," when looking at a picture of sheep; "goose;" "choo-choo-walk-carry-papa," all in one sentence, when his father went to town one morning, and he

seemed very anxious to go with him; "scissors;" "fork;" "poon" for spoon; "Gacky" for Jacky; "Tossy" for Topsy; "Bahdee," the name of a friend's cat which we were taking care of at the time.

October 19.—He said "hat" and "cuckoo" in one sentence on seeing a picture of the child N., who lived in a house containing the cuckoo-clock, because the child N. had his hat on in the picture. He said "hanger" for hammer. Said "wet" for the first time.

October 20.—Said "winnow" for window, "coach," and "horsey-moo." Said "moo" to a cow, also. Whenever he hears the door-bell ring he says "bell." One day recently the electrician was here to repair the bell. He was very much interested, and watched him closely. Later in the day he said to a servant, "Bishy, stairs bell wats" (meaning watch). To-day he reached for his tooth-brush, and said, "Toot-broush"—he now says "broush" instead of "bruh," as he did at first. Said "baksy" for basket; "pitty" for pretty.

When he gets cross and cries, we say "No, no, pretty," and he repeats "pitty," and clears his face at once, many a time looking up at us smiling, with tears still in his eyes.

(The record shows conclusively how suggestion and diversion always conquered, where opposition with his temperament would no doubt have failed.)

November, 1891.—He counted 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, to-day, voluntarily. Some time ago his nurse counted a few cards for him, saying, 1, 2, 3, 4; he at once picked up 3, 4, saying "fee" for three, and ever since he has called his cards "fee, fours."

When we count them for him now, he says six as soon as we say five; also ten after we say nine. To-day, instead of repeating or counting with us, he said the above numbers himself—*i. e.*, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9.

(The record shows exceptional interest in numbers later on.)

To-day, when hearing a baby cry, he said, "Poor bavy!"

(When but five months old he would cry also when he heard another baby cry, and at seven the same tendency existed.)

December 1, 1891.—This evening he saw some one blow smoke rings from a cigar, and he said, "Big ring; noder one," when begging for more. At one o'clock in the night he waked, and said immediately, "Big ring; noder one," in a perfectly natural way, as if there had been no interval.

January 1, 1892.—Nearly two years old. He discovered letters on his milk-bottle this evening, when he held it up empty between himself and the gas-light. One of the words on the bottle had a double O in it. He pointed to one, said "O," then pointed to the next and said "Noder one," then cried out, delightedly, "Dubble U," meaning W. Then he found D, S, K, and I, and repeated each as if glad to see it. He now counts correctly from 1 to 14.

To-day he wanted to take a dust-pan to bed with him when he took his nap. I took it away, saying, "No, no." He kicked and screamed, but I took no notice of it. At last he said, "Too bad; shame!" after a fashion his nurse has, repeated this several times, then took my hand and fell asleep quietly, with only one more cry for the dust-pan, followed immediately with "Too bad; shame!"

January, 1892.—We came to town for the winter a few days ago. Harold and his nurse came in on a later train. Ever since he has said, repeatedly, "Sarah take Harold lufly choo-choo"; "bell ring, choo-choo;" and every time he sees a possible chance of going out, he says, "See a choo-choo?" He was given a very complete toy locomotive last month, because he has shown such great interest in engines of all sorts. He instantly detected various differences between his engine and those he saw about him in his daily walks, and he did not hesitate to mention them. He asked questions about every part he observed after this, wanting to know the names of all of them. In a very short time he was heard saying to his nurse, "This is a piston-rod," or "This is a cylinder," or "This is an eccentric," etc. It is worth noting that he was told each name once only in answer to his questions.

To-day some one spoke abruptly to him. He looked up with a start and said, "Scairt."

February 3, 1892.—He now uses a great many words intelligently. He found a doll that he calls Tommy lying in a box of toys, covered with a cushion. He said at once, in what seemed to be a tone of reproof, "Tommy seep all day in box."

He is constantly acquiring new words, with no teaching whatever.

He was given recently a book containing pictures of various kinds of locomotives.

At first his comments were not noticed, but gradually we became impressed with the fact that he was saying, as he turned from one page to the other, "This one hasn't any bell; this one has a bell; this one hasn't any cow-catcher" (it was an English engine); "this one hasn't any bell," noticing the differences right through the book between the American and the English engines pictured there. At last he closed the book, turned to his mother, and said, "Mamma, I want an engine *without* any book." He wanted the object instead of the picture.

February 21.—He put a picture of an engine on a chair before him, and said, "Sit on ee chair, talk to choo-choo." Mrs. A—— came in from next door. He climbed upon the chair before her, dangled his little legs, and said, "Harold sit on chair, talk ee lady." She asked him what he wanted to say. He looked at her very shyly, and said, "Lof lady." He goes over a pet journal of mechanical illustrations in a curious way. He has some association with each picture. When he saw a poker, the name of which he did not know, he said, "Bishy," meaning a servant he had seen using a poker; when he saw a stove-lifter, he said, "Hot" (he may have found that out by experience, for he sometimes gets into the kitchen). His favorite illustrations are a page of screws, one of keys (after which he calls the book his "schlissel-book," for we told him the German word for key), and a very complete illustration of a locomotive, but he will sit contentedly, turning over page after page, and talk to himself about all the pictures.

March 11, 1892.—This evening he said, in about one hour after receiving a toy violin: "Daden's bow; poor bow fell!" (to his own when it fell). "Mommie sing 'A Maggie pet.' Poppie don't want to play violin." Then to his own: "Sweet violin, nice violin, lovely violin; mamma kiss violin; Harold kiss violin" (doing it). "Don't want Dr.—— to play violin." (This doctor lanced his gums when he was teething.) When told he was to go to bed, he said: "No; Harold must play violin. Go clock" (meaning go *see* clock). "Harold go to bed? I tought so," in a tone of disappointment. "Pretty violin. Oh-h-h, is it broket again? Where is the oder piece?" (when a peg fell out). His mother said, "Can't you find it?" He said: "No. Come find it, mommie; come find it, mommie; find tick to Harold's violin." Then he said, meditatively: "Poppie don't play piano. Mommie don't play violin" (noting difference, as usual). "Poppie's violin in big box." Then, after seeing something about the violin that made him point and exclaim "W" very eagerly, he went to bed as if he had to go but did not want to.

March 26, 1892.—This morning, when his mother was, as he supposed, otherwise engaged, he walked up to his father's violin, laughed to himself, and said: "Papa come home, play big violin. Papa *will* come home this evening, play big violin," followed by a long-drawn-out "oh" of expectancy. All the time he was laughing to himself quietly.

April 7, 1892.—When taking a walk to-day he saw a pussy in a yard across the way. He stopped, bowed his head, said: "How do, pussy? Glad to see you, pussy. Pussy, come and take a walk."

At this date he was told whenever his parents expected to go away from him for a time, in order that they might keep his trust.

(Minot Savage tells of a boy in Boston who said of his father and mother, who promised him a ride daily, but never gave it, "There go two of the biggest liars in Boston." I once heard of another child who had evidently been deceived, and who said, "Since liars won't go to heaven, there won't be many people there, —maybe grandma, but I am sure there won't be any *men* there.")

April, 1892.—His sentences are now becoming fuller very rapidly, and he often uses every word necessary to form a complete sentence. Since his mind is not so much occupied with big words (having acquired a considerable vocabulary), he is beginning to notice the connections more, and also the little niceties of accent and pronunciation; yet attention is not directed to his failures. He takes it all very easily, without any sign of physical or mental strain.

April 22, 1892.—He was given scissors and paper for the first time to-day. He is twenty-six months old now. He tried to cut, apparently knew the scissors had to be parted at the blades, but he did not know how to accomplish it, so he was shown the place for his thumb and fingers. He did not need a second showing. For some time he tried without success. We let him alone, watching, however, to

see that he did not stick or cut himself, for the scissors were small and sharp-pointed. The blunt scissors made for children's use are too heavy and clumsy for delicate work. We gave him a little embroidery scissors, wishing, however, that it were possible to find equally light blunt scissors. After he had struggled a long time with both scissors and paper, he announced, in a tone of triumph, "Cut a piece," and showed us a triangle of paper. He was delighted, and began to cut off all the projections on one of the paper engines which had been cut for him. He cut one after the other, saying as he did so, "Harold cut off whistle; Harold cut off bell; Harold cut off wheel," etc. When he reached the pilot he looked at me questioningly, and I said, "Cow-catcher." He did not repeat the word after me, although it seemed to be new to him, but went right on with his sentences, "Harold cut off cow-catcher," etc. His memory is very good. He often repeats a word of three syllables correctly after hearing it once. After he had cut off all the parts, he held up the body of the engine, and said to me, in a tone of pity, "Harold cut off whistle; engine all torn." I asked him if he wanted another. He said yes, so I gave him one similar to the one he had cut. He took up the engine I gave him, took up his scissors, looked at both scissors and engine, looked at me, put the scissors in his other hand, looked at them both, and looked at me again, then held the scissors to the whistle without cutting, then to each part, and said, "I don't want to cut off wheel; I don't want to cut off cow-catcher; I don't want to cut off whistle; I don't want to cut off bell;" and he did not do it, either. All this occurred without a word on my part. He evidently did not want to see the engine "all torn"; and although he wanted to have the pleasure of cutting, he desisted, that he might not destroy it. I then gave him long strips of paper to snip, that he might enjoy cutting without destroying anything.

December 3, 1892.—To-day for the first time he drew a "choo-choo" for himself. As he drew it he explained each part as noted on page 127, and handled his pencil very rapidly. He is just two years and ten months old. He also drew what he called an atomizer.

February 4, 1893.—He is nearly three years old, and has begun to ask questions persistently. To-day he said to his mother, "Cousin Eddie be a boy, mamma; why doesn't papa be a boy?"

I began to sing kindergarten songs for him to-day, taking up the song of exercise first. The second time he heard me sing it he tried to imitate my movements. The third time he did it correctly, and he sang it a number of times.

February 14, 1893.—He is now three years old. He seems absorbed in cutting and in drawing, and the first thing he calls for when awake is scissors, paper, and pencil. He will amuse himself in this way for an hour at a time at least once every day.

When I told him he was three years old and his father thirty-three, he asked at once how many threes his mother was old.

He received his first locomotive a year ago, when he was two years old. To-day (three years old) we discovered him very busy with a string and one of his present stock of locomotives. He soon called to his mother to come and see what he had done. "See the connecting-rod, mamma; see how it works," and so it did. He had fastened the string to the centre of the driving-wheel, connected it with the cylinder, and was delighted with the result, possibly because he felt that he had replaced to *his* satisfaction the connecting-rod that had been accidentally broken off a day or two before, but just as likely because he felt he had achieved something, which characteristic seems to be distinctly noticeable in all children that are not feeble-minded.

He received a rabbit for a birthday present, and it bids fair to rival his engines, judging from the interest he takes in it.

(The record shows a love of nature and animals that is fully equal to the evidence given further on of a strong bent for mechanics. He had at various times as pets —mice, kittens, dogs, butterflies, rabbits, snails, tadpoles, spiders, frogs, crabs, etc., and he seems to have learned in this way to be gentle with anything alive, having been known to lift even a worm out of harm's way when digging in his garden.)

October 23, 1893.—He said to-day, "Lorenzo learned me to cry." I said, "No; he taught you." He then said, "It is *I* that learns, isn't it?" He is three and a half years old now.

February 9, 1894.—I was trying to draw

a pussy for him, and when I drew the whiskers I said, "Doggies don't have whiskers." He said, "No; they have only fleas."

February 20, 1894.—Four years old. He was looking at a large picture of a naval review, and pointed to a three-mast vessel, and said, "I never saw one like that before." Then pointing to two walking-beams, one at each end of the picture, he said, "There are two ferry-boats like I saw on the ribber when I was at Baby N——'s house. There's a sail-boat. There is no tug-boat here. What's that?" pointing to a cannon. I said, "Don't you remember seeing a cannon over at the square where there is a statue?" He said, "Yes," and asked what the wheel under it meant, and the tracks. His father then explained about its being a carriage to wheel around the cannon. He instantly asked whether there was a hinge there to make it go around.

December 25, 1894.—He said voluntarily to-night, for his prayer, "I love you, God, but I can't always do what pleases you." The last was not suggested. He had been told that God liked to know that little boys loved him, so he folded his hands, buried his face in his pillow, and whispered the words. Afterwards he said he had something else to tell God, and said, "Please, God, tell mamma to bring next Christmas for my kitty" (said kitty is a stuffed cotton print one) "a pair of crutches and a bed." He told me to-day that she was lame. All imagination. He idealizes her—she is everything to him. He takes her to bed with him every night.

December 26, 1894.—To-day when I read to him, "So Tray put his *fore* feet in the milk," he asked, "Do two and two make four?" thinking I meant *four* feet. Knowing there were two front and two hind feet, he made his first attempt at adding. I said, "Yes, just this way," holding up my fingers; "two fingers and two fingers make four fingers." He held up his little hand, separated the fingers in twos, and said, "This way, one—two, one—two," counting each group. I said, "Yes; now how many altogether?" He counted, "One, two, three, four," and was satisfied, which he is *only* when he understands the replies he receives. He never gives up questioning until he understands. I have often heard him say, "What?—what did you say?" meaning that he did not understand—not that he did not hear; but until I would explain to others they would frequently answer in the same words, over and over again, to every "what" he gave. He did not know how else to ask, and because I always understood what he meant by "what," he thought others did.

I did not explain to him at this time about *fore* feet meaning front feet, for he had enough to consider with his "two and two makes four."

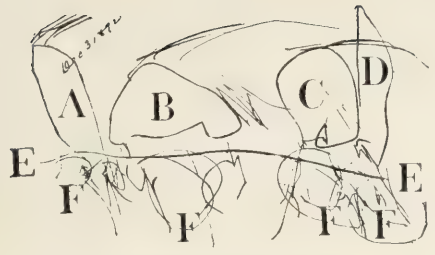
We usually find out some way of making things clear by going from what he knows to the unknown; as, for instance, he asked once what a "calf" was, and I said, "A little cow." He said, "Oh, is that the way?" and asked no more. We can always trust to his asking questions when he observes anything new, for he knows that he will be answered. He is very fond of *Slovenly Peter*. When asked what kind of a book it was, he said, very emphatically: "*Slovenly Peter* was made for naughty boys. You could read it to good boys to make them happy, and to naughty boys to make them good; that's what it's made for." (An incipient reviewer.)

This evening, when in the same room with a type-writer, he wanted to touch it; the stenographer cautioned him not to, and we heard him say to his playmate (another little boy of four): "Come away, Leo. When you keep looking at it, it tempts you to touch it, and it is better to go away."

Miss B—— said to him to-day, in the basement of a toy-store, "Come, Harold, let us go; it is so close in here." He said, "Close to what?"

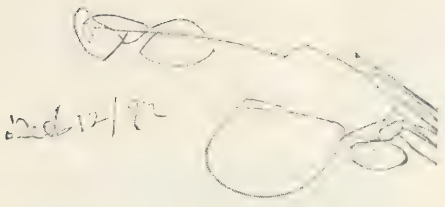
May 23, 1895.—He works at numbers now in a very curious way. He just sang to himself: "I wonder how many thumbs there are in the world? But *I* know. Mamma doesn't know. She has two and I have two, and that makes four in this room." Then he said, "And that's all *we* know." Then he counted up fourteen thumbs in the house, for seven people.

A few days ago he wanted to find out how many pennies he needed to make a dollar. He had seventy-four cents. He marked on a slip of paper, as may be seen in the illustration at the top of page 130, from 70 to 100, and then beginning at 74 as 1, he counted up to 100, putting down each number from 1 to 15, then counting verbally, as if he had found it was not necessary to write out each number. He



THE FIRST CHOO-CHOO.

A, Smoke-stack. B, Sand-box. C, Steam-drum. D, Cab. E E, One Line for Boiler. F, F, F, F, Wheels.



WHAT HE CALLED AN ATOMIZER.

then announced triumphantly that he needed twenty-six pennies to make a dollar. There were two persons in the room to whom he could have applied had he cared to ask, but he seems to prefer to help himself when he can, and we do not interfere. He does not suspect that he is doing anything unusual, therefore he is always ready to explain.

He said the other day, "Is the sun Jesus's light?" To-day we heard him say, "Six and three are nine; six and four are ten." His aunt asked him how he knew it. He replied, "I know that six and three are nine, and four is one more than three, and ten is next to nine, so it *must* be so." Then he turned to his mother and said, "Mamma, when you get me a rule again, get me a five-inch or a ten-inch rule" (instead of the regular foot rule, which puzzled him), "because I can count then 5—10—15—20—25."



A CHOO-CHOO CUT OUT OF PAPER.

Some time between October and December we found amongst his papers the efforts at numbers shown on page 130. He is evidently working out the "two" table for himself.

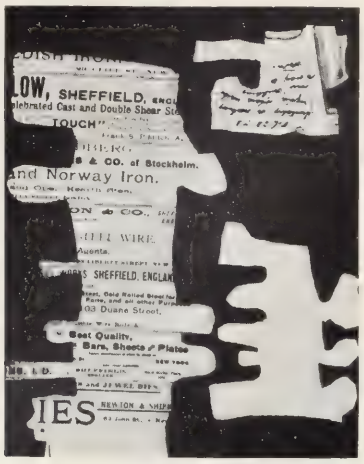
He has learned to count to a thousand with very little effort, by simply asking questions. We taught him numbers by direct teaching from one to ten; the rest he reasoned out for himself by asking occasional questions. At first he thought of number as meaning only one to nine; then he wanted to know what came next. We counted with him to twenty, and I explained that when he reached ten it was the same thing over again, only he must say ten instead of one-and-naught, and eleven instead of one-and-one, and so on. I did this because I feared he was too young to attempt to teach him about units, tens, and hundreds by name. I





EARLY CUTTINGS—TOOLS, BIRDS, A MULE, AND A CUP AND SAUCER.

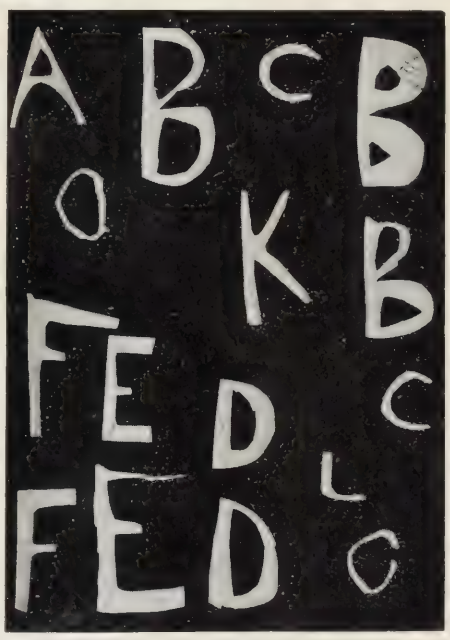
also told him that when he reached nineteen it began in the same way again, only with two instead of one, saying he must use twenty, then twenty-one, etc.





He then asked what came after twenty-nine. I said he should use three, four, and five, and so on, in the same way as he had used two in twenty. He then began counting to ninety-nine, but saying three-ty and five-ty for thirty and fifty, until I corrected him. For a long time after this he thought only of numbers as consisting of one or two figures, as, for instance, 8 or 24, and he was perfectly satisfied to go no further than 99 when counting for his own amusement. It was at this stage of his number-work that I found him interested in copying printed numbers. He asked me one day for a book that began at page 1. After a long search I found an old paper novel that began with page 1 on the opening page of the story, instead of beginning, as books usually do, with page 5 or 6. This book I gave to him for his own. For two weeks I saw him at various times lying upon the floor with it, a pencil, and also his *Slovenly Peter* book. I did not trouble to look into what he was doing, for he seemed content; and when at the end of this time he came to me and said that *Slovenly Peter* had forty-four pages, I was very much surprised. I thought he might have guessed it, so I turned to page 33 and asked him what page it was. He answered correctly at once. Then I looked into the matter further, and found that he had taken his pencil and had copied from page 1 to 44 in the novel, and had put the numbers at the foot of the page in *Slovenly Peter*.

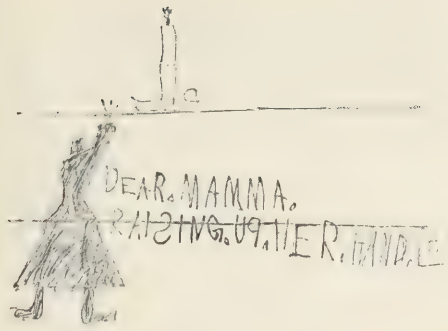
By doing this and comparing with the printed number above, he had learned the appearance of numbers. I said nothing more about the matter at the time, but from this on I noticed that he always knew numbers when he saw them. One day when on the train he saw a passing car with the number 324 on its side. He instantly asked what three numbers together meant. I told him then about hundreds, explaining that after 99 came 100, 101, and so on the same way up. This satisfied him for a long time; but one day, when on the street, he noticed a house numbered 2105, and asked me what four numbers together meant. I then explained about a thou-



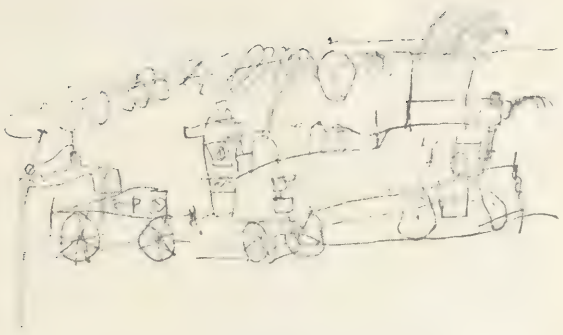
EARLY CUTTINGS.



AN EARLY EFFORT.



A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

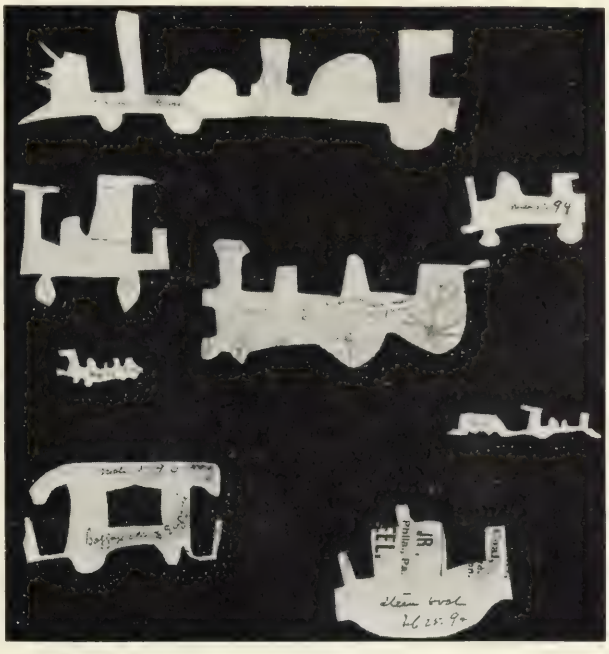


AN ENGINE AND TENDER.

sand coming after 999, and so on up to millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions, etc., and about adding three more naughts to each one. These terms seemed to take his fancy, and he often asked about their order; and one day he came to me and exclaimed: "I could count to quadrillions if I had time enough, couldn't I? A quadrillion has fifteen ciphers." This was before he was six years old.

Dr. Preyer, who thought the child was mistaken in the number of ciphers, wrote: "If the child exclaims at this age that 'a quadrillion has fifteen ciphers,' this wrong statement should not be mentioned. . . . If he had worked it out by threes, then he would have found twenty-four ciphers—a million having six, a thousand millions nine, a billion twelve, a thousand billions fifteen, a trillion eighteen, a thousand trillions twenty-one, a quadrillion twenty-four. It would have been rather remarkable if he had found this by himself."

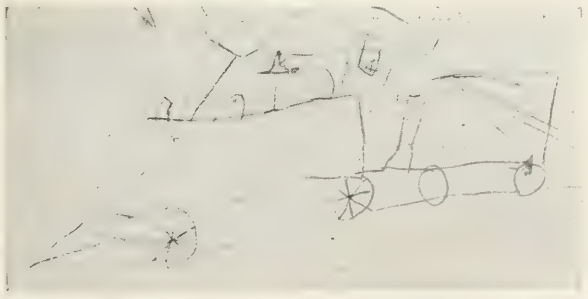
Dr. Harris explains, however, that the child was right, for Dr. Preyer counted by the Continental method, and the child referred to in the record had his questions answered according to American counting. The record also shows how at six years of age he found out for himself that he could count to hundreds on the type-writer, by using the figures 1 to 9, and the letter o.



LOCOMOTIVES, A BAGGAGE-CAR, AND A STEAMBOAT.

He took up printed letters in the same easy way that he worked out numbers, learning to read and spell. eventually, by the aid of memory and by comparison of the words he knew from memory with the printed words before him. His illustrated books of pigs, cats, dogs, etc., furnished him with sufficient material for this sort of work, and his interest was kept up by the illustrations, and sufficient admixture of out-door play to create a desire for in-door amusement.

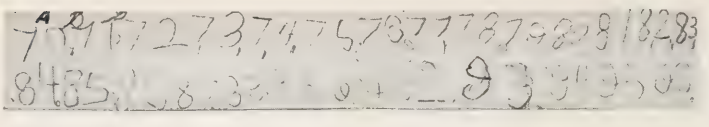
His efforts at free-hand figure-drawing in his fifth year show steady improvement, as may be seen from the series of cuts on page 131.



AN EFFORT AT DRAWING A ROUND FRONT FOR AN ENGINE.

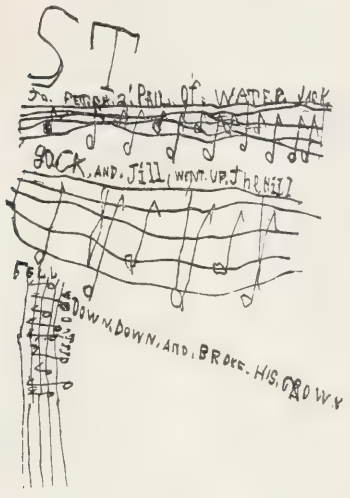
His continued interest in mechanical work, boats, etc., may be seen from the drawings on page 132. The cut on page 133 was given just as represented, in response to the request of a

playmate of five, who said he did not know the parts of an engine, whereupon he drew the parts and gave the name of each part as noted, giving at the same time a graphic description of how each part worked.

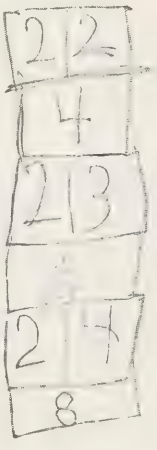


HOW MANY PENNIES HE NEEDED TO MAKE A DOLLAR.

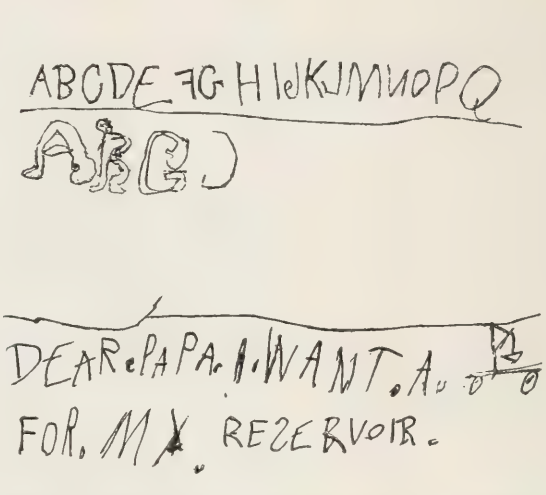
September 11, 1896.—Harold asked me to-day what "absorb" meant, and how frogs absorbed moisture. I had just been telling him that frogs came out on rainy days for a drink, when they would absorb the rain through little holes in their bodies. He listened intently, then said, as he was eating some bread and milk, "See, my bread absorbs the milk."



MUSIC.

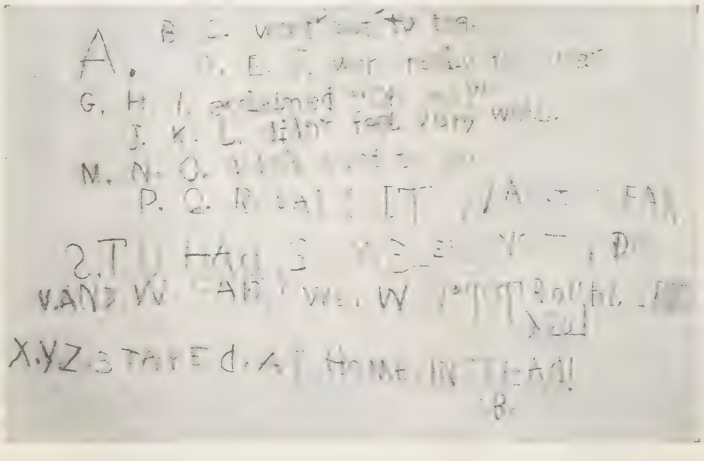


"TWO TIMES TWO."



EARLY PRINTING—HOW HE ASKED FOR A DERRICK.

September 16, 1896.—When going to New York to-day he said, as he stood in the aisle, "Mamma, the faster the train goes the easier it is to stand; it goes over the bumps quicker." Then pointing to the sign "Drinking-Water," he said, "Don't they know it's drinking-water?" She said, "Yes." Then he said, "Why do they put the sign up?"



EARLY PRINTING.

His questions to-day were chiefly about words. He came to me at different times with the following, asking what each meant: "saliva," "materials," "natural history," "boast," and "indestructible." He cannot understand why some of his toy books are called "indestructible" when they can be destroyed. He often asks me about it.

October, 1896.—He said to-night, when in bed, "I put my hands over my eyes, and I see the loveliest colors; and I say, colors, please come back until I go to sleep." Then he began to sing:

"Dear colors, please come back,
Until I go to sleep;
I will never see you again,
Until I eat a big ben.

Dear colors, please
come back;
I'll never disturb you
again,
Until daydawn brings
the light.

You darling little
colors gay,
Make the prettiest
ones you ever had."

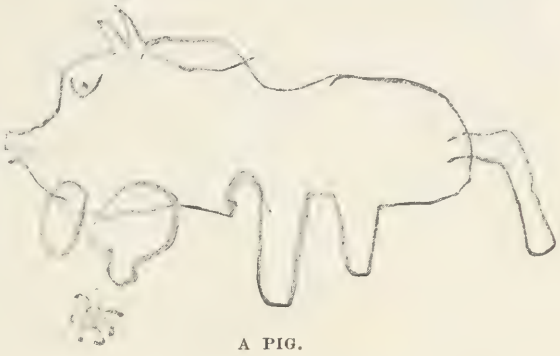
Then he fell asleep.

To-night, when singing to himself, "Dies ist die Mutter lieb und gut," he sang it in German first, then in English; then he tried to say the words without the music, and succeeded with the German, but when he got to the third line of the English words he had to sing it to get it; then he repeated it until he felt sure of

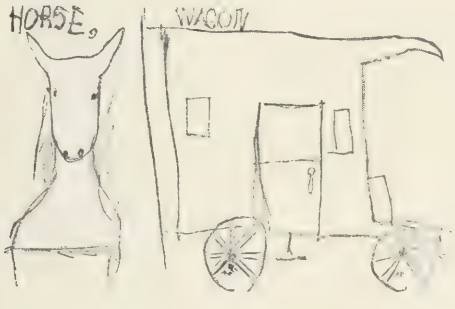


A CAT.

it. In this way he goes over his day's acquirements while falling asleep—sings, talks, and counts to himself—and occasionally tries to get me to answer a question. Not many days ago, when I supposed he was asleep, we heard him call out, "How much is twice thirty-four?" I told him. He repeated my answer, and soon fell asleep. I never knew what led up to the question, but he often asks disconnected questions like the above, after a period of quiet, during which his brain is apparently at work over something that puzzles him. He has taken a fancy lately to have me spell words that are new to him, without pronouncing them, in order that he may guess at them by the sound of the letters.



A PIG.





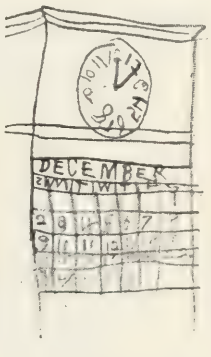
To-night I gave him s-h-o-e, and told him oe was pronounced like oo in too, and to put the sound sh in front. He tried it several times before he got the word right, and was then very much pleased to find he could spell shoe. We then tried p-l-e-a-s-e in the same way, which at first he got as "place." In this way he is learning how to spell many words while he plays, and he now reads a number of short, easy sentences. He has a fashion now of spelling all the words he knows how to spell when telling us something, as, for instance, "M-a-m-m-a come t-o d-i-n-n-e-r." Then she spells "come" for him, and he has one word more. Sometimes I take up a word like "grew," for instance, give him the sounds, and ask him for the word. He first called grew "garew," then tried it faster, and eventually was delighted to find it was a word of which he knew the meaning. This knowledge he gains very easily with play that he enjoys.



HIS PET BUTTERFLY.

To-night he asked me what "a-p-e-n" spelled. I said it was no word; then he tried again, and said "a-p-r-n." I said again it was no word, although I knew what he was trying to spell. Then he said, impatiently, "Well, how *do* you spell apron?" Then I told him.

He will take a word like old, or any simple word he knows, and beginning with the first letter of the alphabet, he will spell to himself and try to pronounce each combination, thus: *a*-o-l-d, *b*-o-l-d, *c*-o-l-d, *d*-o-l-d, *e*-o-l-d, *f*-o-l-d, etc., all the way through to z. He tells me this is how he is learning all by himself how to spell new words. He often does this before falling asleep, and asks me some such question as whether e-o-l-d makes a word.



October 8, 1896.—To-day he asked, "What is meant to die a painful death?" I said, "A



HIS DEVELOPMENT DURING HIS FIFTH YEAR IN FREE-HAND DRAWING—THE LAST SKETCH IS FROM A COPY.



AN EFFORT AT THE HORIZON; ENGINES; A GUNBOAT; AND THE VARIOUS POSITIONS OF A RINGING BELL.

wagon running over and killing him would be a painful death." He then said, "And if they *dagged* a sword in you?"

He said to me to-day, when I told him that after being dressed he might play in the room in which I was trying to sleep, "You tell God to keep me out of temptation" (alluding to the Lord's prayer), "but if you dress me and let me play in there while you want to sleep, it will tempt me to talk to you."

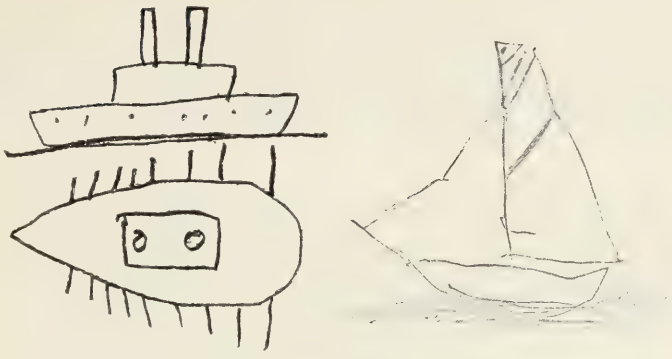
October 12.—He said to-day, "How would it feel if I had eyes in the back of my head?" I replied, "I do not know." Then he said, "Well, suppose I cut a rat in two pieces, and then cut one of the pieces in two, would that piece feel it?" To this query I replied, "No." He wondered why. I answered because it was separated from the head. Then he wondered why again. I told him that there were nerves going to the brain (his "think," as he calls it) telling when anything hurt. I told him also about the sensitiveness of the finger-tips. He experimented, then said, "Are there nerves in the nails, too?" I was not quite sure, but I said, "Yes." He looked at them, then said, "How can one see through the nails and not see any nerves?" I was forced to divert him then, and I must study up physiology.

When walking along the street to-day, he said to me, "I suppose if we had no nerves, and we shut our eyes, we wouldn't know we are walking."

October 17, 1896.—He evidently puzzles about two, too, and to. I just heard him saying to himself, as he is lying in bed trying to fall asleep, "I am going at *two* o'clock. Are you going *to* town? Yes, I am going, *too*," accenting each one. Then he said, "One, t-w-o" (spelling the words), "one t-o-o, and one t-o," turned over, and began whistling a tune he heard a band play to-day.

Some time afterwards he asked me what a hard g and soft g meant. I explained. Then he asked for a hard a b and c, and I explained that not all letters had hard sounds and soft sounds; then I said cake and cent for him, to show the difference in the c's. He said: "How about knife? I should think n stood for knife." I said, "No; it is k; but it is a silent letter." He was satisfied with this, and asked next, "What is whiney or fretty—letting your voice drop down like

this?" giving an illustration of it. Then he fell asleep.



THE BEGINNINGS OF A NAVY.

October 19.—To-day he said, "Isn't twice twenty, forty?" I replied: "Yes. How much is twice nineteen?" He said, "I don't know unless I go straight up." I asked, "How do you do it?" He replied, "Why, twice twelve is twenty-four, $2 \times 13 = 26$, $2 \times 14 = 28$," and he went on until he reached twice nineteen is thirty-eight, evidently having found out that the two table up to twelve was made by adding two each time; so he experimented up to forty and asked me as above. This is the way he has experimented and found out much that he knows about numbers.



HIS EXPLANATION OF THE PARTS OF AN ENGINE.

November 6, 1896.—He said to-day, "What does atmosphere mean?" I said, "The air around us." Then he said: "Does the air mean atmosphere, or does atmosphere mean air? I thought atmosphere meant a kind of sickness. Oh, it's esterics [hysterics] I meant—what I was thinking of. Why do they call it 'esterics?' They might call it 'can't stop it.'"

I heard him say to-day to a little girl whose word he doubted, "Honest and truthly?"

November 24, 1896.—To-day he asked his mother whether the germs of whooping-cough got it themselves (meaning the cough by "it"). She said, "No." He said, "Then how do they give it to us?"

We have been reading a story in which the giants that were killed were a number of bad habits and characteristics, and those who helped to kill them were the good fairies. The following questions are mine, and the answers his—and his understanding of his own nature is pretty accurate.

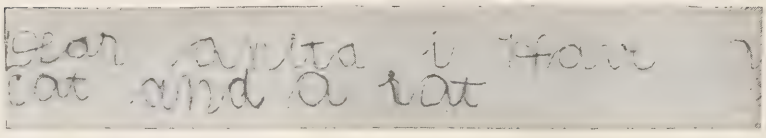
Bad temper? Half dead. Carelessness? Nearly dead. Selfishness? Half dead. Laziness? Dead. Disobedience? Dead. Lies? Dead. Untidiness? Half dead. Exaggeration? Pretty nearly dead. Fear? Half dead. Love of praise? 1-16 to kill. Boastfulness? Dead. Concealment (which he called sneakfulness)? 1-100 to kill: nearly dead. Bitter words? 1-1000 to kill. Hate? Quite dead. Anger? 1-10 to kill. Cruelty? Dead. I can't? 1-1,000,000,000 to kill. Delay not? Pretty nearly dead: half to be killed. Bashfulness? Nearly dead. Proudfulness (his own term)? Dead.

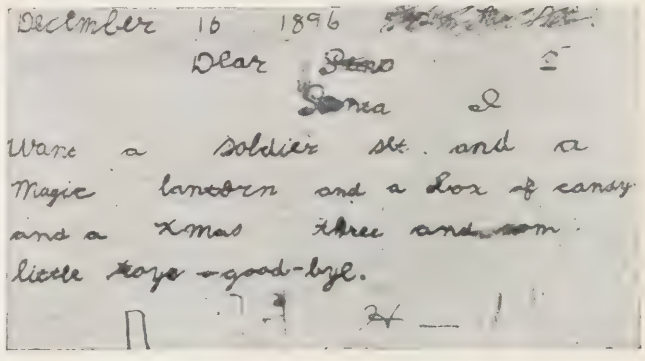
He said, from memory, that the fairies to help you kill the giants were lovefulness, courage, self-control, obedience, honesty, patience, good temper, kindness, diligence, courtesy, gratitude, and perseverance, which he said meant "try, try again."



HIS PET BUTTERFLY FEEDING ON HIS FINGER.

October, 1896.—The notes on page 134 show how he tried to learn to write. A vertical writing-chart was placed above his little table, and we saw that paper and pencils and his chair were always ready for him, should he want to try it. He wrote a letter to a favorite kindergartner



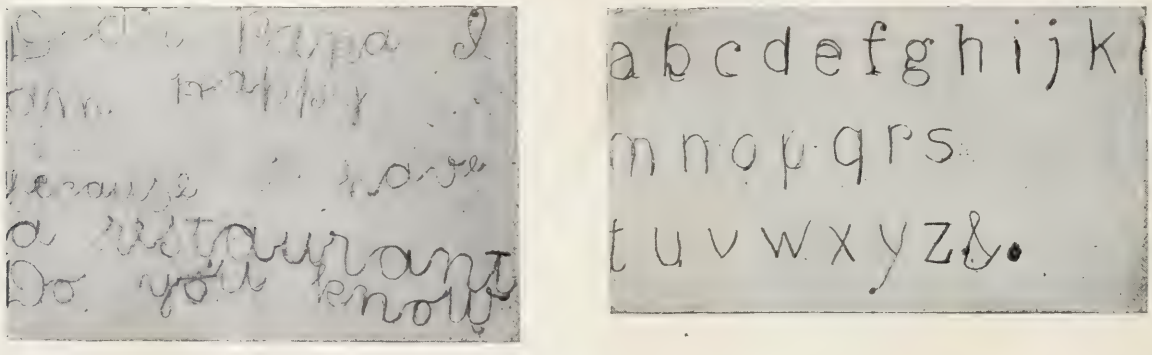


SPONTANEOUS WRITING FROM MEMORY.

the first day he received it, asking me how to spell the words he did not know, but hunting out the letters for himself by repeating the alphabet as he looked for the letter he wanted. Before six weeks had passed he knew the whole chart from memory, yet he never received direct teaching from it, nor did I tell him to join the letters together when making the words. He did this from the beginning, for the chart he used was carefully prepared to meet this need. One day I saw him slip a cover over some of the letters on the upper row of the chart, by hanging an envelope by its flap on the upper edge of the chart. I asked him why he did it. He replied, "I wanted it so I can learn the letters without seeing them—so," illustrating by first covering *a* and *b* and then writing the letters, then moving the envelope along over *c* and *d*, and so on.

April 23, 1897.—He said to his mother to-day: "Mamma, I am like a little tree growing; bad boys pull me over crooked, and you straighten me. If mothers didn't do this, the boys couldn't grow straight when they get older, but would be crooked."

April 24, 1897.—To-day he wanted to know what adding meant. I put down some numbers, as shown in the illustration on page 135, and explained to him how to carry 1 by placing a figure 1 over the next column to the left when he had counted beyond 10, and put down the remaining number underneath the column he had just added. He needed but one telling, and the figures underneath, with the 1's, are his own. The final illustration is his own altogether.

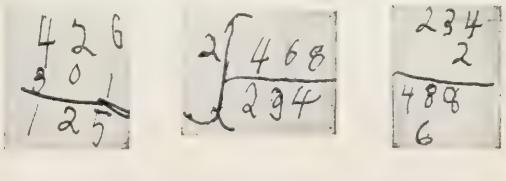


SPONTANEOUS WRITING FROM MEMORY.

234
234
468 addition.

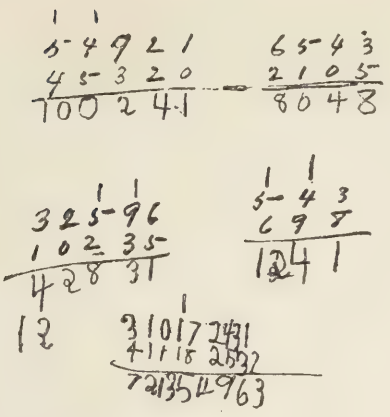
468
234
234 subtraction.

234
2
2) 468 multiplication.
234 division.

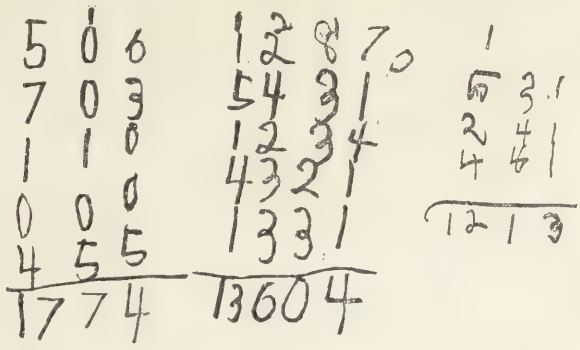


A LESSON AND ITS RESULT: EARLY ATTEMPTS AT SUBTRACTION, DIVISION, AND MULTIPLICATION.

July 21, 1897.—The accompanying illustration shows one of his efforts to understand the principle underlying addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, after I had explained to him with



A LESSON IN ADDITION.

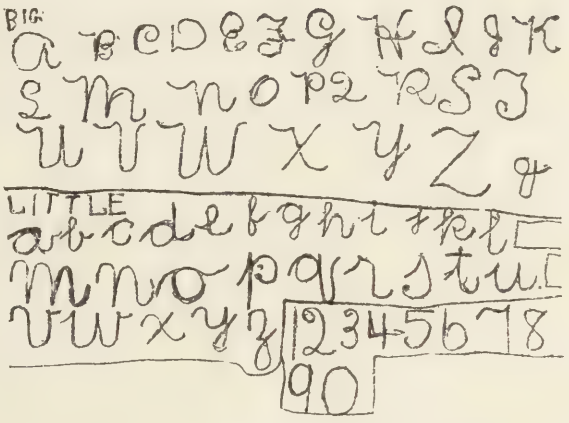


AN EARLY ADDITION.

the figures on page 134.

He experimented then for himself for a long time, using his own numbers, and using them correctly, as indicated.

In this way he is daily enlarging the boundaries of his knowledge; and the more he acquires the greater is his desire for study. The record shows that he is keen to observe, quick to comprehend, and has an excellent memory, which, with his indicated self-control, will make all future work easy. He shows no sign of physical strain; he is only a romping, hearty, obedient boy of seven, full of fun; and instead of taking his lessons as a task, he is always more eager to learn than his parents are willing to have him taught. His mind is thus rapidly expanding without endangering his physical equilibrium.



WRITTEN SPONTANEOUSLY FROM MEMORY AFTER SIX WEEKS' STUDY AND PRACTICE.

A CENTURY OF CUBAN DIPLOMACY—1795 TO 1895.

BY PROFESSOR ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

"WHETHER the West Indies are naturally parts of the North American continent is a question of curious speculation," said Thomas Pownall in 1780; "the whole must in the course of events become parts of the great North American domain." That a century and a fifth have passed without the fulfilment of this prophecy is a marvel in the history of a changeful world; and it is the purpose of this article to show why Cuba, the most valuable of the West Indies, has so long lain within the boundary of the Spanish Empire.

What Cuba has been and is, all the world knows—the first important land to be discovered by Europeans; with its neighbor, Porto Rico, the last remnant of a mighty Spanish empire in America. How Cuba has been governed and exploited for four centuries is a matter of history; the colonial policy of Spain has from the beginning, and in all her colonies, aimed to throw the profits of colonial trade into the hands of home merchants. The rigor of the system has defeated its own ends, for it invited evasion; and corruption of the colonial official has from time immemorial been a part of the foreign merchant's expense account. Yet from the first one colony has furnished enough taxes and customs to give a large revenue to the mother-country; that colony is Cuba.

For this tropical island has the natural elements of great wealth; its area of

43,000 square miles has a sea-coast of over 2000 miles; it is accessible in nearly every part, and stands at the crossways of two international highways, from the United States to eastern South America, and from Europe to the Gulf of Mexico. Besides its staple crops of sugar and tobacco, it has valuable timber, fruit, and minerals, and its exports were in 1894 worth more than a hundred million dollars. Politically it is now the only West India island of consequence; and it has steadily increased in population and importance.

As for the Spaniards in Cuba, they are not governors, but masters; they have held by military garrison, and they are a race not much disturbed by human suffering. They were worse slave-masters even than Anglo-Saxons; they have for ages been accustomed to a vindictiveness in war which finds vent in the massacre of prisoners and the pillage of non-combatants. Their system of legal procedure, like that of all Latin nations, shocks the Anglo-Saxon by its harshness to the suspect and its cruelty to the convicted. Colonial authorities have a despotic power, and they cannot be effectively controlled from Spain. The Cubans are of the same race, but in all the Spanish colonies the native Spaniard has held himself, and is held by the home government, above the colonist whose father was a Spaniard. Under such circumstances, the administration of Cuba has always been exasperating to neighboring peoples, and most of all to the United States.

Political and race elements in Cuba have been much confused, owing to the negro population, and to a division of sentiment among white Cubans. Up to 1878 six classes might be distinguished in the population—Spaniards, white Cubans adherent to the Spaniards, white Cubans opposed to the administration, mulattoes (many of them owners of property), free blacks, and slaves. In 1895 there were but two distinct classes—a Spanish party of Spaniards and Cubans, and a Cuban party. Throughout the century, however, others besides Spaniards and the Cubans have taken part in Cuban affairs. Professional Spanish-American revolutionists, such as Santa Anna and Lopez, have planned to rouse the sluggish Cubans; for many years there has been a class of Cubans who have naturalized in the United States and then returned to Cuba to live; and a small but ardent class of native Cubans, often Spanish subjects, has made the United States a base of revolutionary schemes. Finally, in all the Cuban troubles there have been plenty of Americans born who were eager to join in expeditions to Cuba, and thus in war on Spain.

Diplomatically speaking, Cuba has been not a subject, but an object; it has no authority to negotiate or settle any foreign question. Cuban diplomacy is only Spanish diplomacy at long range, for the Captains-General have great authority to disturb foreign residents and to take foreign property, but none to redress grievances or to make indemnities. Every disputed question is settled—or, rather, is put off—at Madrid, and impatient Anglo-Saxons get weary of the Spanish Foreign Office, where everything is promised and nothing is done.

One reason for habitual diplomatic delays is that Spain has been for a century a declining power, and takes refuge in procrastination. The Spaniards governed ill in 1795, but at least they governed widely; from the Mississippi River to the Pacific, from Oregon to Cape Horn, from the boundary of Georgia to the Dutch in Surinam, from the La Plata southward—coasts, islands, and interior were Spanish. Yet that seeming empire was already shattered; and in the first third of the century the Spanish continental empire crumbled away, till Spain remained an American power only in retaining Cuba and Porto Rico.

The Spanish nation was still warlike and tenacious; it lost its colonies not because they were strong, but because the home country was decaying. In 1795 Spain was swept into the maelstrom of the Napoleonic wars, and the French treated her in succession as an enemy, ally, dupe, dependent province, and despairing rebel. When in 1807 the King of Spain was put under lock and key by Napoleon, the Spanish colonies began to take charge of their own affairs, and they never for a moment acknowledged French domination. In 1814 they returned to a nominal allegiance to Spain; but they had tasted the sweets of independence; they broke loose again, and by 1823 Spain had nothing left on the continent of America except an empty claim to sovereignty and the two castles of Callao and San Juan de Ulloa.

Since that time the hold of Spain on Cuba has always been that of a harsh administration in a disaffected province. The Spanish principle has been that of "stick fast"—to grant nothing in privileges, reforms, territory, or humane treatment, except under pressure. If the Cubans wanted a better government the only method that they knew has been to revolt. Under these conditions Cuba would long since have ceased to be Spanish had there not been a third element in the problem—the will and the diplomacy of the United States of America.

Said John Quincy Adams in 1823: "From a multitude of considerations Cuba has become an object of transcendent importance to the commercial and political interests of our Union. Its commanding position .... the nature of its productions and of its wants, furnishing the supplies and needing the returns of a commerce immensely profitable and mutually beneficial, give it an importance in the sum of our national interests with which that of no other foreign territory can be compared, and little inferior to that which binds the different members of this Union together."

The commercial and military reasons upon which Adams dwelt have grown stronger in the last three-quarters of a century, for trade has advanced, and the enormous development of the Mississippi Valley and of the Gulf coast, and the likelihood of an Isthmian canal, give new strategic importance to the holder of Cuba. A strong national sympathy for the Cubans has also shown itself whenever, as in 1822–6, 1849–51, and 1868–78, the Cubans have seemed likely to throw off the Spanish rule.

Another factor is the land-hunger of the people of the United States—their natural, hearty, and irrepressible desire to make a large country larger; their conviction that Anglo-Saxon civilization must prevail over Latin civilization where they come in conflict. Since so much of our present territory has fallen from or been wrested from the hands of Spain or Spain's successors, perhaps we feel that the reversion of Cuba is ours.

With so many strong interests in Cuba, it was long ago predicted that the United States would seize it; but a study of the records of the century's diplomacy shows that, on the contrary, conservative principles have long ago got a lodgement in the national consciousness, and have held the nation back from interference. Toward Spain, for instance, the United States has been usually friendly; and we have understood that no third power could take Cuba if Spain were upheld there; but it has been a general belief that Spanish rule would eventually break down by its own weight. Toward other powers the United States has always said "hands off" whenever they showed an inclination for Cuba. Toward the Cubans there has been the feeling that in any quarrel with Spain they must be in the right, but that they could not give assurance of a permanent, orderly government. In any commotion in Cuba the rights of Americans are to be vigorously protected, and no other nations have any right to take part in the controversy. As for annexation, as often as an opportunity to acquire Cuba has come, the nation has deliberately refused.

It is the purpose of this article to show how these various principles have grown up during the hundred years from the first Spanish treaty in 1795 to the second Cuban rebellion of 1895. The century's diplomacy may be conveniently divided as follows: (1) From 1795 to 1807 we desired friendship and commerce with all the Spanish dominions, including Cuba. (2) In 1807–9 we feared the annexation of the whole Spanish Empire to France. (3) In 1819–26 we feared the annexation of Cuba by England. (4) From 1826 to 1845 we feared and probably prevented the independence of the Cubans. (5) From 1848 to 1861 successive administrations feared both Spanish and Cuban mastery, and strove to annex the island. (6) In the insurrection of 1868–78 the first care of our government was the protection of its own citizens, and its second interest was the stopping of a devastating civil war; though annexation seemed possible, it was put aside. (7) From 1878 to 1895 the United States strove to extend its commerce with Cuba and to protect investors, without questioning Spain's control.

No one can study Cuban diplomacy without coming to strong convictions; but it is not the purpose of this article to applaud, to defend, or to criticise, our national policy. It is the historian's duty to relate facts in their logical connection; the reader's privilege to make deductions for himself; the statesman's difficult task

to apply the lessons of the past to present problems.

In the negotiations for the treaty of 1795, Jefferson, then Secretary of State, put on record a principle which, with few exceptions, has ever since been observed. He declared that "we should have nothing to do with conquest," and that "we had with sincere and particular disposition courted and cultivated the friendship of Spain." The treaty was obtained, but friendship was severely strained by Spanish captures of American merchantmen, and by American claims to West Florida; not till 1821 was the danger of war finally relieved by the cession of the Floridas. From that time, notwithstanding the contrast in the habits and aims of the two nations, there has been but one serious cause of controversy with Spain —Cuba; and for many years the United States avoided an issue on that question by standing virtually as the guarantor of the Spanish dominion of the island against foreign powers, and even against the Cubans.

For instance, Clay, in 1825, gave formal notice "that the United States, for themselves, desired no change in the political condition of Cuba." President Van Buren, in 1840, assured Spain that "in case of any attempt, from whatever quarter, to wrest from her this portion of her territory, she may securely depend upon the military and naval resources of the United States to aid in preserving or recovering it." Secretary Fish, in 1871, was justified in saying that "the United States have no other right to interpose than that growing out of the friendly relations which have always existed between them and Spain, and the good faith with which they have observed their duties and obligations."

The subversion of the Spanish monarchy by Napoleon in 1807, for the first time revealed to American statesmen their responsibility for Cuba. President Jefferson was a man of peace; Secretary-of-State Madison thought well of human nature; Secretary-of-the-Treasury Gallatin was a hard-headed man, not frightened by bugaboos; but the three men united in the belief that France meant also to take Cuba. Hence, Jefferson, August 16, 1807, made the earliest recorded suggestion of annexation to the United States: "Probably Cuba would add itself to our confederation, in case of a war with Spain." In 1809 he prophesied the annexation of Cuba and Canada; "and we should have such an empire for Liberty as she has never surveyed since the creation; and I am persuaded that no constitution was ever before as well calculated as ours for extensive empire and self-government." But he qualified his empire by two limitations: "I would immediately erect a column on the southernmost limit of Cuba, and inscribe on it *ne plus ultra* as to us in that direction;" and: "Cuba can be defended by us without a navy, and this develops a principle which ought to limit our views. Nothing should ever be accepted which would require a navy to defend it."

Another real danger was that England should wrest away some of the Spanish colonies; and in 1806 a British force, afterwards disavowed, captured Buenos Ayres. Gallatin feared "British ascendency" in Cuba; and Madison, in 1811, thought that "England will play some game with Cuba if the United States take possession of East Florida." The danger was averted when England became the ally of Spain in 1809; Wellington's troops virtually helped to save Cuba from France.

Twice since that time the French have shown unwelcome interest in Cuba. In 1823 they were checked by Clay's declaration that "the United States could not see with indifference these islands passing from Spain to any other power." The last interference of France in American affairs was the subjugation of Mexico, in 1861–6; and a threat of war from the American government caused France definitely and permanently to withdraw from any claim or hopes of American possessions on the mainland or in Cuba.

Meanwhile new dangers arose in three quarters at once. As the only remaining stronghold of Spanish power, Cuba became the military objective of Mexico and Colombia in their war with Spain; at the same time there was a rising in Porto Rico and much uneasiness in Cuba, where several attempts were made to raise a revolt; and there were hints that aid was to come from sympathizers in the United States. To crown all, from 1819 to 1823 rumors abounded that England was treating with Spain for Cuba. As the London *Courier* said, in 1825,

"Cuba is the Turkey of transatlantic politics, tottering to its fall, and kept from falling only by the struggles of those who contend for the right of catching her in her descent."

In the critical years of 1822–3 every policy was considered which has been suggested in the seventy-five years since: encouraging Cuban insurrection, filibustering, warning other American powers, warning European powers, good advice to Spain, joint guaranty, purchase, and forced annexation.

In the midst of this rumor and excitement there appeared in Washington, in 1822, one Sanchez, purporting to be a secret agent of an organization of Cubans who were ready to declare the island independent of Spain if Monroe would admit it as a State into the Union. This extraordinary overture was gravely discussed by the cabinet, and Monroe gave the man two letters—one refusing to take any step hostile to Spain, the other asking for more information. Sanchez thereupon disappears, and with him the first distinct scheme of annexation through independence.

We find the policy of the government summed up in an elaborate despatch by John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, April 28, 1823: "In looking forward to the probable course of events for the short period of half a century, it is scarcely possible to resist the conviction that the annexation of Cuba to our Federal republic will be indispensable to the continuance and the integrity of the Union itself.... The question both of our right and of our power to prevent.... the transfer of Cuba to Great Britain, if necessary by force, already obtrudes itself upon our councils."

Just at this time sprang up an idea —later of much importance—that Cuba could be made safe by a mutual disclaimer by England and the United States. President Monroe was pleased with the idea; Adams inclined to it; Gallatin, as minister to England, thought it the solution; but no joint declaration was made, and the United States escaped an "entangling alliance."

Nevertheless, it was thought expedient from time to time to renew a warning. Thus in 1840 President Van Buren warned Spain that the United States would "prevent at all hazards military occupation by England." Again, in 1843, Webster brought forward the argument that we might annex Cuba if necessary to prevent English annexation. At various times from 1845 to 1861 there were rumors of British designs in Cuba; but there was never serious danger from that quarter after 1823; for it was evident that for any European nation to take Cuba, with or without the consent of Spain, meant war with the United States.

The year 1823 is the dividing-line in Cuban diplomacy. Up to that time independence and even annexation seemed probable; after that time both were for twenty years discouraged by the American government. When Adams became President in 1825, he allowed the suggestion to the Spanish government that Cuba be deposited with the United States as a pledge for "a loan"; but this first attempt to buy Cuba had no success. Already a new force had begun to hold the nation back, alike from schemes of annexation and of Cuban independence. That force was slavery, and it affected even such Northern men as Adams, Van Buren, and Webster.

The first evidence is an appeal to Russia in 1825 to move Spain to recognize the independence of Mexico and Colombia, so as to stop the war, and avert their project for invading Cuba and Porto Rico. The real trouble was that the new Latin American States, as James Buchanan put it, "always marched under the standard of universal emancipation," and might free the Cuban slaves. The demand of the slaveholders was more distinctly stated in 1826 by John M. Berrien, of Georgia: "If our interests and safety shall require us to say to these new republics, 'Cuba and Porto Rico *must* remain as they are,' we are free to say it, and, by the blessing of God and the strength of our arms, to enforce the declaration."

The protest of the United States was effectual. Mexico and Colombia forbore to attack their enemy Spain in her most vulnerable spot, and thus was lost the best opportunity of the century for getting Cuba out of the hands of Spain without any interference by the United States. The policy was continued for many years. Van Buren, in 1829, said it was "the interest of the Southern section of the Union that no attempt should be made in that island to throw off the yoke of Spanish

dependence"; and Webster, in 1843, feared that Cuban emancipation would "strike a death-blow at the existence of slavery in the United States."

The indifference of the United States to the acquisition of Cuba was, however, not wholly due to slavery. Van Buren praised "the wisdom which induced the Spanish government" to open Cuban ports to general commerce. As for new territory, the annexationists were directing all their energies to Texas, where slavery was in no danger; and beneath all sectional interests there lay a national unwillingness to get involved in Cuba.

In the history of the United States the policy of annexation has always grown by what it feeds on. After Louisiana came Oregon and the Floridas; after Texas came New Mexico and California; and before their status was settled in 1850, schemes had sprung up for annexing Yucatan, Hawaii, Central America, the Lobos Islands, and Cuba. By this time the country could choose any one of the three methods sanctioned by experience: it might buy Cuba as Louisiana had been bought; it might assist Cuban independence as a preliminary to later incorporation, as in Texas; or it might adopt the Roman method of seizing the coveted land as it had seized California. Each of these three methods was tried in turn, and each was unsuccessful.

The apostle of annexation from 1848 to 1861 was James Buchanan, Secretary of State, later minister to England, later still President. In 1848 he revived the plan of purchasing Cuba by offering $100,000,000 for the island. Undeterred by an offended refusal, President Pierce, in 1853, desired to have a few millions put at his disposal; but the Spanish Secretary of Foreign Affairs declared that "to part with Cuba would be to part with national honor." Plans of purchase now languished, till Buchanan became President; his request for thirty millions "to acquire Cuba by honorable negotiation" could not stand against the insight of men like Ben Wade, who said that annexation at that time was a question of "giving niggers to the niggerless." Since 1861 there has been no official offer for Cuba.

Side by side with these schemes of purchase went the idea of annexation through Cuban independence. Presidents Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, and Pierce, for various reasons, frowned on the expeditions organized in the United States from 1849 to 1854 to descend on Cuba; and the Cubans did not co-operate. Nevertheless, about two hundred Americans joined General Lopez in a landing in Cuba in August, 1851; he was defeated, and many of the surviving Americans were shot in cold blood after surrender. Though they had taken their lives in their own hands, they were prisoners of war, and the execution was a barbarity. Hence rioters attacked the house of the Spanish consul in New Orleans and tore a Spanish flag into fragments; eventually the United States made an indemnity to the consul, and the storm passed by.

Failing purchase or insurrection, annexation by force seemed the only possible method. To head off such a scheme England and France, in 1851, proposed that the United States should join in a tripartite declaration against exclusive control of Cuba by any of the three. Secretary Everett, in 1852, replied by asserting in round terms the truth that the United States had an interest in Cuba incomparably greater than that of any other power, and that, "under certain contingencies, it might be essential to our safety"; though the President "would consider its acquisition by force (except in a just war with Spain) as a disgrace to the civilization of the age." From Everett's despatch to 1895, Spain and the United States were left to settle their affairs face to face, with no aid from a European conclave.

When Pierce appointed so fiery an annexationist as Pierre Soulé minister to Spain in 1853 it did not seem likely that any reasonable offer of "just war" would be declined. The occasion came February 28, 1854, by the seizure, on a technicality, of the cargo of the steamer *Black Warrior*, in Havana. Soulé blew the coals in Spain, and demanded indemnity within forty-eight hours by the Spanish secretary's clock. Calderon sternly replied that "he was not accustomed to the harsh and imperious manner in which this matter has been expressed."

In this crisis the decisive influence was the Kansas-Nebraska bill, by which the President had already raised up a powerful and implacable opposition. He could not take a second aggressive step for slavery, and the reparation offered by Spain for the *Black Warrior* affair was accept-

ed. One is tempted to wish that Pierce had defied the moral sentiment of the country consistently, and by unrequited annexation had spared us forty years of Cuban diplomacy. When the pirate Menas whispered to Pompey,

"These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throats.
All there is thine,"

the conqueror could but reply,

"Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on't. In me, 'tis villany."

Hardly had peace been assured, when it was endangered by the Ostend Manifesto, framed by Buchanan, Mason, and Soulé, the baldest and blackest plea that was ever made for the forcible annexation of Cuba: "If Cuba in the possession of Spain seriously endangers our internal peace and the existence of our cherished Union, then by every law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain." In essence the argument was nothing other than that Cuba must be annexed, in order to keep slavery alive in the United States. The rise of the controversy over secession, for the time being, left the Cuban question behind, a dead issue.

After the civil war attention was recalled to Cuba by several changes of circumstances. First, we had strenuously protested against the recognition of insurgent communities. Secondly, Secretary Seward attempted to inaugurate a new era of annexations; he got Alaska, and treated for St. Thomas and San Domingo, and we were thus confronted with a new West Indian policy. Thirdly, the extortions and aggressions of Spanish administration in Cuba were felt with more irritation every year. For instance, Spain claimed that the boundary of Cuba extended six miles out to sea instead of three miles; American negro seamen were not allowed ashore; men-of-war off Cuban ports were not to send in their boats; Americans were impressed, taxed, their property embargoed or confiscated in violation of the treaty of 1795. That the American citizens thus maltreated bore such names as Don Ramon Rivas y Lamar made no difference to the American government, which protected all naturalized citizens, however unpalatable they might be to the Cuban authorities. At the same time, the United States had now become the advocate of freedom, and put a great pressure on Spain to emancipate the Cuban slaves.

The greatest change of all was the breaking out in 1868 of the first genuine spontaneous movement for Cuban independence. It was a favorable moment, for between September, 1868, and January, 1875, Spain passed through a Bourbon monarchy, a provisional government, an elective king, a republic, and the restoration of the Bourbon house. Under each of these régimes Cuba was impartially misgoverned. The Cubans had no port, had no regular combined army, and throve on guerilla operations. It was a dreadful warfare; and as has always happened in struggles between Spain and her colonists, it led to ferocity. Shooting prisoners and students, interruption of commerce, arbitrary government in Havana, destruction of property, and waste of human life—these were the incidents of the civil war in Cuba; yet the United States carefully held aloof from aid to the insurgents.

A crisis came in November, 1873. The steamer *Virginius*, registered as an American ship in the port of New York, was captured at sea by a Spanish vessel-of-war, carried into a Cuban port, and there about fifty of her officers and crew were summarily shot. A double grievance was thus created: the seizure of an American vessel on the high seas and the killing of American citizens without civil trial. Spain could not govern her governors, for orders telegraphed from Spain had no effect; and the turn of President Grant's hand would have brought on war. The Spaniards, however, made out against the *Virginius* a clear case of fraud in getting her American register; and the President, a man whose courage was not to be questioned, accepted the surrender of the vessel, and an indemnity to the families of the murdered Americans; and thus he avoided the kindred issues of war and of annexation.

Meantime the Cuban insurrection dragged along, with a new crop of confiscations and exactions and forced loans, at the expense of American citizens. Claims for such grievances were adjusted under a convention of February, 1871; but in March, 1877, the Spanish government was still pleading to distribute the payment over a series of years. President Grant had in vain offered his media-

tion "for the purpose of effecting by negotiation the peaceful separation of Cuba from Spain." Secretary Fish declared that "the ultimate issue of events in Cuba will be its independence." As the loss and misery of the war still continued, in December, 1875, President Grant intimated that "other nations will be compelled to assume the responsibility which devolves upon them, and to seriously consider the only remaining measures possible, mediation and intervention."

The word "intervention," in this sense of a joint protest, had hardly been heard since 1827; but the hint was sufficient to lead Spain to make concessions, which the Cubans accepted in 1877. President Grant's plan of foreign intervention was not invoked, and seems a serious departure from the century's policy that in Cuban diplomacy there are no other parties than Spain, the Cubans, and the United States.

Apparently a new period had come for Cuba; speedily relieved of slavery, trade less shackled, a good government promised, what was there to check its prosperity or to revive the difficulties with the United States? It was soon found that things fell back into their old rut; the Captain-General was still practically absolute; the island was saddled with the debt created to hold it in subjection; it was still exploited for the benefit of Spain, and the same wearisome impediments were laid on foreign traders. For example, in 1880 several vessels were fired upon by Spanish gunboats outside the jurisdiction of Cuba; in 1881 an American cattle-steamer, subject to a tax of $14 90, was taxed $387 40 because she had some lumber on board. In 1882 began a long-drawn-out correspondence on overcharges and illegal exactions by Spanish consuls over vexatious fines for small clerical errors, and over annoying passport regulations. The most serious trouble arose out of the refusal of the Spanish authorities to return estates confiscated during the war to American citizens of Cuban birth.

Meanwhile trade between the United States and Cuba was advancing by leaps and bounds. In 1850 the sum of the Cuban trade into and out of the United States was $20,000,000; in 1880, $76,000,000; in 1894, $105,000,000. American capital became engaged in sugar and other industries. The two countries tried to put their tariffs on a better footing by the convention of 1884, for the mutual abandonment of discriminating duties; in 1893 Spain accepted reciprocity under the tariff of 1890; but the Cuban authorities evaded the privileges thus conferred, on the ground that they were governed by a special Spanish translation from the English version of the treaty, and not by the original Spanish version; and it was three years before the home government could straighten out this petty snarl.

In 1884–5 came some filibustering expeditions; the United States exerted itself to stop them, and there was no Cuban insurrection. On the whole, the years from 1879 to 1894 were freer from diplomatic controversy than any like period since 1845. Meanwhile the Cubans in the United States had accumulated a revolution fund of a million dollars.

Looking back over the century, we see how often Cuba has been a source of irritation, anxiety, and danger. Military, commercial, economic, ethical, and political reasons have combined to compel the United States to concern itself with the neighboring island. Nevertheless, from 1795 to 1895 there were but two cases of direct interference with the destinies of Cuba — by President John Quincy Adams in 1826, and by President Grant in 1875. We saw the Spanish Empire break up without stirring for Cuba; we saw filibusters in 1849–51, in 1854, in 1868–78, in 1884–5, and the administration never gave them aid or comfort; in 1854 and 1873 there came excuses for war, and they were not claimed. Among the advocates of the annexation of Cuba have been Presidents Jefferson, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan, and it was not annexed.

Reviewing the whole period, it seems an historical truth that—so far from the Cuban policy of the United States having been one of aggression—few nations have shown more good temper toward a troublesome neighbor, more patience with diplomatic delays, or more self-restraint over a coveted possession. Even slavery, though it could prevent, could not procure, annexation. The Cuban controversy has not been sought by the United States: it arises out of the geographical and political conditions of America. As the French orator said in 1793: "I do not accuse the King; I do not accuse the nation; I do not accuse the people; I accuse the situation."

WITH MUSIC AND WHITE LIGHT.

BY ABBY SWAIN MEGUIRE.

SHE took her lovers as a reproach. They made her feel limited. There was a certain magnificence in their contempt for risks and consequences. And they reached heights of knowledge and of delight beyond her experience. Because they gave everything, and she nothing, she had a sense of obligation, and a pitiful impulse to lessen the hurt of disappointment. The compunction would not shake off.

Of course she realized that time and another face were sure consolers for nine out of ten of her inconsolables. That discovery had been a shock. Love, in her dreams, was sure and select. The saddest thing she had learned of love was that one could love again. Robbing love of its oneness robbed it of its majesty, and made her hope of an affinity mere schoolgirl sentimentalism.

She did not appreciate that to most young folks there comes a restless, unsettled period, when marriage charms because it is novel and unknown; when love is the necessity, rather than the individual beloved; so that the feeling produces the object, instead of the object the feeling. She was herself at this age of conjecture.

Almost unconsciously she considered and analyzed all her suitors, and some who were not. Her lovers disproved themselves in a dozen ways. And always in the first heat of rejection it seemed that their self-love was hurt more than their love. She had an Irish bull to the effect that it was not safe to marry a man until you had refused to marry him.

All this kept her from accepting what the gossips considered "splendid chances," though other girls thought the men she found wanting, strong and manly and lovable and generous.

"I confess," said the man, gravely, "this is not the answer I expected. You let me go on—"

"Yes, I know," she admitted. "I temporized, partly because I hated so to hurt you—"

"That is cruel kindness," he told her, gently.

She looked at him contritely. A little pause. There had seemed so much to say, but now neither could find words.

At last he rose. "Well?" he said.

The girl did not move nor look at him.

"Is there anything else you wished to say?" he questioned.

"Yes—I hardly know how—" She hesitated.

He sat down, and the constraint grew. Then suddenly she looked up with a nervous laugh. "You always sit and watch me with a sort of reverential regard, while I talk platitudes, as if you dreaded losing a word. I suppose it is in the vain hope I will some day say something."

The man smiled deprecatingly.

"And so," she hurried on, "I have talked of myself till you know me better than I know you. That is the reason I have kept you waiting so long—hoping I would get acquainted. I was not sure you were not my knight, and, somehow, I had a strong feeling you were, if only I could find it out. I never felt so of any one else. They were all discouragingly impossible. But you have been so interested in me you have forgotten to let me get at you." She stopped for a moment, frowning at the carpet.

"I am not a girl of enthusiasms. Indeed, I never *loved* any one in my life. Yet my aunties call me affectionate. It isn't that I am a hypocrite, only that I want to please, to do what people expect; and, the same old story, I hate to hurt any one. So, in the end, they call me fickle, or a flirt. And then I felt that perhaps if I kept exercising my feelings, some day I might care for some one. That sounds funny, of course, but simply being loved doesn't satisfy me. I have had that all my life. I want to do my share—only—my hero does not come.

"No, I have no diagram of him. But I thought I would know him at sight. I suppose I have been expecting him to burst upon me with music and white light. Now you see what I meant about you. I felt as if you *must* be he, if you would just—produce your halo!"

She talked in a rapid, fragmentary way, though easily enough, so far. But when she went on again it was more slowly, and without looking at him.

"Well—I have been thinking a great deal about it; and I thought—if we saw each other every day, and had—common interests—the flash must come some time—at least, I am willing to—take the risk—if you are!"

And she faced him suddenly, shyly.

He was leaning toward her, his eyes luminous. He put his hand over hers on the chair arm. And the girl held her breath. It was only for a moment. Then he got up abruptly, and stood at the window, his back to her.

"No!" in a new tone, hard and low. "That won't do. If you have not found in me what you want, after all this time, you never will. You are imagining possibilities not in me. Suppose you were tied to me and found it out!"

"I said I would risk it," she repeated. "I never trusted any one as I do you. I know that isn't love," and her brow was troubled, "but it may lead to it. Even if it fails, with you I should be secure and content."

"Dear," he said, "you forget that you said you must do your share of the caring. For a woman especially, a loveless marriage perverts all that is finest and sweetest in her nature. A love that you *must* accept, and cannot return nor satisfy, is gall and wormwood. I won't have you embittering your life."

"I thought," she said, rather coldly—"I thought I was so necessary to your happiness."

He gave a little wordless note of appeal.

"Well, they all protest that," she went on, "but somehow I felt that you really would not forget so easily. The next best thing to satisfying your own life, is to fulfil another's. It might be best of all, under some circumstances. You are strong, with a work in the world. Let me be your influence!"

The surprise and reproach of his look embarrassed her. She mistook its meaning.

"I need not fail you," she protested. "You don't know," with forced lightness, "how really good-natured and obliging I am!"

"Don't! don't!" interrupted the man, with acute pain in his voice. "Indeed I would never have asked you to marry me if I had not thought I could make you happy. If my wife was wretched, could I be content? Besides, I love you better than myself—and that is not a mere formula! You must consider nothing but your own feeling in this matter."

"It seemed to me"—there was something plaintive in her tone—"that if you thought of my happiness, and I of yours, things would surely be all right."

Again there was that glow in his eyes. "Dear, how have you learned things like that, if you missed the inspiration of it all?"

She only shook her head. There was silence again. Neither was conscious of the reversal of their usual positions.

She seemed going over it all in her mind once more. At last she sighed: "You don't know how I have tried to make things go your way for both our sakes. There are so many reasons for our marrying—"

The man got up like a caged thing. "Don't say any more! you only make it harder for me to go, and more impossible for me to stay!"

As she watched him inquiringly the trouble in her face changed to wonder. "You always say what I never think to expect," she said, in a baffled way, "and yet"—with a sudden warming of her look—"what you do say is always finer than I expected. Oh, it is all wrong! How have we missed each other?"

She gave him her hand, and they stood face to face, until her eyes filled and fell before the gray sorrow of his look.

"Good-by, little girl," he said. "You have given me the sweetest and bitterest experience of my life. And, because I know what it means, I cannot help *you* to miss it. If you are sure"—suddenly catching at a last straw—"*sure* you do not love me?"

She shook her head sadly, though not decisively. But he saw only sympathy, and went on more steadily:

"Don't reproach yourself. It isn't your fault. And it never harms a man, however much it may hurt, to love a good woman, even in vain. In time the sharp sting will go, of course, but I sha'n't forget you, nor the beautiful things you have meant to me. Besides making me love you, you have taught me a new standard of values, and given a finer significance to my every-day work. And I want to thank you." He spoke very simply.

The girl listened, a change dawning in her face. "Oh," she cried, quickly, "do

you mean all these things? Why haven't you talked before as you have to-night?" And she added, softly, "I should have loved you long ago!"

Her face flashed up at him with a new radiance. "Please—please—" Then she stopped, with a little choke. "Oh, it was so easy to say a few minutes ago, and now—" She flushed and put out her hands, looking away from him. "Please marry me soon, before I find out you are like the others—if you are."

"Why, what is it, dear?"

"I have just discovered you — my knight!" she said. And in her eyes was the light that had shone for him in dreams.

THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

BY CATHAY.

GREAT as are the interests immediately involved, the gravity which the Far-Eastern question has so rapidly assumed in the closing years of the nineteenth century can only be adequately appreciated in its bearings on those momentous issues towards which the pressure of modern civilization is driving the human race with irresistible force and daily increasing velocity. It is a favorite commonplace to say that the world is growing very small, but few people, perhaps, realize the deadly earnest which underlies that commonplace. For it is within the limits of this small world of ours that the nations of the earth must live and move and have their being; and in the same proportion as with the growing requirements of modern civilization each nation needs more elbow-room for itself, the area within which it can hope to find that elbow-room is being daily and steadily exhausted. The population of the civilized portions of the earth has increased by leaps and bounds—that of the British Isles, for instance, from 16 to 40 millions during the course of the present century, that of the states which now form the German Empire from 24 to 50 millions, that of the United States from 6 to 70 millions—the average duration of life has increased, and the progress of science and the more humane tendency of legislation combine to preserve many lives which from the purely economic point of view are rather a burden than a benefit to the community. At the same time the living wage, the standard of comfort, the demands of luxury, the proportion of unproductive to productive expenditure, have risen no less rapidly in every class of society. To satisfy these growing needs every civilized nation has been driven to work at a pressure unknown to former generations. Industrial activity and commercial enterprise have assumed gigantic developments. The marvellous discoveries of science have enabled the civilized world to multiply and intensify its powers of production to an almost unlimited extent. But to produce is one thing, and to dispose of what is produced is another. The powers of production of the civilized world have outstripped its powers of consumption, and congestion is only averted by the continuous opening up of new markets and new fields of enterprise in those portions of the earth where the resources of nature and the energies of man still lie dormant. Industry, in the widest sense of the term, is to-day the breath of the social organism throughout the civilized world, and the cry for more trade—more markets—is as imperative as the cry of the human organism for more air when threatened with suffocation.

In this tremendous competition the Anglo-Saxon race has, by a singular combination of energy and foresight and good fortune, secured a splendid start. Great Britain has built up for herself a world-wide colonial empire; the United States, stretching from ocean to ocean across one of the most favored regions of the earth, overshadows a whole continent. It is not, after all, unnatural that other nations, having lagged behind in the race, should resent the start we have obtained, and that when the moment seems to have arrived for finally opening up the greatest and richest field which the world still holds in reserve, they should be inclined to cry to us: "Hands off! You have already more than your fair share. It is our turn now to help ourselves, and to redress the balance in our favor." The growing jealousy with which both branches of the Anglo-Saxon race are

regarded by the leading powers of the European Continent is, at any rate, a fact which has to be reckoned with, and nowhere more than in the Far East, where both Great Britain and the United States have such vast interests at stake. If it was Great Britain who more than fifty years ago first made a breach in the great wall of Chinese self-isolation, America can claim to have played the leading part in rendering Japan amenable to the influences of Western civilization. Shanghai, the greatest emporium of foreign trade in the Far East, bears witness to the shrewdness and enterprise of the English and American pioneers who laid the foundations of "the model settlement." If the volume of American trade with China and Japan does not bear comparison with that of the British Empire, it is greater than that of any other European country, and it is unquestionably capable of immense development in the future. For the day can no longer be far distant when the piercing of the Isthmus will bring the eastern seaboard of the States into scarcely less close touch with the Far East than the western seaboard, which looks straight across the Pacific to the shores of China and Japan. The shrewdness upon which Americans deservedly pride themselves would therefore have been singularly at fault had they not recognized that the battle which Great Britain is waging for the preservation of China as a great tradal area open to the whole world is one that concerns them almost as nearly as ourselves.

Nor must one underrate the odds against which Britain has to contend. France, thoroughly awakened at last to the value of the colonial empire she once threw away, has devoted no small part of her energies throughout this century, and especially during its last decades, to repairing her blunders of the last century. Germany, whose rapid transformation from an agricultural into an industrial state of the first rank has been a far more momentous event than her political reconstruction, is pressing on in the same course with the feverish haste of a belated traveller. Slowly but steadily, with the resistless momentum of its massive power, the mysterious empire of the Tsar moulds its policy of territorial expansion to new shapes under the influence of its silent development. And moving thus on parallel lines, they combine to curse the "selfishness" of the Anglo-Saxon race, which bars their progress by the indefeasible right of prior occupancy. They accept, of course, the benefit of the complete equality which Britain grants on the same terms as she herself enjoys to the trade and enterprise of the whole world wherever her influence is paramount, but their only acknowledgment is a vindictive "Sic vos non vobis." They themselves not only erect barrier upon barrier against foreign commerce and industry, but every possession they acquire is immediately turned, as far as human ingenuity can contrive, into a close preserve for the exclusive benefit of their own commerce and industry. The end of the century bids fair to witness the revival, in a more insidious but none the less dangerous shape, of a hostile combination not dissimilar in spirit from the "continental system" which the genius of Napoleon devised at the beginning of the century for the overthrow of British power. This *fin de siècle* continental system may not be proclaimed at the cannon's mouth, and the smooth-tongued diplomatists of the European *chancelleries* would doubtless profess to be deeply shocked at the mere suggestion of such a thing. But Count von Caprivi, when he was Chancellor of the German Empire, declared that the days were past when wars could be waged for dynastic interests or for mere political prestige. "The wars of the future," he added, "will be industrial wars, waged *à coup de tarifs*, and if bloodless, none the less fierce." We have not had to wait long for the fulfilment of that prophecy. No one who has watched at all closely, of recent years, the political and economic action of Germany, Russia, and France can have failed to note the settled hostility to Great Britain which has been the one constant factor. It was at the expense of British trade that the tariff war between Russia and Germany was brought to a peaceful conclusion in 1894; it was to thwart British policy in central Africa that France and Germany drew together for the first time since 1870, and defeated the main objects of the British convention with the Congo State; and it has been on the basis of the political spoils to Russia and the commercial spoils to Germany that the two empires have worked together of recent years to eliminate British influence at Constantinople.

It can therefore be no matter for surprise that, when the Japanese sword pricked the bubble of China's "latent power," the same three powers were quick to grasp the opportunity which British statesmanship had so long neglected. Great Britain had been the first to effect a breach in the impenetrable wall which had for centuries concealed the great treasure-house of the Far East. The outworks which she had conquered, not for herself alone, but for the whole world, revealed the vast potential resources of the boundless empire that lay beyond—a teeming population to be reckoned by hundreds of millions, frugal, docile, and eminently industrious; agricultural and mineral wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice"; a strange but ancient civilization which even in its decay gave proof of an inborn aptitude for all the arts and crafts of peace. We have still so far only touched the fringe of China, and yet in little more than half a century, notwithstanding the ubiquitous obstruction of native officials, her foreign trade has risen to an annual aggregate of over £50,000,000. Nature has endowed her far more bountifully than Japan, and should she ever be persuaded or compelled to throw herself unreservedly, like the latter, into the path of modern progress, the value of her foreign trade, measured by what has already happened in Japan, might well be trebled or quadrupled. The sight of so costly a prize guarded by hands so feeble was well calculated to tempt the ambition of aggressive powers. The tide of Russian expansion towards the east, headed off in turn from Constantinople in the seventies, and from the Persian Gulf in the eighties, had for some time past been rolling onwards towards the Pacific. France had already built up the foundations of a new Oriental empire, mainly at the expense of the vassal states of China. Germany, dissatisfied with her meagre share in the scramble for Africa, was only too eager to peg out fresh claims in some more promising region. Was Great Britain once more to block their way? The energy and enterprise of her citizens had, as usual, secured a position of peaceful pre-eminence. Two-thirds of the whole foreign trade and shipping were in their hands. But the war had undoubtedly dealt a severe blow to the political ascendancy which Great Britain had hitherto enjoyed at Peking. Her policy had been governed by an unreasoning belief in the "latent power" of the Chinese Empire and in the value of its "friendship." The miserable collapse of Chinese power seemed therefore to involve at the same time the collapse of British policy. It was her rivals' opportunity. If they could only succeed in substituting, by a bold stroke, their own political ascendancy for hers, they would use it, not as she had done, for the benefit of all, but, according to their own custom, for the promotion of their own exclusive interests. Still British prestige, though shaken, was by no means broken, and while Great Britain could not yet be treated as a negligible quantity, the rise of Japan had introduced another formidable factor into the Far-Eastern equation. With an audacity which compels admiration, the three continental powers proposed to disarm British suspicions at the outset by endeavoring to entangle Great Britain in the very combination of which the ultimate and paramount object was the destruction of the predominance she had so long enjoyed, and at the same time to avert the possibility of a future understanding between her and Japan, by inducing her to share with them at Tokio the odium of an unjustifiable act of coercion. On the plea of safe-guarding the integrity of the Chinese Empire, for which neither Russia nor France had shown any special regard whenever their interests required a slice of Chinese territory, Russia calmly invited the British government to join with her and her two allies in ousting Japan from the Chinese provinces of which she wanted the reversion for herself. Great Britain declined to walk into the trap, and notwithstanding the unpleasant consequences which at first attended her refusal, the event has tended more and more to justify the statesmanlike decision which has preserved for her her present liberty of action.

Let us pause here for a moment to survey the situation in the weird, outlandish capital which was to be the battle-ground of these fiercely conflicting interests. The removal of the seat of government, two centuries ago, from Nanking to Peking had relegated the centre of authority to a remote corner of the empire, practically cut off during the four winter months from all communication with the outer world. But the isolation to which nature has condemned Peking is nothing to the

isolation to which it stands self-condemned by the ignorance and arrogance of its fatuous rulers. Of the great officials and dignitaries of state who compose the vast system of public plunder euphemistically termed the central government of China, scarcely half a dozen have ever travelled beyond the confines of the empire, and the vast majority have seldom stirred outside the dilapidated mud-brick walls and mock battlements of the city which actually and metaphorically bound on every side their visual horizon. A pale and sickly youth who never emerges, except in the dead of night on rare ceremonial occasions, from the seclusion of the imperial or forbidden city—a walled city within the city, peopled solely with eunuchs and women—is the nominal depositary of supreme power over three or four hundred millions of human beings. Behind him looms, still more mysterious, the figure of one of those masterful women whose natural shrewdness and strength of will from time to time break through the trammels imposed upon their sex by the social system of the East. By a bold *coup de main*, of which the story is still only dimly known, the Empress Dowager twice secured for herself the privileges of a long and undisturbed regency, and even when she formally resigned the reins of power into the present Emperor's hands, her influence continued to be supreme until the Japanese war dealt a heavy blow to her own prestige, and a yet heavier one to that of Li Hung-Chang, her life-long adviser and *protégé*. She herself had thrown her whole weight into the scales in favor of war, or at least of those measures which rendered war inevitable. Li Hung-Chang, who with all his faults has been appropriately called "the one-eyed man in the kingdom of the blind," vainly pleaded at the last moment for procrastination and caution. In his capacity of "defender of the frontier," he was primarily responsible for the efficiency of China's naval and military forces, and as no *Yamên* in the whole Empire was more corrupt than his own, none could be in a better position to gauge the rottenness to which incompetence and roguery had brought them. Stripped successively of all his dignities during the disastrous progress of the war, he saw them restored to him at its close merely in order that he should incur the fresh odium of affixing his seal to the Treaty of Shimonoseki. From the Chinese point of view, which still considers any mission to "the barbarians" as a humiliating form of public service, his special embassy to Europe and America was only another nail driven into his coffin. In vain he strove, on his return, by gigantic largess to propitiate the throne and recover his old position as Viceroy of Chi-li. The Dowager Empress no longer had the power, if she still had the will, to help him. She could barely hold her own against the new party, which, though with fluctuating success, was steadily urging the young Emperor to assert himself against the unconstitutional encroachments of petticoat government; and the Peking officials, with visions of railway contracts and loan-mongering before their eyes, were determined that Li Hung-Chang should not regain his ancient monopoly of lucrative negotiations at Peking. He had ultimately to come to terms with Wen Tung-Ho, the Emperor's tutor and the leader of the reactionary party—Li Hung-Chang to mitigate the Empress Dowager's hostility towards Wen Tung-Ho, and Wen Tung-Ho to secure Li Hung-Chang against the Emperor's further displeasure—and on this understanding he was given a seat in the Tsung-li-Yamên, the Board of Foreign Affairs, where the dominant faction holds him firmly in check, whilst employing him as a useful hack for the transaction of unpleasant diplomatic business. Thus torn by internal dissensions, panic-stricken at its own helplessness, and still imbued with the boundless pride of its ancient conservatism, devoured by the gangrene of universal corruption, which the dread of impending national ruin served only to intensify, the central government has found itself face to face with the growing discontent of the provinces, still inarticulate but none the less ominous; with the angry clamor of provincial officials "squeezed" in their turn beyond all precedent to supply the needs of a depleted exchequer; and last but not least, with the menacing conflict of foreign powers at the gates.

Barely two months elapsed after the intervention of the three allies had wrested the Liao-tung Peninsula from Japan before they began to throw off the mask of disinterested benevolence and demand cash payment for their good offices to China. It is very significant that the

first payment thus effected was made at the expense of Great Britain. On the 20th of June, 1895, the French minister at Peking, personally assisted by his Russian colleague, extorted from the Tsung-li-Yamên the cession of certain territories in the Mekong Valley which China had formally pledged herself to the British government, only fifteen months previously, never to alienate without its consent. France subsequently obtained, under similar pressure, other preferential advantages for the benefit of her Tonking possessions, in connection with the construction of railways and the working of mines in Kwang-si and Yun-nan. In the following month (July, 1895), at the moment when negotiations with British capitalists on satisfactory business terms were on the eve of conclusion, Russia and France combined to force upon China, at the point, as it were, of the bayonet, a loan guaranteed by the Russian government, and floated in Paris. This was to be the first step towards placing China under their exclusive financial tutelage, and controlling her foreign trade through the customs administration, of which the revenues constitute the one substantial security she can at present offer. Fortunately the tightness of the Paris money market just when China required a further advance arrested, for a time, the progress of the scheme. But the creation, in January, 1896, of the Russo-Chinese bank, under the auspices of French financial houses and the presidency of Prince Ukhtomsky, the Tsar's confidential adviser in all matters relating to the Far East, marked another forward step, and in September of the same year the Chinese government was compelled to sign with that institution a convention allowing the Siberian Railway to be carried across Chinese territory.

The terms of this convention practically convert Manchuria into a dependency of Russia, and open up for the latter direct access to the coveted positions on the Liao-tung Peninsula, out of which Japan had been ejected. It is not necessary to assume the absolute authenticity of the famous "Cassini convention," of which the *North China Daily News* claimed to publish the actual text in October, 1896, but there can be little doubt that it represents the general lines of an "agreement" to which China has had to yield a more or less reluctant assent.

The first seven articles, as far as they deal with the construction of railways and mining privileges in Manchuria, and with the introduction of Russian troops for their protection, are being at the present day rapidly carried into execution, and the extension of the Russian railway system to Port Arthur and Talienwan is now admittedly a mere question of time. A Russian force is believed to have already occupied Kirin, and Russian military instructors have actually appeared on the scene at Peking. Evidence of a scarcely less convincing character might be adduced in confirmation of the further articles conceding the use of Port Arthur, Talienwan, and Kiao-chau to the use of the Russians as a naval base in the event of warlike operations.

Whilst France and Russia thus compelled China to honor their heavy drafts upon her "gratitude," Germany's claims, though equally pressing, were for a time treated with far less courtesy. Her partners themselves seemed inclined to give her the cold shoulder, and China, taking her cue from them, made bold to disregard her pretensions. The partnership, in fact, threatened to turn out so unprofitable for her that she showed at one time some disposition to drift quietly out of it and draw closer to Great Britain. In 1896 German capitalists joined hands with English capitalists in raising the second Chinese loan, which the Franco-Russian combination was just then financially unable to carry through, and a scheme which found considerable favor in German non-official quarters was put forward for securing, by similar co-operation, the development of Chinese railways and mines under the control of an international administration similar to that of the Maritime Customs. Germany's position in the triple alliance of the Far East became still more awkward when the despatch of a military mission from Berlin, which was to have conferred the Black Eagle on the Son of Heaven, and arranged for the reorganization of the celestial army by German officers, was suddenly vetoed at the last moment from St. Petersburg. But in spite of occasional friction the partnership could not be broken up without playing into the hands of Great Britain. So with admirable tenacity of purpose Germany possessed her

soul in patience, and in the mean time had a careful survey made of every spot along the Chinese coast which might prove suitable for occupation by her fleet as soon as opportunity offered. It is now no secret that the German admiralty had decided on Kiao-chau some time before the incident which led to its actual occupation, and that the German Emperor, without, however, specifying any particular point, had secured for himself a free hand from the Tsar during his visit to the Russian court last summer. But the territory of a professedly friendly power could hardly be seized without some colorable pretext. *Quos perdere vult Jupiter, prius dementat.* China was aware that Kiao-chau was a point which might at any time invite the exclusive attentions of certain foreign powers, and she had been repeatedly advised to avert that danger by opening it to foreign trade, and thus placing it on the footing of the other "treaty ports." Whether her hands were already tied by any special arrangements with Russia, or from sheer perverseness, she did nothing. At the same time reports were rife that Li Ping-Cheng, the Governor-General of Shan-tung, was promoting, or at least tolerating, a dangerous anti-foreign agitation, and the Chinese government was warned of the consequences which might attend an outbreak. Again China did nothing. What had been the consequences of similar outbreaks in the past that she should heed them? Some pecuniary compensation for the families of the victims, the heads of a few coolies, the degradation, more or less illusory, of a few mandarins.

But this time Nemesis was to overtake her in a more drastic shape. By a singular coincidence, which the German Emperor may well be excused for interpreting as a special interposition of Providence, the threatened outbreak occurred in the very province upon which Germany's choice had already settled. Within a few days the German forces were landed and occupied Kiao-chau, and though Li Ping-Cheng clamored for "permission to sweep the barbarians back into the sea," the Chinese government was wise enough to recognize that they had come to stay. As soon as the news reached Peking, the ministers of the Tsung-li-Yamên of course rushed to the Russian Legation, claiming the fulfilment of those promises of protection which Russia had so freely lavished upon them in the past. That Germany's action at first produced considerable irritation in St. Petersburg as well as in Peking there seems to be no doubt, and it was presumably the angry language used in Russian circles which induced the Germans at one moment to contemplate the expediency of exchanging Kiao-chau for a naval station further south. But the Tsar considered himself to be personally pledged to William II., and though he may have felt that the interpretation placed upon it by his august ally was somewhat elastic, he was not the man to go back upon his word. China had no choice but to submit to the inevitable.

A convention was signed granting to Germany, besides substantial atonement for the murder of her missionaries, a ninety-nine years' lease of the territory around Kiao-chau Bay, and important rights with regard to the construction of railways and the working of valuable coal-fields and other mines in the province of Shan-tung—rights of which the murder of a sentry a few days later gave the German minister an opportunity of claiming a further extension. Russia, on the other hand, being unable any longer to winter her fleet at Kiao-chau, as she had done on one or two previous occasions, obtained, by way of compensation, the right to use Port Arthur for that purpose, and she is already storing coals there on a gigantic scale, and generally making herself at home, pending the completion of the defensive works which the Chinese are kindly restoring at their own expense, for her future convenience.

Russia, France, and Germany have thus in turn secured for themselves the usurious reward of their dubious services to the "independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire." Nor did they leave any one in doubt as to their future intentions. When Great Britain suggested that Nan-ning-fu and Talienwan should be thrown open to foreign trade, the French and Russian representatives at Peking immediately entered an emphatic protest. Germany was officially more cautious, though her inspired organs did not hesitate to put forward the strange theory that she was entitled to claim at Kiao-chau all the advantages both of absolute sovereignty and of leasehold possession, whilst repudiating the obligations both of her own and of China's commer-

cial treaties with foreign powers. It was a distinct warning that in the "spheres of influence" which they were carving out for themselves the three powers were bent upon boycotting the trade of all other nations. But they had shown their hands too soon. Great Britain had been slow to speak, but she spoke at last firmly and deliberately, and the applause which her language elicited in every country interested in maintaining the freedom of foreign commerce and intercourse with China showed that she had voiced no mere selfish interests.

British policy in China may not always have been free from reproach in other respects; but though there were times when Great Britain might have done anything she liked in China, when her political ascendancy was as undisputed as her commercial preponderancy, she never claimed a single exclusive advantage for herself. Even the island rock of Hongkong, the solitary trophy of two successful campaigns, is open to all comers, and in every "treaty port" throughout China all can share the rights which she acquired by the treaties of Nanking and of Tientsin. The only legitimate grievance that others might have against her is perhaps that she showed too much indulgence towards the feeble rulers of China, that she too often allowed them to evade the spirit and letter of the treaty engagements, that by a strange delusion from which her wide experience of Oriental races should have saved her she sought to cultivate their friendship by repeatedly condoning their bad faith, and that when she possessed the power she did not exert it sufficiently to make them put their house in order. But these are, after all, side issues of merely retrospective interest. They do not affect the one central and constant feature of her policy. "Equality of opportunity for all" is the principle upon which she has taken her stand ever since she first demanded access to the Middle Kingdom. That she would remain true to it in the present crisis could hardly be in doubt from the moment when, seeing through the hollow pretence of international philanthropy, she refused to join in the policy of plunder of which the intervention of the three powers was to be the hypocritical prelude. Even under the provocation of the Franco-Chinese convention, which certainly justified her in demanding special redress for the special wrong done to her, the chief compensation she asked for, besides a slight rectification of her Burmese frontier, was the opening of the West River of Canton to foreign trade, and the removal of other unlawful barriers which obstructed foreign enterprise in the two Kwang provinces. (The kerosene-oil trade of the United States was probably the first to benefit by her action in this matter.) Again, when the Chinese government requested her financial assistance in order to clear off the Japanese war indemnity, the chief undertaking she required, besides proper provisions for the interest and repayment of the loan, and facilities for carrying the Burmese railway system across the Chinese frontier, was that the area of foreign trade should be extended by the immediate opening of three fresh "treaty ports," and that the valley of the Yang-tze-kiang —*i. e.*, the great central basin which covers the most valuable field for commercial and industrial enterprise — should never be alienated. In deed as well as in word she has proclaimed *urbi et orbi* the principle for which, with useful if perhaps undiplomatic bluntness, the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared that she was ready to face even the risk of war.

The time had certainly come for plain speaking, and the powers to whom it was addressed seem to have realized its meaning. It has wrung from them the tribute of at least nominal adhesion. Herr von Bülow assured the Imperial Diet that Germany's interests would best be served by making Kiao-chau a free port, and the Russian government appears to have gone even further, for Lord Salisbury was able to speak of a written assurance that any port which it might obtain leave to employ would be a free port for foreign commerce. But the value of these assurances, satisfactory, no doubt, as far as they go, must not be overrated. The German Foreign Secretary was careful not to bind himself for the future, "especially in view of foreign countries"; and with regard to Russia, one cannot help remembering what happened to the free port of Batoum and the transit trade of the Caucasus within a few years after the Treaty of Berlin, notwithstanding the most solemn assurances of the Tsar's "intentions." Moreover, the Continental powers, with their system of state-owned

railways, are past masters in the art of circumventing treaty tariffs by differential rates and sliding scales. The ports may remain free, but those who control the railways behind them may still be able to destroy, or at least seriously impair, the "equality of opportunity" which a free port is intended to secure. Even now it is not quite clear how far the practical monopoly of railways and mines which the Russians have obtained in Manchuria, and the Germans in the Shan-tung province, is compatible with the principle which the British government has pledged itself to vindicate. The precise terms of the German agreement have not yet been published, but the Russian railway convention contains an explicit stipulation that only Russian and Chinese subjects can hold shares in the Manchurian railways. Such a stipulation obviously excludes "equality of opportunity for all," though it may be somewhat less offensive in form than the Russian demand for the dismissal of the English engineers on the Peking-Shan-hai-kwan line, and the appointment of Russian engineers in their stead.

If the powers whose policy is that of "closed doors against the world" have lately moderated their tone, there is nothing yet to show that they have permanently amended their purpose. All that can be safely assumed is that Russia, with whom France is bound at present to keep step, is anxious not to push matters to extremities until her trans-Siberian railway is completed; that, as appears from the official statements made in the committee of the Reichstag with regard to the new navy bill, Germany's "mailed fist" cannot safely make itself felt beyond the seas until she has created two powerful squadrons to protect her own coast against the danger of blockade. In the mean time it clearly behooves Great Britain and the other powers whose policy is, on the contrary, that of "open doors to all the world," not to relax their watchfulness, nor to surrender one inch of the ground upon which their common interests bid them take their stand. Amongst those powers Japan may doubtless at present be reckoned. Neither friends nor foes are likely to underrate the value of her co-operation, and the triple alliance of the Far East has at least done this much good, that, by warning her off the mainland of Asia, and despoiling her of the first fruits of her warlike achievements, it has sobered her ambition, which might have proved dangerously overweening, and it has compelled her, willy-nilly, to transfer the weight of her formidable power to the conservative side of the scales. The "awakening of China" may be past praying for. At any rate, there seems no hope of reform from within, except after some great upheaval which should sweep away her corrupt and effete bureaucracy, and the remedy might prove worse, if possible, than the evil. But the story of Tongking, the fate of Manchuria, the loss of Kiao-chau, ought at last to have taught even her that the only chance of saving her territory from the clutches of aggressive powers is to throw it open freely to the peaceful but "effective" occupation of the whole world. By inviting foreign capital to construct her railroads, to navigate her great waterways, to stimulate her trade and industry, she might still build up a more powerful defensive bulwark than the sullen *vis inertiæ* in which she has so long vainly put her trust. But even should the instinct of self-preservation be past quickening in China, even should Japan prove unequal to the position which she claims among the nations, Great Britain's course remains clear. Where she has sown, there also she must remain to reap her share of the harvest.

If anything were needed to stiffen her resolution, it would be the sympathy and admiration which her attitude has already elicited in the United States. The best men on both sides of the Atlantic have long felt that it required only some great cause, some community of great interests, to sweep away the prejudices which, in spite of so many real ties, still tend to divide the two Anglo-Saxon nations. It is just such a cause, just such common interests, for which Great Britain is doing battle in the Far East; and one of the most hopeful features of the Far-Eastern question is that it seems destined to draw the Anglo-Saxon race more closely together.

DICTATED.

BY ALEXANDER BLACK.

THE Public Stenographer and Type-writer, so styled in gilt letters on a Corinthian column in the Hotel Mississippi, sat with her chin on her hand staring thoughtfully down a long corridor that ended in two uninspiring swinging brown doors.

She looked like a fragile girl at the first glance, perhaps because she was rather pale; but when she had stood up a few moments before to replace the record-book on the shelf behind her, it was not difficult to see that she had a fine strong figure, and that she was taller than she seemed to be when seated. She had hair that was difficult to memorize, for the reason, doubtless, that it never was twice of the same shade; and eyes that had in them a drowsy shadow until they were turned full upon you, when instantly they acquired a clear and steady lustre. She wore a dark skirt, and a soft gray waist with sleeves that fell free at the wrist, as if the wearer had formed the habit of being satisfied with that which was revealed there.

While she thus sat staring down the long corridor she suddenly made a surprised movement, a pale rose-color shot into her face, and her big eyes acquired a mysterious quivering light.

Two men had entered the corridor. At the instant when she became conscious of the younger of the two men the Public Type-writer had fixed her gaze uncompromisingly upon the swinging brown doors, although she knew by some experience that these phenomena were utterly unworthy of study. An immediate disadvantage of this manœuvre was the girl's inability to say whether the younger man in his transit had seen her; yet she clearly saw the two separate, the older man coming toward her with the words, "I'll get off that letter now."

Mr. Erastus Cardley, manufacturer of hydraulic machinery, Chicago, Illinois, thereupon sat down beside the Public Type-writer with his back against the Corinthian column.

He was a large, healthy man, and it was indicative of his affability that he started to say "Good-morning!" as he sat down; but just as he said "Good—" he became puzzled as to the location of a certain letter in one of his pockets, and got no further.

"Eh—I think," he said, when at last he had found the letter, "that I would prefer to have you write it on the machine, so that I may sign it at once."

Cardley dictated like a man who was thinking aloud, nibbling in perplexed intervals at a long cigar, which never had been and never would be lighted. During the early passages of his letter Cardley's eyes wandered to the machine, and after a time to the girl's hands, which were flickering over the keys in a manner that struck him as so remarkably pretty that in one of his nibbles he absently perceived that the white fingers were alertly still.

"Eh—let me see," he stammered then. "Where was I?"

"'If that shipment is not made within three days from this date, we shall be compelled to regard the contract as forfeited,'" repeated the soft voice at the type-writer, in an unaccented, professional monotone.

"Eh—'Yours very truly,'" concluded Cardley. When he had signed the letter and received the envelope, it occurred to him to ask, "And what is my bill?"

"Fifteen cents, please," replied the girl.

Cardley found a quarter in his waistcoat pocket. He placed it on the corner of the desk, and was turning away when the girl said, "The change, please," in a voice so conclusive that Cardley abandoned his impulse, and took the ten-cent piece which she placed in his palm. Cardley's commercial sense told him that the price was sufficient, yet he had a human feeling that made it seem somewhat out of proportion to the gratification of seeing the service done by this person.

Cardley had just seated himself in an adjoining reading-room when the young man who had been in his company reappeared in the corridor. The young man seemed to expect to find Cardley there, and strolled incredulously toward the empty chair beside the Corinthian column. When he saw the girl his step faltered, then quickened.

"Grace!"

"Mr. Hastings!"

He held out his hand, and she yielded

hers. Her movement was cold, but the hand was perceptibly warm in the instant he was privileged to hold it.

"I had no idea," he began, seating himself beside her, "that you were here—that you were—"

"At work," she added, quietly.

"I had heard of the disaster," he went on.

"Yes?" she returned, as if she had meant "but you said nothing"; and there was something of remonstrance in his "You had not answered my letter."

"There was nothing to say."

"And I was afraid," he continued, "that you would not understand me. I knew how proud you were. And I didn't think it all was sufficiently disastrous to make it necessary for you to—"

"Oh, I shouldn't have been a drone," she said, lightly.

"But you wouldn't have chosen this—"

"Is it kind to despise my situation?"

"No, no!" he cried. "You misunderstand me—and it isn't the first time. I had meant to say that you wouldn't have chosen anything so arduous, so wearing—"

"I am strong."

"Yes, but you were not accustomed to the long strain of business hours, and this thing must be racking to the nerves."

"On the contrary, I have enjoyed it. I am independent."

"You always were independent," he said, with a sign of bitterness. "It was one of your passions."

"I fear I shall never get over it."

"Grace!" he cried, bending toward her, "listen to me!"

She reached for her dictation-book, and lifted her pencil. Only a woman could have taken a precaution against observation with such mechanical timeliness.

"Grace," pursued Hastings, "tell me this here and now—had this disaster happened when you sent me—my letters?"

"Yes," she answered, inscrutably.

He arose and stooped excitedly toward her. "Then why didn't you say a word?"

She motioned to him to be seated again. "Because I was frightened and tired, and it wasn't necessary."

"Wasn't necessary? Wasn't necessary to tell me that a catastrophe that affected the comfort of your mother and yourself—"

"We cannot mend it now," she said, talking into the dictation-book, in a tone that seemed to imply that *he* could not mend it now.

"Grace, I feel that there is something you have not told me—something which might explain to me—" he paused almost appealingly.

"There are some things a woman never can explain to a man."

"Will you always be so?" he remonstrated. "Was I altogether to blame?"

She smiled nervously, deliberately put away the dictation-book, and glanced up at the clock. "I scarcely understand you."

"Give me an opportunity to explain."

"Explain?" She looked at him for an instant incredulously. "I had thought that we were past that."

"Perhaps we are; but if it shall be so, it shall be because you have willed it."

"You will pardon me," she said; "I must go to my luncheon."

"May I—"

"Whenever you are ready, Elbert," came the voice of Cardley in the corridor.

The girl's manner might have been called nervous, indifferent, or both, according to one's attitude and suspicions. Hastings simply added, as he helped her with her cape: "You will be here this afternoon? I have some letters."

"Yes," she replied, and left him.

"First time I ever saw you flirt like that, Elbert," said Cardley, in the dining-room.

"You misjudge me," returned Hastings, affecting a laugh.

"Which way?" chuckled Cardley.

"I was not flirting." Hastings did not look up from the card. "Perhaps I may tell you something about this by-and-by."

"Oh ho! 'Consommé, mock turtle, purée of'— Mock turtle," said Cardley to the waiter, and "Romance, eh?" to Hastings.

At four o'clock that afternoon Hastings left his uncle at the office of Pell, Totten, and Pell, and hurried back to the Mississippi. A little bald man was dictating a letter to Grace Tenney. The little bald man dictated another long one that quoted many figures, necessitating frequent reference to sheets of ruled paper which he held nervously in his left hand.

Hastings studied the architecture and decorations throughout the entire lower

floor of the hotel. He mounted to the second floor and flung himself into the corner of an unyielding divan, whence he could see over the rail of the grand staircase into the corner of the corridor where Miss Tenney's pencil was pattering the terse periods of the little bald man's interminable letter. In this attitude, to the irritating slow music of an invisible young lady at an invisible and hopelessly untuned piano, he conceived a violent antipathy to the little bald man, and became conscious of an unreasonable and impractical desire to descend and rend that person at the present stage of his probably ridiculous letter. As a matter of minutes it was still but half past four when the little bald man got up and went away. Hastings descended the grand staircase with ungraceful celerity, modifying the ardor of his advance when he came within range of Miss Tenney's eyes.

Miss Tenney was just propping up her dictation-book preparatory to writing out her notes. When he saw the short-hand, and realized that the long letters had yet to be written out on the type-writer, Hastings's heart fell. Something in her manner deepened his hopelessness. She certainly would have no time to talk.

"Oh," he said, "are—are you very busy? I thought that perhaps—that perhaps you might be able to take a letter from me."

"Certainly," she responded, drawing out the slide in her desk, and reaching for the dictation-book. "I don't require to write out these letters at once."

"Inflexible," thought Hastings, remarking to her, "I should infer that you are not afraid to let your notes get cold." Her indifference steadied his impulsively formed purpose. "My letter is not precisely on business," he said, "but I presume that makes no difference to you?"

"No," she answered, with her pencil poised.

"In fact," he pursued, dryly, "it is a very personal letter." He was sparring for time.

She waited.

"A letter to a lady."

"My customers sometimes write to ladies," she remarked, "and they never apologize to me."

Hastings leaned back in his chair, a little white in the face. "I shall begin," he hastened to say, and added, "'Dearest.'"

It was a very small word in short-hand. It had been written almost while he was sounding the second syllable.

"'I know,'" continued Hastings, his eyes on the pencil and the hand behind it, "'that you will pardon this form of letter when I tell you that three days ago I had a fall from my wheel and hurt my right hand.'"

She could not help it, and it delighted and almost cheered Hastings to see the flutter of her lashes as she quickly, and without stopping her pencil, glanced toward his right hand, which hung over the back of his chair. The cutting from a glove covered his thumb.

He went on: "'But I don't deserve any sympathy, for I tried to ride a hair-line between a cab and a lumber-wagon. The bicycle is expected to recover, and I am doing as well as could be expected. Uncle 'Rastus and I have been on the go ever since we left Chicago. I don't think I ever shall dote on hydraulic machinery as a theme for continued and profound thought, but there is money in the business, and good times are right ahead. I am working hard, and I have a notion that Uncle 'Rastus approves of me. Of course I hate travelling, but there are compensations. This morning I met an old friend here at the Mississippi.'"

This produced a slight and wholly enigmatical movement in her face, and accelerated the movement of the pencil.

"'I have been thinking of you constantly since I saw you. [Uncle 'Rastus had observed his abstraction for the whole of the four hours.] You always have seemed indifferent to such assurances, but unless you really are as cold as you like to seem, you would be pleased—you should be pleased—to know how constantly you have been in my thoughts since we parted.'"

Miss Tenny's face was rigid. He might, she thought, consider it amusingly whimsical to dictate to her a letter for another girl, but there was something very much like an affront—a brutal affront—in the act. If he expected to see her throw down the pencil and tell him to take his epistolary ardor elsewhere, he was much mistaken.

"'To tell you the truth,'" came Hastings's voice, "'I can't keep up the air of complacence. I am not complacent at all. I wish I were. A man never gains anything by meekness. I should have told

you frankly at the beginning, whether you wished to hear it or not, that I thought you were wrong—that you *were* wrong.'"

"How will she like that?" thought Miss Tenney. "*I* should call it impudence."

"'If I had, you would have respected me, even if you did not wholly agree with me. But the thing that would have resulted from such a course would have been this: You would have been aroused to tell me your suspicion — your unfounded suspicion. You would have told me angrily—yes, you would have been tearing angry—that I had no right, to begin with, to place you in a position where a third person, and a woman at that, could tell you something of me that you did not know.'"

Hastings fancied that he could read suspicion in Miss Tenny's hand.

"'Then I should have come to the real reason for your feeling toward me; I should have known that you not only accused me of acting a lie, but held your betrothed guilty of drivelling cowardice.'"

Miss Tenney's hand faltered for the first time, and Hastings detected a flush that crept to the parting of her hair, and that told him plainly how well she knew that he was talking to her.

"'But instead of doing this, which I should have done, I wrote to you, with your harsh letter before me. You did not answer—you did not answer except to send back the ring and the letters. My letter may not have been just what it should have been; and your answer was answer enough, perhaps. You must have known that it would be, though I didn't know at the time of your own distress from another cause. I hadn't heard a word about the blow to your mother's property. It wasn't until a month later, when I came home from the trip that Uncle 'Rastus asked me to make to Denver, that I learned of that matter. Then I walked straight down to your house at ten o'clock at night. All the lights were out except the one in your room. I decided not to go in. I took it out in standing there for just two hours, and wondering what you were doing, and trying to worry out some answer to the whole thing.'"

Miss Tenney slightly lifted her head, and Hastings was all but certain that she moved her lips as if about to speak.

"'You see what a fool a man can be—fool enough to do such things, and then fool enough to tell of them. And all this because a young man who loved a young woman and a young woman who said she loved a young man quarrelled at a reading-circle over Christopher Marlowe—and, I might say, over Robert Herrick also. It didn't make any difference which of them said "love me little, love me long," but it did make a great deal of difference, evidently, that we should disagree about it.'"

There was protest in Miss Tenney's lips.

"'As if to rebuke us, it turned out that both of them said it. That's a way these writers have. I suppose there was a moral in that, the moral that two people may quarrel and both be right—or perhaps I should say, and both be wrong. Of course I know you will say that this had nothing to do with it at all, or at least no more than to offer Elsie Grannis a chance to make some fun of you, which may well have seemed a tragedy to one who hated that lady so cordially. On the way home that night you did not take my arm. It was raining, and you said you could hold your water-proof better with both hands. Then I swore very softly to myself. I think I said, "Damn Marlowe, anyway!" or something to that effect.'"

"Excuse me."

Hasting paused. "I hope I have not offended you; I am not fully acquainted with the etiquette of dictation, and—you see, the lady I am writing to knows me very well, and she knows that I very seldom swear except when the provocation is excessive. We both were present at the circle when swearing was officially defined as the unnecessary use of profane language."

"I understand," murmured Miss Tenney, without lifting her head; but her eyelids twitched.

"'Anyhow, I did swear quite as definitely as if the words had been audible. It disgusted me to think that two people, two friends, should have been guilty of a heated difference—polite enough, but heated—before others, before that cynical old hen Elsie Grannis. Then you riled me a little on the way home—and there you are for a quarrel, a real nice quarrel, all ripe and ready for breaking out. It should have stopped right there; it might have stopped right there. I felt so ashamed of myself, of ourselves—I had a right to

that,'" he added, as if she actually had interrupted him, "'that I had no wish except to forget the ridiculous incident. But on the way home I told you I was not going to the Board of Trade dinner, because I was disgusted and you were disgusted by the amount of drinking that was going on at the club where the dinner was to be held. I did go to the dinner, and I did not tell you on Wednesday that I had been there. I had a reason for not telling you then.'"

Hastings detected what looked to him like a touch of scorn in the very slight movement of Miss Tenney's head at this juncture; the very parting of her hair looked defiant. So that he gathered himself for a moment before going on to say:

"'Uncle 'Rastus had wired me a request to go to that dinner for a special business purpose, and I had planned a little joke —he was to write an apology, a funny affidavit, which didn't come until Thursday—but of course it is too late now to explain, and it all sounds drivelling.'"

A little ringlet of hair that had broken away from Miss Tenney's left side-comb here quite plainly said, "You may go on."

"'You knew me pretty well then. You knew how much I believe in frankness between us. I have no doubt that made your suspicion all the bitterer. I felt so much confidence in my honesty with you that I had no sensation of uneasiness in keeping something from you for a few days. But let this go.'"

"Please *don't* let it go," said the ringlet.

"'I know very well that you would respect me more if I did not do what I am doing now. You admire the stalwart virtues. The truth is that women love a brute; the coarser, masterful qualities fascinate them. I should have liked to have your respect. I wish I had been able to overpower you by some display of authoritative brutality in the velvet gloves of politeness. The trouble was that I was very much in love with you. I never had been in love before. I never will be in love that way again with any one else. I was so much in love that this thing came like a tragedy that I suppose was disproportionate. Anyhow, it bowled me over for the moment. I went all to pieces. When you sent back the letters and the ring I—yes, I whimpered like a baby. You may guess how little spirit a man has left when he can tell a thing like this. I—'"

Miss Tenney's hand was faltering so that she made frequent blunders, and dropped far behind the dictation.

"'I sat down and read that story of de Maupassant's, called *The Coward*, which we had thought so remarkable. Probably I never really was in any danger of doing such a thing as that, though the personal discomfort of killing myself would have been no factor in the case. I pulled my faculties together after a while. I can be brutal with myself. Possibly I should have wholly succeeded in getting over it but for one fact—I still am in love with you. This may strike you as curious. Doubtless it is a grotesque circumstance. You may wish to use it as a foot-note in that paper you read at the circle on "Social Phenomena." If I had been writing a novel or something of that sort, and the hero, after being thrown down by the heroine—thrown down hard, as in my case—had gone on being in love with her just the same, I couldn't have kept my face straight while I wrote it. I should have expected to have every experienced reader say to himself — and especially to *herself*— "What an idiot!" If I had been one of those authors who write vicariously, and had been dictating my story to a person at a type-writer, I should have expected the person at the type-writer, in one of her possibly numerous mental asides, to say, "Mercy! how soft!" But this was my first attempt. This *is* my first attempt.'"

The ringlet was remarkably steady.

"'I am not saying these things to accuse or to annoy you. I am writing no more than I should say to your face—yes, I should say these things if you were seated here beside me now, if I were looking into your face and feeling the thrill that even the memory of your face must always bring to me. I should have to say them. I am tired of hiding my thoughts. I am sick of silence. I must say them, whether you think me less of a criminal or more of a fool.

"'I can remember,'" Hastings went on, a heat in his voice—"'I can remember saying to myself, on the night of the dinner, "Any other girl but Grace might misunderstand me in this matter." And then when I had started with the dangerous joke of not telling you at once, and was waiting for Uncle 'Rastus's burlesque affidavit, I couldn't even tell you about the fire—'"

Suddenly the girl looked up, her eyes strangely dark, and the blood out of her lips. "Was it you who saved Otis Warren?"

"Yes," replied Hastings. Then he bent forward. "What of that? Didn't you—"

"I didn't know," she said, a little huskily. "No one seemed to know just then—when I heard of the fire—who it was that brought him down the ladder. And I misunderstood you." A shimmer came into the dark of her eyes. "I thought that you were with those who had the trouble after the dinner."

"My God!" cried Hastings, starting up. Her hand trembled over his and he sat down. "Do you mean to tell me that you thought I had disgraced myself?—that I had been drunk? Do you mean—"

"Hush!" she commanded, herself very white and still. "No one said so, and I should have learned better if I had not kept away from every one who might have told me. I thought that this was why you had concealed from me the fact that you had been at the dinner."

Hastings arose again, and Mr. Erastus Cardley came sauntering up the corridor. "I will fetch my uncle—you ought to know—"

"No, no!" She caught his sleeve. "I beg of you. Do you think I could care for that?"

A look passed between them. One would have needed his eyes to read the appeal in hers, and hers to read the reply in his.

Hastings pointed to the short-hand book. "How shall that letter end? Write the salutation."

She hesitated a moment. Then she wrote two small words after the lines already there,—

Hastings saw them.

Cardley was only three yards away.

"Quick!" whispered Hastings. "What do they say?"

The blood was in her face again. "Yours forever."

"Uncle 'Rastus," said Hastings, cheerily, "I think you ought to become better acquainted with Miss Tenney. You see, I have rather kept the matter a secret from you, but we are engaged to be married."

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

ONCE again the Study windows are open upon the tropics. This time from the Hotel Alarcon, in Cuernavaca, in the republic of Mexico. This changing the point of view is merely a question of latitude. At two o'clock in the morning the Southern Cross, the least brilliant in the group of constellations that are passing in review at that hour, is not high above the horizon, while the North Star is so low as to lose its importance in our Northern-trained eyes. Even those persons who allow themselves a good deal of latitude at home are sensible of some enlargement of their point of view in the change in their geographical position. If they come south of the Tropic of Cancer, they are likely to lose some of their prejudices, if they do not take up a new line of conduct. I cannot suppose that the character is changed by passing an imaginary line; so it must be that the change of latitude temporarily affects conduct. How, otherwise, does it happen that a man who in New England would not think of staying away from the morning service, or of dodging the contribution-box, no sooner crosses the Tropic of Cancer than his conscience permits him to take in a bull-fight and also a cock-fight on Sunday? Is not the Southern Cross as restraining as the Northern Cross? It would seem not. Would the same effect be produced upon a man if he travelled north instead of south? The experiment might easily be tried, and it could be settled whether a man's virtue is geographical or personal. If he found that on going north his goodness increased and his moral stamina hardened, and that as he moved south his conscience apologized for his inclinations, he could establish a definite scale of virtue, marked by degrees of north and south latitude. And in order to know what sort of a man he was at

any given moment, he would only need to consult the terrestrial map. If the traveller thinks this a fanciful theory, then he must invent another to account for his aberrations.

Is it necessary to remind the reader that he saw Cuernavaca, looking from these same Study windows, last year? It is the same quaint city of towers and domes, palaces and thatched hovels, charming lanes lined with tropical fruits and foliage, a city with not a level acre in it, sloping between deep barrancas down toward the hot country, and with a winter sun hot enough for a sanitarium in any month, although it is 5000 feet above sea-level; a sort of limitless valley, encircled by mountains, growing sugar-cane, and corn, and coffee, and bananas, and palms, and unbelievable varieties of tropical fruits; and on the eastern horizon, beyond artistically converging ranges of hills and masses of fantastic rocks that are red in the sunset, like the Garden of the Gods in Colorado, rise the massive snow heights of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, each about 17,500 feet in altitude. There they are, remote, majestic, mysterious, sometimes above the clouds, sometimes draped in rosy vapor, sometimes withdrawn in cold seclusion, their Northern virtue always dominating these complaisant regions, ethereally white against an azure sky, dark when the sun comes up on their right, and rosy with an ineffable loveliness when the western mountains are aflame at sunset. One gets in time to have a very friendly feeling for this pagan Woman in White and her constant male companion.

Carefully considering our latitude, we went one Sunday morning to hear mass in the ancient church of Juitepec, an Indian village in the sugar and rice region, some seven or eight miles from the city, down and up barrancas, and through green fields and tropical lanes, over a road fit only for sure-footed horses—a village of cane huts and thatched roofs, African in appearance. On the way is the famous hacienda of Cortez, probably the oldest sugar-hacienda on this continent, an enormous structure, with arches and arcades and columns and walls six or eight feet thick, where the most antiquated processes of sugar-making are still in use. This hacienda was given by Cortez to the Hospital of Jesus in the city of Mexico, and it yields a revenue of forty to fifty thousand dollars a year to that noble charity. The planting of the cane is renewed here every three years, and the grinding season, working night and day, only lasts about six months in the year, and not every day in the year, as in a mill in Cuautla, which is lower down in the hot country. It was a feast-day at Juitepec, and near the old Spanish church were booths for the fair, for eating, drinking, gambling, merrymaking, and singing, and playing on the mandolin. Among other attractions was a phonograph! As is common with all Spanish churches in villages, this has a noble church-yard, shaded by gigantic trees of ash and cypress. (Why the American architects do not come down here and learn how to make picturesque façades and towers that please by their simple beauty I do not know.) Within, the church, like most of its kind, is gaudily decorated, an uninteresting parallelogram, but for the service it was literally ablaze with candles, and the pavement was crowded with kneeling worshippers, each holding a lighted taper, a most democratic assembly of peons and working-people, the men in clean white jackets and trousers, and the women in skirts and rebozos of various colors, and the kneeling crowds picked out here and there with a brilliant red blanket. In the church-yard were extensive preparations for fireworks in the evening, and the exuberance of the day manifested itself in a constant popping of torpedoes and fire-crackers, which gave a certain animation to the service. There was a very good organ, and in the loft a fine military band played the militant airs of a conquering Church. The rapt devotion of the congregation was undoubted—of the worshippers who would repair directly to the booths and the cock-fights. The blaze of lights, the clouds of incense, the jubilant music, the unconscious air of devotion, would alone have been impressive, but important moments in the mass were punctuated by the roar of a cannon that reverberated in the walls, and the tumult was so invigorating that the figure of a soldier with a drawn sword and a flowing red mantle, mounted on a dwarf wooden horse—it might be Cortez himself — apparently riding from the side wall towards the altar, seemed to signify conquest and glory. It was all so different from going to a decorous service in a New England meeting-house, to

criticise the choir and the sermon. I do not say that this religion is any better than ours, but there is more of it.

Near the village was a construction camp of Colonel Hampson's Mexico and Pacific Railway, advancing towards the fine harbor of Acapulco, the best and only good harbor between Callao and San Diego. We lunched at the camp. The day before, the engineers, in seeking materials for the track, had broken into a tumulus near at hand for stone and gravel. After a little excavation they struck a rubble wall, and breaking through it, found a walled Indian tomb, in shape of a pit, from which they took a few antique, perhaps prehistoric, bones, and many images in stone and terra-cotta, a stone hatchet, and bits of obsidian knives. The whole region is full of remains of this sort, as it is of ruins of ancient temples and cities lost in antiquity. When the villagers learned of the opening of this tomb, they came down in force, with the local judge at their head, and forbade further excavation. They have an idea that there is treasure in the mound, and propose to dig it out themselves when the camp moves on. Railroad-building in this region is not without its perils. The peasants are bitterly hostile to it. The day after we were there the engineer in charge had been obliged to fill up an irrigating ditch on the line. When he rode out in the morning to inspect, he was attacked by some thirty men armed with machetes, led by the village judge; his horse was wounded, and he was dragged off and lodged in the village jail, where he remained the better part of the day, until an Indian runner could take a message to Cuernavaca and get an order from the Governor for his release. It was not a comfortable place to stay in, for he was the thirteenth man in an adobe jail about twelve feet square, filthy enough, and with little more than standing-room. The prisoners are not fed by the authorities, and depend on friends to keep them from starving. Considering the sort of jails common in Mexico, it is remarkable how popular they are. The great Belem, in the city of Mexico, is said to have about five thousand occupants, of whom less than a third are women.

In the excursion to Juitepec the reader missed, as I did, one great attraction. This was the religious dance of the Indians. This ceremony had been going on for two days, and it was expected to continue on Sunday, but the chiefs ordered them back home on Saturday night. They were the Apaches and the Chalmas, who come from a long distance in the mountains, and every year make their pilgrimage to dance in front of the old church of Juitepec. This mixture of pagan rites with Christianity is made with great solemnity and decorum. There were only about two hundred and fifty Indians, of whom only some thirty, men and women, performed, in the sight of thousands of spectators. As perfectly as tradition recalls them, they reproduce the ancient Aztec sacred dance. Their costumes are the gay robes and headdresses of feathers, and they dance in slow measure to the beat of the tomtom. It is said to be very effective, and the performance of their sacred rites under the shadow of the church is regarded as a certain tribute to the religion that now prevails here.

Another charm of this region that should be mentioned is the abundance everywhere of clear running water. This bursts out in copious springs from sources in the great volcanoes, and by means of extensive aqueducts and irrigating ditches is conducted to the haciendas and the cane and rice fields, making the land to bloom with verdure, and pleasing the ear with the sound of running streams. It percolates all through Cuernavaca, all the sidewalks of stone being laid over conduits of water.

II.

If the reader is an archæologist or an artist he may willingly be long detained in this enchanted region by the remains of a civilization the antiquity of which so far baffles investigation. On the height of the mountains near Tepoztlan, a five hour's ride east of Cuernavaca, is the ruin of a small temple—a sort of cliff-dweller refuge—which is reached through a difficult ravine, the climber being assisted by ladders of vines. I left it for future reference. On the west side of the barranca which separates Cuernavaca from the village of San Antonio, where the Indian makers of pottery live, is a sculptured granite bowlder, standing on the slope in a thicket, a neglected work of art, neglected and without even a path leading to it. On the top of this bowlder, and accommodating itself to its shape,

is sculptured a lizard, eight feet and five inches in length from the dragon-like mouth to the tip of the curving tail. The vivid lifelikeness of this animal, gripping the rock with his paws and hind feet, is startling. Although weather-worn for ages, it is, in its knowledge of anatomy and of the subject, and in broad, robust execution, worthy to be ranked with the work of the French sculptor Barye. This is no studio-work from a model. The artist knew and felt his lizard, and with a sure touch made him live on this granite.

The work of the archæologist in this region is made difficult by the lack of any historic traditions to guide him; the land has been long occupied by apparently different races developing various stages of civilization; the land has been continuously occupied, and one period has shaded into another so that it is impossible to assign any given remains to any period, and impossible also because as yet no key has been found for reading the inscriptions or interpreting the symbolic sculptures. We believe that the Aztecs and the six other tribes in possession of the Valley of Mexico on the arrival of Cortez in 1520 had been there only a couple of centuries, and that they were not the builders of the pyramids existing in the valley and elsewhere. If they made the Calendar Stone now in the museum in the city, which was found near the cathedral, on the site of the Aztec temple of Montezuma, we cannot connect that with the other sculptures and images gathered from various places in southern tropical Mexico. Before we have any historic traces of the Aztecs, there was a well-advanced civilization in all this region south of Mexico to Guatemala, evidenced by the ruins of temples, palaces, and cities. A hundred miles or less southwest of Cuernavaca have been traced and partially examined remains of habitations covering some sixty miles square. This may have been one vast city, larger than New York in area, or it may have been a cluster of towns and cities connected by walls and fortifications. The buried remains of cut stone indicate work in architecture far beyond the barbaric period, and induce belief in a civilization that was practically extinct before the advent of the Spaniards. But the existing remains of these departed nations in southern Mexico are not by any means all of one type, though the types have more or less merged into each other. The mound was common here, as it was in Louisiana and Ohio. It was also usual to build a temple on top of an artificial mound, as at Palenque and elsewhere in Chiapas. But sometimes the temples or palaces are built on cliffs or on hills that were easily fortified, and again, as at Mitla, on the plain.

Last year I visited the remains of the four well-preserved temples at Mitla, in the state of Oaxaca. I refer to them now to say that they bear little resemblance to the ruins of the temple I saw this year at Xochicalco, which is some sixteen miles south of Cuernavaca—at least it is a good four hours' ride over a rough bridle-path and up and down steep barrancas. The ride, however, is as interesting as it is exciting. Nature does things here on a vast scale. The land is cut up by gullies and deep ravines, strewn with round hills, from the summits of which the horseman sees mountains rising beyond mountains, now and then a lake, and both wide and narrow valleys green with the varying shades of the sugar-cane and with the tropical trees, and everywhere abundant streams of clear water. At this season the hills are dry, and take on wonderful russet and brown colors, almost opalescent. I saw one sweeping hill-side of deep russet covered with trees, which at a distance looked like an apple-orchard. The trees were leafless as yet, but the bark from root to tips of boughs was a dull red. It also peeled in strips like our birch bark. I do not give the name of the tree, because I could not understand the Mexican name; it resembles a manzanita. As the morning sun shone through this orchard all the fluttering strips of bark sparkled as bright as rubies, and we had an effect of color that is unequalled in my experience. The country is animated, I should say, by the presence of song-birds and birds of brilliant color. There is now and then a hawk sailing in the azure, where the graceful buzzard is always circling; there are myriads of blackbirds, crows of large size, and here and there birds of scarlet, of black and scarlet, of blue, and of yellow plumage. These latter are only occasional.

On our morning way we passed only one Indian village, on a high ridge above a deep barranca, a village of cane huts and high thatched roofs, like pictures of central Africa, with its rude church, in

an upper room of which a school was in progress, the noise of whose studying we could hear as soon as we entered the village. This village was Tetlama, to whose authorities we had a letter of commendation from the Jefatura Politica of Cuernavaca, with permission to visit the temple of Xochicalco. The schoolmaster, who was the only visible authority, bade us go on, with the blessing of God.

In front of us, over a descending plane, were twin hills. We ascended the saddle between the two, and then climbed up the western height by a very rocky path. On all sides as we ascended were rubble walls and signs of fortification. On a levelled place in the centre of the height stands the temple. The hill is a place of considerable natural strength, but every approach all around it had been fortified by rudely built walls, stones laid without cement. From the height the prospect is most noble—lakes, hills, green valleys, and snow mountains. The temple itself is sixty feet square. The débris of cut stones has fallen all around it, and accumulations of ages have reduced its height. The existing walls slope inward to a height of some twenty feet to an overhanging cornice, upon which rose other courses of the building. Of these courses only two remain, and those not entire. Many of the great blocks have fallen inward and outward, and it is impossible to tell the original height, but it was probably forty feet, and had a roof of timber. The entrance was on the west, where there is a projection of the walls, and a flight of steps leading up to the summit. The blocks of stone in the walls are of uneven size, but some of them are over five feet long and three feet thick. It required some engineering skill to raise them to the summit of the temple. Each side of the wall has a consistent design, complete in itself, though the designs are more or less repeated on each side. A plan must have been drawn for each side. Whether this was executed after the wall was built, or whether the separate stones were sculptured in the quarry and fitted in afterwards, I cannot decide. At any rate, the designs running from one big block to another are perfectly matched. This temple has been often figured and described, though it is not often visited, so that I will enter into no more details than to say that the designs are figures in profile, and characters that bear a remote resemblance to gigantic Arabic lettering. Some of the seated figures are in profile, with receding foreheads and Greek noses; they wear huge ear-pendants and necklaces, and on the head a tiara with a drooping head-dress cut in great stone strands. Some have the arms folded on the breast, others one arm extended holding some object, as if making an offering at a shrine or to another figure. It is all grotesque, all barbarous, but it is a barbarity of exact proportion and design.

There is nothing in this temple resembling any Assyrian or Egyptian work, and nothing resembling the work in the temples at Mitla. In the Mitla temples the form and purpose seem different; there are few blocks of large stone, and all the work is surface mosaics. Here all the designs are boldly carved in the great blocks of stone. But any person can speculate about these ruins.

III.

On our ride to Xochicalco we chanced upon a valuable piece of information, which I do not feel like withholding from this superstitious age, and I think it will be of great use to our mind-curists and healers. When I wondered at the size of the buzzards we encountered, our guide, who was a volunteer guide and a man of standing, and perfectly trustworthy, informed me that this bird was really a crow, and not a buzzard, as I had thought. And it is not merely an ornamental and thieving bird. This is what he told me: If any man has heart-disease, or is threatened with it, organic or otherwise, all he needs to do is to catch one of these crows and make a companion of him, a real intimate. He must keep him by him constantly, let him eat from the same plate at table and sleep with him at night. When this intimacy is established, all the man's heart-disease and tendency to it will leave the man and pass into the crow. The testimony to this fact is abundant, and admits of no doubt. And the singular thing about the miracle is that the crow is not injured! The crow, by an entirely mental process common in all mind-cures, absorbs the heart-disease, and sustains no harm, and asks no pay for his work. This Christian Science crow is, to be sure, a Mexican, but I suppose that any kind of crow with us would do as well.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

NEAREST OF KIN.

(ON THE PLANTATION.)

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

WHEN Tamar the laundress was married to the coachman Pompey, there was a big time on the plantation. Tamar wore white tarlatan and an orange wreath—although it was her severalth marriage—and she had six bridemaids and a train-bearer. The last, a slim little black girl of about ten years, was dressed somewhat after the fashion of the ballet, in green tarlatan with spangles, and her slender legs were carefully wrapped with gilt paper that glistened through the clocked stockings with fine effect. Otherwise the "clockings" in the black stockinet would have lost their value.

Pompey, as groom, was resplendent in the full glare of a white duck suit, and he wore a rosette of white satin—"so's to 'stinguish him out f'om de groomsmen," each of whom was likewise "ducked" out in immaculate linen; and if there were some suggestive misfits among them, there were ample laundry compensations in the way of starch and polish — a proud achievement of the bride.

There was a good deal of marching up and down the aisles of the church by the entire party before the ceremony, which was, altogether, really very effective. Pompey was as black as his bride, and his face was as carefully oiled and polished for the occasion as hers, which is saying a good deal, both as to color and shine.

After the ceremony everybody repaired, for a supper and dance, to the sugar-house, where there was a bride's cake, with all the usual accessories, such as the ring and thimble, to be cut for. And of course, before the end of the evening, there was the usual distribution of bits of cake to be "dreamed on." This last, indeed, was so important that nearly every girl on the plantation slept in a neighbor's cabin that night, so as to command the full potency of the charm by dreaming her great dream in a strange bed. The whole wedding was, in fact, so disturbing a social function that everything on the plantation was more or less disarranged by it—even the breakfast hour at the great house, which was fully three-quarters of an hour late next morning. But that was no great matter, as all the family had been witnesses to the wedding and were somewhat sleepy in consequence—and the "rising-bell" was a movable form anyway.

Perhaps if the nuptials had been less festive the demeanor of the bride immediately afterwards would not have been so conspicuous. As it was, however, when she appeared at the wash-house, ready for duty, on the second morning following, dressed in heavy mourning, and wearing, moreover, a pseudo-sorrowful expression on her every-otherwise shining face, they wondered, and there was some nudging and whispering among the negroes. Some hastily concluded that the marriage had been rashly repudiated as a failure; but when presently the groom strolled into the yard, smiling broadly, and when he proceeded with many a flourish to devotedly fill her wash-tubs from the well for his bride, they saw that there must be some other explanation. The importance of the central figure in so recent a pageant still surrounded her with somewhat of a glamour in the eyes of her companions, setting her apart, so that they were slow to ask her any questions.

Later in the day, though, when her mistress, happening to pass through the yard, saw the black-gowned figure bending low over the tubs, she hastened to the wash-shed.

"Why, Tamar," she exclaimed, "what on earth—"

At this Tamar raised her face and smiled faintly. Then, glancing down at her dress to indicate that she understood, she drawled, demurely:

"Ain't nothin' de matter, missy. I jes mo'nin' for Sister Sophy-Sophia."

"Sophy-Sophia! You don't mean—"

"Yas, 'm, I does. I means Pompey's las' wife, Sis' Sophy-Sophia. She didn't have no kinfolks to go in mo'nin' for her, an' time Pompey an' me got ingaged he made known his wushes to me, an' I promised him I'd put on mo'nin' for her soon as I married into de family. Co'se I couldn't do it 'fo' I was kin to her."

"Kin to her!" the mistress laughed. "Why, Tamar, what relation on earth are you to Pompey's former wife, I'd like to know?"

The black woman dropped the garment she was wringing and thought a moment.

"Well, missy," she said, presently, "looks to me like I'm a speritu'l foster-sister to her, ef I ain't no mo'—an' I done inherited all her rights an' privileges, so Pompey say—an' ef I 'ain't got a right to mo'n for her, *who is?* Dey tell me a 'oman is got a right to go in mo'nin' for her husband's kin anyway; but of co'se, come down to it, she warn't no blood-kin to Pompey, nohow. Howsomever, eve'ybody knows a wid-

der or a widderer is intitled to wear *all de mo'nin' dey is;* an' his wife, why, she's intitled to a equal sheer in it, if she choose to seize her rights. I'd 'a' put it on befo' de weddin', 'cep'n' I didn't have no title to it, an' it wouldn't 'a' been no comfort to her noways. Set down, missy." She began wiping off one of her wash-benches with her apron as she spoke. "Set down, mistus, an' lemme talk to you."

The situation was interesting, and the mistress sat down.

"You see, missy"—Tamar had come nearer now, and assumed a confidential tone—"you see, Sister Sophy-Sophia she 'ain't nuver found rest yit, an' dat frets Pompey. Hit troubles 'im in de sperit—an' I promised him to try to pacify her."

"Pacify her! Why, Tamar! How can you pacify a person who is dead? And how do you know that her spirit isn't at rest?"

The black woman turned and looked behind her to make sure that no one should overhear. Then, lowering her voice, she whispered:

"Her grave 'ain't nuver settled yit, mistus. She been buried ever sence befo' Christmus, an' hit ain't evened down yit. An' dat's a shore sign of a onrestless sperit—yas, 'm."

Her face had grown suddenly anxious as she spoke. And presently she added:

"Of co'se, when a grave settles *too* quick, dat's a sign dey'll soon be another death, an' nobody don't crave to see a grave sink too sudden. But it 'll ease down gradual—ef de dead sleeps easy—yas, 'm. No, Sister Sophy-Sophia she 'ain't took no comfort in her grave yit. An' Pompey, righteously speakin', ought to pacified her befo' he set out to marry agin. Heap o' 'omans would 'a' been afeerd to marry a man wid a unsunk grave on his hands—'feerd she'd ha'nt her. But I done had 'spe'unce, an' I'm mo' 'feerd o' live ha'nts 'n I is o' dead ones. I know Sis' Sophy-Sophia she's *layin' dar*—an' she *can't git out.* You know, she died o' de exclammatory rheumatism, an' some say hit was a jedgmint f'om heaven. You know, Sis' Sophy-Sophia she was a devil for fun. She would have her joke. An' some say Gord A'mighty punished her an' turned eve'y bone in 'er body into funny-bones, jes to show her dat eve'y funny thing ain't to be laughed at. An' ef you ever got a sudden whack on de funny-bone in yo' elbow, missy, you know how she suffered when she was teched. An' she ain't at rest yit. She done proved dat. Of co'se, ef she died wid some'h'n' on 'er mind, we can't do nothin' for her; but ef she jes need soothin', I'll git her quieted down."

She leaned forward and resumed her washing—that is to say, she raised a garment from the suds and looked at it, turned it over idly in her hands several times, and dipped it languidly.

Her visitor watched her in amused silence for a while.

"And how are you going to soothe her, Tamar?" she asked, presently. "Tell me all about it."

At this the woman began wiping her hands upon her apron, and dropping into a seat between two of the tubs and resting her arms upon their rims, she faced her mistress.

"Of co'se, honey," she began, "de fust thing is to *wear mo'nin'*—an' dat ain't no special trouble to me—I got consider'ble black frocks lef' over from my widderhoods. An' in addition to dat, I gwine carry it around in my countenance—an' *ef she sees it*—an' I b'lieve de dead does see—*maybe it 'll ease her mind.* Of co'se, when a pusson ain't able to sorrer in her heart, dey 'bleeged to wear it in dey face—"

There was something in her voice as she said these last words—an indescribable note that seemed to express detachment from all feeling in the matter—that made her listener turn and look narrowly into her face. Still, she was not in the least prepared for the hearty laughter that greeted her question.

"And don't you mourn for her in your heart, Tamar?" She eyed her narrowly as she put the question.

The black woman did not even attempt an answer. Nor did she apparently even try to control her mirth. But, after a while, when she had laughed until she was tired, she suddenly rose to her feet, and as she gathered up a handful of wet garments, and began rubbing them on the wash-board, she exclaimed, still chuckling,

"Lemme git to my washin', honey, befo' I disgrace my mo'nin'."

In a little while, however, she grew serious again, and although she still seemed to have trouble with her shoulders, that insisted upon expressing merriment, she said:

"I 'clare, I talks like a plumb hycoprite, missy—I sho' does. But I ain't. No, 'm, I ain't. Of co'se I grieves for Sis' Sophy-Sophia. I'd grieve for any po' human dat can't find rest in 'er grave—an' I'm gwine to consolate her, good as I kin. Soon as de dark o' de moon comes, I gwine out an' set on her grave an' moan, an' ef dat don't ease her, maybe when her funer'l is preached she'll be comforted."

"And hasn't she had her funeral sermon yet, Tamar?"

"Oh, no, 'm. 'Tain't time, hardly, yit. We mos' gin'ly waits two or three years after de buryin' befo' we has members' funer'ls preached. An' we don't nuver, sca'cely, have 'em under a year. You see, dey's a lot o' smarty folks dat 'ain't got nothin' better to do 'n to bring up things agin dead folks's cha'acter, so we waits tell dey been restin' in de groun' a year or so. Den a preacher he can expec' to preach dey funer'ls in peace. De fac' is, some o' our mos' piousest elders an' deacons is had so many widders show up at dey funer'ls dat de chu'ches is most of 'em passed a law dat dey compelled to wait a year or so

an' give all dese heah p'omiscu'us widders time to marry off — an' save scandalizemint. An' Pompey an' Sophy-Sophia dey didn't have no mo'n a broomstick weddin' nohow — but of co'se *dey did have de broomstick. I'm a witness to dat, 'caze dey borried my broom—yas, 'm.* Ricollec', I had one o' dese heah green-handle sto'e brooms, an' Pompey he come over to my cabin one mornin' an' he say, 'Sis' Tamar,' he say, 'would you mind loandin' Sis' Sophy-Sophia dat green-handle straw broom dat you sweeps out de chu'ch-house wid?' You 'member, I was married to Wash Williams dat time—Wash Williams wha' live down heah at de cross-roads now. He's married to Yaller Silvy now. You know dat red-head freckled-face yaller gal dat use to sew for Mis' Ann Powers — always wear a sailor hat — wid a waist on her no thicker'n my wris'—an' a hitch in her walk eve'y time she pass a man? Dat's de gal. She stole Wash f'om me—an' she's welcome to 'im. Any 'oman is welcome to any man she kin git f'om me. Dat's my principle. But dese heah yaller freckle niggers 'ain't got no principle *to* 'em. I done heerd dat all my life—an' Silvy she done proved it. Time Wash an' me was married he was a man in good chu'ch standin'—a reg'lar ordained sexton, at six dollars a month—an' I done de sweepin' for him. Dat's huccome I happened to have dat green-handle sto'e broom. Dat's all I ever did git out o' his wages. Any day you'd pass Rose-o'-Sharon Chu'ch dem days you could see him settin' up on de steps, like a gent'eman, an' I sho' did take pride in him. An' now, dey tell me, Silvy she got him down to shirt sleeves—splittin' rails, wid his breeches gallused up wid twine, while she sets in de cabin do' wid a pink caliker Mother Hubbard wrapper on. An' on Saturdays, when he draw his pay, you'll mos' gin'ally see 'em standin' together at de hat an' ribbon show-case in de sto'e—he grinnin' for all he's worth. An' my belief is he grins des to hide his mizry."

"You certainly were very good to do his sweeping for him." Tamar had unconsciously caught the salient points in a somewhat humorous situation, and her graphic picture of it was hard to take calmly. But her mistress tried to disguise her amusement so far as possible. To her surprise, the question seemed to restore the black woman to a fresh sense of her injury in the situation.

"Cert'ny I done it," she exclaimed, dramatically. "Cert'ny. You reckon I'd live in de house wid a man dat 'd handle a broom? No, ma'am. Nex' thing I'd look for him to sew. No, ma'am. But I started a-tellin' you huccome I come to know dat Pompey an' Sis' Sophy-Sophia was legally married wid a broom. One day he come over to my cabin, jes like I commenced tellin' you, an' he s'lute me wid, 'Good mornin', Sis' Tamar; I come over to see ef you won't please, ma'am, loand Sister Sophy-Sophia Sanders dat straw broom wha' you sweeps out de chu'ch-house wid, please, ma'am?' An' I ricollec's de answer I made him. I laughed, an' I say, 'Well, Pompey,' I say, 'I don't know about loandin' out a chu'ch broom to a sinner like you.' An' at dat he giggle, 'Well, we wants it to play preacher—an' dat seems like a mighty suitable job for a chu'ch broom.' An' of co'se wid dat I passed over de broom, wid my best wushes to de bride; an' when he fetched it back, I ricollec', he fetched me a piece o' de weddin'-cake—but it warn't no mo'n common one, two, three, fo' cup-cake wid about seventeen onfriendly reesons stirred into it wid brown sugar. I 'clare, when I looks back, I sho' is ashamed to know dat dey was ever sech a po' weddin'-cake in my family—I sho' is. Now you know, missy, of co'se, dese heah broom-weddin's dey ain't writ down in nuther co't-house nur chu'ch books—an' so ef any o' dese heah smarty meddlers was to try to bring up ole sco'es an' say dat Sister Sophy-Sophia wasn't legally married, dey wouldn't be no witnesses *but me an' de broom,* an' I'd have to witness *for it,* an'—an' I wouldn't be no legal witness."

"Why wouldn't you be a legal witness, Tamar?"

"*'Caze I got de same man*—an' dat's de suspiciouses' thing dey kin bring up agins' a witness—so dey tell me. Ef 'twarn't for dat, I'd 'a' had her fun'al preached las' month."

"But even supposing the matter had been stirred up—and you had been unable to prove that everything was as you wished—wouldn't your minister have had a funeral sermon anyway?"

"Oh, yas, 'm, cert'ny. On'y de fun'al he'd preach wouldn't help her to rest in her grave—dat's de on'ies' diffe'ence. Like as not dey'd git ole Brother Philemon Peters down f'om de bottom-lands to preach wrath—an' I wants grace preached at Sister Sophy-Sophia's fun'al, even ef I has to wait ten years for it. She died in pain, but I hope for her to rest in peace—an' not to disgrace heaven wid crutches under her wings, nuther. I know half a dozen loud-prayers, now, dat 'd be on'y too glad to 'tract attention away f'om dey own misdoin's by rakin' out scandalizemint on a dead 'oman. Dey'd 'spute de legalness of dat marriage in a minute, jes to keep folks f'om lookin' up dey own weddin' papers—yas, 'm. But me an' de broom—we layin' low, now, an' keepin' still, but we'll speak when de time comes at de jedgmint day, ef she need a witness."

"But tell me, Tamar, why didn't Pompey take his bride to the church if they wanted a regular wedding?"

"Dey couldn't, missy. Dey couldn't on account o' Sis' Sophy-Sophia's secon' husband, Sam Sanders. He hadn't made no secon' ch'ice yit—an', you know, when de fust one of a parted couple marries agin, dey 'bleeged to take to de broomstick — less'n dey go whar 'tain't known on 'em. Dat's de rule o' divo'cemint. When yaller Silvy married my Joe wid a broomstick, dat lef' me free for a chu'ch

marriage. An' I tell you, *I had it, too.* But ef she had a' tempted to walk up a chu'ch aisle wid Joe—an' me still onmarried—well, I wush dey'd 'a' tried it! I'd 'a' been standin' befo' de pulpit a-waitin' for 'em—an' I'd 'a' quoted some Scripture to 'em, too. But dey acted accordin' to law. Dey married quiet, wid a broomstick, an' de nex' Sunday walked in chu'ch together, took de same pew, an' he turned her pages mannerly for her—an' dat's de ladylikest behavior Silvy ever been guilty of in her life, I reckon. She an' him can't nair one of 'em read, but dey sets still an' holds de book an' turns de pages—an Gord Hisself couldn't ax no mo' for chu'ch behavior. But lemme go on wid my washin', missy—for Gord's sake."

Laughing again now, she drew a match from the ledge of one of the rafters, struck it across the sole of her bare foot, and began to light the fire under her furnace. And as she flattened herself against the ground to blow the kindling pine, she added, between puffs, and without so much as a change of tone:

"Don't go, please, ma'am, tell I git dis charcoal lit to start dese shirts to bile. I been tryin' to fix my mouf to ax you is you got air ole crêpe veil you could gimme to wear to chu'ch nex' Sunday—please, ma'am? I 'clare, I wonder what's de sign when you blowin' one way an' a live coal come right back at yer 'gins' de wind?" And sitting upon the ground, she added, as she touched her finger to her tongue and rubbed a burnt spot upon her chin: "Pompey 'd be mighty proud ef I could walk in chu'ch by his side in full sisterly mo'nin' nex' Sunday for po' Sister Sophy-Sophia—yas, 'm. I hope you kin fin' me a ole crêpe veil, please, ma'am."

Unfortunately for the full blossoming of this mourning flower of Afro-American civilization, as it is sometimes seen to bloom along the by-ways of plantation life, there was not a second-hand veil of crêpe forth-coming on this occasion. There were small compensations, however, in sundry effective accessories, such as a crêpe collar and bonnet, not to mention a funereal fan of waving black plumes, which Pompey flourished for his wife's benefit during the entire service. Certainly the "speritu'l foster-sister" of the mourning bride, if she witnessed the tribute paid her that Sunday morning in full view of the entire congregation—for the bridal pair occupied the front pew under the pulpit—would have been obdurate indeed if she had not been somewhat mollified.

Tamar consistently wore her mourning garb for some months, and, so far as is known, it made no further impression upon her companions than to cause a few smiles and exchanges of glances at first among those of lighter mind among them, some of whom were even so uncharitable as to insinuate that Sis' Tamar wasn't "half so grieved as she let on." The more serious, however, united in commending her act as "mos' Christian-like an' sisterly conduc'." And when, after the gentle insistence of the long spring rains, added to the persuasiveness of Tamar's mourning, the grave of her solicitude sank to an easy level, bespeaking peace to its occupant, Tamar suddenly burst into full flower of flaming color, and the mourning period became a forgotten episode of the past. Indeed, in reviewing the ways and doings of the plantation in those days, it seems entitled to no more prominence in the retrospect than many another incident of equal ingenuousness and novelty. There was the second wooing of old Aunt Salina-Sue, for instance, and Uncle 'Riah's diseases; but, as Another would say, these are other stories.

Another year passed over the plantation, and in the interval the always expected had happened to the house of Pompey the coachman. It was a tiny girl child, black of hue as both her doting parents, and endowed with the name of her sire, somewhat feminized for her fitting into the rather euphonious Pompeylou. Tamar had lost her other children in infancy, and so the pansy-faced little Pompeylou of her mid-life was a great joy to her, and most of her leisure was devoted to the making of the pink calico slips that went to the little one's adorning.

On her first step into the great world beyond the plantation, however, she was not arrayed in one of these. Indeed, the long gown she wore on this occasion was, like that of her mother, as black as the rejuvenated band of crêpe upon her father's stovepipe hat; for, be it known, this interesting family of three was to form a line of chief mourners on the front pew of Rose-of-Sharon Church on the occasion of the preaching of the funeral of the faithfully mourned and long-lamented Sophy-Sophia, whose hour of posthumous honor had at length arrived. The obsequies in her memory had been fixed for an earlier date, but as the newly arrived of her "nearest of kin" was too young to attend, they were deferred by Tamar's request, and it is safe to say that no child was ever brought forward with more pride at any family gathering than was the tiny Miss Pompeylou when she was carried up the aisle "to hear her step-mammy's funeral preached."

It was a great day, and the babe, who was on her very best six-months-old behavior, listened with admirable placidity to the "sermon of grace," on which at a future time she might, perhaps, found a genealogy. Her only offence against perfect church decorum was a sometimes rather explosive "Agoo!" as she tried to reach the ever-swaying black feather fan that was waved by her parents in turn for her benefit. Before the service was over, indeed, she had secured and torn the proud emblem into bits; but Tamar only smiled at its demolition by the baby fingers. It was a good omen, she said, and meant that the day of mourning was over.



THE SOLUTION.

He couldn't make up his mind,
And she couldn't make up hers;
But finally they put their heads together,
And it was all right.

SWEET REVENGE.

THE Judge had never taken a Turkish bath, but he was not feeling his best that morning, and it suddenly occurred to him to test its vivifying effects, so enthusiastically descanted upon by his young friends.

It seemed to the Judge that the rubber was terribly rough, but, fearing to expose his inexperience and subject himself to ridicule by objecting to the regular treatment, he patiently endured being punched, pummelled, slapped, spanked, whacked, and poked, until he could not stand the torture a moment longer.

"Is—it—qui-ite—neces-sary—to—m-ake—me—bla-ack—and—blue—all—ov-ver?" panted the Judge, as irregularly as the rubber dug his fists in more or less vigorously.

"Never you mind; I'm fixin' you," responded the rubber, redoubling his assaults, and grinning diabolically—at least so it seemed to the Judge.

"Who [*slap, groan*] are [*thud, groan*] you?" gasped the Judge, a horrible suspicion dawning in his mind. "Your [*whack, groan*] face [*thump, groan*] does [*whack, groan*] look [*slap, groan*] fa—[*thud, groan*]—miliar" (*swish, groan*).

"Oh! you remember me, do you?" growled the rubber, sarcastically. "Well, dash yer old hide, mebbe you'd like to send me up for six months again for prize-fightin'!"

DOOLIN AND THE "THUNDER-BOLT."

P. DOOLIN was a track-walker on the Erie Railroad. He attended a wake one day, shortly before it was time for him to go on duty, with the lamentable result that early in the evening he seemed ambitious to walk on both sides of the track at once.

The "Thunder-bolt" express was due to pass the Haskell Road at 8.45. At that time Doolin reached the road, but the train did not appear. She was still invisible at 9.00, and Doolin began to worry about her in a maudlin way. When she was twenty minutes late he could control his anxiety no longer, and began walking the track toward her as fast as he could in his unsteady condition.

The "Thunder-bolt" meantime was flying along at unusual speed. She had been delayed by a trifling wreck, and the engineer was making up lost time. Suddenly a lantern whirled like a giant pin-wheel in the gloom far down the track. The engineer's face whitened; the brakes ground into the complaining wheels; the engine rocked and trembled; passengers lurched in their seats; and with hiss of air and steam the "Thunder-bolt" stopped.

Dropping from his cab, the trembling engineer ran up to where P. Doolin stood.

"What—what's the matter?" he gasped.

"Ye're late," said Doolin. "*Fwhat kept yez?*"

EARLE HOOKER EATON.

JIM DOTY'S SADDLE-HORSE.

"HE was a middle-sized man, with black hair, and one o' these here musstashes that curled up at both ends," said Mr. Milo Bush. "Home-made curl, I took it. Said his name was Williams; and he was from the East, but of course he wasn't to blame fer *that*. We was all willing to do what we could to help him to forget it and make a man of him. This here coming from New York or Boston is a drawback—it's a *drag* on any man—but he can live it down if he really wants to. You may doubt it, but I've seen it done.

"Well, we was helpful to the feller—never asked him what he had to leave the East fer, and planned to try to learn him our ways. We decided that it was our first dooty to learn him to ride. Jim Doty had a bronco named Walking-Beam which we had used on sev'ral occasions before for instructing the Eastern pilgrim. In fact, Walking-Beam wa'n't used fer anything else, since he was a *little* too tough fer even the boys to *enjoy* riding. We made it a rule never to give a tenderfoot a lesson on Walking-Beam without at least *two* doctors right on the ground; and even then sometimes they didn't get the feller put back together right, though they had been there and seen him shook to pieces and scattered around. Walking-Beam was just the buckingest hoss that ever riz and fell. Why, you might turn him out loose, and s'pose a fly lit on his back. Did he switch his tail or wag around his head? Not much; he just *bucked* that fly off. All the flies in town got so they knowed him, and fit shy of him. Riding him was just like—why, there wa'n't no such *thing* as *riding* him—there was getting on and getting off—mounting and *dis*mounting, and that's all. Riding that hoss consisted in climbing on and regaining consciousness.

"Well, the second morning says Jim to the feller, 'Stranger, might I ask if you're fond of equestrianeous exercise—hossback riding, as we say here?' 'Ye-as,' says Williams, slow like; 'I've rid some. But I understand that you have these here buckers?' 'We do,' says Jim, turning his honest bloo eyes straight on the feller. 'Many of 'em, I regret to say. It comes through ignorance—they ain't broke right, Mr. Williams. Now I've got a hoss I call Feather Bed. He's a *saddle*-hoss—that's what *he* is. You can *depend* on him. He's *always* the same. His gait—now, see here, I ain't no hand to brag, and I won't say a word about that hoss's *gait*. But if you would like to take him and have a look at our bootiful country this morning, you're more'n welcome. There ain't no better hoss west o' the Missouri River fer looking over the country with,' and he winked at us, meaning, of course, that you got throwed so high that you had a good view.

"The feller seemed pleased, and said he'd be glad of the chance; so Jim went down and saddled up the Beam and led him out. He never had no objections to a *saddle* when there was a prospect that a *man* was going to get on it, so he come along, 'pearing sleepy like. Jim says: 'Here you be, Mr. Williams. If he don't travel just to suit you, *speak* to him.' 'All right, Mr. Doty,' says Williams, walking up. The doctors pushed to the front, there being a passel of about a hundred of us idjits, and the feller put his foot into the stirrup and swung up on him easy and graceful.

"I'd saw Walking-Beam in a state of eruption before, but I must say I *never* seen him make such a savage start as he did this time. When his back went up it was like the explosion of a powder-mill. And that feller—well, there wa'n't no way of *measuring* how high he *did* go, but if anybody had had their watch out they might of *timed* his fall. But immejitly after he *did* get down you could of knocked us all over with a mint-julep straw. That feller lit on his feet—and where? On the hoss's back! Lit there like a bird. Folded his arms and stood there like a statute. Smiled, and done as he had been told—*spoke* to that living yearthquake—'Steady, there, boy, steady'—just like that. Well, at first we thought Walking-Beam was too dumfounded to move again; but he wa'n't. He looked up and seen that smiling image on his back, then he just unlimbered and made the effort of *his* life. For ten minutes his motions just simply jarred the winders in the whole town. And all the time that feller loafing around on his bare back, the saddle having gone up at the first h'ist, and not, so fur as I know, having come down yet. And not satisfied with *standing* there, but he must *dance* a little, and turn a couple o' handsprings, and stand on his head. And then he took out some tobacker and rolled a cigarette, and lit it, and begun to smoke, and to blow *rings*—you may pizen me with ice-water if he didn't. And when the hoss at last fell down from being exhausted, he steps off, and says he to Jim: 'Mr. Doty, that's a fine beast you've got there. Sort of a lady's hoss, I take it. Make a good *fambly* nag;' and he walks over to the hotel.

"Circus man? That's what he was. And it broke up our sport with Walking-Beam too, 'cause when Jim went to him he was stark dead. The doctors held a sort of an otopsy on him, and found his organs all right, so they just reckoned he died of grief and mortification."

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

DESCRIPTIVE.

A NEGRO couple on a South Carolina plantation were the parents of a very diminutive and ugly boy baby. The father and mother consulted together, solemnly scratching their heads, with regard to a suitable name for their offspring, and finally decided to call him "Nuttin' 'Tall."

A year elapsed, and another infant was born to them, more wizened and uglier than the first. After long parental debate, it was mutually agreed to dub the new baby "Wusser."



LITTLE "MAMMY."

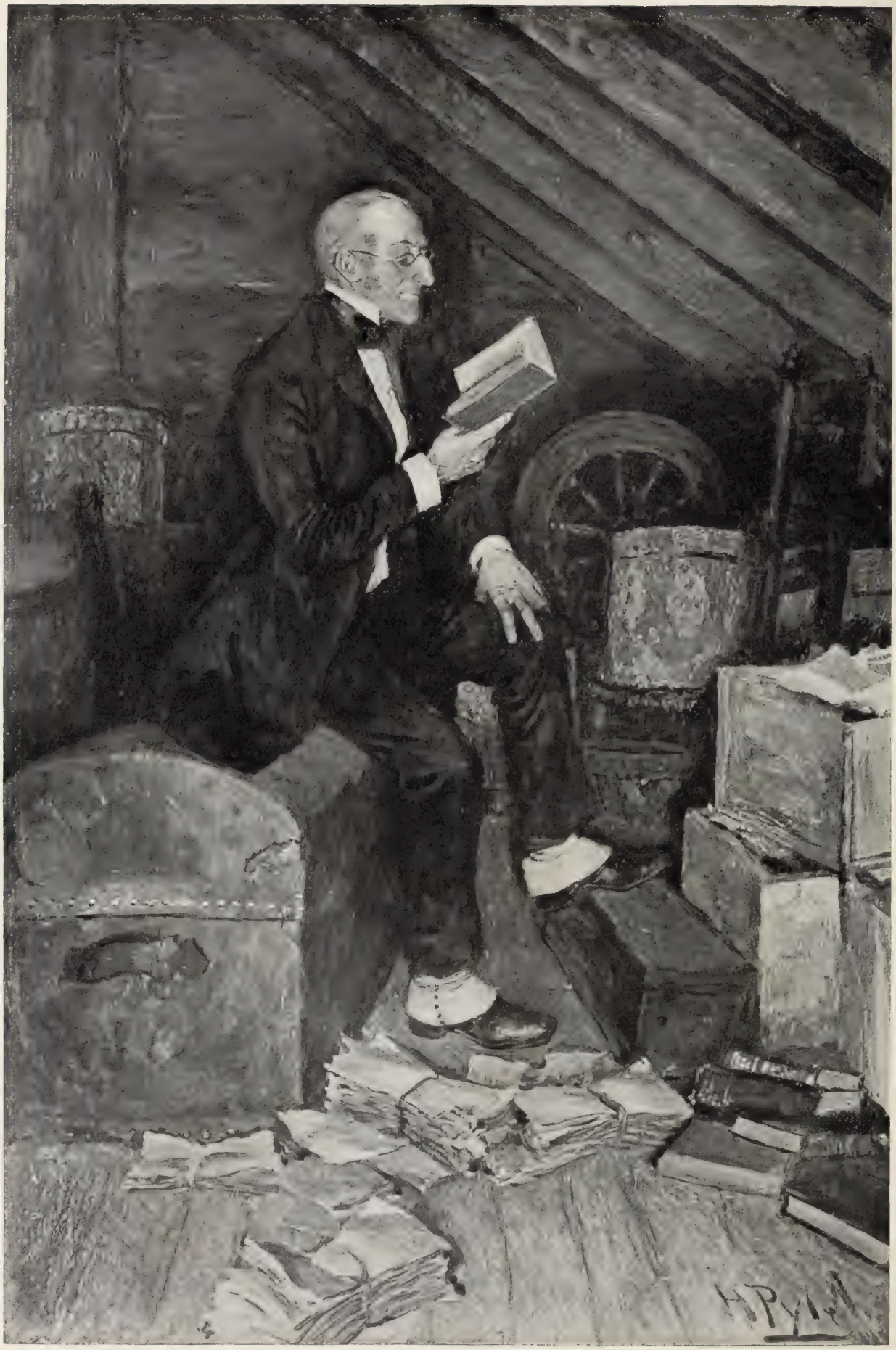
I 'AIN'T got no time ter *fool*
Goin' ter school;
I got dishere chile ter mine,
I got dishere quilt ter bine,
I 'ain't got no time ter play
Chillun's way.

But no one 'ain't s'picioned yit,
When I sit
Singin' till de baby sleeps,
Sewin', rockin', dat I keeps
Playin' "Mammy"—dat-a-way
Big Folks play.

ROSALIE M. JONAS.



HOW PROFESSOR THUMPSKI CAME TO WRITE HIS "SUMMER SYMPHONY."



See "The Thief," page 267.

"JUDGE MORRISON READ THESE HARMLESS JINGLES, CHUCKLING AND SNEERING."

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A PRINCE OF GEORGIA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

"YOU are going to have the great sensation of your life," said a young naval lieutenant who had made the trip upon which Ethel Barrowe was starting, and she remembered the prophecy day after day as the "great sensation" spun itself out. It was a sight-seeing sensation that he meant to predict, for Miss Barrowe was going through southern Russia as far as Batoum, and then across the Caucasus, and so back again. Eccentric old Mrs. Barrowe, her rich aunt, had invited her to leave home in Cincinnati and visit her in Athens, where the old lady employed her wealth and leisure in the pursuit of such pious and humane projects as the succor of the Cretans and the relief of the Armenians — projects which the scoffers among her friends characterized as "dreams," and other persons, of less importance to her—the leading statesmen of continental Europe—regarded as mischievous nightmares. Now that she had her pretty niece to entertain, she was starting upon a journey she never would have made alone, to show the young woman what the Russians call their Riviera and their Switzerland, and to meet those Armenians through whom she had been generously contributing for the cause of their oppressed brethren in Turkey.

"Dreams," did I call her amusements? Then both women were dreamers, because Miss Ethel was a poor girl floated above the trials of her position by her fond hopes, for she knew that her aunt liked her better than any relative she had, and she aspired to become her heir. And now she was about to cross Europe and penetrate Asia—she who until a month before had never been twenty miles from Cincinnati, and in that city learned no more of the world than one gets from membership of a Baptist sewing circle, a progressive euchre club, and a course of the talked-about novels of each year.

On the way to Moscow and southward to the Black Sea the lieutenant's prediction lost weight. The Czar's wheat and cabbage farm, called Russia, is mainly a great flat dish of earth, with a dull sky bent down all around to meet the rim—a tiresome monotone of grass and grain, flecked with villages of wretched cabins with thatched roofs, brown as so many rats in a granary. If there is variety, its effect on the mind more than offsets the little pleasure it brings to the eyes, for it must consist of an over-costly church and of the squalid people who have built it. But by nine o'clock on the third day from Moscow the earth began to rumple into broken limestone hills, guttered with canyons and crevices. Orchards appeared, and the shade trees became willows and locusts, instead of the incessant pines and birches of older Russia. The houses changed into the modern Greek type—one-storied stucco or stone, painted white or yellow, roofed with heavy red tiles, always walled around, and usually showing the soft round tops of small trees staring over the walls.

Suddenly the train crawled out of a tunnel to the edge of a cliff overlooking the blue, yellow, and white port of Sebastopol. Beyond the blue of the harbor, dotted with stately men-of-war, lay a bigger reach of liquid indigo—the Black Sea. It was October, and only the day before all Russia, apparently, had been whitened by hoar-frost. But now the car windows, all opened, let in air as warm as the breathings of cattle. Arrived at the station, the travellers found themselves in a Levantine city, with the usual white

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houses, gray streets, and limp and dusty trees. The cabs, like so many miller-moths settled near a lamp, were wicker-bodied victorias under white cloth canopies, and the drivers wore white bell-crowned hats. The drive to the hotel showed that Sebastopol was beautiful, but to our ladies it was like getting back to Greece, and they determined to press onward. They found that the *Grand-Duchess Olga* was to sail next day for Yalta and Batoum, and they at once engaged passage. On her deck the task of watching to see their baggage put aboard was given to Miss Ethel, who was presently interested in the foreign travellers, their leave-takings, in which the men kissed each other on both cheeks, and the bustle at the gang-plank. Suddenly a fragment of conversation interested her.

"He's a prince," she heard a man say in English—and she forgot the foreign scenes, and even her anxiety about the baggage.

Two Englishmen had been bidding good-by to two Russian-looking men, who now came up the plank to the deck, leaving the Englishmen on the wharf. Miss Ethel saw that the voyagers were an elderly, smooth-shaven, black-haired man, who walked slowly and weakly, like an invalid, and a tall, sandy-bearded man of thirty who followed, carrying a sword, an umbrella, and some walking-sticks tied together.

"Bon voyage," called out one of the Englishmen, adding, in a lower tone: "Queer, isn't it? One would naturally say, 'He's going with a prince,' but, on the contrary, a prince is going with him."

"Prince, eh?" the other repeated, questioningly.

"Yes; a Georgian prince; with a family older than any in Europe, of course. All those Georgian families date back to King David, or to some Chinese emperor of centuries before Christ. He's a genuine prince, though, whatever doubt there may be about a few of the early centuries in his family history. Can't help feeling sorry that—" and here the men turned, and she heard no more. She glanced at the deck to see the noble, but he—she was sure it was the younger one—had gone below. Presently the baggage came, and in a very few minutes the *Grand-Duchess Olga* was trembling with the power she exerted in throwing out a lacelike train of white bubbles far behind her.

Miss Ethel annoyed her aunt by opening the bags and trunks to find her bright red Russian blouse -- the newest, most fetching thing she owned—and her bonnet with the red wings, and her gray skirt with the fine stripes. And she spent more than half an hour over her hair and her hands.

"We agreed to wear only our knock-about things on shipboard, Ethel," her aunt said, "and now you're dressing as if for an evening party."

"Oh no, aunty; but it's so warm and summerlike, and the people who are going to Yalta are all so fashionably dressed, I thought I'd put on something cool, and show these Russians that we have nice things as well as they."

"Oh, well, if it's a patriotic matter—" said the elder lady, and there abandoned the sentence. Far from being humbugged, she determined to discover the reason for the sudden fine apparelling of her niece.

Miss Ethel was radiant when she went to the saloon for luncheon. She knew she looked her best, and when even a plain girl has that consciousness, it sets off her good points to advantage. But she was far from plain. She was tall and well-rounded, with a high brow crowning an oval face, with sensitive brown eyes, and fine soft brown hair, an arched nose, and lips so full as to betoken an ardent nature, and yet firm enough to show thorough self-control. Two things about her were eloquent of her right to belong to the country that most prizes good women, and has given every one of them a throne. These were her confident carriage, independent without suggesting impudence, and her eyes that flashed every emotion quicker than telegraphy, because there was no waiting to spell out long words like amusement, or sympathy, or intelligence; they were flashed on her quick orbs like magic. Thus her smallest features vitalized and characterized her entire personality.

But even her intelligence did not forearm her for the discovery that all the seats in the dining-saloon were taken. She mentioned this to a waiter — and he shrugged his shoulders.

"What shall we do?" she asked her aunt.

"If madame weel assept my place," said a gentleman, rising to put a hand to his breast and make a low courtesy. It

was the prince. Miss Ethel gasped for some polite phrase that was called too suddenly to come.

"Thank you, but one place will scarcely do for two," said the old lady.

"I weel do ze sing," said the prince, and went and got a camp-stool, and bade those who were on either side of him move closer while he squeezed in the extra seat. Then he bowed again and stepped back, and moved the chair and stool while the ladies took their places at the table. And he pushed the chairs under them when they were sitting down; not only that, but he got an extra napkin and opened it, and laid it across Miss Ethel's lap, which was a very peculiar thing, she thought, except that, perhaps, princes were not to be judged by the usages of ordinary folk.

"Thank you so much," said Miss Ethel; "but what will you do?"

"Please, I s'all wait, leetle," said the prince, bowing again, so that his light reddish beard almost touched her back hair.

"How polite he is!" said she, when he had taken himself off.

"Humph!" said her aunt, and fell to eating her soup. "I think I would almost sooner have waited myself," she added.

"It *is* too bad," her niece replied.

"I mean that I would rather have waited than have had such a fuss—and with such a man."

"Such a— Why, aunt, he's a prince!"

"Indeed! He made me creep."

"No; but really, aunty, he is a prince, and of one of the most ancient noble families. I overheard two gentlemen, who were bidding him good-by, talking—I'm sure he was the one they meant—and the one who knew all about him said there was no doubt about his—his royalty, don't you call it?"

"Well," said Mrs. Barrowe, "princes are at a great discount in Greece since the war, and I never was able to see the use of them before that. He may be a prince, but I did not think him much of a *man*. Bless me! how he must have upset me! I know nothing whatever of the creature—and only hear how I'm going on!"

"I should say so, dear aunt!" Miss Ethel said. "As for me, he's the only prince I ever saw, and I thought him most polite and amiable. He is certainly more unselfish than any other man in all this crowd."

"That is true," said Mrs. Barrowe. "I'll grant that by way of apology. So, let's drop the matter."

They ate in silence, for both found their thoughts engrossing. Miss Ethel was staggered by the good and bad fortune that fell, with two quick strokes, upon her—the good being the meeting with a prince, and the other her aunt's unaccountable, uncharacteristic repugnance to him at first sight. As for the elder lady, she was well pleased with herself for having so quickly discovered why her niece had put on her finery.

The passengers crowded the deck in the afternoon, and the Americans saw many Russian fashionables at their ease. Several young dignitaries lounged about in gold-trimmed suits of pongee silk that needed washing. Many elegantly dressed young ladies, very vain, and swaying between fits of giggling and of petulance, promenaded with their parents, while several of the matrons walked about smoking cigarettes. The men smoked incessantly, and drank almost as constantly. The deck-house was always full of them, behind their glasses of vodka or bottles of wine or bier, each man drinking, unsociably, by himself. When Miss Ethel was about to turn her attention to the cliffs, close to which the ship laid her course, the prince came on deck and bowed to her, and no scenery short of a volcanic eruption could have enlisted her attention.

My description and hers of this nobleman would not seem to be of the same person. She found him about thirty, tall, stately, with a very distinguished carriage, intelligent blue eyes, lovely flaxen hair, a noble head, an aristocratic face, and a silky, ruddy beard. To me he appeared loosely built and awkward, his eyes colorless and too shifting, the back of his head as flat as a drum, and for his beard, hair, and complexion, all three were sandy. But for his title, I should never have noticed him.

He slowly led the way to a seat by the ship's rail for an elderly man, who was evidently an invalid and of an irritable nature, as his face and the snarl in his voice told all who came near.

"Shall I find you a book, colonel?" the prince inquired.

"Go to the devil!" snarled the sick man. "You are a nuisance."

"I am sorry," said the prince, submissively.

"Well, go away, go away!" growled the invalid, whereupon the prince went and sat in the deck-house behind a bottle of beer, where Miss Ethel saw him as she walked to and fro. She did not hear the conversation between the two men, and if she had, she would not have understood a word.

It was almost dark when the ship reached the beautiful horseshoe-shaped scallop in the hills which is famous as the harbor of Yalta. The hills, always beside the sea, sent their towering sides sheer down to its edge, and were jewelled with a grand monastery here, noble mansions there, and, nearer Yalta, an imperial palace embowered in park foliage. Regretfully the Americans found they were only to make a short night-time stop at this place, to which the noble and rich repair in autumn to eat grapes medicinally, to entertain in châteaux, and to crowd in fashionable hotels. The ladies went ashore and drove beside the curving beach. They mingled with the gay crowd in the largest hotel, heard the band in its garden, and, in a little kiosk over the water's edge, took tea in Russian fashion, in a thin glass on a saucer, with two cubes of sugar, a slice of lemon, and a spoon beside the glass. Perhaps it was the tea that caused the younger lady to lie awake until late in the night trying to picture the prince mingling with the lively, laughing crowds at the main hotel in Yalta, smiled on by haughty women, and deferred to by eminent and masterful men of commoner clay. She wished every one had not left the ship at Yalta, or else that she had left it also.

On the next day, when the ship dropped anchor far beyond a large sprawling yellow town called Kertch, and while Miss Ethel was in a torment lest her aunt should not come on deck in time to catch the tender that was to take them ashore while the ship spent some hours in coaling, who should appear but the prince?

"Please," he said, "can I take somesing to you? You are look for somesing —no?"

"Oh, you are so kind!" said she. "I am waiting for my aunt. I thought you had left the steamer at Yalta."

"And you, too, I thought," said he. "I see you not somewhere ever since. But, no, it is that we are both here again —what?"

"The sick gentleman who was with you," she continued, "he is still on the ship? Yes? I heard it said that he was a prince."

"Please," said he, apologetically, "you have heard what is not. He is a pig, please, or somesing wheech is put to wipe off your feet at ze door, but he is a prince not. He is called Colonel Müller."

"A German name," Miss Ethel remarked.

"But, please, Russia is crowded, much, wiz zose German, also zose French names, though not all belong to pigs."

"You, also, have a German name?"

"Please, I have a German name not. My name has much ugliness in English. You will hear it—what? It is Gola—George Theodorus Gola."

She admired his modesty, and still she wanted to hear from his own lips the delicious fact that she was hobnobbing with a prince.

"And I may tell your name—no?"

She told him hers, and added, "Yours is a Georgian name, isn't it?"

"Ah, you know it?" he said. "It was much great, once, for hundreds years—what? But ze Russians swallowed all up the power, and zose wolfs and foxes—zose Armenian—zey swallow all up ze money. So now ze name only is remaining."

There is no need to inflict his broken speech upon the reader any longer. It is easier to imagine it. They talked for several minutes before Mrs. Barrowe came on deck dressed to go ashore. Miss Ethel sought to interest the prince in what she knew of the hot yellow city that fringed the distant shore and rose to a point on the side of a hill where a beautiful Greek temple—quite modern—formed the point of the pyramid. She told him that two thousand years ago it used to be Panticapæum, the capital of Bosporia, and that it afterward became Genoese, and then Turkish; but she saw that he did not care. She found it equally idle to describe to him the temples the Greeks built on Mithridates's hill, or the tombs of their kings, or the quantities of relics dug up there—the best of which are in the Hermitage in St. Petersburg. The prince seemed to know only the modern Greeks, and they, he said, were pigs.

The prince condescended to accompany the ladies ashore, and all three drove over the semi-Oriental town, finding the hill-top view, the open-air market, where the



"THE PRINCE CAME ON DECK AND BOWED TO HER."

goods are littered all over a cobbled plaza, the museum of Greek relics, and the thirteen-hundred-and-twenty-two-year-old church well worth the journey.

It was twenty-four hours later that the Georgian noble and Miss Ethel met for long enough to enjoy a tête-à-tête. Then he found her alone on the deck late in the evening. It may as well be confessed that the young lady had waited all day for the meeting, and being disappointed, had drawn upon a new instalment of patience and waited far into the night. It would not be polite to estimate how often she murmured to herself the words "Prince Gola," finding them melodious, and liking to make them familiar. When he came it was evident that he did not seek her; in fact, he seemed bent on retreating after wishing her "good-evening"; but she talked on and on, and at last interested him. Therefore he sat down and spent an hour with her. It was a veiled reference to her aunt's wealth which proved him a far more sympathetic companion than he had seemed when she baited her hook with classical lore, largely from Murray's Guide to Russia. She had not intended to speak of her aunt's means, and perhaps does not know to this day how much upon that subject the prince managed deftly to draw from her. Nevertheless, by a question now and then, veiled by an air of merely formal politeness, he got at the fact that the old lady was very rich, and that his companion was the only person the rich old widow cared for in the world. With this knowledge gained the prince went to bed heavy of heart, as one who has scarcely a penny might read of mountains of gold in the moon. On the other hand, the young lady went to her state-room humming a tune so thoughtlessly loud that Mrs. Barrowe was awakened, and gently chid her.



MINGRELIAN WOMEN—"THE PEOPLE WE SPRANG FROM ARE STILL THE MOST BEAUTIFUL."

The next sight of Prince Gola that the American ladies had was only a glimpse of him as he boarded the train at Batoum, at the other end from that at which the ladies found that their own wraps and rugs and bags had been put by their porters. The guide-books assert that Batoum prides itself on possessing an avenue of palms that is



A GEORGIAN VILLAGE NEAR BATOUM.

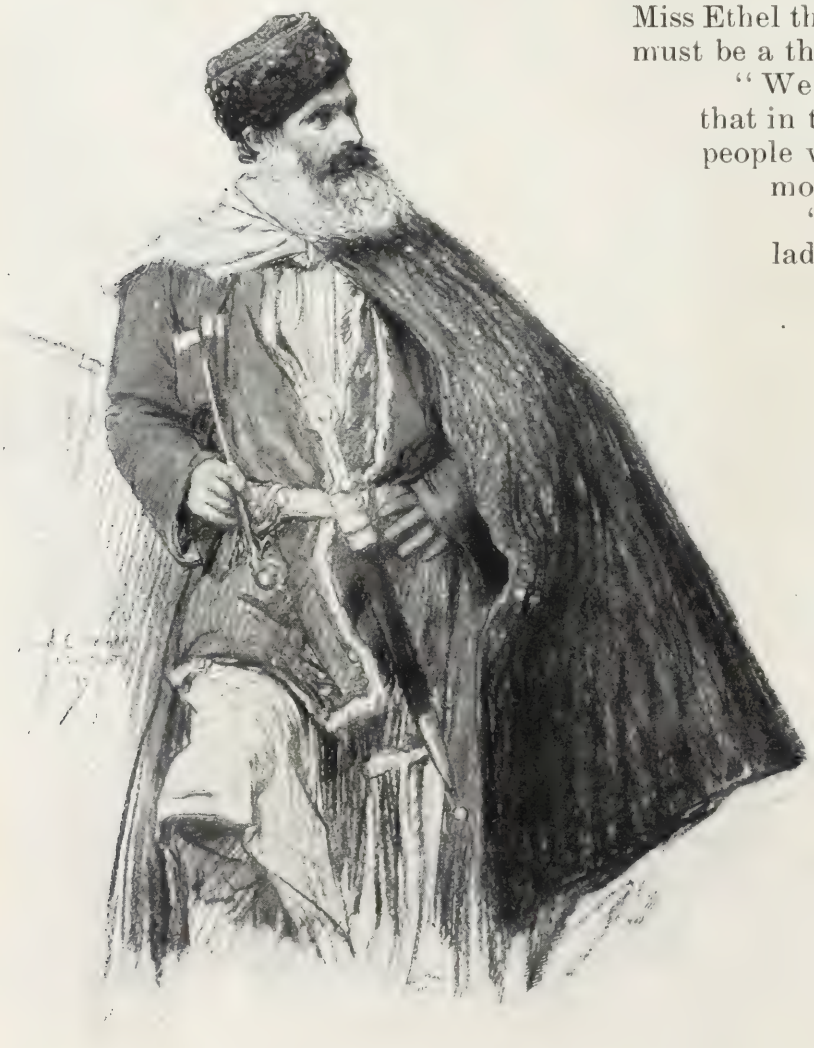
quite unique, but as the swamp-encircled place is given over to dreadful fevers, the ladies hurried through it, seeing nothing in its whole length except broad streets, made to look desolate by the low and shabby houses at the sides. They breakfasted at the station, where a young woman smoked cigarettes while she sold the railway tickets and made change; and then they took seats in a car that smelled of kerosene, not knowing that nearly everything on the long route across the Caucasian isthmus likewise smells of kerosene, the railway being the medium for carrying the oil from the wells at Baku to the ships at Batoum. Everywhere they saw oil-trains and oil-cars, always distinguished by the great boiler-like cylinders which are so familiar in our country. At every station the air was heavy and strong with the aroma of the petroleum that saturated the cars and dripped along the roadway, but by-and-by the smell ceased to be unbearable, though it never quite got to be pleasant. From the car windows, while skirting the sea for thirty miles, they saw its blue expanse on one side and the Caucasus Mountains towering faintly blue on the other. They saw the beginning of Russia's experiment in tea-growing, and noted the houses of the inhabitants of the marshes, that rose like the lake dwellings of old upon four stilts at the corners. They passed mile after mile of plantations of American corn, and marvelled that they had never known, when too used to it at home, that it is the most picturesque, graceful, and beautiful vegetable anywhere cultivated by man. They saw fine galleried houses in ample parks, and sometimes noticed near a village a rude tower or fortress of stone, or else the ruins of one, that had apparently been the citadel and refuge of the villagers. But though their usefulness has gone with the petty wars of barbaric kingdoms and petty princes, the warlike spirit is still quick, as the travellers saw in the rude faces of the men with their sharp noses and flashing eyes, and in the fact that every man was armed always with a very long broad dagger, carried in front of the narrow shapely waist of his long Circassian coat. Their caps of fur, a modification of the fez, and their pointed shoes or boots, quite as surely linked them with the rest of Asia's swarms.

Miss Ethel had read (and Prince Gola

had told her the same thing) that the Mingrelians include the handsomest men and most beautiful women it is possible to imagine, and early in the journey she startled her aunt out of a precious day-dream by exclaiming: "Look there! oh, do look at that woman! Look what a number of handsome people are on that platform! They are Mingrelians, I am sure. Do look at that woman!"

"That peasant in the cotton! Oh, but she is more than beautiful!" said Mrs. Barrowe.

In truth she was more than beautiful, for her carriage was that of a queen. Olive-skinned, soft-eyed, with brown orbs, and long black lashes, with heavy, beautifully curved black eyebrows, and a mass of glossy hair of the same deep tone, with full red lips beautifully bowed, and with a nose curved like an eagle's beak and flared like a lily's mouth at the end, this poor peasant, in a cotton gown and heavy boots, walked up and down the platform with all of what we are too apt to call the grace and dignity of a queen. "Of a Sioux chief," would be more apt, for not all queens possess the charm of movement that comes with splendid health, or the haughty upholding of the head that is a sign of fearless pride as well as power. As the travellers looked beyond her, the whole crowd on the platform interested them; particularly a tall, gray-bearded mountaineer, as slender and supple as a deer, whose features were artistically perfect, who yet had the eagle face of the first of the Cæsars—the intense small eyes, the hawk nose, the thin firm lips; and again, in a youth in a dirty sheepskin coat and legs bundled in flannel, whose noble head was clothed with a superb shock of curling nut-brown hair, whose blue eyes were as soft as a maiden's, and whose entire face was classic, like a marble god's. The long daggers the men carried were in ornate sheaths of silver arabesqued with enamel, and with handles of the same fashion. They were very picturesque at a railway station in broad daylight, but, Miss Ethel thought, meeting them at night must be a thing dreadful beyond words.



"A TALL, GRAY-BEARDED MOUNTAINEER."

"We should be proud to know that in the birthplace of our race the people we sprang from are still the most beautiful," she said.

"What is all this?" the elder lady asked, quickly but good-humoredly. "I never heard a sound of Mingrelia before. Where and why have you picked it all up? Is HE Mingrelian?"

"Yes, dear aunt," in a purr, like a kitten.

"Humph!" her aunt exclaimed. "He escaped the contagion of beauty, didn't he?"

Baku is the source of the gigantic smell of kerosene that floats across the isthmus as if the purpose of the railway was to distribute it along with the oil. Here the old lady met those Armenian philanthropists who so heroically received all the money they could get from her. It was a stu-



THE TINY SHOPS OF THE PERSIAN QUARTER, TIFLIS

pid place to Miss Ethel. If she had ever seen the Pennsylvania oil district, she would have liked a day here just to note how American methods have been copied to make one region almost like the other; but she had not, and time hung as heavy as the oil-drenched air around her. At last Mrs. Barrowe had seen all her correspondents, and was beginning the purely pleasure part of her trip at Tiflis.

It is the most Asiatic town on Europe's borders, one of the quaintest, gaudiest, most splendidly situated of all cities, the lodge at the gate of the Caucasus, the capital of Russian power in the Near East. Its nineteenth-century museum and its crumbling old citadel contrast no more strongly than its dandies and its barbaric chiefs, its Parisian and its Persian shops, its diligences and sleeping-cars, its opera troupe and the dagger-carrying minstrels who sing in its streets. What a dreamy, unreal congerie of alleys, and swarm of quaint costumes, and kaleidoscope of Asiatic life, is the Persian quarter! The tiny shops all seemed to be disgorging their wares on the crooked, cobbled streets. Each was a cave in which our ladies saw workmen making the very articles they bought—the enamelled daggers, bracelets, pins, and boxes, the inlaid fiddles and mandolins, and a wide range of things of iron and steel and silver and copper. They were jostled by poor men shouldering their dead in coffins; they saw bakers hooking fresh-baked loaves out of sunken ovens, and hanging their sheets of bread on strings in the doorways; merchants sucked hubble-bubbles in the street; and Persian chiefs and Greek peddlers sat cross-legged together in the tea-shops. Fancy two American ladies with time and money, with a whole street of silversmiths before them, or exploring carpet-shops hung with rugs as gorgeous as the banners in a Lord Mayor's show! At times they came to a bridge over the savage-rushing Kur, and saw how it had cut its course deep down through solid rock, making steep palisades for shores, on top of which were dizzily perched temples, shops, gardens, and hivelike houses, whose galleries hung over the turbulent river—a crack in the bottom of the bowl around all sides of which Tiflis is built, and on one side of which, like a handle on the rim, is the ancient citadel.



A MERCHANT IN THE PERSIAN QUARTER, TIFLIS.

They knew the prince was in Tiflis, but they were there several days before they met him. One evening, when they had gone to the splendid ultra-modern opera-house, with its soft colors touched with gold, its four rectangular galleries, and its seats arranged, below the boxes, to make a floral bank of the beauties of Europe and Asia, Miss Ethel and her aunt were in the gaudy foyer when the square, ruddy head of the prince appeared in the doorway of the smoking and bar room at the foyer's farther side. He saw them at the same instant. He had a napkin in his hand, and this he instantly dropped as he made his way through the crowd to the ladies. He showed an interest in them at last.

"Why!" exclaimed the younger lady, "you are the only gentleman in evening dress in the whole opera-house. I like it. I have not felt as if I was at the opera, because only the ladies are properly dressed."

"Please," said the prince, "most of the men are in uniforms which they must wear, and which are therefore as proper as a dress-coat and waistcoat."

"How many soldiers there are all over Russia!" said she.

"Please, few here are soldiers," said the prince, surveying the swarm of men in blue and gold. "Those two are civil engineers: see the hammers crossed on their shoulders. Those three, and all the others in that simple, severe dress of blue with silver buttons, are students. There is a professor, and there a doctor, and that man in white silk with gold ornaments talking to the man in blue is what you call a sheriff. The other is an architect. So, instead of soldiers, here are judges, teachers, lawyers, railway men—for all professional people, all officials, and all government employés must wear their especial uniforms."

Two young army officers strode by, both swarthy and raven-haired, and as handsome as if Adonis had a twin brother and both had come to earth to serve the Czar. One was all in white, with a row of ornately carved silver powder-cylinders looped across his broad breast, and with a silver dagger and sword. The other wore rich brown and powder-tubes and arms of graven gold. Their hats were tall caps of baby lamb-skin, matching their costumes; their coats were moulded at the waists almost like those of French exquisites; their boots were of Russian leather. They were the most superb masculine figures Miss Ethel had ever seen—two young nobles, officers of Circassian regiments.

"Oh, you dear old Tiflis, how I love you!" she exclaimed. "What a gorgeous assembly this is! Do you know, I cannot

believe such a thing could happen anywhere else in the world as happened here to-night. There was the stage, with the King, and Aïda and her companion, and the hero coming in a glory of color and shining mail, and all the brilliant Oriental costumes of a hundred men and women of Egypt of old, and I turned and looked behind me and saw the same thing —as if the stage was a mirror reflecting the audience—the same swarthy faces, the same shining side-arms, the same olive-toned women, the gaudy colors of velvets and soft silks. The actors were imitating the spectators. Oh, it was wonderful! But Tiflis is all so. I pinch myself now and again to be sure I am awake."

"That gentleman can't get his overcoat on," said Mrs. Barrowe to the prince. "Why don't you help him?"

"Please," said the tall ruddy nobleman, and instantly stepped behind the man and assisted him on with the coat, putting a hand under it at the right moment to pull the undercoat down while he adjusted the top one.

"Aunt! aunt!" Miss Ethel wailed, under her breath. "What possessed you?"

"Eh?" Mrs. Barrowe replied. "The man could not get his coat on. But—h'sh—"

The prince returned, smiling, and as the stage-bell rang at the moment, he escorted the ladies to their box. Mrs. Barrowe went ahead, and there was time for him to propose a drive all round Tiflis for the next afternoon, an offer that the young lady said she was sure her aunt would accept.

"My handkerchief is on the floor; pick it up, please," Mrs. Barrowe said to the prince. There was in her manner and tone something very close to intentional offending, and her niece's heart went cold and heavy with indignation and alarm, but the prince, with the awkwardness that was his by birth, picked up the trifle and smiled, and said "please" as he handed it to the old lady.

"We will not mind a ride around the town," she said, coldly; "but mind, if you say three o'clock, come at three, or we shall have gone."

The prince withdrew, bowing.

"Aunty, aunty, I never knew you to act so—or to speak to any one as you do to him."



TIFLIS—"THE SAVAGE-RUSHING KUR."



A GEORGIAN MOTHER.

"I never did," said her aunt. "He seems to call it out. He's your prince, Ethel, dear; not mine. By-the-way, I have asked about him of one of the consuls here, and he really is a prince of a very old family, as you heard. That is part of what I heard against him. It shouldn't be against him, but, as princes go, it is. He is very poor, which is not always a fault. He and his sister were left a little property, and she has hers yet. His burned his pockets and he got rid of it. That's all the ill I know of him—and all the good, as well."

While the two women talked, the prince was meeting what he considered a crisis in his life. He was transformed. Instead of the lifeless, mechanically apologetic being he had appeared, behold him now, with eyes brightened by excitement, pushing men and women out of his way, and darting about the foyer, the smoking and the dressing rooms, in search of some one. He stops at the smoking-room bar, and says something to the manager, who is displeased, and replies that it shall not be. "Damn!" says the prince; "it's got to be. I cannot waste time here; I have more important affairs." He rushes about again and finds the object of his search—the testy sick colonel with whom he travelled on the ship.

"I have met that American millionairess and the niece," he says. "They are here—at the Hôtel d'Orient—I saw by her face that she can easily—that I—oh, damn! do you not understand?—she loves me. Now, please, I want five hundred roubles. I take her to see the town to-morrow. Will you lend me so much?"

"Five hundred cats and dogs!" the colonel yells. "Why, you are mad. I have taken my whole staff, not to see Tiflis, but to see Paris—Paris—and done the whole place, wine, the dancers at the Mabille, supper, till daylight, for half that sum."

"Quick! there is no time," says the prince. "She stays only a week, and I must be free, with ready money. I can marry her, I tell you. I will pay you two for one."

"I have not got it," says the colonel. "Besides, I do not gamble so much at one play. I will pay you the fifteen roubles I owe you at ten to-morrow."

"Please, I will give three roubles for one."

"No; that is positive. Come at ten for your pay."

"Very well, at that hour I will show you the five hundred roubles."

"Where will you get them?" the colonel asks. The familiarity of Russians with one another, even between servants and masters, is surprising.

"From my sister," says the prince.

"You scoundrel—you will ruin her," says the colonel.

"She shall be rich. I will pay her five for one," the prince replies, and is off.

The next day, when he was with the ladies, he was so merry as to suggest the thought that he had been drinking. His clothes were as shabby as ever, but in another twenty-four hours he shone with new broadcloth from top to toe, and on his fingers were several rings, one bearing the crest of his family, while a chain, curiously like a lady's, and with a lady's little watch at the end, enhanced the effect of his new prosperity. "These things," he said to Miss Ethel, when she was examining his rude yet very curious seal-ring, "I usually leave with my sister, who keeps them safely." He proved an assiduous and resourceful friend, and was with the ladies every day—and nearly all of each day. His hand was ever drawing small-change from his pockets, and money seemed plentiful with him. He took them to the Russian churches, to the mosque and the Turkish baths, to the botanical gardens, the military museum—everything, in Tiflis. Once he suggested that the finest thing in Tiflis—he had heard that it was the finest sight of its kind in the world—was a view of Tiflis after dark from any point on the rim of the bowl that holds it. It was agreed that next day they would drive later than usual and see this spectacle.

"I shall not go with you," Mrs. Barrowe said. "I will be driven to the hotel, and leave you to go on. Oh yes, it will be perfectly proper if M. Gola does not misunderstand it, and you can set him right if he does. With an open carriage and a familiar Russian driver, who sits with his back to the team and talks to you all the while—oh, it will be quite right. At all events, I don't care so much for the lights as I do for—for having you see all you can of M. Gola before we leave him here."

So it fell out that the prince, the maiden, and the ever-familiar isvostchik left Mrs. Barrowe at her door, and went across the Kur and up through the Georgian village to the summit of the hill behind it. The prince essayed a little tenderness, then grew bolder, and fondled Miss Ethel's hand as it lay in her lap. She told herself that he was in love with her, and marvelled to find that she could easily divide and analyze her own feelings, made up of admiration of his title and uncertainty about himself. She was too modest to realize how sensible a girl she was. When the carriage had climbed far past the sparse lights in the last houses



A CAUCASIAN ARMENIAN IN NATIONAL COSTUME.

she grew nervous. The growing tenderness of the prince, the lonely road, the darkness, her knowledge of the fierce, armed people—let these excuse her.

"We have gone far enough, monsieur," she said. "We will stop here. How do you say that in Russian?"

"Me estaniem zdeas," said he.

"Me estaniem zdeas," she repeated; "we will stop here." The landau turned right about so that they could look down into the great well of lights. She stared like one enchanted. The prince slipped her unbuttoned glove half down her hand. She seemed oblivious of what he did. He raised her hand and would have kissed it.

"Don't be silly," she said. "There I do draw the line. But see," she added, "how that huge black disk is flecked, dotted, sprinkled—oh, I know the exact word—spangled with yellow jets. I have watched this spectacle from my window every night, but I never saw it all before. How full of loose patterns and figures it is! It is like looking down instead of up at the heavens, only that here are clearer, bigger lights — and they really look as numberless. There goes the Milky Way, and there are innumerable new constellations. And oh, see, there is even a shooting-star!"

"Please, eet ees one droschka, perhaps, going down ze hill."

"Yes, yes," with impatience—"if you will be practical. Let me have my hand now. But oh, see where the real heavens bend down to meet this artificial sky! See the dark rim between the two, and then star matching jet, and mass matching mass! I did not know I could be glad that kerosene existed."

That was the last time they were together in Tiflis, except for a moment next day to say good-by, for Mrs. Barrowe suddenly announced that they must return to Baku. Her niece felt certain the change of plan was made to affect the prince and herself, but how or why she did not understand. "We shall see you again, M. Gola, in Vladi-Kavkas in four or five weeks," said Mrs. Barrowe. The prince looked very unhappy. He had volunteered to accompany the ladies, but Mrs. Barrowe discouraged him.

"If your prince was an American or an Englishman," said she, when they were by themselves in the diligence, "he would



"OVER THE CAUCASUS, AND HOME."



A STATION ON THE MILITARY WAY.

not have risked a refusal. He would have come — he would have appeared beside us."

"You don't like him any better," said Miss Ethel.

"No, but I like him just as much," the old lady said, grimly. "Dear me, I meant to tell him to take off my shoes and put on my fur-lined boots, but I forgot it."

"You are worse than rude to him," said her niece. "You would not act so if you knew how it hurts me to see you make such a false impression of your character."

"I wonder he stands it," the old lady said, musingly; "but he does, my dear, doesn't he?"

M. Gola went at once to Vladi-Kavkas, where he had long made his home, and with equal precipitation took up the life he had been accustomed to lead there—a course he would not have pursued for all that he ever possessed had he not anticipated a month or more of separation from the American ladies. He relied, also, upon word from Miss Ethel in advance of their coming. And, more than all else, he counted upon the fact that in Russia few persons whom tourists meet are able to speak English, and these do not know the gossip of Russian circles. I am not suggesting that the prince had a "bad past" to conceal. It was not his past that urged secrecy.

The Barrowes had not been in Baku more than two days, or away from Tiflis more than five, when the elder lady said: "Now let's post straight over the Caucasus, and home. Please do not telegraph or write M. Gola of our coming. I wish him to surprise us."

"We are to surprise him, you mean," said Miss Ethel.

"Oh, do I?" her aunt replied. "Well, have it as you like, dear."

They travelled in an omnibus-diligence, which looked like a buggy and a cab combined.. It had a great hood in front of the coach body, with seats in front by the driver, seats inside, and baggage top and back. The horses were changed several times a day, and each day there were three or more stops for meals. The journey used up all the daylight hours of two days, and was over a well-made macadam road, set at convenient distances with station buildings which were complete hotels. The first day's



"HE RECOGNIZED THEM WHEN TEN FEET AWAY."

ride was among soft round mountains, grassy to the tops, and everywhere dotted with picturesque cabins and villages, whose people farmed the best ground and used the rest for pasturage. Late at night the last stop was at a hotel, where the ladies tried to sleep in a bare, untidy room, without a lock on the door, while the mountain folk increased their nervousness by beating a barbaric drum to weird, shrill music. There is no real danger on this well-guarded, military way, but the house was lonely, the noise uncanny, and the ladies were unduly impressed by the fact that the people were armed. The second day's stages began at daybreak, through scenery fine as any in the Alps. The mountains became enormous, lifting huge castellated crags of bare rock above their vegetation, though in the main they were still clothed, at least in places, to the tops. They had been populated for centuries, and each village had its crumbling tower of refuge. The peasants were seen cutting grass at such heights that they appeared the size of flies. The diligence rolled at great speed downward, at last, for hours, in towering canyons, beside steep precipices, and above a brawling river. Finally the valley widened and widened—into Europe.

It was night when the diligence drove

into the posting-yard at Vladi-Kavkas, then, in 1877, the wickedest little city in Europe, where the arms every man wore were often utilized in highwaymanry and in murder. The ladies drove to the Hôtel Elbruz, of which it was said that it was no dirtier or more untidy than every other hotel there. Arrived and dinner ordered, Mrs. Barrowe took her niece by the shoulders, and, with kindly mischief in her eyes, pushed her against the door, saying, "Now, you little title-smitten republican, we are in the same house with your prince, and I want to know—are you sober, or are you insane?"

"Sober, I hope, aunty."

"Do you love that lion-colored shadow of a wrecked nobility?"

"No, aunty; I don't—love—him."

"For that answer you shall have a pearl necklace when we get to Paris. You would love him if you found him really noble, and proud, and clean, and ambitious, and independent; what a silly girl always conjures up when she thinks of a prince—you would, wouldn't you?"

"I'm afraid I might, dear aunt; but what is—"

"H's'h! You would, of course. I'll give you nothing for that, because it had to be so. But now if you found him unambitious, servile, humbling himself and disgracing his race for a pittance, content with his humility, reduced to it by laziness and by worse, for every rouble he has spent in our company is, I find, the money of his sister, whose tiny portion he is rapidly squandering (oh, I'll see that she does not suffer, never fear)—squandering as he first squandered—"

"Oh, aunt, are you sure of all this?"

"It's here in black and white, twice—from my lawyer in Baku, and again from an official in Tiflis. If it is true, you will be convinced of it by the prince himself here to-night, according to these letters, which I have received within a week. But, as I was saying, if your prince is without pride, without ambition, without self-respect, or an independent spirit, you will never love him for the title he disgraces?"

"Not if he were the Czar," said the girl, firmly.

"For that, when we get to Paris, you shall have—"

"Dear aunt, this is not a thing to joke about. I will have nothing from you in Paris; I mean it; you need not offer me anything. The idea—that—that you should—should think"—and here, after the kindly, shrewd old lady has pulled the sentimental young one on her knee and is pressing two wet eyes against her breast, we will shut the door and intrude no farther. As we do so, we may not help hearing the elder woman say,

"He is only shiftless, and though he is not fit for you, truly, Ethel, he is a better man than many so-called noblemen at whose heads our silly country women have flung themselves."

Thirty minutes later the ladies descended to the dining-room. Miss Ethel led the way, and the first person she saw was the prince, with one side toward her, with a soiled napkin on one arm, smoothing down a man's overcoat with one hand, and holding the other out to receive the kopecks the man was bestowing as a tip. She walked to a table, and she and her aunt were seated before the prince moved toward them. He recognized them when ten feet away, and tried to fling his napkin into a chair without their seeing the act. He came bowing and scraping up to them, and the younger lady watched the elder one for her cue. Mrs. Barrowe rose and greeted him quite in the old way, and her niece did the same.

"And now that we have met you again," said Mrs. Barrowe, "pick up your napkin, and—wait one second—get us two plates of borsch, broiled chicken and cauliflower for two, a pint of Bessarabian claret, and a bottle of Borgom water. Oh yes, and whatever sweets you have also."

The prince's face was scarlet to his hair. He said that another man would serve them, and Mrs. Barrowe replied that "it might be pleasanter." Miss Ethel could scarcely pretend to eat, and sat in agony, while her aunt placidly made her way through a hearty meal. The prince disappeared, but when both were leaving the room he came and detained the younger lady, and with something like real passion in his voice asked, "Cannot this be forgiven?"

"Not in a gentleman," said Mrs. Barrowe, over one shoulder.

"May I not make myself known to you in a better way?" he pleaded. "I can prove that my family—"

"Me estaniem zdeas," Miss Ethel said. "You taught me that. You know what it means. It is better so."

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR GOVERNMENT.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

DEMOCRACY can be rationally discussed only when it is dispassionately questioned as a form of government, effective or ineffective. The rule of the people through the law gives to those whose lives and well-being are determined by it either good or bad government. If it be good government, it is because just laws are enacted, and are effectively, fairly, and honestly enforced and administered through its machinery. A good government will also be durable, and will be effective in dealing with other and rival powers. If it be bad government, its rule will be tyrannous and partial, its judges and administrators will be corrupt, life and property will be insecure, liberty will not exist; and although a bad government may, for a time, be a strong military power, in the end internal dissensions, discontents, and revolutions will deprive it of that ancient virtue. The primitive idea of government is power. The extreme modern socialistic idea is sentimentalism. The despot is the incarnation of one idea, and Rousseau and Karl Marx stand for the other. Each of these forms of government is both poetical and tyrannical. But neither the romance of mediævalism nor the sentimentalism of the eighteenth century has any place in the business of government in the nineteenth century. For government *is* a business, and has for its chief concern the protection of those who dwell under it from the aggressions and trespasses of fellow-citizens, and from the impositions and assaults of foreign enemies. Not only is there no reason why sentiment should control us in considering this subject, but sentiment will blind us to certain facts which must be recognized, and fairly weighed and judged, if we are to reach just conclusions. Love of the people is one thing. The desire to discover the best form of government for the people is quite another thing. It is one's duty to love one's neighbor, but it is the duty of the individual. It is one's duty, if one have the ability and the calling, to try to discover the form of government that will best promote the general welfare, and to help maintain it when it shall be discovered. This is the duty of the citizen and the publicist. The error of the despot and the socialist, selfish in one case and sentimental in the other, consists in mingling fatherly and brotherly care with the plain and simple business of government.

The preservation of order is perhaps the first conception that we have of the duty of government. But this is not all there is of government. Order exists in Pekin, and on the steppes of Siberia. Life, liberty, and property are as secure in St. Petersburg against the assaults of private citizens as they are in London. And yet there is a vast and essential difference between the governments that rule Russia and England, and between the rights and privileges enjoyed by the subjects of the absolute despotism and by the people of the constitutional monarchy. With the critics of democracy efficiency is the standard of government. The absolute ruler accomplishes his end directly and swiftly. The democracy is slow and halting. But the absolute ruler may accomplish a bad end, and the democracy may limp slowly towards a correct conclusion. There is something more than efficiency and power to be taken into consideration in judging of the merits of a modern form of government, although efficiency is of great importance.

Within a hundred years the world has greatly changed, and in no way more than in the relations that obtain between the ruler and the ruled. The ruler has grown of less and less importance, and the individual of more and more. The new theory of government differs from the old in holding that the master is the people. Under the old system kings were the good and wise masters, and to libel them was treason. Now kings and presidents are the servants, and each one of the masters has the right to speak his mind freely—and to speak it rudely if he be ill-mannered—of the conduct and character of the men who have been set apart and charged with the duty of interpreting and administering the laws. Therefore, in judging as to the merits of any particular form of modern government, the comfort, the happiness, the liberty which the people enjoy under it are the impor-

tant considerations. Does their rule make for their own welfare? And if the human race has not yet solved the problem of government, if there is no country in all the world where not only order is maintained, but where also justice is certain, law reigns, manners are sweet, and where the individual is free to reap the full advantage of his talents and his opportunities, is there any country that holds the promise of a future in which men shall live under a government that performs all that it undertakes, and that undertakes only that which is essential to the general good? It seems to me that democracy is the only form of government which is capable of growing to this high attainment. Certainly from no government in which the principle of heredity survives in any degree can this be expected, for it is essential to the full fruition of the powers of the individual that he possess every opportunity and every incentive for the exercise of all his faculties. The government that is the best for the citizen is the government in which he can win the highest prize.

It must be admitted that democracy has not yet become a perfectly satisfactory form of government. Most writers on politics find it crude and inefficient. The philosophers of conservatism believe it to be inefficient; the poets of socialism find it commonplace. Aside, however, from the cavillings of the philosopher and the outcries of the socialist, there are real evils which are due to abuse of the democratic form of government, and there are other evils which are charged to democratic government, but which are really the incidents of civilization or of human nature.

The United States government is the one democracy which can be most profitably studied. There have been republics in the world ever since government began, but no republic of the ancient world possessed such a form of government as that which we mean to-day when we speak of a democracy, for the older republics were aristocracies, and the modern republics of Europe, with the exception of France, have been small and homogeneous countries. Since the present century began, the spirit of democracy has slowly spread until the people have a voice in the management of their affairs in every nation in Europe except in the dominions of the Tsar and the Sultan. The idea that government is for the welfare of the people and not for the profit and glory of the monarch holds sway even in the empires of Germany and Austria. It is an idea that grew out of the free parliament of England, where it was a revival of old Teutonic popular rights and traditions, and it was enormously stimulated by the example of this republic. It is here only, however, that the democratic government is found carried on on an important scale, ruling over a great extent of territory and over a large population. Here, too, the people are partly governed by laws made by themselves, which bind, restrain, and direct the legislation touching the daily business of the country which is enacted by the people's representatives. We cannot correctly judge, therefore, of the evils which are incidental to the democratic form of government without examining the evils that beset our own government.

We are probably at the lowest ebb of our political fortunes. We are largely in the power of the boss and the corruptionist. Our law-makers are less than wise, and our administration of law is often worse than crude. It is clear to the most superficial observer that the business of the government in the nation and in the States is generally managed without skill, and often without honesty. European writers on democracy have predicted that our form of government will not endure because the rule of the people means the rule of the ignorant. President Eliot has recently pointed out that this is not necessarily true, and it has never really been true when the educated men of the country have set themselves to the task of convincing and leading. It is true, however, that many of our evils come from the servility of politicians to that part of the public which is most insistent and most noisy. Sometimes, and in some places, the policy of the government is directed by the Irish vote; at other times, and elsewhere, it is dependent on what the demagogue guesses to be the desire of the German, or the Scandinavian, or the Catholic, or the A.P.A., or the labor vote. It is so much easier for the politician to guess than to think — to divine what the voters may want him to do through the process which he calls "mingling with the people," than it is to work out to their conclusion the

vital problems of government. It is much easier, too, to be a coward in politics than to be courageous. No thoughtful man can object to the presentation in the legislative bodies of the crude ideas that express the longing of the people for better government, or for greater comfort and happiness. If the farmers reach the conclusion that the government ought to advance them money on their growing crops, the sooner the proposition is discussed in Congress the better—that is, provided that it is intelligently, honestly, thoroughly discussed. Evil enters with the evasion of questions like this. Our politicians court the power that rules the country by bowing to its impulses, its idle fancies, its crude passions, its first impressions, as the courtier bows and smiles and executes the whims of the monarch on whose favor depend his rank and fortune. They dally with dangerous tendencies at their birth, and make use of them for their selfish objects, until the mere suggestions of folly become mighty tidal waves of partisan or socialistic passion. Then the nation is compelled to face the problem grown dangerously strong, and the central issue of a political campaign fraught with the vital interests of the republic, but it has been in such supreme moments that democracy in the United States has exhibited marvellous virtue.

For more than a century the people of America and western Europe have been in a tremendous ferment. Nothing like the activity of these hundred years has been known since the religious awakening and the accompanying revival of learning in the sixteenth century. The century has been marked by revolution and progress, and for the last sixty-five years by the development of a new energy in the process of political evolution, or rather by the transformation of an old potentiality into a force which has supplanted physical revolution. Sir Henry Maine's chapter on this force—the force of legislation—was designed to show the crudity of an idea which underlies the feverish activity of democracies in enacting laws, the idea that nature loves change, although in all non-political relations it is clear that men love to preserve old habits and to cling to old ideas. It is true, as he said, that before the passage of the reform bill of 1832 the English Parliament scarcely ever legislated, for it is true that it was not until the people finally succeeded in establishing the principle that government is for them, for their happiness, for their liberty, for their good, that the making of laws became the most serious business of government. Revolution was the predecessor of the rage for legislation. Change by violence was essential when change by law was impossible, or unknown. Change by violence and by bloodletting is a thing of only yesterday. But for us, and perhaps for western Europe, the day of violent revolution is done, while the day of peaceful revolution through law-making is full upon us.

The making of laws is necessarily the first work to which the people turn their attention when they find themselves in power. They make laws for the firm establishment of their kingdom, as the Tsar of Russia and the Kaiser of Germany increase their armies and navies for the maintenance or enlargement of their empires. Precisely as absolute rulers seek their own advantage through decrees that are backed by force, the democracy seeks to attain its profit through statute law. Naturally enough in the experimental years of democracy this tendency to legislate becomes almost a frenzy, and leads to all sorts of abuses. The people come to have a grossly exaggerated idea of the value of a statute. It seems to them to be a universal panacea for the cure of social as well as of political ills. To the excited popular mind the country may not only legislate against the rule of kings, may not only exclude hereditary aristocracy from political power, but may cure poverty and the consequences of intellectual inequality by means of the sovereign remedy. And it is here that the evils of democracy find their entrance-way, for it is by their malign influence over the representatives charged with the duty of legislation that demagogues and corruptionists succeed in fastening themselves upon the government, to the shame and scandal of democracy.

We must remember that, measured by the age of the world, or by the length of time during which other forms of government have been tested, the democratic form of government is in its infancy. The people have ruled in this country a little more than a hundred years, and in England a little more than sixty years. They are feeling their strength, realizing their power and their liberty, and are

trying to better their conditions through the enactment of laws. If parties and factions are seeking their own advantage at the expense of the general welfare, if groups of men who have obtained possession of the machinery of government undertake to employ it for their own profit, if the boss flourishes, what are they all doing that differs in any respect from the lesson that kings and emperors and chiefs of savage tribes have been teaching the world since government was first established? In changing their form of government men have not changed their natures, and, for a time at least, we may expect to see those who, for the moment, possess the opportunity follow the bad examples of the absolute rulers of both old and modern times.

In their eager rush for legislative remedies and benefit the people fall an easy prey to designing flatterers, and they are also the victims of their own ignorance and inexperience. They are prone to regard success in money-making as the most admirable of human achievements. While this is true of our own democracy, the evil is not altogether chargeable to the democratic form of government. It is incidental to a new country which offers boundless opportunities because of its rich resources. The worship of wealth, the obliviousness of a community to all moral considerations, to education, to literature, to arts and science, are not singular to democracies. It is a colonial habit of mind and of morals, and was a much more marked characteristic of Americans on the southern Atlantic seaboard in the time of the Stuarts than it is of their self-governing descendants. It is not now so much a characteristic of our own older communities as it is of the thinly settled parts of the country, where each pioneer is doing his utmost to wring a fortune from the soil, or the forest, or the mine, in the shortest time possible. It is true that in a democracy the passions, the ignorance, and the vices of the people seriously affect the character of the government; and while it is also true that the passions, the ignorance, and the vices of absolute rulers affect disastrously the fortunes and happiness of their subjects, and that relief from a bad despot is naturally more remote than the cure of a corrupt condition in a democracy, it must be admitted that there are certain virtues that a young democracy cannot hope to possess; although, when we consider these virtues, we find that they are the achievements of an old society, and not entirely of a form of government. A correct taste in art, an artistic and literary atmosphere, respect not only for distinction itself, which is a universal trait, but for those who have attained it, a love of the orderly and seemly ceremonies of life, manners, social traditions—all these are good, and are the long results of time. If these social virtues are reflected by the government, it is because they are the inherited habits and acquisitions of the rulers and the people. We do not find art and letters more respected, manners sweeter, civic pageants more artistic and beautiful in St. Petersburg, or even in Berlin, than in Paris. But Paris is not only the capital of a republic; its municipal affairs are actually managed by socialists.

It must be admitted, as I have said, that the vices of a young democratic society affect the character of its government. For a number of years there has been a marked tendency in this country to leave the control of the business of government in the hands of managing men. The boss has therefore become the typical leader, and as he is almost necessarily a man who believes in action and results, and despises words, there has followed from his prominence a great change—a change that may properly be called a revolution—not in the character of the government, but in its administration, and especially in the character of its *personnel*. Notwithstanding the protests of the older men of politics who remember a better state of things, and who are anxious to believe that there has been no deterioration in their day, there has been a distinct loss in the character of the public men of this country since the close of the war of secession. The boss is the natural product of a new society that is making large gains in material wealth, and the democratic form of government gives him the opportunity to put his bad impress upon public affairs. He is as natural a product here as is the military bully in Berlin. He may or may not be rich himself, but he is inevitably corrupt, and he is useful to the rich, who, in turn, are useful to him, and contribute to his campaign fund. He is inevitably corrupt, because he is not in politics for the public good but for his own profit. He has no faith in principles, and usually little

knowledge of them. What he wants is success, and success to him means the capture of the offices—the spoils—for himself and for his party. Under his leadership a party which was established for the purpose of defending or advancing a cause or a principle of government becomes degraded to a faction intent on individual or factional gain. The boss is generally a coarse vulgarian, who will not hesitate to adopt any method, however vile, that may seem to him best adapted to his purpose, and therefore he has corrupted the very source of our political power, and, as Mr. Godkin has pointed out in a recent essay on the "Real Problems of Democracy," he has taken advantage of the failure of the founders of our government to foresee all the weaknesses to be developed by time and by increase of population and wealth, and, especially, he has turned to his own profit the neglect of the State to make the task of nomination its own affair. So it has come to pass that the boss makes the nominations, and as each party is controlled by a boss, it follows, whichever party wins, that the men who are chosen to office are not men who have really been selected by the voters, the election itself being but a choice between evils. In theory we have a representative government, the offices and legislatures of which are held and filled by men whose constitutional duty is to the whole community over which they temporarily exercise jurisdiction, but in reality in recent years the functions of government have been performed in many of our States by the creatures of the boss, under his dictation and for his benefit.

As the boss governs for his own profit, and for the advantage of those who are faithful to him and who help him to control nominating conventions and elections, he sells legislation, and he sees to it that the law-makers whom he leads are men who will not object to the consummation of the sales. Therefore many legislative bodies in this country have become corrupt; and there is hardly one such body whose reputation has not been tainted by scandalous rumors. The loss of character by our legislative bodies is best illustrated by the condition of the United States Senate. Until within recent years this body was regarded by all writers on government as a model legislature, and Mr. Lecky, writing only in 1896, had not apparently comprehended the scandals of the extraordinary session of 1893, nor the graver scandals that accompanied the passage of the Tariff act of 1894. He still regarded the constitution of the United States Senate as one of the happiest of human conceptions. But the American citizen who takes an intelligent interest in his country's politics, and who has the courage and the wisdom to admit the import of notorious facts, realizes that the Senate is no longer composed of the ablest men of the country, and that it no longer satisfies the predictions that were made concerning it by Hamilton and his fellow-contributors to the *Federalist*. On the contrary, they know that it has fallen a victim to the power of wealth, and to the ambition of those who have gained great riches to decorate their career by membership in the body that is still supposed in Liberal Europe to constitute the foremost legislative chamber in the world. It is painful to dwell upon the degradation of an institution which for many years stood as the most striking monument to the sagacity of the framers of the Constitution, but if the evils to be cured are not to be spoken of, the disease by which the body politic is afflicted is certain to prove fatal.

The boss and his politics have made the Senate what it is, and have brought the business of legislation at Washington almost to the level of the pawn-shop. The powers and resources of the government are employed for the advancement of private interests and the increase of private fortunes. Corruption has set in, and the danger of decay is present. Money is now exerting an undue influence in all our various governments—in the nation, in the State, and in our municipalities. Government is carried on as a commercial affair, and it is for this reason, as well as for the gratification of the natural desire for distinction, that men of wealth—but without knowledge of public questions or capacity to understand them—seek political honors and the included pecuniary power, which the boss system aids them to attain. There seems also to have resulted from the kind of politics with which we are afflicted a depravation of the whole electoral body. It is difficult to explain on any other theory certain phenomena which are fast becoming symptoms of a chronic moral disease. The enemies of the democratic form of government have

certainly the right, in their contention that it is a failure, to demand what else is the meaning of the repeated successes at the polls of men who cynically insist that they are engaged in the business of politics for "what there is in it for them," and who answer, when they are requested to devote some of their efforts to the general good, or to refrain at least from constant assault upon the general good, that they "are not in politics for their health." The indifference of corrupt men to the opinion of good citizens has a deeper significance, a much more alarming meaning, than is to be found in the contemplation of their own bad characters. It means that the politicians are not afraid to defy the opinion of good citizens, because, thus far at least, the people who are supposed to be the masters in a democratic government, and who sometimes have endeavored to exercise the sovereign power, have not yet seen fit to overthrow the boss and to smash the machine which has made him what he is; and so long as the bosses can control the nominations of the two great parties, as they are fond of calling themselves, so long will corrupt politicians enjoy immunity from punishment. The politician knows wherein lies his own safety and the security of his career. It is not in loyalty to his country, in fidelity to his oath of office, in devotion to the public interests. That such loyalty, fidelity, and devotion, when they are joined to ability and preparation for the intelligent performance of public tasks, are the traits of character that distinguish statesmen, is an old-fashioned notion that prevailed when the theory that we had a constitutional and representative government in this country was not only held, but lived up to. These qualities of intellect and character have now been succeeded by a baser quality—that of servility to the boss. The modern politician is reasonably sure of his reward, at least of securing his nomination, if he does faithfully whatever the "old man" orders.

I am conscious of having painted a dark picture of the present condition of democracy, and if it were to stand alone it would be a most discouraging picture. But it is only half the truth, and there is another story to tell which is full of hope and encouragement. The condition of democracy, so far as we have considered it, is largely due to its attempt to interfere with matters that ought to be left to the regulating power of nature. Moreover, our representative form of government has bred a species of politician who retains his place and discredits the government by encouraging the tendency to interfere with the natural law for his own advancement and profit. The evils that he has been the means of fastening upon all democratic communities are due to the perversion of the democratic form of government, and not to its just operation. The mass of bad legislation by which we are afflicted is due to the intense passion for legislation which possessed democratic peoples as soon as modern democracy was established, and which will possess them until they learn, perhaps by experiences even harder than they have yet undergone, that laws oftener inoculate the body politic with disease than cure it. But, in spite of its perversion, democracy has wrought infinitely more good to the world than all the other governments which human strength and brutality, or human wisdom and cupidity, have ever forced upon or devised for mankind. In the first place it has established the rule of law, of the law which is made by the people directly or by their representatives. There is no country in Europe, except Russia and Turkey, that is not, theoretically at least, ruled by law, and there are no people who are thus ruled who do not feel that the rule of the constitution and statute-book is better than the rule of a despot. In our own country we have the rule of the law made by the people, and however great may have been the failure of the representatives of the people who are charged with the duty of making statute law, the democracy itself has made comparatively few mistakes in the enactment of fundamental or constitutional law. Modern life is the outcome of political institutions under which the people have been free to take advantage of their abilities and opportunities. If it be true that literature and art have not reached the highest point in our new democracies, both here and under the democratic form established in older nations, they have flourished and have grown in the grace of truthfulness, and it is furthermore true that education is more general because of democracy, because of the insistence of the people who rule to fit themselves to rule. In our own democracy, which, as I have already said, is

the democracy which can be studied with the most profit, for it approaches a true democracy more nearly than the government of any other important country in the world, education is almost universal, and illiteracy is here a badge of shame, while, as our most recent critic will recall from his studies of the eighteenth century, it was once a mark of fine breeding. The increase of education and enlightenment has been accompanied by an enormous material progress. The economic development of our modern civilization may be truly said to have accompanied the growth of the democratic form of government. Personal liberty and the protection of property and rights by the law have stimulated inventive genius, and have fostered commercial and industrial enterprises as royal grants of monopolies never did. When the law said that the whim of no man should enter the humblest cabin in the land to deprive its occupants of the fruits of their toil, hope took the place of dull acquiescence, and the community felt the impulse of new workers eager for their own, and incidentally and inevitably for its advantage. The awakening of the world to a new life, to a life in which every man might have a share, to whose orderly progress every man might be a contributor, resulted in the elevation of the whole race, so that the average man is not only better than he was in the last century, he is better than all but the very best of the privileged classes who lived on the favor of kings, and on whom the right of oppression was bestowed by royal decree. But it is not the bettering of the average man that alone characterizes the life of democracy. Not only have art and letters continued to flourish here and in the older countries that have become democracies, but it is also to be said that the literature of a true democracy has never been decadent, and that the great poets of the world, with rare exceptions, have been inspired by the intellectual activity of the people of their times; that our common humanity is the theme of epics, and that the false romance and the polished verse of cynicism, despair, and immorality are the native flowers of corrupting courts and their vicious idlers. Mr. Matthew Arnold told us that we lacked distinction, and he was right if he meant that in our democratic society those men and women do not abound, who, in mind, in character, in manners, and in appearance, the results of time and of generations of high and exceptional breeding, move far apart from the mass of their fellow men and women. But we have accomplished something better than the social distinction of a few thousands of individuals; we have lifted up the race to a plane higher than it ever attained before the foundation of our republic, and in this respect the influence of the republic has been felt throughout the civilized world, until now the degradation of the people that was general in the eighteenth century is slowly disappearing everywhere. The contrast between our own people and those of Europe, even those of England, is still, however, a striking illustration of the elevating power of the assurance that each American feels, not only of his equality before the law, for the Englishman certainly feels that, but of his equality of power in the control of the government and in the making and administration of its laws. Our critics say that we are ill-mannered, and that services to which we are entitled, and which we have the right to command, are often insolently rendered, and are hurled at us as if they were favors grudgingly given. It is to be regretted that there is much truth in this criticism. But, whatever may be said about the manners prevailing in a democracy, the most insolent car-conductor and hackman in America is a much more pleasing person than an obsequious retail tradesman of a European capital. We know, at least, that the son of the insolent American is likely to be better than the father, and that the son of the European tradesman is likely to inherit the business, the social position, the ignorance, and the genuflections of his ancestors.

Not only have the material and physical conditions of the people been greatly improved since the establishment of a democracy, but the intellectual and moral life of the civilized world is on a higher plane. There are decadents in every capital of Europe, and they have their imitators in some of the commercial centres of our own country among the idle and unfortunate rich. Nordau can find illustrations for his philosophy of despair throughout the world. But the stream of social life under democracy is being constantly renewed from new and pure

sources, and the great heart of the world, which beats with the pulsations of its labor and its achievements, is sounder than it ever was. We may be passing through a period that is comparatively poor, and sometimes depressing, in literary achievement, but the gains made by science are almost startling even in this epoch, when the daily work of the laboratory accomplishes results that would have been deemed impossible a generation ago.

The great test of the soundness of a government is, as I have said, the happiness and comfort of the people who live under its rule. If we apply that rule to our own government what do we find? Notwithstanding the evils that exist, the lives and property of the citizens are secure. Not only is there respect for property, but there is a wide distribution of it among the people, and in this we have a bulwark against socialism and anarchy, and a guarantee of domestic peace such as no country in Europe possesses. We have, moreover, in a written constitution and a supreme court, strong defences against the hasty adoption of strange theories by the legislative branch of the government. Thus far the people have felt the pressure of the general government very lightly, and it depends upon their intelligence and vigilance whether this happy state of affairs shall continue. Though many of us object to some of the methods of taxation that obtain, and although the whole system of gathering public revenues is confessedly crude and unscientific, taxes here are lighter than they are anywhere else. Not only has the material comfort of the people been increased, but democracy has made for universal peace. It is true, also, that whatever wrong has been done by a perversion of our institutions, that whatever tortuous direction has been given to them by craft and corruption, our public evils are due to successful playing upon the follies and ignorance or on the indifference of the people. And herein lies the hope of recovery. When the king falls a victim to the wiles of a scheming courtier, it is likely to be by reason of his own corruption; but the people are deceived, not corrupted. The soundness and purity of American domestic and social life furnish abundant evidence of this. It may be that men who are frankly corrupt are elected to office again and again, but in almost every case it is because the boss has constructed his machine so perfectly that the public have grown indifferent or have no opportunity to express their opinions in the nominating assembly, while the choice at the polls is a choice between bosses. There are many evidences, however, that the people are beginning to revolt against the boss and his methods. There is a tendency, which has been most strongly manifested in the State of New York, and in national elections, to punish the party that is in by voting for the candidates of the party that is out, so that the pendulum of office swings back and forth between the two leading organizations. This oscillation between evils is not a happy solution of our problem, but, in the nature of things, it cannot continue. The result must be either the regeneration of existing parties, or their abandonment by men of principle and intelligence. There is another sign of hope and promise in the increased interest that is being taken in politics by men of education. It must be remembered that while our form of government is still young, the evils that have developed from it are still younger; that not many years have passed since the boss and his ignorant followers drove the able and instructed men of the country out of public employment. It might have been taken for granted that the men of thought and action, the men of mind and reading, the men of character, the leaders in our social, professional, and business life, would not be content to remain always out of political life, would not always be willing to refrain from participation in the kind of employment that is most interesting to an active intelligence, would not always submit to the oppression and persecutions of the demagogue and his mob. Already it is evident that the educated men of the country, the men who come out of the colleges and universities, are preparing to contend for their natural supremacy in the State, and it is not true of a democracy that the average man, and therefore the ignorant man, must lead. History and experience teach us that when the people can be induced to listen, when they realize that their interests are at stake, it is the instructed and able men whom they gladly follow.

It is not the ignorant man, nor the average man, who, under proper conditions, will lead, but it is the average man who must always be satisfied with what gov-

ernment actually does. He must not be astonished and, therefore, outraged by strange devices, and his government must not assume so many functions that he cannot criticise it intelligently. If democratic government is too complicated and its assumed functions too difficult, discouragement and indifference follow, and then comes the opportunity of the boss. The larger evils of the democracy will never be overcome until the people—the rulers—voluntarily abnegate all powers that are not essential to mere government. Before they do this they must appreciate the unwisdom of seeking individual happiness through law. Democracy must learn that government is not the highest of human achievements. It is the individual working alone, unhampered by obtrusive law, who attains to the heights of human excellence, and the best government will therefore be that which leaves the citizen most free to achieve the best that is within his power.

A QUESTION OF COURAGE.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

THE Confederate forces in Tennessee had known more than one change of commander during the first months of 1862, when I was attached to the staff, and at the time of my story we were holding Corinth as our base under General Beaurivage. He was a creole of French descent, easily traced in feature, and even in language; for though his English was perfect, in times of excitement I have more than once heard him break forth into French, which sounded as impressive as it was rapid. In the field he was magnificent in his dash and courage, and in quarters as courteous and genial as if war were but a school for manners. His staff was unusually brilliant; for, apart from his military skill and personal prowess as a leader, his social standing was such that a position on his staff was as eagerly sought for as on that of the commander-in-chief.

After the two days' desperate fighting about Shiloh Church, we had been checked by the Union gunboats opposite Pittsburg Landing, and had again fallen back on Corinth; with the exception of slight engagements, mere skirmishing compared with the heavy work before and after, both armies rested awhile from the struggle, strengthening meantime every available point and laying out plans for the pending campaign. The enthusiasm over our successful attack had the effect of sending in shoals of new recruits, who were heartily welcomed, as our losses had been severe.

One morning, as I was sitting in the tent of Durant, chief of the staff, a young fellow of about twenty-three was introduced, who presented himself as a volunteer.

"I should apologize for coming without letters, sir, but perhaps my name, Louis Charles Marigny, one of the Marignys of Bayou Teche, may not be unknown to you."

He had just the suspicion of a French accent that had survived from remote ancestors; he was of average height, bore himself like a true soldier, looked a gentleman, while the tone of his voice and his manner were simply charming.

"Mr. Marigny, I am delighted, charmed, sir, that you should come with the best of all introductions—yourself," Durant exclaimed, heartily, won in a moment by the frankness of the appeal. "Let me introduce you to Colonel Stewart, Mr. Marigny," and in five minutes we were chatting together as if we had known each other for years.

Our new volunteer differed radically from most recruits of his class. He made no boast of patriotism, and, above all, had no theories of warfare or strategy, which went far to strengthen our first impression.

"You are beginning at the right end, Mr. Marigny," laughed Durant. "I am generally afraid of you planters: you have been so used to giving orders all your lives that taking them is apt to prove a bit trying. Do you think you can stand it?"

"But, sir, I am here to learn, to take in all you may choose to let me learn, and I'll do my best to take my orders at the same time."

"The work is not easy, most of it not even interesting, I warn you," said Durant, kindly; "you will need all your patience, both with yourself and with others."

"I will do any work you may appoint, sir, and I'll promise not to ask for the slightest favor, except for a chance to show I can make use of my opportunities."

All this was very different from the usual style of the "gentleman volunteer." If he had offered to equip a whole troop of horses he could not have been made more welcome, and when he was introduced to the General his reception was so gracious that Durant and I felt highly gratified as sponsors to so presentable a recruit.

Durant had a large tent pitched in the grounds of the big residence occupied by the General, which he used when he wished for privacy, and here he had a cot fitted up for Marigny.

It was simply wonderful, the way that young fellow picked up things. He had the advantage of a thoroughly good education, and had travelled much; in fact, had been so constantly away from home nearly all his life that he had few personal acquaintances, and his ignorance of many of the familiar family names, and even of our Southern habits, was surprising. As he laughingly explained, "I am learning more now than I'm afraid I've ever forgotten." He was hand in glove with every one, and yet it was all in so natural a way that there was no undue familiarity on either side.

He kept at his work as earnestly as if the success of the army depended on his progress; not only was he indefatigable at drill, but he would stick at his Manual like any schoolboy, and took to making plans and engineering profiles and sketches with unflagging industry, although his progress here seemed bungling enough. It was not all theory, however, for he was untiring at dragging a chain, under the direction, and often bullying, of the officer in charge, and thus won the heart of old Turner, chief of the engineer corps, who claimed him as a special *protégé*, and sat late many a night showing him the plans, and laboriously explaining the theory of the coming campaign.

I wondered then, but, Lord bless you, it is no secret to me now, how he won over every heart with his ready winning ways and his unfailing cheerfulness. I have seen him bring the whole mess table to their feet in a chorus that rang forth from the big dining-room, to be taken up by the listening men without and swell to the very edge of the camp. Scarcely had the refrain died away before he was hurried with affectionate force to the piano, and after striking a few chords I have seen—no, felt—him bring the tears to our eyes with some well-known song, but which had a new meaning because he sang it, and then the next moment have the General, and all the others who were lucky enough to understand French, in roars of laughter over a rattle of the keys and a musical jingle of words, of which we others would have given anything to catch some meaning.

Those were the brave days of the war; the strain had not as yet been severely felt. Everything was full of promise, and all Southern hearts were confident, when the general enthusiasm was heightened by the news that the Prince Polignac was to visit the army.

A grand review was ordered, and Durant was simply overburdened with work; for we were on the eve of some important move, and most of the heads were only too anxious to have the performance over and be "off to the wars again."

Our General was great at such a time! To see him at dinner the night before the review one would think his one interest in life was but to play the host successfully to his pleased and gracious guest; but after we broke up, and the last man had departed, he sat down to a night's work. It was nearly daybreak before he left me, having rapidly dictated a pile of correspondence to be put into shape the next morning.

After a few hours' sleep and a solitary breakfast, I settled down in the empty drawing-room to my despatches—every one had gone to the review, and I was alone with a subaltern, who copied out my draughts.

As I was deep in my work I suddenly heard the door open, and glanced up, expecting to see a servant, or possibly Durant, who was to return that morning from some secret mission, when, to my surprise, there stood Marigny.

"Hullo! Why in the dickens aren't you at the show?" I cried.

He laughed. "Oh, I'm not much of

a show-soldier. See here, Colonel; let me give you a hand."

"Go to the devil!" I said, roughly; for somehow or other I felt nettled and all on edge, perhaps from the long strain of work.

"I'd just as soon as go to the show. But I can't do either one or the other, for 'the devil rides' at times, they say, and I haven't even a horse, now that Durant's off."

"All right, old chap, take mine," I said, somewhat ashamed of my rudeness, and turned again to my writing.

Marigny lingered about the room, turning over some spurs on a side table, and for the first time in my life I found his presence annoying, and called out, somewhat sharply, "Well, what's the matter now?"

"I suppose I can take a pair of these spurs?" he said, as quietly as if I had offered some civility.

"Go ahead," I growled out; and as he stood there fumbling, my temper rose every moment. Fairly at the end of my patience, I noisily pushed back my chair and sharply interrogated—

"Well?"

"Hang it! I can't find a pair," laughed Marigny; but he evidently felt the situation, for as he spoke he picked up a couple and left the room.

I sat there staring at the pile of papers before me. "Why did he want a pair of spurs? Confound it, we planters never bothered about two spurs, so long as we could make a mule go with one! Two spurs—what in the dickens did he want two spurs for?" And so on the idiotic old plantation jingle kept running through my tired head.

Just then Durant came in. "Durant, did you ever know a planter want two spurs?"

"What should he want two spurs for, when one is enough to make a mule go? Is that the answer you wanted?"

"Yes, that's the answer right enough," I said, slowly.

"Pshaw, Stewart! You're overworked. Knock off that for a bit and take forty winks, and you'll have something better in your head than fool questions about spurs. Come along, man!"

I got up and went out on the veranda with him.

"Durant, I'm in earnest. I'm bothered about that young fellow Marigny."

"What?" he cried; for he caught the full trouble in my voice.

"I am. It may be the overwork. But see here. Marigny came in here a quarter of an hour ago with an offer to help me, and an excuse for not being at the review. Nothing much more than that, but I'm as sure something's wrong as if I were a woman."

His face changed rapidly as I spoke.

"Come to my tent," he said, sharply.

There we found the darky fussing about. "Here, boy; out of this just now," said Durant, sharply, and without a word he went to Marigny's cot, threw off the clothes, took out his knife and slit down the mattress, and there was sheet after sheet of innocent-looking tissue-paper; but when we held them up we found them covered with plans and figures, every road, fortification, and line of march as carefully laid out as if an engineer had been at them for months.

"Good God!" groaned Durant, and we looked at each other in positive dismay.

When the review was over, Durant went in and reported to the General at the earliest moment. I was sitting at my place, trying to work, when Marigny came in, smiling as usual, with a song on his lips. "Here are your spurs, Colonel."

"They're not mine," I said, shortly. He looked over, half surprised, half amused, and was about to say something, but at this moment the door opened and Durant came back.

"Mr. Marigny, the General wishes to see you." And then turning to me, "Colonel, will you come in?"

We entered together, and found Beaurivage with the Prince and all his staff seated about the table, which was simply covered with the tissue-paper maps.

The moment he caught sight of them Marigny instantly drew himself up, the smile died on his lips, and throwing his cap on the floor (the action of an officer surrendering in the field), said, in his ordinary voice,

"Gentlemen, I am Lieutenant Leighton, of the United States Engineer Corps, at your service."

Beaurivage, in his impulsive French fashion, jumped up, and rushing over, caught Marigny with one hand, and laid the other, as if protectingly, on his shoulder; then, turning angrily on me, said something in rapid French, and so stalked

back to his place, sat down, and fairly groaned aloud.

There was a long, dreadful pause. The General at length raised his head and tried to speak, but could not say a word. Every face was drawn hard, and the silence was simply horrible. At last it was broken by the prisoner.

"General," he said, quietly—"General, may I be shot?"

Beaurivage again attempted to speak, but could not; he only nodded.

"Colonel," Durant said to me, "you will withdraw with the prisoner."

We stepped into the next room. Leighton, or Marigny, walked over and stood staring into the empty fireplace, while I paced up and down, envying even his position, until Durant came out again, and placing a paper in my hand, whispered, "You shall deliver the prisoner to Major Scott, the provost marshal, and return with his receipt."

It was shameful to put me to such hangman's duty. My rank gave me the right to claim immunity from such degradation; but I hadn't the heart to rebel, and so got my men together.

Marigny, with his never-failing tact, did not give me the pain of a single order, but stepped out the moment we were ready and took his place. He walked beside me, and behind us tramped a squad of soldiers, fully armed.

We passed through the camp in silence; for the news had spread as if by wildfire, and we marched under the accusing eyes of men and officers—I feeling as if I was about to commit a deliberate murder, and every one looked as if the whole business had arisen by my unwarrantable and unnecessary interference.

Neither of us spoke, until we reached a circular clearing of nearly half a mile in diameter at the outskirts of the camp, where a number of captured guns were parked, and others which were useless were standing upon end in nearly every possible position.

"Is that a hawk, Stewart?" said Marigny, suddenly pointing across my shoulder.

I turned, and the next thing I knew I was tumbled head over heels by a blow under my ear; I heard the guns go bang! bang! bang! after Lieutenant Leighton, late Marigny, of the United States Engineer Corps, and sprang to my feet in time to see him dodge here and there between the stumps and gun-carriages and at last disappear in the edge of the woods.

We did our best in the pursuit, for that was fair fighting, but I never set eyes on that engineer officer again.

I came back to camp, wondering, but not caring much, what particular form my punishment would take—for I knew I was in the General's black books already—and the first person I came across was Durant.

"Your receipt for your prisoner, sir?"

"Here, sir—his sign-manual!" and I pointed to my swollen neck.

I was the most popular man in the camp.

And now for a coincidence. Nearly twenty years after this—to be precise, on the 29th November, 1880—I and my fellow-passengers on the R.M.S. *Sardinian*, Captain Joseph Dutton, from Quebec towards Liverpool, were the spectators of the gallant rescue of the crew of the bark *Mogul* off Anticosti by our second officer and his men.

That night, in the smoking-room, the conversation naturally ran on courage and its opposite, and many and good were the stories that went round. An elderly gentleman of a reserved habit, who had seen much in the Union army, and whose every word was worthy of a good listener, said, quietly, when the conversation had reached a somewhat heated point on the dangerous ground of definition:

"Well, gentlemen, I have grown slow to call any man a coward. I have never forgotten one lesson in this particular.

"Just after the battle of Shiloh I was an unwilling witness to the disgrace of a brother soldier. He was a young officer of engineers, scarcely more than a boy, called Leighton, who had deserted his post in presence of the enemy. There was no defence, no extenuating plea entered, and it seemed as if a most promising career were ignominiously ended.

"Not more than six weeks later this same man reported to the general and myself, and laid before us the whole plan of the coming campaign as projected by our opponents, with every detail as to force, guns, and supplies. This information he had gathered in the enemy's camp, where he had gone, and remained for over a month, literally with his life in his hand at every moment; and his

escape, when discovered, and subsequent dangers in making his way into our lines in his disguise as a Southerner, would have tried the nerve of the best man I ever knew. When the young engineer had finished his report, the General stretched out his hand and said, in a hoarse voice: 'My boy, I am proud of you! I'll see you righted yet!' At which the pale face of the youngster before us fairly flamed with joy, and then as suddenly blanched again.

"'But, General,' he faltered, 'I am a coward. I simply can't stand the horrible noise of battle; it terrifies the very body of me, and I lose all control of myself, like a miserable hound. I am not fit to wear a uniform again. God help me! I am a coward.' And he put his face in his hands and sobbed aloud."

THE MORNING STAR.

BY ANNIE FIELDS.

HIGH on the front of heaven above the dawn
Stood Lucifer with his attendant stars
Gazing with awful splendor on the world;
The sleeping earth was dark, but they, the spheres,
Unknown of purpose to the mind of man,
Stood in their glory islanded in light,
And seemed from their vast height to speak to me.

A whisper from the dawn had bid me wake;
A messenger of love from the Unseen
Had called; yet was I dull, and dimly heard;
But with an eager spirit rose to seek
What bird or morning voice thus brought me back
To senses ignorant of the viewless Word.

Why is it, why! O thou resplendent star,
Stationed upon the heights above the East
Before the world of busy men can see,
Wear'st thou this might of glory on thy brow?

O star-crowned angel, I must cry to thee!
I pray thee answer! for I know a soul
Who only sees where bitter sorrow sits
In the sweet room she loved; O angel, hear!

Was it for this I heard the robin call,
Lustre divine! that one more prayer should rise
From the sweet weeping world which is our home?
In thy great morning, in youth's blaze of joy,
In the unspeakable loveliness of the world,
In the vast dark and awful loneliness,
Lead us to find the Hand, to hear the Word,
To know the Love that crowned this day with thee!

Watchers and early laborers only seen
By thee, great Star! whose eye can sweep the globe,
Thou comprehendst them all in thy swift ray;
Oh, not to one alone, but to our world,
With all this fading glory of men's lives,
Com'st thou, O Star, to move the fount of prayer.

SUN-DOWN LEFLARE'S MONEY.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

SITTING together comfortably on the front porch of the house of the man who ran the flouring-mill at the agency, Sun-Down and I felt clean, and we both had on fresh clothes. He had purchased at the trader's a cotton shirt with green stripes, which would hold the entire attention of any onlooker. We were inclined to more gayety than the smoke of the mountain camp fire superinduced, and became more important and material when the repression of the great mountains was removed.

"Well, Sun-Down, how are you feeling?" I opened.

"Feelin' pretty reech dese day," he observed, with a smile.

"Have you paid the kid's board yet?"

"Ah, by gar, I was pay dose board-money 'fore I was geet off dat pony. How you s'pose I know what weel come when I was heet de agency? Firs' fellar she wiggle de pas'eboard maybeso Sun-Down go broke. Well, I was buy de shirt un de tobac. Good shirt deese, hey? Well, den, I don' care."

"Of course you don't, my dear Mr. Leflare. Having money is a great damage to you," I continued.

"Yes, dat ees right. Money she no gran' good ting for Enjun man lak for white folk. Enjun she keep de money een hees han' 'bout long she keep de snow een hees han', but I was tell you eet was all he was geet dese day. Pony she not bring much. Enjun he can't mak de wagon 'less he 'ave de price. De dry meat, de skin, un de pony, she was what Enjun want; but he was geet leetle now. Use for 'ave eet long time 'go; now not'ing but money! Dam!

"Back yondair, een what year you call '80—all same time de white man was hang de oddar white man so fas'—she geet be bad. De buffalo man she was come plenty wid de beeg wagon, was all shoot up de buffalo, was tak all de robe. Den de man come up wid de cow, un de soldier he was stop chasse de Enjun. De Enjun she was set roun' de log pos', un was not wan' be chasse some more—eet was do no good. Den come de railroad; aftar dat bad, all bad. Was see peop' lak you. Dey was 'ave de money, un was all time scout roun' un buy de cow. De man what was sell de cow she buy de cow some more; dey all done do not'ing but set roun' un buy de cow. I could not geet de buffalo, un could no more geet de money for be soldier scout. Well, I was not understan'—I was not know what do. We was keel de cow once—maybeso I tell you 'bout dat some time. De cowboy she say we mus' not keel de cow. We say, 'You keel our buffalo, now we mus' keel your cow.' He sais soldiers dey geet aftar us, un we don' know what do.

"I was say to Dakase un Hoopshuis: 'You mak de horse-ban' wid me. We go on de Yellowstone un sell de cowboy de pony—mak great deal of money,'" continued Sun-Down.

In hopes of development, I asked where he got all the ponies.

"Ah, nevar you min' dat. We was geet dem pony where dey was cheap." And I knew, from his cynicism, that it was an ancient form of his misbehavior. "So Dakase un me un Hoopshuis was tak de horse-ban' to Yellowstone Reever, un was hole eet by Meestar John Smeeth log house back een de foot-heel. Meestar John Smeeth he was sell de rum un deal de card een de log house. De cowboy she stop roun' Meestar John Smeeth log house, un de cowboy was raise hell. Dees rum she varrie bad medicin' for Enjun, all right; un she varrie bad for cowboy, all same. Cowboy he geet drunk, wan' all time for burn hees seex-shootair. Bad plass for Enjun when de cowboy she hise een de rum.

"Well, 'long come de cow outfeet, un Dakase un de oddar Enjun she was pull out een de foot-heel, but I was stop roun' for notice Meestar John Smeeth sell de horse-ban' to de cowboy. Meestar John Smeeth she not be varrie bes' man I evair was see. We all time look at Meestar John Smeeth varrie sharp. I was say to Meestar Smeeth, 'You sell de pony to de cowboy, un eef you geet 'nough money, you 'ave one horse when you was sell ten horse'; un I sais to heem: 'I tink you not ride varrie far on de beeg road eef you beat roun' much when you do beesness

with us Enjun. I weel talk de Anglais to dose cowboy, un I weel find you out, Meestar John Smeeth.'

"'Long come de cowboy, un Meestar Smeeth she was try sell de pony; but de cowboy she weel not buy de pony, 'cause she say de bran'-iron not b'long Meestar John Smeeth. He sais, no, not b'long heem, b'long friend of hees.

"Dose cowboy dey laugh varrie loud, un dey sais, 'Guess, Meestar Smeeth, you see your frien' troo de smoke.'

"Cowboys dey go 'way. Meestar Smeeth he sais, 'I mak dat bran' b'long me,' so Dakase un Hoopshuis un me, un Meestar John Smeeth, we was work t'ree day een de corral, un we was mak dat bran' b'long Meestar John Smeeth. All time dar weare a leetle white man what was hang roun' de log house un shuffle de card. He know how shuffle dose card, I tell you. He was all time fool wid de card. He wear de store clothes, un he was not help us bran' de horse-ban', 'cause he sais, 'Dam de pony!'

"We wait roun', wait roun'. Oh, we was eat Meestar Smeeth bacon, un we was not strain ourself for de time. Meestar Smeeth he was fry de bacon un mak de bread, un he geet varrie much hope for noddar cow outfeet.

"T'ree men weare come 'long de beeg stage-road. Dey sais dar name ees Long-Horn. Well, I know what white man she call de Long-Horn now, un I 'ave know since what he call de Short-Horn. I tink eet good deal lak Enjun call de Big-Robe; I tink eet good deal lak John Smeeth. Dar ain't much Long-Horn now-day, un dar ain't so much John Smeeth as dar use be.

"All right, dey was buy de horse-ban', un was pay de money right dar. Dey was drive de pony on de beeg stage-road. Meester John Smeeth she give us de money, un sais we weel play de pokair a leetle. Dat was good beesness, so we was all set down een de log house un play de pokair. Maybeso we play one whole day. All right, dey was geet every dam cent we got; all de money what was b'long Dakase un me un Hoopshuis, un we was loss our pony un our money.

"Dakase un Hoopshuis dey geet on dar pony un go 'way, but I was stay at de log house, for I was see dat de leetle man she was deal us de skin game, but I was not see how he was do de ting. I was varrie much wan' for know how he do eet, un was tell heem I was not care eef he 'ave all my money, jus' so he show me how he deal dat skin game. I tell heem dat maybeso I keel heem eef he not show me. Well, den he was show me. He was rub my right thumb wid de powder-stone, un de skin she geet varrie sof'. Den he was show me how feel de prick een de card, un he was show me how feel de short end of de card—dose cards was 'ave de one end file' off. He was geeve me deck of dose short card, un I was set een front of dat log house, un look up at de cloud, un feel dose prick un does short card—I was feel two day steady.

"Me un de store-clothes man we was set een front of de log house, maybeso eet t'ree day, when up de road come de t'ree Long-Horn white man what had pay for de horse-ban'. Dey was run dar horse plenty.

"I was shut my eye pretty close, un I was tink pretty queek. I was tink great deal more queek dan I was tole you 'bout dees ting. I was say, 'Sun-Down, what mak dem t'ree white man run dem horse so fas'?' I was see why. I was say to myself, Dakase un Hoopshuis she 'ave steal dem pony. I geet up un sais, 'You store-clothes man, you run aftar me or you be keel 'bout one minute'; un I was go roun' de corner of dat log house un geet een de cottonwoods; den we was mak de san' fly 'bout one mile. Pretty queek I was hear shootin', den I was hear not'ing. We was geet on a point of de rock, un we was see de white man: she look at our moccasin track. Dey was go back to log house, un go 'way up de stage-trail.

"I sais den: 'Store-clothes, Meestar John Smeeth ees all fix up for burn de candle ovair. Dem white mans have kill heem.'

"Den we go back, scout up de log house, un fin' Meestar John Smeeth—oh, all shoot up. He was fry de bacon when dose man weare pour de lead een heem.

"We was bury dees Smeeth, un I sais: 'Now, Meestar Store-clothes, you un I got for run lak hell. De cowboy he come pretty soon, un he come smokin'.'

"Store-clothes she sais cannot run on de horse.

"'Well,' I sais, 'you cannot run on de foot, by gar; de cowboy she 'ave your trail hot 'fore you tink.'

"I was geet down de pony from de foot-heel un was put de store-clothes man on one pony, un den I was herd dat pony all



"I WAS GEET UP UN WAS LOOK AT DE LEETLE MAN."

day un all night. He was groan terrible —oh, my, 'ow he was squawk, was dat leetle man! but I was leek de pony wid my rope, un de pony was run 'long pretty good wid de store-clothes man.

"He was say tak heem to railroad.

"'No,' I sais; 'go tak you wid me. We play de skin game plass I know, un eef we win, den I tak you to railroad.'

"'How far dees plass?' sais de leetle man.

"'Ah—we geet dar eef de pony hole out.' Den we was 'ave de long talk. I was say I keel heem eef he lose. He was say de oddar fellar keel heem eef he win. 'Well,' I sais, 'I sure keel you, maybeso de oddar fellar dey won't—you 'ave de bes' chance wid me.'

"He sais who de oddar fellar is?

"I tell heem dey part Enjun, part white man—dey was breeds lak me.

"I was know a breed outfeet on de breaks of de Mountain-Sheep Butte what was run de pony off un was sell heem. Dey was 'ave plenty money, un I tink we play de skin game on dem.

"When we was geet dar I was talk I fin' de store-clothes man out een de heel, un was bring heem een. He was not un-'erstan' de Enjun talk. He was not know a ting 'cept deal de card, but he was know dat all right.

"Dose breed weare set roun' de camp un deal de card un drink de rum for day or so. We was not play de card much, un de store-clothes man he was lose a leetle when he was tak de chance een. Pretty soon dar was 'bout t'ree man she 'ave de money what b'long whole outfeet, un de store-clothes man he sais, 'You geet pony all fix up for run off, un to-night we play de game.' I sais: 'You geet all de money by de middle of de night-time, un don' you mees eet—I keel you. I weel turn every horse out de camp, un when I mak de sign, you follair me—queek.' Eet was 'bout ten o'clock when we was set down on de buffalo-robe un play de pokair wid de t'ree man by de fire. One man what was not play was hole de spleet steek for give de light.

"Eet was not long 'fore I was lose all de money what I was 'ave, what was what de store-clothes man 'ad geeve me. Den de leetle man she look at me, un she varrie much scare. He weare lak de snow; guess he nevair see much Enjun; guess he not lak what he 'ave see. I was geet

up un was look at de leetle man—was look varrie smart at heem"—and here Sun-Down accompanied with a look which must have chilled the soul of the frontier gambler.

"Den I was slide 'way een de dark. I was scout up dat camp. Dey was mos' all drunk, 'cept de t'ree man what was play de card. Dey was varrie mad, but de leetle man was not know how mad dose breeds was, 'cause de Enjun when he varrie mad she don' look defferent. Dey was lose dair money pretty fas' to de leetle man.

"I was cut de rope of de pony all roun' de camp, un dey was all go off down de creek for de watair. Dey was tie up long time. By gar, eef dar was one man see me, eet be bad for de store-clothes man, I tell you. Guess dey keel heem. No one see me. I was bring two pony up close to de camp, quiet lak, un tie dem een de bush. Den I was go to de fire. De leetle man she look at me un she *cache* all de money on de robe een hees pocket, un he tole me, 'You say I wan' queet.' De breeds dey say he mus' not queet. All right, he say, he play some more. Den dey was play, un he was deal, un dey was all 'ave de big han'ful, un bet all dair money. I was know de leetle man he sure win, un I was tak out my seex-shootair.

"Den dese breed she got varrie much excite. Oh, dey weare wile, un dey weare show down dair han' on de robe. De leetle man he was win all right. He sais he sorry—he not wan' win all dair money.

"I sais, 'You store-clothes man, you put de money een your pocket; you 'ave win all right.' One man he sais he 'ave not win all right, un he mus' geeve de money back. I was heet dees man een de head wid my gun, un he was fall down. Den dey was all jump up, un de fellar what was hole de spleet steek she drop de spleet steek. I was jump to de leetle man un say, 'Come.'

"We run queek to dose bush, geet on de pony, un we geet out. Eet was so leetle time dat dese breed dey not *sabe*, un I don' know what dey do den. I herd dat store-clothes man on de pony, un he sais, 'Now you tak me to de railroad.'

"I sais: 'Yes, now I tak you to de railroad. Guess you tink dat pretty hot pokair game?'

"He sais, eef he only geet to dat railroad;" and Sun-Down laughed long and heartily.

"Guess dem breed fellars dey 'ave de long time for fin' dose pony. Eet was no use for me try herd dat leetle man fas' 'nough eef dose Enjun geet dose pony queek; but dey deed not, so I was geet to Glendive, what was de end of de railroad. Dat store-clothes man he was great deal more teekle dan Meestar B—— when he geet dat bull elk oddar day. He was jump up un down; he was yell; he was tank me; he was buy great deal of rum. We was have varrie good time.

"Den we was play de pokair some more—was play wid de white man. De leetle man was deal de card, un I was all time win. Was win all de white man was 'ave, un was geet a papier from one man what was what you call de mortgage for de leevery-stable. 'All right,' sais de leetle man, 'you put up your money—I put up my money un de papier—we tak de leevery-stable. Sun-Down,' he sais, 'we go eento beesness—hey?'

"So we was go eento beesness—een de beesness of de leevery-stable. I was varrie great man.

"Dat was Saturday, un Sunday I was go out to see de pries', what was tole me to come. Aftair I was see de pries' un was fix up, I come back eento de village, un was go to de leevery-stable. Dey was say I not own de leevery-stable. 'You go see your pardner,' dey sais; un I geet on my pony for fin' leetle man what was my pardner. I look all roun'. De people was say he go off on de railroad. I was run dat pony for de dam railroad.

"When I was geet dar de train, what was de freight, she weare pull out. I was see de leetle store-clothes man—my pardner—she was stan' beside de train, un he was see me.

"I ride up, but he was jump on undair de car—what you call—de car-wheel axe, un he was laugh at me from between de wheel. He was yell, 'Sun-Down, I blow een de leevery-stable las' night.'

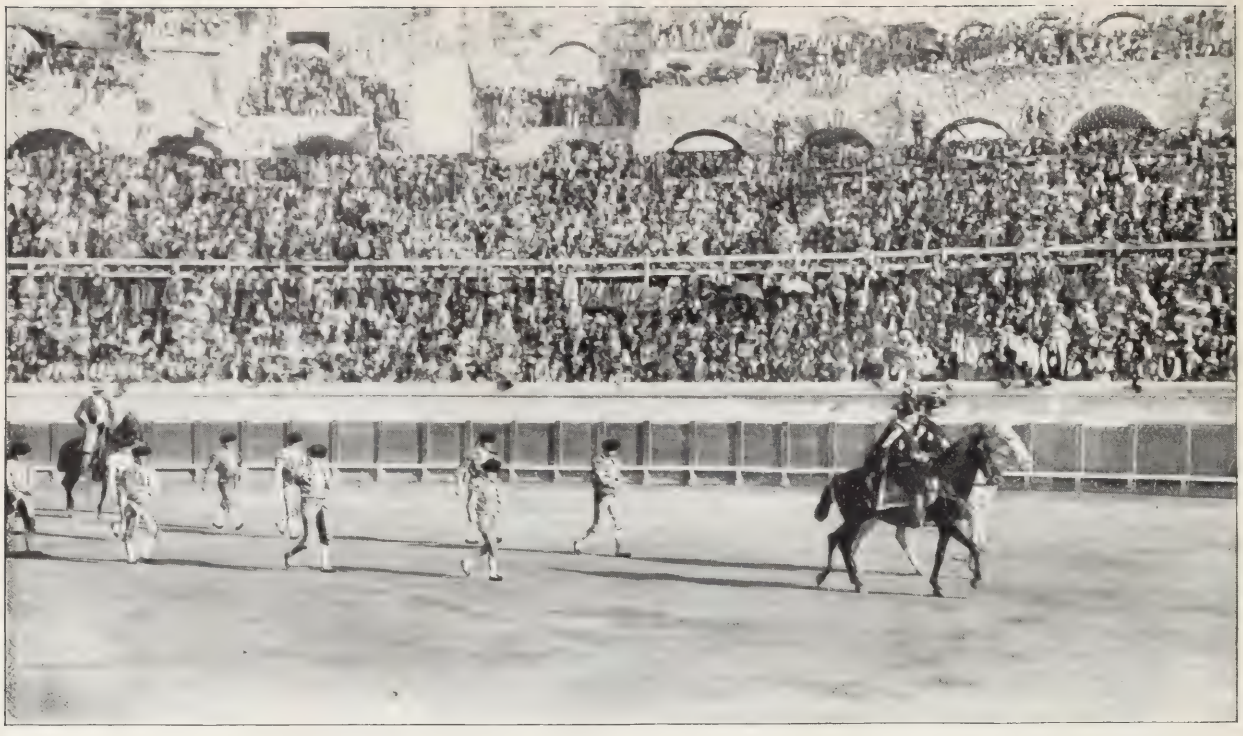
"'I weel blow you een,' I sais, un I fire de seex-shootair at heem, but I was unable to heet heem. De train was run fas'; my pony was not run so fas'—I could not catch heem. He was ride on de brake bettair dan on de pony;" and Sun-Down Leflare looked sad, for had not most of his real troubles come of railway trains?

"Well, Leflare," I said, as I thought of this meteoric financial tour, "nothing came of all that enterprise, did it?"

"No—no—not'ing came of dat."



"HE WAS LAUGH AT ME FROM BETWEEN DE WHEEL."



The Procession.

THE ETHICS OF A CORRIDA.

BY LUCIA PURDY.

With Photographs taken by the Author.

"A LETTER which has been awaiting mademoiselle for about ten days; the telegram arrived this morning."

Both were thrust in through the bars of the little cage of an ascenseur to where, covered with wraps and surrounded by any amount of small luggage, I was seated in solitary state, patiently waiting to be mounted to the troisième étage according to the cautious and altogether mysterious manner of procedure habitual to the French elevator. I managed, with the hand that had least in it, to tear open the blue envelope containing the despatch, and puzzled out the words of the message one by one—for I was left in almost total darkness.

"Places for corrida secured. Advise coming Friday to avoid crowd. Have engaged your room at Hôtel Manivet.

De Bresson."

Why had my charming acquaintance Madame de Bresson sent me this most unexpected and incomprehensible summons? Perhaps the letter — yes, it was addressed in her handwriting — would supply the key to the enigma. As it was, the sense and purpose of the telegram seemed hopelessly remote. I hastened to take possession of the room which had been assigned to me, dismissed the voluble femme de chambre, and, glancing once more at the despatch to be quite sure of the date—September 23—and to convince myself that I had made no error in thinking it had been sent from Nîmes, read the pretty foreign letter with its gracefully turned phrases and suggestive use of Spanish terms. She knew that by this time I must be at the Hôtel Tivollier, Toulouse, where I had told her I would rest for a day or two on my return from the mountains. Since she had had the pleasure of that little glimpse of me at Mount Louis, our conversation about the corrida de toros had constantly occurred to her—I did not in the least recall it!—and now there was to be a gran corrida in the old Roman amphitheatre at Nîmes, on the 26th of September, which she believed I would like to see. They were going, of course. Her husband was such an ardent aficionado, and would not miss being there for worlds. She had quite set her heart on initiating me, and wrote to insist upon my joining them at Nîmes.

Guerrita, the most famous "espadeo" in Spain, and Minuto—the tiniest of creatures, but possessed of courage and daring which were absolutely marvellous—were to be the matadores. Everything and everybody connected with the corrida was to come from Spain. It was sure to be fine, and it would be impossible for me to see one under better circumstances, as their friend Monsieur D—— knew Guerrita, Minuto, and everybody connected with the management, and through his influence I could meet these interesting matadores, and be taken behind the scenes the day before the corrida took place. As subscribers they were entitled to the best of seats, and she was sure a good one could be procured for me. It would be very crowded at Nîmes. Should she secure a room for me at the little hotel they were accustomed to stay at? Our mutual friend Mademoiselle R—— of Marseilles had hoped to be one of our little party, but she was quite ill, poor child, and would probably have to give up accompanying her father, who was to sit in the president's loge to help preside, and who would always journey any distance to witness a good corrida. It was evident, after reading all this, that a great deal of trouble had been taken in my behalf, and although I possessed absolutely no curiosity to see a bull-fight, and held the usual ideas concerning its barbarity, I felt that matters had gone too far for me to be able to excuse myself on the plea of scruples as to the immorality of the exhibition. It was a day's journey to Nîmes, but at least I would have all the next day in which to recover from my fatigue. A telegram must be sent off at once to say that I would arrive Friday night, September 24, and I could only hope that, once there, my distaste for the disagreeable features of the spectacle would not prevent me from meeting all this enthusiasm with some degree of responsiveness.

I had often heard that Spain's national sport had taken the deepest possible root in the land of its adoption, but when one does not come in contact with those who are interested in a special diversion of this kind, it may exist on all sides, thrive and increase, and yet scarcely attract the notice of the uninitiated. I had often travelled through the Midi, knew vaguely that bull-fights were extensively patronized by its inhabitants, but had never concerned myself on the subject or dreamed of attending a corrida. On the way to Nîmes it seemed to me that every one was talking toros, and at even the smallest stopping-places along the road gorgeous bill-posters with pictures of the arenas, the paseo, and groups of toreros, picadores, banderilleros, etc., flaunted their vivid colors in my face. I read them over and over until I fairly knew every name by heart.

Sunday, the 26th of September, 1897, at 3¼ o'clock.

GRAN CORRIDA OF SIX SPANISH BULLS

FROM THE GANADERIA OF D. JOSE MANUEL DE LA CAMARA,

TO BE FOUGHT BY THE MATADORES GUERRITA AND MINUTO,

Accompanied by their Complete Cuadrillas.

And underneath were the names of the members of these cuadrillas—their real



GUERRITA, KING OF MATADORES.

names, and the still more familiar ones by which they were publicly known in the exercise of their profession:

CUADRILLA DE GUERRITA.	CUADRILLA DE MINUTO.
MATADOR.	MATADOR.
Rafael Guerra—Guerrita.	Enrique Vargas—Minuto.
PICADORES.	PICADORES.
Antonio Bejarano—Pegote.	Manuel Vargas—Tornero.
Rafael Moreno—Beao.	Angel Guerrero—Grande.
Réserve: Antonio Medina.	Réserve: Teodoro Amare.
BANDERILLEROS.	BANDERILLEROS.
Juan Molina—Lajartijo.	Manuel Antolin.
Antonio Guerra.	Jose Gonzalo—Gonzalito.
Francisco Gonzalez—Patatero.	José Vargas—Noteveas.
PUNTILLERO.	PUNTILLERO.
Joachin del Rio—Alones.	Francisco Roig—Pastoret.

Seeing my interest in one of these affiches, a woman selling books and papers at a stand near where it was posted up offered me a little pamphlet with sketches of Guerrita and Minuto. I gained from it a good deal of information that surprised me, for one could not follow the developments in the lives of these men without realizing what I had previously failed to take into consideration—that in order to work up from the ranks to a consummate mastership of the matador's art phenomenal strength of purpose and complete self-control are required. Minuto's parents destined him for a profession, but the boy's absorbing desire to be a torero evinced itself in childhood, and failing to overcome predilections which seemed inborn, they abandoned their ambitions in favor of his own. His public career began at an extremely early age, and when only sixteen he figured as matador in a celebrated cuadrilla of Sevilian youths—niños Sevillanos. It seemed strange, handicapped as he was by diminutive proportions, that he should have been able to achieve the long list of triumphs recorded in the notes as to his different successful appearances, but the fact that he had served as alternative with such noted diestros as Lajartijo and Mazzantini, for example, was proof as to his ability. And now, at twenty-seven years of age, he was to appear with the great Guerrita, his senior by ten years, and far and away the most experienced and finished of all these swordsmen.



MINUTO.

Guerrita seems to have been surrounded from the moment of his birth by every influence which could serve to make the adoption of such a career as he eventually chose especially legitimate and wise. His father was concierge in an abattoir at Cordova; and one of the most famous matadores of that time, Jose Rodriguez, or Pequete, as he was called, stood sponsor for the little Rafael when he was christened. Pequete met with a tragic death in the arena while the child was still an infant in arms, but from the time that he could think for himself he determined to become as celebrated as this renowned godfather, whose memory was held dear, and whose great deeds were cited for the purpose of firing the imagination of the child and of arousing his ambition.

There was a pretty story* of the way in which Guerrita, at twelve years of age, killed his first toros, arising from his bed in the middle of the night to steal his father's keys, and going forth alone by moonlight to do battle with and conquer the animals which were to have been slaughtered on the following day. It seemed too picturesque an episode to be quite natural, and likely enough was exaggerated. His having killed full-grown toros at that age and unassisted was in a high degree improbable. I should certainly ask him if it was true, when I met him—if I really did meet him. I wondered if this would come to pass.

Nîmes was crowded when I reached there; but that was nothing to what it would be on the morrow, my friends assured me, according me the warmest of welcomes, and telling me of all the kind plans they had made—by which forethought I was to gain many privileges, it was easy to believe. The next morning Monsieur D—— arrived, and at once assured us he was at our disposal and in readiness to take us anywhere, everywhere. Mademoiselle was an American, and unfamiliar with all the details in regard to a corrida? He would do his best

* A true one, as I found.

to enlighten her. He should suggest walking out to the corral, if we did not mind a little exercise, and on the way he would try to tell me about toros and toreros. He certainly kept his word, and by the time our walk was over I felt that I had begun to grasp the meaning of much which I had hitherto felt puzzled about. It was interesting to hear that there were regular schools for the training of toreros. They were made athletic and supple by every conceivable form of exercise, he assured me, and the scientific parts of their art were systematized and developed there in all the perfection of minute detail. A great torero was born a torero—it was in him to become one. The necessary gifts could not be acquired; only cultivated when possessed.

The ceremony of the giving of the sword was very impressive, and it was a thoroughly solemn moment when a torero was created. The sword and muleta —the red scarf used by toreros to place the bull in position for the death-thrust— were handed to him with the words, "Toma usted, y quiera Dios que le salga con provecho" (Take these, and please God you may prove an honor to your country). A still more beautiful ceremony marked the withdrawal of a matador from public life. The coleta, or long lock of hair (to which the mona, or small silken waterfall, was fastened—the badge of a torero, and of use in the support of his capa during some of the passes executed), was then cut off with a golden scissors.



"THE CLUMSY CREATURES WERE SET IN MOTION."



THE MAYORAL.

I asked about the duties of the different members of the cuadrillas, and was told in just what ways the clever picadores could save their horses; of how adroit banderilleros were best able to fulfil their dangerous task of piercing the toro with pairs of banderillas, or little decorated javelins, and of the faena, or particular style of work identified with each torero, individuality entering into the use of capa, muleta, or sword, although conventional passes were rigidly adhered to and traditions sustained. Naturally much of the success of a corrida depends on the toros, and the ganaderias where they are raised are therefore a very important feature of the enterprise.

I was curious to know something about the prices paid for the different animals, and was told that six fine toros would cost nine thousand francs, and that the horses averaged about two hundred and fifty francs apiece. "And the matador, how much does he make," I asked, "for risking his life, as I suppose he does every time he enters the arena?" "Guerrita receives a thousand dollars for each corrida." The answer was given in English,



THE FIRST BULL.—THE FALL OF THE PICADOR: GUERRITA GETTING READY.

so that I should not fail to realize the importance of the sum. "And the less distinguished ones?" "Well, they of course have less. I suppose I may say between four and six hundred dollars, according to the reputations they may have achieved."

We had at last arrived at the corral, and were allowed to pass through the heavily barred doors at sight of our escort, who was evidently a great favorite with the officials, besides being a privileged member of various toro clubs. The strictest possible discipline was in force, and admittance was withheld from all save those identified with the management. The men moved about silently and gravely in the fulfilment of their tasks, it being considered important to avoid any disturbance likely to excite the toros in the adjoining enclosure.

The stables to the right of the main entrance contained twenty-four horses, ranged in their stalls—a dozen on each side—peacefully disposing of their rations and happily unconscious of their impending doom. Before each corrida the picadores have a trial of their mounts in the arena, and are thus able to discard such animals as promise to especially imperil their own and their riders' lives through inability to fulfil what is required of them. There was a good deal to be seen in the harness-room, for two of the head men were superintending the packing of saddles, gay trappings for the mules, and various accoutrements, all of which were to be transported to the arena during the course of the day. My attention was called to the chain-armor hangings depending from the saddles so as to protect the horses from the horns of the toro. The stirrups were very cumbersome, and had great iron foot-pieces, the right shoe being completely boxed in. It was from this side that the picador was to lunge with his pica at the toro, therefore it was necessary that his foot should be encased in this massive shield; but one wondered how he could disentangle himself from his horse while thus fastened, in the event of his falling.

With the mayoral, or head keeper, as our guide, we went to the upper story to look down at the bulls in the open. We conferred in whispers, it being against the rule to speak out loud, and took turns in trying to see the animals through small peep-holes made for that purpose in a temporary door which shut off the gallery surrounding the enclosure outside. It was not very satisfactory, and I, for my part, felt anything but content with the mere glimpse I had had of one large black toro reposing beneath the shadow of a tree. I had brought my camera, hoping to snatch a photograph of the scene, and my disappointment must have been evident, for our friend the mayoral signed to me to follow him, and smuggling me quickly outside, led the way to the extreme end of the enclosure, where favorable conditions as to light and view were to be obtained. A peculiar low whistle, a handful of gravel lightly thrown in their direction, and the clumsy creatures were set in motion, and several pictures secured. A word to my silent guide as we were about to retrace our steps, and with ready acquiescence—as being happy to gratify a lady's passing whim, and with absolute freedom from self-consciousness



PLACING THE BANDERILLAS.



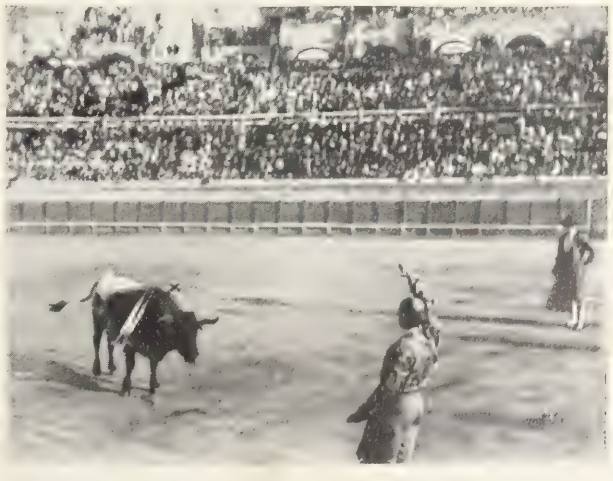
FIRST BULL.—PASSING THE MULETA.

—the man drew himself up against the wall as simply and as naturally as if he had spent the better part of his life in having his picture taken.

The opposite side of the stables from where the horses were kept was devoted to the toros. It was there that we inspected the simple but effective apparatus for transferring them from the cars they came in to box-stalls, and later from these compartments to the covered enclosure annexed to the one we had just come from. The cars were mammoth wooden vehicles, like square boxes on wheels, each one just large enough to hold a toro. They were tremendously thick through, unwieldy enough in their empty state, and I could not understand how it was possible to move them about the country when once the bulls were inside of them. But it was in these same cars that the very animals we had been looking at had journeyed from the ganaderia near Seville. They had been nine days *en route*, and had travelled by land and water. Everything in this section was massive, bolts, bars, and ropes being suggestively thick and strong, and the mechanical processes of the simplest order. A system of trap-doors worked by ropes and pulleys was adopted whenever the transferrences were made, the men being stationed in safety overhead, and the door being raised up to allow of the animal passing out or in.

In the afternoon we visited the arena. First, the places we were to occupy the next day were hunted up, and I was shown how the seats selected were situated directly to the left of the president's box and on the same row—they certainly could not have been better. We watched the carpenters at work on the extra benches erected to meet the unusual demand for additional tickets; saw the decorators drape a few flags here and there, effectively interweaving the Spanish colors with those of France; but the splendid lines of the superb old structure needed very little adornment, and the draperies were neither elaborate nor profuse. Some photographers were busy taking views of the interior; an occasional sight-seer would enter—a priest, a woman wearing the costume of an Arlesienne, a soldier in vivid scarlet, would glance curiously at the preparations and then disappear. We climbed to the summit and looked at the centre of the arena. I tried to fancy what it would be like as the scene of a corrida, but somehow it was an easier matter to people it with the audiences of the past, and to conjure up a vision of the Roman games. Here and there, blossoming from a handful of earth hidden within the crevices of the rock, were occasional wild flowers, and the sombre gray stones were lighted by many a patch of delicate verdure, tempted into existence by the warmth of the sun and the protection of the neighboring arched walls. Caught up high in one of the apertures and stretching out its branches to the light was a fig-tree. How strangely it had taken root there, and how odd that it should thus flourish with only the capricious elements to give it care!

We lost our way while wandering through some curious cavernous passages, for the points of exit were irregular and somewhat difficult to discover. When we regained the lower part of the building we crossed to the opposite side and sought



AFTER THE SWORD-THRUST.

admittance at the toril, entering from the street in company with the president, Monsieur ——, who, like ourselves, was obliged to slip through a half-opened and jealously guarded door; however, recognition and attention were accorded when once we were safely inside. The employés were hard at work unpacking things sent from the corral, and in distributing them through the dressing-rooms and stables. The toril is in reality, as its name implies, the place where the bulls are kept, and from which they pass directly into the theatre, and it is also where the paseo forms. The six compartments for the toros were in single file and reached to the gateway, being divided one from the other by the same sort of trap-doors we had been shown at the corral. The toros are installed in these compartments according to precedence. I had noticed a list of the names and colors of the bulls, and of the device of the special ganaderia they had come from, pinned up against the wall of the corral, and now saw that these compartments were duly labelled with the same names—Capachuelo, Bigoto, Prevenudo, Benona, Mojoso, and Sanguijuelo. When the time arrived for the first toro to enter the ring, the trap-door would be pulled up from above, and the bull, in running out, would find himself facing his opponents. Bigoto would in turn pass through the compartment his predecessor had vacated, and so on till the six trap-doors had been pulled up one after another, the last toro, Sanguijuelo, having to course through five empty compartments before reaching the scene of action.

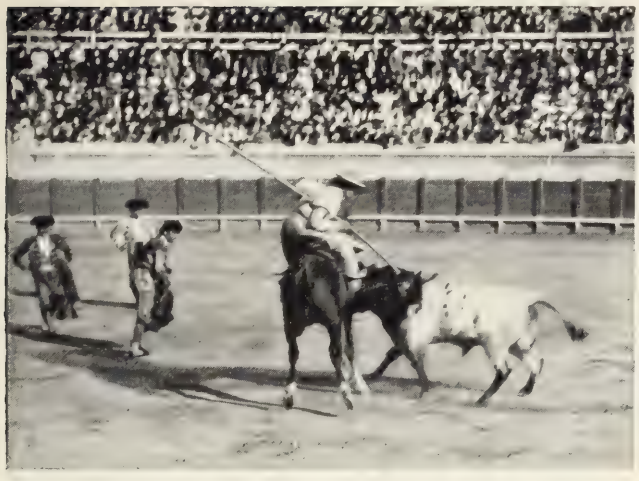
I had read stories of the cruel way in which toros had to be driven to their death, and had believed that they were goaded to a pitch of frenzy behind the scenes in order to cause them to make a brilliant entrance; but certainly these animals could come in contact with no one in passing through these divisions and the connecting gateway which led to the theatre.

I had been so absorbed in studying these interior arrangements that the chief actors had passed completely out of my mind, and a realization of this came while listening to a group of young girls who were standing near the entrance of my hotel when I finally made my way back to it through the crowded avenues. "Guerrita will be here at eight o'clock; it is the latest news," said one of them. "I am going to the station to see him arrive—are you?" I heard afterwards that there were hundreds of people waiting to catch a glimpse of the distinguished matador and his cuadrilla, and that a little company of eminent gentlemen received and conducted him to his hotel, all such forms being invariably carefully observed, and the desire to do him honor being marked by every possible attention during the period of his stay in the place where a corrida is given.

By night-time the town was thronged. Thousands of people poured in from all directions, and the capacities of the different hotels and cafés were taxed to the utmost. Beds were erected in the salons, and even improvised in the offices and halls, every lounge and sofa finding a tenant, and people who had been unable to engage a place to sleep in willingly paid large sums for the privilege of even occupying chairs and of obtaining a roof over their heads.

The morning of the 26th gave promise that it would be a rarely perfect day. The church-bells had awakened me at an early hour, and I sat at my window watching the multitudes on their way to mass. Later the scenes in the streets were indescribable, and the chimes mingled oddly enough with the babel of sounds in the squares and from the out-of-door cafés, where the voices rose and swelled as would the excited utterances of a mob. The one all-engrossing interest prevailed, but apparently every one went to church—and probably prayed for a good corrida.

Wonderful tales of deeds of heroism, of generous actions, and of noble characteristics were recited. The special attributes of this or that favorite torero were discussed, and the merits of the different ganaderias entered into. Had I ever seen such excitement? I was asked by my group of friends, who came to suggest that we should wander about to see what was going on in the different quarters of the town. I hesitated. No; we knew something of tremendous local enthusiasm as inspired by sport through the college games; and I attempted to describe the value and scientific interest of football, with a desire to paint it in the most glowing and attractive of colors, so as to put the favorite amusement of so many of my fellow-countrymen in the



THE SECOND BULL.—THRUST OF THE PICA.

most favorable light. My hearers were certainly not impressed; a visible shudder ran through Monsieur D——'s frame, and he could not help exclaiming: "How horrible! It must be a very brutal game." The difference of our points of view struck me as almost ludicrous. Here was I, secretly treasuring the conviction that no more barbarous sport than a bull-fight could exist, and sincerely dreading lest I should not be able to sit through the performance they were looking forward to. To the aficionado such ideas would simply mean that I had allowed myself to be prejudiced by biassed statements, usually based on ignorance. Was I not really thinking that Monsieur D——'s intense dislike of what to us were the natural developments of our football game must have grown out of similar prejudices imbibed from foreign criticisms placing the sport in disfavor? It was not at all impossible that an aficionado of the corrida would find his æsthetic soul revolt against the seeming barbarity of the play were he to be suddenly introduced at any one of the certain crucial moments when life and limb were in danger.



THE SWORD-THRUST BY MINUTO.

I wanted to take a photograph of the beautiful Roman temple the Maison Carrée, which was directly opposite the hotel, so I started out with my kodak—my almost inseparable companion in this city where architectural remnants of a great past are to be met with in the course of the shortest of strolls. A dark, handsome man, dressed in the peculiar costume worn by all members of the cuadrillas, the straight-brimmed hat and light gray clothes showing his regular features and stalwart frame to no little advantage, crossed over with a pleasant smile of greeting, was cordially welcomed, and presented as Antonio Guerra—the brother of Guerrita, and one of his banderilleros. The fatigue of the preceding day's journey was referred to. Guerrita had slept badly; and this morning, when he could have made up for his loss of rest if left in peace, he was actually invaded by the photographers of the London and Parisian illustrated papers, who thrust themselves into his bedroom, and at last had to be ejected by force. They were a perfect torment, and on the morning of a corrida one was in no state of mind to be willing to pose for one's portrait. We passed on, and an hour later, turning



THE FINAL BLOW.



THE THIRD BULL —GUERRITA PASSING THE MULETA.

through a quiet, shady side street which opened off of one of the main avenues where the crowd was dense and the noise overpowering, I caught sight of a form drawn into shadow within a narrow door. It was the last place I would have expected to see him in, and yet, even before my companion darted forward impulsively with an exclamation of the name, I knew that it must be the great matador of whom every one was talking and thinking. He came forth immediately from his hiding-place, was introduced, gave me a straightforward, manly glance and firm pressure of the hand, and stood talking to us for a few moments, affording me the very chance of all others to form an opinion as to what the real man was like, before seeing him in public as the central figure of a great drama. He was utterly different from my preconceived ideas of a toreador—as I still felt inclined to call a torero—in this way confessing how entirely my knowledge of their type and attributes was limited to the stage caricatures seen in such operas as *Carmen;* for there was no hint of expansiveness of temperament in that peculiarly self-contained, almost impassive bearing, and the physique seemed of the nervous, high-strung order rather than of the vigorous kind indicating a superabundant supply of animal strength. Will power predominated over every other characteristic, and the nature was essentially honest, the character virile. I felt sure that I had grasped a very general idea, but still a clearly defined one, as to the individuality of this Rafael Guerra, and was giving myself up to the mere superficial study of his Japanese coloring and picturesque dress, the absence of gesture, and many little details which I could not fail to notice as of marked peculiarity and interest, when I was startled to hear the suggestion, "Mademoiselle would be much gratified to have a photograph of you, Guerra, if you do not mind posing." The words were spoken in Spanish, and remembering the ordeal of the morning as related to us by the brother, I felt almost sorry the request had been made; but the courteous responsiveness with which Guerrita at once placed himself where the few available rays of light penetrated the



GUERRITA PREPARING THE BULL FOR THE SWORD-THRUST.

overhanging foliage reassured me, and the slight smile which brightened his usually severe face was a still further indication that I was not overtaxing his patience too severely. In spite of an industrious morning with my kodak, I had fortunately not exhausted my entire film, and though Guerrita stood in partial shadow, I felt sure that the likeness would be good. It was strange indeed that we could stand here in what was, after all, an open street, and that I should be able to take this photograph unobserved, while all around and about us the world was waiting to see this very man pass on his way to the arena!

At the hotel there was hardly room enough to push one's way through the crowded halls. The restaurant was still thronged, those who had waited in vain for seats at a table munching sandwiches and fruit while standing, and picnic repasts being spread on the very stairs and landings. I followed the general exam-

ple, seized a roll and a bunch of grapes from a passing waiter, and escaped with them to my room, the time having nearly arrived when we were to start for the arena.

It was exactly three o'clock when we took our places and studied the audience, afterwards estimated as having numbered over nineteen thousand souls. The darkened walls formed a wonderfully effective background for the masses of people, and with brilliant sunshine flooding the amphitheatre, and overhead a clear blue sky, the scene was one to be remembered. Seated as we were to the left of the president's loge, and directly opposite the gates opening from the toril, our view of the paseo could not but be perfect. A few late arrivals created the usual disturbance, the entrance of two or three eminent persons and of several well-known clubs causing the crowd to break out into occasional rounds of applause; programme-venders ran with the agility of



GUERRITA ON HIS KNEE BEFORE THE SWORD-THRUST.

cats along the dangerously narrow ledges of the balconies; the military band thundered martial airs; hundreds of little white balloons were sent floating into space; every one was in a state of suspense and excitement, and the tumult was overpowering.

At last the doors of the toril were swung open, two mounted alguazils crossed over to the president, and authority was given to set the procession in motion. It advanced slowly, in a direct line, to our side of the arena, being led by the alguazils, and with the two matadores, Guerrita and Minuto, walking abreast at quite a distance apart. They were gorgeously costumed, and carried themselves with great dignity; and the members of their cuadrillas, which came next in order, were faultlessly gotten up and beautifully grouped. It was remarkable to notice how even the servants, who with the mules brought up the rear, seemed to have an innate feeling for spectacular effect in that they conducted themselves with natural grace, and so carefully preserved the necessary order and form. When they drew up in front of us, the details of the picturesque garments caught my attention, and I noticed that Guerrita's choice of colors was comparatively subdued, a soft heliotrope predominating, the one vivid note being supplied by the brilliant emerald satin capa, or mantle, tightly drawn about the body, and discarded at the close of the paseo for the more practical capa in use in the arena. It is considered an honor to have these capas which are worn in the parade thrown to one; therefore I was pleased when two of the handsome young banderilleros who were passing beneath us lightly tossed theirs in our direction, to be seized and spread out before us by the friend who sat next to us, with the rapidity born of long practice. A moment later the key of the toril was thrown down to an alguazil as the president's signal for the opening of the corrida, and the distribution of the forces began.

From that time on I was deeply impressed with one fact: the continual sense of responsibility experienced by the matadores in regard to the members of their cuadrillas. The moment peril threatened a comrade, the ever-watchful superior officer was at hand to ward it off,



GUERRITA STABBING THE THIRD BULL.



MINUTO AND THE FOURTH BULL.

or to come to the relief of the endangered one. The evident loyalty of the men and the unanimity of their work were also noteworthy features, each one accomplishing his special task with a delicate precision and nice regard for order which spoke volumes for the careful drilling and discipline of the forces. It was a revelation, taken all in all, for one hears absolutely nothing of the scientific side of the sport shown; and the close sense of comradeship, watchfulness for each other's safety, and generosity of feeling were matters of continual surprise, and of which it is a pleasure to speak.



PASSING THE MULETA.

Capachuelo, the first toro —an enormous black and white bull, with entire black head and very solidly armed as to horns—burst into the ring like a fury, and left the spectators breathless by his furious attack directed against the picadores. I confess to confusion as to what happened just here, for, seeing lives in danger, I turned away; but a second later I was fascinated by the extremely clever work of Guerrita and Minuto in luring the infuriated toro from his prey, and creating a furor by the intrepidity and finesse displayed. The banderillas were placed, each pair bringing forth an expression of enthusiastic approval or of satisfaction, according to the success of the effort in planting these barbed sticks; and this second stage of the drama brought to an end, Guerrita came forward, sword in hand, to deliver his brindis to the president. The moment is a very dramatic one, and of great solemnity, and the peculiar sombre character of the famous torero's face, the somewhat harsh and penetrating tones of his voice, and the impressive significance of his gesture accented the meaning of the words uttered: "I dedicate this toro to you. I promise to kill him if he does not kill me." The first toro is invariably dedicated to the president; and later, if the matador desires to especially honor any one prominent individual, he "brinds" to this person the toro he is about to kill in the same public way, pronouncing his brindis as he goes forth for the final struggle and death-blow.

With a nonchalance which contrasted with his concentration of manner while delivering the address, Guerrita calmly approached the toro, and in a surprisingly short time hypnotized the animal—for it is surely little else but that —by the play of his muleta (a square of red stuff, it will be remembered, used in making the passes), and gave the estocada with a sureness of aim and skill which aroused the people to a wild pitch of enthusiasm.

During the development of the succeeding scenes, in which the remaining toros were disposed of, I learned something of the technique of the sport, and grew to see that the "suerte" (untranslatable term telling of the work ac-



THE FOURTH BULL.—PICA-THRUST BY THE TORNERO.

complished with capa, muleta, sword, banderilla, and lance) of each man made evident his individual grace, daring, or acute powers of reasoning.

The second toro's battle with the picadores was immediate and decisive, bringing forward both Guerrita and Minuto to the rescue, and giving them an opportunity to display a very singular passe (al alimon), rarely attempted, I was told. In this passe the capa was drawn by the two men underneath the toro, was rapidly waved backward and forward, and at the close of this extraordinary exhibition they fearlessly knelt before the bewildered beast and tossed a handful of dust upon his foaming muzzle, an ovation being accorded them, and the uproar proving impossible to repress for some time.



THE FIFTH BULL.—PREPARING TO PLACE THE BANDERILLAS.



PLACING THE BANDERILLES D'HONNEUR.

When Minuto's brindis had been pronounced, for it was now his turn to take up his sword, the battle between the two combatants presented fearful odds because of his diminutive stature. There was much to praise in Minuto's clever work, and his fearlessness prompted him to take risks which stirred the people's enthusiasm. His limitations sprung from his lack of inches, for owing to this defect it was impossible for him to render effective the concluding thrust of the sword.

It was Prevenudo, a black bull, who next came before us. He entered slowly, but as suddenly flung himself upon one of the horses with so ferocious an attack that rider and steed went down together in one awful quivering mass. But Guerrita was there, and his wizard play with the capa soon liberated the hapless picador whose time had seemed so near at hand. This "quite" was rapturously applauded to the echo, and was followed by some clever thrusts from a young picador named Zurrito, after which Antonio Guerra and Juan Molina—two of Guerrita's banderilleros — aroused considerable enthusiasm by their skilful work with the banderillas. Guerrita, imperturbable, calm, never wasting a moment, making each gesture count, and employing very beautiful and wonderful passes — recognized and successively named by my neighbors, whose running comments gave proof that it was really as marvellous an exhibition as I intuitively felt it to be—finished by a quick thrust at close aim, and with inimitable command of the resources of his art, persuaded the animal to follow him, that it might die at his feet, as he seated himself by the barrière and quietly, almost mournfully, regarded it.

Benona, of lustrous black coat and with œil de perdrix, permitted Minuto to display his dexterity and to accomplish wonders with his capa, but the little diestro's most surprising feat was in turning his back on the huge brute while he invited it with his muleta to follow him.

The fifth toro, Mojoso, a large red and white bull, was really the toro of the day. The impetuous anger and savage force of this toro made one tremble for the life of every one in the arena, and the picadores were kept busy from the moment it dashed from the toril. Several pairs of banderilles d'honneur were presented by cer-



THE SIXTH BULL.—MINUTO BEFORE THE SWORD-THRUST.

tain societies or toro clubs, and these were placed by the two matadores themselves, Guerrita courteously waiving his right of precedence and allowing the dashing little Minuto to come forward in a rôle in which he was sure to shine. His pair were placed "au cuarteo," and the quick movement with which he approached the raging toro and plunged them deep in—one wondered how he could reach up so high—raised a furor. Still, Guerrita's much greater finish and poise could not but take the color out of this really remarkable little torero's most effective efforts. His banderillas were placed so differently, with such quiet repose and exact regard for form, that the people simply went wild over him. For the estocada, Guerrita, with a nerve which made one hold one's breath, folded his muleta and arranged it as he wished beneath the eyes of the bull. There were two or three passes—it is necessary to get the toro in a certain position for a successful estocada—and Guerrita's voice rang out, "This is for France! I tell you he is going to die!" and a moment later it rolled over and expired at his feet.

The last of the six bulls had been disposed of by Minuto; the toreros had gathered their brilliant capas about them, and had filed away, accompanied by the cheers of the people and the music of the band. Everybody was talking of the splendid success of this corrida, and I was standing there, feeling as if I had dreamed of what had taken place, although in my hand was one of the banderillas, posed for me by Antonio Guerra, to be carried to my far-off home as tangible proof that I had really witnessed a corrida. I was amazed at the perfect condition of the men who had taken such active part in the proceedings. Vaulting over high stone walls to escape the horns of the bull, running, using all of their force during the play of banderillas and sword, yet not one hair on their heads was ruffled; their immaculate linen and tight-fitting costumes were as free from stain or injury as if they had never stirred.

Guerrita (and his cuadrilla) lingered a few days at Nîmes, and dined with us one evening. Minuto, whom I met, and who posed for me before his departure, proved attractive, and was extremely courteous in manner. The little informal gathering gave me still better opportunities to weigh the peculiarities of the greater of the two matadores, and my impressions concerning his unusual intelligence and strength of character were confirmed. Several who knew him well told me of his virtues as the best of husbands and of fathers, and assured me that his life was in all respects a moderate, well-governed one. He cares, it is said, but little for the excitement of social life, being always far more ready to sit and talk over his beloved art with congenial friends than to be made the hero of the hour at club or café. His distaste for over-convivial and not too sober admirers goes so far that he has been constantly known to call for water and wash his hands after being forced to submit to the grasp of such as are unpleasant to him. The quarters secured for him at Nîmes proved uncomfortable, and his de-



THE SWORD-THRUST.

parture was somewhat hastened by this fact. Why did he not move to one of the other hotels? There were several that were excellent. He could not leave his men. They were as badly placed as he, and he was not willing to establish himself in comfort while they were suffering; as it seemed impracticable to move so large a party of men for so short a time, it would be better to pass on to Marseilles, *en route* for Béziers, where there would be another corrida on Sunday next.

Guerrita is a wealthy man, and in his own country he is simply idolized; but his tastes remain simple, and he is particularly free from an air of superiority towards those of his comrades who are less famous than himself. Many people find his manner forbidding, and he has the reputation of being plain-spoken and brusque, if not ungentle; but there were little touches which made me believe that this to me wholly agreeable straightforwardness indicated much genuineness of feeling, and the reserve of his nature, which was very strong, doubtless led to his often being misunderstood. The evening we dined together he expanded into a very different being from the Guerrita of the arena. He ate of the simplest food by choice, scarcely touched wine, and—for a Spaniard, most marvellous of all instances of renunciation—did not light the accustomed cigarette until the ladies at the table insisted on his doing so. Some one had gathered together a few yellow and red flowers for the centre of the table, and to lay one at each napkin by way of boutonnière. Guerrita was the first to take his up, lifting it quietly to see if it had perfume, and fastening it in the exquisitely embroidered shirt peculiar to the torero. The action and the manner showed a certain unexpected refinement of feeling, and his fastidiousness in several respects struck me as suggestive. Much was said concerning the corrida, and I was gravely pronounced an aficionada, and asked if I believed many Americans would care to witness the scene. I could truly say that I believed Señor Guerra's art must meet with recognition all over the world, and that my countrymen were not slow to appreciate genius. Could corridas be given in New York? I thought our laws would prevent this. But such laws might possibly be overcome. I turned to the quiet figure by my side, and asked, "And if it could be so arranged, Señor Guerra, would you come?" He looked me quickly in the face to see if I was jesting, and answered decisively—quite sternly, in truth—"Yes, I will come." Some one at the table raised a glass and proposed a toast to Señor Guerra's first corrida de toros in Nueva York; so we drank to this solemnly, and I almost felt as if his coming was a *fait accompli.*

There are extenuating features of the corrida, and, like every other sport in the world, it has two very clearly defined sides. It certainly develops qualities which are valuable and rare. But, at all events, I shall never forget the wonderful drama in the old Roman amphitheatre at Nîmes, nor the meeting with Guerrita, most justly famous as the very King of Matadores.

NOTES ON JOURNALISM.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

AN eminent American journalist is in the habit of saying in his own paper that there is no such thing as journalism. He objects to the word. He objects to that view of the making of newspapers which regards it as a profession. He derides the notion that it is a way of life or an occupation for which any serious preparation is possible. If he be right, it is quite clear that any attempt to write on such a subject is a mistake. But I imagine that with him it is, first of all, a dislike to a word, which has nevertheless a good linguistic origin and a settled place in the language. Whether, again, journalism be a profession or not, in the sense that law and medicine are professions, it is at least an occupation, and one of great importance, both to those who follow it and to the community in general. And if its place be doubtful, or the rules which govern its conduct less definite than those which prevail elsewhere, the more reason for trying to ascertain its true relation to social and political life, and the right methods to be followed in its pursuit. There is, at any rate, more than enough to engage us during the few minutes

which the amiable reader may find himself able to spare. The subject is large enough for a series of articles. The most I can now attempt is a brief discussion of such points as seem most to need discussion, or most likely to interest the non-professional public. I shall have to leave untouched most of those larger considerations upon which a journalist would naturally enter if he wished to form an estimate of the real place of the press in the world, of the causes which have brought it to its present height of power, of the true nature of its mission, if it have a mission, and of the probable future which lies before it.

An authority still more eminent than the eminent journalist I have quoted, Prince Bismarck, once scornfully defined journalism as only printer's ink on paper. It was at a moment, I make no doubt, when the press was expressing, on some high matter, a view contrary to his own. Then he would belittle it—he never stopped at means when he wanted to discredit an opponent. But Prince Bismarck, the most masterful and wide-reaching intelligence of his time, is, among other things, a student. He has been a great reader. He would hardly describe the writings of Plato or Goethe as only printer's ink on paper. Does he, then, mean that to the making of newspapers there goes no great amount of thought or ability? And if he means that, how is it that never in the whole history of politics, diplomacy, statesmanship, government, has any man made such constant use of the press as Prince Bismarck himself? He has always known how to find the instrument he wanted. Sometimes it was a king, sometimes a Moltke, sometimes the press of Germany. Perhaps, therefore, we may neglect even Prince Bismarck's dictum. An influence which throughout Europe and America is so great as that of the press is not to be disposed of by an epigram.

Perhaps I may assume that if I get a hearing on journalism it is because I am myself a journalist, and may be supposed to have some practical knowledge of the business. There are, I may also assume, some young readers who have journalism in mind as a profession, who intend to devote their lives to it, to adopt it as a career. Well, it is a solemn thing to make choice of a career; to undertake, as every young man must, to arrange his life for himself; to construct for himself a chart of his own future; to resolve that, with the whole ocean of life before him, he will sail on this or that sea, steer for some fixed point, and take the chances of sunshine and storm, and of what may betide him should he reach the port he wishes. It is not a light thing to advise a young man who comes to you for advice. There is always a chance—a remote one, no doubt, but still a chance—that one's advice may be taken. It is a responsibility I should not care to accept unless for cause. At the same time I have a feeling that if any experience of mine can be useful to any of the younger men whom I hope to reach, they are entitled to it. I need not put it in the form of advice. I offer it to them simply as a record of experiences, or at most, if anybody should prefer, as a suggestion.

Every man, said Bacon, owes a debt to his profession. He said it of the law, and he paid it to the law, which did not prevent him from paying it to his country and to the world, taking as he did the lead of modern thought. I humbly acknowledge my debt to journalism, but not without some reserve. I am ready enough to stand or fall with the profession and with my colleagues in the profession if there be any question of attack or defence. But when it is a question of a sober estimate of its real nature and position, and of the career it offers to a young man, then I think it the duty even of a journalist to say what he really thinks.

When the ill-fated Prince Alexander—a gallant soul if there was one in Europe—went to ask Prince Bismarck whether he should accept or not the offered throne of Bulgaria, the Prince for a time put aside the question, and finally said, "Well, to have been a ruler of Bulgaria will always be an interesting souvenir." By the side of that I will put the equally well-known remark of Thiers that journalism is a very good profession if you get out of it soon enough. What Thiers said may seem particularly applicable to America, where we change occupations, as we change the fashion of our clothes, from year to year. But it had much more meaning in France, where it was uttered, because in France nearly every man eminent in civil life since the Revolution has begun by writing for the press. Thiers himself was a journalist, so was Guizot, so was Gambetta, and so were a score of other ministers and statesmen.

There it was, and to some extent still is, the recognized door to public life in the service of the state. Here it is much less so, and I may set it down as one of the many paradoxes of the profession—which is in itself the least settled and conventional of all—that when it has once entangled a man it so seldom relinquishes its grip. His service is apt to be for life. If we ask why, we come near to the answer, or to one of the answers, which the journalist must give when he is asked to advise anybody whether to enter upon it or not. It must be admitted that in the majority of cases it does unfit a man for other duties. Once a journalist, always a journalist; that is the rule, which the exceptions, as usual, do but prove.

The exceptions are mostly those journalists who have a capacity for business. There is a business side to journalism, of course, and an extremely important one. A newspaper is a commercial enterprise. To write for it and edit it is one thing; to own it is another, or to manage it or to control its finance. So broad is the distinction that the first question a young man has to ask himself is what he means by journalism, and with which of its several departments does he mean to occupy himself. This business side would need an essay all to itself, and the essayist should be somebody who has made a fortune in a newspaper, or who has lost one. Perhaps the latter might be the more instructive. We all know who the men are who have created great newspaper properties, as it were out of nothing. They are not numerous — far less numerous than those who, with less risk and less capacity, have accumulated their millions in some other business. But that also I put aside, for I must again assume that the reader who looks to journalism looks to it rather as an intellectual pursuit than as a financial adventure. He is probably considering how he shall begin, not how he shall end; and if he meditates a plunge into newspaper life, it is because he feels in himself some gifts for writing, or has ideas which he wants to express, or thinks he can gather news or serve as correspondent, or do something in some way toward producing the printed sheet which interests him, and which he hopes, in his own time and way, to make interesting to others. Let us consider his case a little.

He would ask himself, I suppose, first of all, what his equipment is, and that would involve the other not less important question how he is to begin. The eminent journalist whom I quoted has expressed the opinion that no training is possible or useful for the beginner. I should reverse that, and say that there is no training, no acquisition, no form of knowledge or experience, which is not useful both to the beginner in journalism and to the life-long practitioner. If it had not been denied, I should have thought that a commonplace. The eminent journalist no doubt really meant his opinion to be taken satirically. He meant that journalism, as now practised in some very conspicuous instances, had no use for history, or for political economy, or for a knowledge of the laws and constitutions under which we live, or for any form of culture. Even then he went too far—so far that his too cynical view need not be combated seriously. Cynicism is a mark either of immaturity or of a perverse mental development. His view is too much like that of the late Lord Beaconsfield—still perhaps more familiarly known in this country as Disraeli. Lord Beaconsfield one evening asked the party whip what sort of a man a certain new member of the House of Commons was. "Oh, a very honest man indeed." "Then," said the great Parliamentarian, "he had better go somewhere else. We have no use for that sort of thing here." Parliament and journalism, said Matthew Arnold, are the two most effective means of bringing the signs of the time to the notice of the public. Would either of them be effective if in neither of them there was scope for either honesty or learning? No one of us believes that.

To say that the journalist, like the poet, is born, not made, would be going too far. It goes too far when it is said of the poet. But it is true of both that certain natural gifts or qualities are essential if any real distinction is to come to either. Why does any one look to journalism as a profession? Not merely, I think, because other professions are over-crowded. Daniel Webster was once asked if the law was not over-crowded. "There is always," said Webster, "room in the upper stories." It is the upper stories at which you aim. I have not a word to say to him who thinks of entering on the lowest floor and staying there. He may earn his living, but he could do that by making shoes,

and, of the two, he had better make shoes. There are among reporters and collectors of city news many acute and energetic and capable young men. But they do not remain reporters. It is almost equally certain that, though they rise, they seldom rise to the highest literary positions. I hope I shall not be thought to disparage a body of men whom we all respect, who are most useful and indispensable members of their profession, if I add that I have never thought theirs the best path to ultimate distinction or great place in journalism. The reason is plain. The qualities which make a good reporter and those which make a good editor or a great editorial writer are not the same; they are not the same in kind, and excellence in the one branch does not imply excellence in the other by-and-by. I have no time to work this out—each will do that for himself. Therefore it is that I venture to think the maxim "Begin at the beginning" not a good maxim in journalism. Maxims are for the average man. Not one of my readers means to be an average man, or would be content with mediocrity. It is better to turn the sailors' adage against the sailors—better to come in at the cabin windows. If you mean to be a writer, you had better begin by writing. Short-hand is a very useful art, but it is not writing, nor does it tend to the making of good writers.

Considered as a training for the highest journalism, the one advantage of reporting is that it brings you in contact with life, in contact with persons, and with various forms of social and political existence. But the forms of life with which the reporter becomes acquainted are not those which he most needs to know. They are often those of which he had better know as little as possible. If the young journalist will but regard every stage in his career as educational, he will soon discern for himself what helps him and what harms him, what teaches him the things he ought to know, and what loads his mind with a mass of rubbish which only impedes its action.

I speak of reporting as an education for him who means to be a writer. It may none the less be a good apprenticeship to one of the great executive posts on a great journal. I am not competent to say whether it is or not, but everybody is competent to judge of the high talent required for such a post. A good city or news editor must have great administrative and organizing ability; he must be a good general as well as a good journalist, and such places are, in fact, often filled by men of the most admirable qualities.

So far am I from thinking the work of the reporter or interviewer helpful toward the higher journalism in its literary branches that I would wholly discourage any promising and really ambitious beginner from accepting any place in any office which required of him to collect local news or to report speeches. There will always be men to do that kind of work. It is perfectly honorable when honorably done, but we are trying to find out how a man may best fit himself for the highest places and the highest duties in journalism, and again I say the training of a reporter is not the best training for the highest places. To explain what I mean I will take strong cases—exceptional cases, if you like. The modern reporter of sensations must, for example, approach a good many people on subjects which concern them alone, perhaps in painful circumstances, and often in a way which he will find it hard to reconcile with his own self-respect or the dignity of his profession. He will be expected to force his way, to ask impertinent questions, never to take no for an answer, to consider nothing sacred, nothing impenetrable to his curiosity. His aim in life will be a "beat."

Said one of these reporters, not long since, to a respectable citizen who had resisted his importunities, "Your unwillingness to be questioned exposes you to grave suspicions." Another applied to another respectable citizen to see a certain collection of letters in his possession —so private that it was not supposed their existence was known. Their owner had referred to them once in a private conversation at a dinner table, which a servant, he thought, might have overheard. He declined to show them to the reporter. Said that enterprising person, "But if they are not here, they must be in your country house, and my instructions are to obtain from you a written order to whoever is in charge of your house, saying where these letters are to be found, the key to the desk if they are locked up, and instructions to deliver them all to me." Singularly enough, this editorial mandate was not obeyed by the owner of the letters. Another method is common

on papers struggling for notoriety. A rumor about somebody, probably discreditable or disagreeable, reaches a newspaper office—is brought in, very likely, by some vender of scandal who lives by this trade. It is bought; then a reporter is sent to the person named, and he is asked to confirm or contradict it. He denies it, or refuses to say anything, and supposes that to be the end. "Not at all," says the reporter; "we shall in any case print the story. We will also print the fact that you deny it, or refuse to deny it, and leave our readers to judge. If you do not explain all the circumstances, they will of course suppose you cannot." And a terror-stricken public submits to this tyrannical inquisition.

No reputable journal practises these arts, but they are practised. They may seem extreme cases, or they may not. They are, at any rate, actual cases; these things did happen as I describe them. Are such methods a good preparation for the higher journalism? Are other inquiries, such as even some reputable journals require to be made, a good preparation? I would say to the young journalist who aims at distinction and usefulness and the upper stories two things, neither of which concerns the reporter of the kind I have described:

1. As a journalist, or for the purposes of news-gathering, never go to see anybody.

2. Never ask a question.

The maxims, paradoxical as they may seem, may be followed faithfully by a journalist with such an ambition as I credit him with. He may sometimes depart from them — rarely, however, and always for a reason. But if he cares to have access to the best sources of information, and to earn the confidence of those men in public life whose acquaintance will be of most use to him, he will find these rules golden.

He may, at any rate, abide by them in correspondence, which is a different matter from reporting. That is a subject on which I should be glad to say much, from my own experience and otherwise. But I content myself with quoting a recent editorial remark from an able paper outside New York:

> It is a field in which the critical, the descriptive, and the discursive faculties receive constant encouragement. A correspondent writing over his own signature is relieved from vexatious oversight, and made to feel the full responsibility of his views. This is essentially journalism, while the work of desk man in a newspaper office or a reporter is essentially not professional. It is a trade. In the one instance originality is a feature of success; in the other, submission to a fixed and possibly an erring policy.

The war correspondent has long since indicated his place in journalism, and made his individuality felt. So of others. If you go back a generation you will find that in this country a correspondent was expected to confine himself to news. But look at the Sunday cable despatches now sent from London by the company of able men there engaged in the service of American newspapers. They consist chiefly of views, not news. They are critical comments on the events of the week, and valuable because they are critical, and no longer mere summaries of fact. That is what the editor I have quoted calls "essentially journalism."

There is, I will add, one quality essential to the journalist which must indeed be born with him, though it may be much developed by use. I mean instinct, or intuition. He must have *flair*, a keen scent, both for news and for other things. He must know what the public will want to read about to-morrow morning. There, said one distinguished editor, lies the whole secret. The remark is much too sweeping. It is not the whole secret —it is one secret. But a too broad generalization is always helpful. It directs attention to an idea or a theory, and suggests its own limitations. He must know how a thing will look in print. It often looks very unlike the manuscript, and unlike what the author supposed himself to have in mind. These delicacies of perception are feminine—the possession of them by women may be alleged as a reason why women should make good journalists, as some of them do. But since judgment, balance of mind, a capacity for weighing evidence, and the power of discriminating between what is matter of principle and what is merely personal are also necessary to the good editor, the argument for women must not be pushed.

Mr. Delane, who for seven-and-thirty years was editor of the *Times*, had these various qualities in combination, and all of them to a very unusual degree. With what sagacity he conducted that journal is known, though, I may remark, not

fully known, to the outside world. There is perhaps nothing about which the outside world is more curious than the inside of a great newspaper office, and nothing about which the outsider knows less. There is an anecdote of Delane which shows him in full possession of this intuitive gift; or, as we should say in New England, shows what a good guesser he was. Lord Mayo, Viceroy of India, had been assassinated in 1872. The situation was critical, and there was extreme interest to know who was to be Lord Mayo's successor. Mr. Gladstone was then Prime Minister, and it was never easy to conjecture what Mr. Gladstone might do, especially where a personal question had to be taken into account—judgment of men not being Mr. Gladstone's strong point. Mr. Delane was a great diner-out. That was one way in which he came into contact with life, and in London there are few better ways for the purposes of general politics, and especially of high politics. He met at dinner Sir William Gull, then the leading physician of London. There was a discussion at table upon the effect of climate on constitutions. "By-the-way," said Sir William, "Lord Northbrook was asking me to-day whether I thought the climate of India would suit him." The subject dropped—no more was said. Mr. Delane drove straight to the *Times* office, and the *Times* next morning announced that Lord Northbrook had been appointed Viceroy of India. His sole authority was this casual remark at dinner. Lord Northbrook, who was then Undersecretary for War, had not been mentioned as a candidate for the post. To name him was something more than a splendid guess—it was an act of courage which success justified. How great a part courage plays in the conduct of a great journal is best known to those who conduct it. An editor might take Danton's maxim for his own—*de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.*

Among intending journalists none is more interesting than he who resolves on devoting himself to a newspaper life because he has ideas and convictions which he wishes to impress on the world. I am loath to say one word which should chill his enthusiasm. It is only by enthusiasm that most of the great things have been done in the world. Still, even the enthusiast must consider the relation between means and ends. Let us suppose him launched in journalism, with his predominating idea that the newspaper is a pulpit, whence he may preach the gospel to all mankind. How is he to mount his pulpit? How is he to gain leave to preach? We must presume it is his own ideas that he wishes to advocate, not the ideas of somebody else. He can hardly expect to obtain control of a paper all at once. If he has the money to buy one or create one, that is a different matter, but that is not the way in which most young men enter upon a career. They may end in that way, and even that is unusual. The editor himself is not always able to say what he wants to say. The proprietor looks over his shoulder as he writes—the views of the editor must, or, at any rate, do, often conform to his. The counting-house has been known so far to mistake its true functions as to consider itself an authority in the editorial room—such and such a policy, in the view of the business manager, is injurious to the paper, reduces its circulation or cripples its advertising, and he therefore remonstrates with the enthusiast, supposing he remains an enthusiast, who has nominal control over the editorial columns of the paper. What is the generous young soul who wants to convert the world to do in these perplexing circumstances? If he yields, the conversion of the world has to wait. If he resists, the counting-house is only too apt to carry its point, and the editor departs, and in that way also the process of regeneration is delayed, and the editor himself may not easily find another paper to edit. I do not put this as a universal case. Nothing in journalism is universal. But it is a possibility which the crusader must take into account.

I am afraid that this business view of journalism must be carried farther still. Not long before Matthew Arnold, then on his second visit to the United States, was sailing for home, he wrote to his daughter:

> The great relief will be to cease seeing the American newspapers. Here one must read them, for through them only can one get the European news, but their badness and ignobleness are beyond belief. They are the worst feature in the life of the United States.

That was written more than ten years ago. Shall we ask ourselves whether, since then, the American newspapers have

grown better or worse—whether they are, as a whole, more sensational or less; more or less sincere; more or less serious, in the good sense of that word; more or less truthful, convinced, instructive; and more or less ennobling to the American who reads them or who writes for them? These are questions which each reader or writer must be left to answer for himself. I suggest them in order to make two comments; and first a comment on the familiar plea that the newspaper is, and must be, as good as the public or the community to which it daily appeals. I do not think that a good plea; nor, if it were, would it be a sufficient defence to the charge of publishing a bad and ignoble paper. The same defence is heard for the theatre when that happens to be ignoble or bad. It is, in another form, the stock theory of the political economist about supply and demand. There would be no burlesques, no vulgarities, unless there were a public which wanted to see them. There would be, say the doctrinaires, no papers supplying accounts of crime and horrors, no making of private life public, no scandalous personalities, no shameless intrusions into social life, no appeals to base motives, no systematic calumnies upon public men, no liberties with the names of women and even girls, no daily outrages upon all the decencies of public and private life, unless there were a demand for them.

All this takes for granted that there is but one public, and that this public is one and indivisible. There are, in fact, several publics, and it is open to each editor to say to which of them he will appeal. There are criminal classes. Will he appeal to them? There are classes with a taste for what is ignoble and bad, and he may have them for patrons if he will. It is for him to choose, and for us to hold him responsible for his choice. Moreover, he who panders to vice creates the taste out of which he seeks his profit. He rouses dormant passions and appetites which but for him might have remained dormant. Is he to escape censure if he does that? Is he to shift the guilt upon those whom he has corrupted, or to whom he has offered opportunities for indulging shameful propensities?

There was in England, a great many years ago, a very famous action for libel against the editor and owner of a paper which throve upon scandalous gossip. The defendant went into the witness-box. "I only sell," he said, "what people want to buy. It pleases them, and pays me very well." "I had rather," answered the counsel for the victim of this cynical malice—"I had rather starve than pick sixpences out of the gutter." The counsel who said that is to-day Lord Chancellor of England, and the defendant in that libel suit is still picking sixpences out of the gutter.

The other comment shall be not less practical. It cannot, I fear, be denied that the newspaper trade in filth does sometimes pay, as does the trade in sensation, and the supply of what is called news without much regard to its accuracy or truth—for that is really what we mean by sensational journalism. But I do not care to consider the pecuniary result. Money may be made in many base ways, and there will always be those who think that a great fortune, however acquired, is its own excuse. But commercial success is never the highest standard. There are other things worth having in journalism besides a great circulation. Influence is one. Power is a thing far dearer to a man of high ambition than money. Now I mean no censure upon the American press as a whole when I ask whether its influence has increased or decreased during the period when so many papers have joined the class we all agree to call sensational. If there were space I could present a budget of rather striking facts, all tending to show that the power of the press in this country, and also in France —and in both cases for the same reason— has declined within the last decade, or during the life of the present generation. I will give one or two. Everybody remembers how persistently an American journal of great circulation, and edited, from its own point of view, with great ability, attacked a certain financier who negotiated two great loans for the Treasury. He was held up to public hatred as a man who profited by the needs of his country to augment his private fortune. He was accused of dishonest practices. He was called a robber. This went on for months. Did anybody ever think the worse of him? Does he stand less high to-day? Is his credit impaired? Is his reputation damaged? And if not, what is to be thought of the power of a great journal which tries to crush an opponent, a single individual, and cannot? He never

replied, never defended himself, never brought an action for libel. His character was and is his best defence—unless the wantonness and bitterness of the attack were perhaps his best defence.

But I will take a broader issue. The two governments of the United States and Great Britain lately negotiated a Treaty of Arbitration. This treaty was framed with such skill by the American Secretary of State and the British ambassador that it promised to provide a workable scheme of permanent and automatic arbitration. It met most of the objections of those friends of arbitration in specific cases who had not thought a general treaty likely to be useful. It was, indeed, a monument to the diplomatic capacity of Sir Julian Pauncefote and Mr. Olney. The President sent it to the Senate for ratification. The whole country ratified it in advance. The press of the whole country, with few important exceptions, approved it. The Senate hesitated, and began to tamper with the treaty. The press remonstrated. The whole force, or nearly the whole force, of the most important and powerful papers throughout the United States was brought to bear on the Senate. It proved futile. The Senate gave no heed to the press, but went its own way, "amended" the life out of the treaty, wrecked it, left it a dead and empty thing.

The Senate, in other words, either defied or entirely disregarded the press in a matter as to which the influence of the press might have been expected to be decisive. Great discredit fell upon the Senate, and to this the press contributed, but the penalty would have been nearly the same without its help. It has often been said that the press is powerful in proportion to the accuracy and energy with which it interprets public opinion. But there was a case where beyond doubt the press did understand what the public wanted, and did declare the wishes of the great majority of the people of this country, and especially of the best people. Yet it failed to control or guide the Senate; it seems doubtful whether it had any influence at all in the deliberations in that extraordinary band of legislators.

If the editor of one or another of those journals which confuse circulation and influence would ask any of the representative men with whom he comes in contact what they think about the power of the press, he would probably be astonished by their answers. They will tell him, or many of them will, that they have ceased to pay much attention to what his paper says. They once did. Why do they no longer? They will perhaps tell him why. Perhaps he knows without being told. There are, of course, journals which still retain their old authority in matters of opinion, or some of it. A comparison between their methods and those of the journals which have lost their authority, or never possessed it, will explain a good deal. The journal which is honest, able, consistent, really in earnest, loyal to its own principles — it is necessary to have principles in order to be loyal to them—and loyal to the public, such a journal still has authority, still wields an influence.

We journalists are much too apt to take a journalistic view. We sit inside the newspaper office and look out upon the world from its windows. They are often very high; a clear, distinct view of what passes on the earth below is not to be had. The glass in the window is sometimes discolored; perhaps sometimes the eye is itself jaundiced. Whether that be so or not, there is in all professions a tendency to judge of matters by a professional standard. To the lawyer the book of mankind is the statute-book; the rules of court are to him rules of conduct; he measures the obligations of men to each other by their conformity to the written law; he is but too ready to believe that if a thing is legally permissible, it cannot be morally wrong. The clergyman would not be a clergyman if he did not hold the ecclesiastical standard high. Journalist, lawyer, clergyman—each of them needs to be something more than journalist, lawyer, clergyman. He needs to be a man of the world also.

The more successful the journalist is, the more likely is he to be warped by the influences about him, to be the victim of his own prosperity, and the more useful to him will be the independent judgment of the outer world on his work and his methods of work. A glance at his ledger or monthly balance-sheet, a comparison between the circulation of his paper last month and this, an increase in the number of columns of advertising—none of these is decisive. Let him go into the market-place; let him ask the opinion of the competent minority. The opinion would sometimes astonish him. The more

it astonishes him, the more helpful to him it will be. Probably Professor Butler of Columbia University may have astonished him by his recent address at Vassar College. "The newspaper is fast losing its moral influence," said Professor Butler. The able editor will not agree with that; he does, in fact, publicly disagree, and expresses his dissent from so sweeping a judgment with characteristic energy. But Professor Butler's opinion is nevertheless a fact, of which the able editor has to take account. And there are many other such facts; they are far more numerous than the journalist, from his journalistic point of view, is inclined to believe.

Let me return for a moment to one of those practical points which I passed over. I wish, though, most briefly, to urge upon the young writer, first of all, the value of being able to write. It sounds a truism. It is, in fact, an elementary maxim seldom practised, seldom carried into full effect, seldom used as it ought to be, seldom accepted by the beginner in its true sense. The prevailing notion in journalism is that of Dogberry—"God hath blessed you with a good name; to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature." Well, Dogberry was a considerable philosopher in his way, but he was not infallible. The object of the writer is to gain access to the mind of the reader. How is he to do that? Not merely by the possession of knowledge or of ideas which he wishes to impart to others. He may know history and human nature, he may have mastered every subject on which he wishes to discourse, but if he cannot discourse, his mission as a teacher or journalist is doomed to failure. He would not expect to gain the ear of an English audience if he addressed them in Hebrew. If he be dull or confused or pedantic, he might as well speak in Hebrew.

M. Veuillot, editor of the great Paris ultramontane journal *L'Univers*, one of the most effective writers of his time in the press, said: "The journalist who writes a sentence which does not convey its full meaning to the reader at first sight—a sentence which has to be read twice—does not know his business."

That need not be stretched to cover other kinds of writing, but it is true that what is read in a newspaper is read rapidly, often hurriedly—a very different thing—and always with the desire to find out in the shortest possible time what the writer has to say. If the first glance does not tell, seldom will the reader give you another. You must bring your man down with the first barrel; he will be gone before you can explode a second cartridge. Lucidity, simplicity, directness, those are the qualities of style the young writer must try for. Others will come after—it is easy to embroider or to add color—let those come first, and if he has anything to say he will gain attention and keep it.

A man very different from Veuillot, the editor of a very popular and successful English journal which circulates very largely among what in England is called the middle class, said to a friend that he was looking out for a new man for his editorial page. "I can tell you," said the friend, "of an excellent writer, and a thinker as well." The editor answered: "I do not want an excellent writer; still less a thinker. I want a man who can put commonplace ideas into pompous English." There you have the two extremes—two conceptions of journalism by two men, each in his own way successful. Which do you prefer?

The same thought, says Pascal, changes according to the words which express it. The thought derives its dignity from the words. There is in that, as in everything the admirable Frenchman has written on style, a profound meaning and a direct practical value. I do not know of a better teacher or more useful guide. There is no thinker who teaches you more surely how to think, no writer whose style is of better example. The good French writers are all worth studying—I will state it in the most utilitarian way—for the purposes of journalism. They have the qualities which the best English writers lack or have in less degree—those qualities I named above—lucidity, simplicity, directness, and others. They will supplement and correct that training in English which the writer of English must have, and can have only by deep study of the best English writers. And if I were asked for a piece of practical advice to the young writer of English, I would say to him, "Read French, and do not read German." And read Pascal above all other great French writers.

If I dared, I should like to attempt a critical review of the literature of journal-

ism — that is, of its literary merits and demerits—here and in England and in France. But I suppose a man might hardly do that and escape alive. It were safer, though perhaps less honest, to rest content with the accepted Jingo doctrine that whatever is American is right. But I will go so far as to ask you to reject that doctrine, whether in literature or journalism or elsewhere; to open your minds to whatever is true and just and right, no matter what its place of origin, and, as Emerson said, to keep them open. There is in the American press much excellent writing, some which is supremely excellent, and much more which is slovenly. And there are in the best American papers certain neologisms, certain solecisms, certain barbarisms, certain flippancies, the prevalence of which I think a serious menace to the American literature of the future. We permit ourselves an intolerable license of speech, intolerable freedoms with an ancient and noble tongue. These are perhaps but the diversions of the young giant trying his muscles. If he persists, they will end in permanent deformities. He will have, as Johnson said, the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration, the nodosity of the oak without its strength. I entreat you to believe that these ravages upon the English tongue have no flavor of patriotism in them. If we nourish grudges against England, this is not the way to pay them off. We injure ourselves, not the English. We debase the language, which is as much our inheritance as theirs. What we received from the Bible and Shakespeare and Milton and Burke—are we to put it to base uses, or to treasure and reverence it?

These are some of the questions which the young American has to ask himself. Let him not believe that standards of speech consecrated by centuries of honorable observance may be violated safely, or that the caprice of to-day is a better law for his guidance than the immemorial usage of the noblest of our race. "We may put in our claim," said Burke, in one of his memorable eulogies upon England, "to as ample and as early a share in all the improvements in science, in arts, and in literature which have illuminated and adorned the modern world as any other nation in Europe. We think one main cause of this improvement was our not despising the patrimony of knowledge which was left us by our forefathers."

That is as true for us to-day as it was for Burke and his countrymen rather more than a hundred years ago—true in all things as in literature. It is precisely that appeal to the conservative instinct which ought to be most effective with us. The press, above all other institutions, ought, I think, to ground itself upon that. Whether it does or not, every one can judge. Every one may know what the aim of American journalism is, and to what extent it yields to ambitions more or less openly avowed. There are journals which seem to conceive that society exists in order to supply them with what is called news. Publicity is their panacea for all social ills. Well, there is only too much publicity, yet the social ills grow worse and not better. If the journal is to fulfil its high mission, to recover its authority, to point the way to higher ideas of national life, it will ultimately choose other methods than these. It must appeal to the best and not to the worst—or even to the second best—elements of social and political life. A greater degree of reserve, an absence of self-assertion, a constant fidelity to ideas and principles, a uniform respect for the immunities of both private and public life, an appeal to conscience — these are some of the means by which it may become the real expression of that spirit which is the spirit of the best people. It is the best people, the thoughtful minority — the remnant, as Arnold said — the students, the true patriots, the men of settled views, with convictions which are not at the mercy of accidents or of majorities, who in the long-run govern this country. If they did not, there would presently be no country to govern.

We often talk as if the majority governed. It never governs. Never in the history of the world has the majority really governed. Force, said Pascal, is queen of the world, not opinion; but it is opinion which makes use of force. And what is opinion? Mine is the unpopular view, but in my view it is the opinion of the instructed, thinking minority which presently takes possession of the minds of the majority. Minority has come to be a word to which democracy refers in a tone of contempt. But it is only the minorities of the present who are scorned. Socrates, Christ and his apostles, the Prot-

estants, the Puritans, the abolitionists—they were all minorities. When they become historical they are respected. The pulpits, the learned professions, the colleges—they are all minorities. Which is destined to leave a broader mark on the history of America—a noble university like Yale or Harvard, with its minority of three thousand students, its minority of professors and its president, in a minority of one or ten, or a hundred times that number of good, honest, well-meaning, and ill-taught Americans in any part of the country who believe in themselves because they are the majority?

The more intelligent the majority, the more susceptible it will be to intellectual influences, and the more docile to the thinking minority. It is for the American press to say whether it cares to have a part in this government by the few or not. It can choose for itself. If it continues to take for its motto that of the plutocrat of Horace—*rem, quocunque modo, rem*—it will continue to make money and to lose power. If it will content itself with plain living and high thinking, it may have a permanent share in that privy council of the wisest and best on whom depends the future of this republic.

A MAN AND HIS KNIFE.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF JAMES BOWIE.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

MAN and blade had much in common. They were born of epoch and environment; they owned like potentialities of good and evil; both wrought after the lustiest Homeric fashion, and in the working earned renown as wide as the world.

One needs an inspired pen to write the chronicle of American heroes. Not in straitlaced stiff and starch historic fashion, but to show them in their habit, as they lived after the manner of Homer with his Greeks, or that dear babbler Froissart, the men of the Middle Ages. A mighty moving recital it needs must prove—a story of daring, of endurance, of savage hardness, running sometimes into ruffianism, yet veined and threaded with romance, with chivalry, with the loftiest patriotism, the most honorable punctilio, as in nature the igneous rocks are veined and threaded with gold and precious stones.

Walhalla it must be, rather than Pantheon. The transplanted Anglo-Saxon has not lost his ancestor's amazing stomach for fighting. It is more than a question, indeed, if in contact with the red enemy he has not developed new capacity in that line. Certainly he has acquired a fine originality of combat, and stands confessed most picturesque of all ravagers who since time began have wrested empires from hands too weak to hold them.

Never a better type of him trod shoeleather than James Bowie—a type most engaging to the natural man, though perhaps reprehensible to moralists of the straiter sort. His faults were those of his time; his virtues came of nature and heredity. He was part and parcel of the rough and ready era when life or death, or fortune or honor, hung often upon the sting and ping of a bullet, the flash of a blade.

Indubitably he was well born, albeit it is only tradition which traces his descent from the famous Maryland Bowies. It is perhaps worth while to say, in the beginning, that the name is pronounced as though spelled "Boo-ee," with the accent on the first syllable. His father, Rezin Bowie, wedded Elvira Jones, his mother, down in Burke County, Georgia, a very little after the colonies had won independence. Rezin Bowie had not fought in the Continental army. He was but a boy while the fighting went on. In those primitive and parlous times men and maids came early to the holy estate of matrimony. Grooms of eighteen took brides of fifteen, or thereabout. The wedding was an all-night frolic, the infare an all-next-day one; then the young husband took his new wife up behind him and rode off to his own cabin.

Sometimes it had a puncheon floor and a door of riven boards. Then the couple belonged to the aristocracy of their time. Oftener the floor was of dirt, the doorshutter a blanket, or one of the patchwork quilts, without which no girl would have dreamed of getting married. Forks

driven into the floor, and springy poles laid across to a convenient crack between the logs, served to hold the feather bed, or the straw tick, or the leaves which made sleep a downy thing. A hearth of stone and clay took up all one end. In the gable above it there was a wide opening for the smoke to eddy through. Blocks chopped from handy logs served for seats; besides, the man had his rifle and hunting-knife, the woman her wheel and cards. If, in addition, the pair could show an iron pot, a skillet, some pewter plates, or crockery ones, their house was exceptionally well furnished. Out-o'-doors, possession of a cow and calf and a pig or two marked them as persons of estate and substance.

With such an establishment moving is no great task, particularly when the willing mind of a great hunter is incited to the change by diminishing game at hand, and tales of abundance in a near newer land. Rezin Bowie all his life was a mighty hunter. In all, he moved his residence four times, and always upon the track of the vanishing wilderness. First he went from Georgia northwest into Tennessee, where he staid for seven years, killing bear and deer galore, and betweenwhiles fighting the marauding redskins. Then the emigrant drift, as irresistible as ever was glacier drift, towards the plains and barrens between the mountains and the Great Lakes picked him up, but dropped him a long way southward of the Ohio.

His third cabin was built in what is now Logan County, Kentucky, which lies southerly in the State, barely above the Tennessee line. To-day it is a fat and fertile region of big farms and golden agriculture. In Bowie's time it was all "barrens"—that is, a land of small scrubby timber spots with wide savannas between. The open was covered with "barrens grass," which grew so rank upon the strong unctuous black soil you might ride through it upon a tall horse, and tie the heads either side of you above the good beast's neck. Deer, elk, and buffalo ranged it plentifully. Fighting varmint, such as bear and panthers, abounded more in the land of streams and cane, which lay along the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Mississippi. But Rezin Bowie was for a while content. He took up land, worked some of it in shambling, haphazard fashion what time he was not out with his rifle, and found existence tolerable and to be endured, though he could not help a bit of envy when he heard the bear-hunting tales of adventurous passers-by.

In 1796 his son James was born. Before he was big enough to hold a plough or rifle the fit had seized his father again—a family moving was on. This time it was not a matter of loading household stuff into the ox-cart, setting the mother upon an ambling brood-mare, with one child in her lap, another behind her, and the rest of her brood running and racing after live-stock mighty loath to quit its range. Instead there was but the brief passage to a flat-boat built upon the banks of Red River, which runs down to the Cumberland, as that stream in turn runs down to the Ohio. Into the square unwieldy hulk went all the Bowies and all their possessions, which by this time included a slave or so. The waters, good hap, and good boating did the rest. Inside six months the family was safely established in Louisiana.

They throve and prospered there, in Catahoula Parish, but after a mannerly, modest fashion. Land might be had for a song, the richest land in the world; but hunters born of the Bowie pattern rarely yearn to become territorial magnates. Ears ever open to the lurings of woods and waters, senses craving the tense thrill of moving accidents by flood and field, are deaf and cold to the siren-song of riches. Besides, riches came in the main through a cotton or sugar plantation. Rezin Bowie lacked equally the will and the money for setting up either. Sometimes he went afield with his few slaves and his flock of lusty lads. Oftener he left the house and the negroes to his wife's management, and took his sons with him to slay and spare not whatever ran or flew or swam in prairie, marsh, or bayou.

Naturally the sons came early to the poise and confidence of manhood. At eighteen James set up for himself. It was in the humblest honest fashion. He was poor and proud—too proud to pit his smatter of education against lads of better learning. But he stood six foot three, and owned one hundred and eighty pounds of superb bone and muscle. In spite of his weight, he appeared lean and rawboned almost to lankness. It was muscle quick as lightning, informed by nerves as firm as steel, and governed by an eye unerring as death.

Of a fair, florid countenance, with deep-set gray eyes, high cheek-bones, and a thatch of red-sandy hair, he had scant claim to good looks; yet so winning was his smile, so quick and hearty the twinkle of his eye, he was accounted a fine young fellow. Open-handed, open-hearted, frankly good-natured, a tiger in anger, a superb hater, a rock of steadfastness to those he called friends, he came easily to dominate the men about him, though he did no more than saw boards for a living.

It was with a whip-saw—something this generation knows not. For it the log is set nearly upright. One sawyer stands upon a scaffold at one side, the other in a pit opposite the scaffold. Between them the saw plays, impelled by the force of massy arms. Hard work—heart-breaking, even, amid languid Southern airs, under a fervid sun. Nor was the sawing all. When the boards lay fair and straight, they must needs be rafted down to the city of purchase. Rafting is slow work, something perilous, and certainly toilsome upon the creeping gliddery bayou waters or the slack and sluggish lower Mississippi. Notwithstanding, young Bowie kept a good heart for sport. As a hunter he did more than credit to his blood and training. Off-hand with a rifle he could bring down a wild-goose flying high overhead, and put his bullet in the neck five times out of seven. But marksmanship bordering on the marvellous was a common attribute thereabout. What gave the young sawyer distinction was another story.

Several sorts of another story, in fact. He could not merely shoot deer running, but lasso them in fair chase over the prairie, give them a fall, and, if it pleased him so to do, fetch them in alive and unharmed. He could likewise lasso a horse from the wild herds, mount him without anybody's help, and stay upon his back, no matter what was done, until the terrified beast had run himself tame. By way of variety, sometimes the lasso was cast over a big bull alligator waddling from swamp to swamp. When it had been drawn taut, holding tail and jaws in leash, young Bowie mounted the scaly back and rode there, laughing and shouting, while the astounded saurian went bellowing with rage toward his swampy haunts.

Throughout his life James Bowie, like Lord Nelson, "never made the acquaintance of Mr. Fear." What so natural as that he should leave off sawing, which meant heaps of work for mighty little pay, and take up a profitable venture whose sole disadvantage was the risk of it? The United States had not long suppressed the slave trade. There were plenty, still, of lowland planters, with money in both pockets, ready to buy whatever of "black ivory" other men would fetch in. Lafitte, the Louisiana pirate, kept up the business of such fetching in. His haunts were no great ways from the Bowie habitat; moreover, young James was in the way of coming upon the pirate whenever the business of board-rafting took him to New Orleans. He was too shrewdly American not to grudge such fair profits to a pack of foreigners. In company with his brother, Rezin Bowie junior, and two others of like adventurous minds, he undertook to get a fair sharing in it.

Money was needed to begin. Bowie sold his land to get it. Then the four entered into treaty with Lafitte. He sold them sound and likely blacks off his slave-ships at the rate of a dollar a pound. That made the average price something like a hundred and forty dollars the head. In the open market the blacks would fetch from five hundred to a thousand each. But there was another and a better chance of gain, which the trading crew were quick to seize upon. Under the laws then standing, all Africans brought in in violation of the statute were confiscated and sold out of hand, one-half the price going to the authorities, the other to the informer. Bowie and his comrades made a practice of informing upon themselves; then when the slaves were seized and sold they bid them in, pocketed half the money they paid, and found themselves free to offer their purchases wheresoever they chose. For the blacks were now lawfully within United States boundaries, and a commodity as staple and as marketable as cotton or sugar—or even newly sawed boards.

The profit was enormous—nobody ever bid against the partners at the forced sales, though there were a lively crying and a swift mounting of prices at the later vendings. Altogether the company realized a profit of some sixty-five thousand dollars within a couple of years. But the business involved such mummery and flummery of false names, pretended disguises, and pretended seizures that the Bowies pretty soon tired of it. They dis-

solved it, and at least set about spending as strenuously as they had gone about making.

The spending was ridiculously easy. New Orleans, a Paris in miniature, lay within arm's-length, as it were. A winter there, ruffling it bravely, gaming with the best, and going the hottest pace of the time, ate up money in lumps. The Bowie brothers spent several such winters. In between they had summers full of politics, with much incidental diversion of brawls and fighting.

Now we are coming to the knife. It is the direct outcome of one of these brawls. Bowie drank habitually, but rather in conformity to social requirements than because he cared for liquor. No man ever saw him the worse for a glass. He was rarely even flushed with wine. But few of the men about him had either such control of themselves or heads so capable of enduring a drinking-bout. When he had drunk them down they were apt to pick quarrels, maudlin or bitter, according to their temperament.

Usually Bowie let them pass. Most likely he thought the anger no more than a fume of the wine. Perhaps, too, he was diverted by it, in the same fashion that, as a lad, he had been diverted by the antics of the bears he trapped. The snare he had set then for Bruin was a hollow cypress-knee filled with sharp iron spikes pointing in and downward, and baited at bottom with a luscious honeycomb. Eager to reach the sweet, Master Bear thrust in his head, seized it, and made to rush away with it, but found it impossible. His head was in a wooden mask full of cruel pricking points, and back as lustily as he might, the points went with him. Then when he stood upright and tried to paw it away, he heard shrill boyish laughter, shriller cries, at last the ping of a bullet or the swish of a knife-thrust; then he sank to rise no more.

Possibly some memory of this came to Bowie when, upon a fine summer day, he found himself unarmed, yet attacked, shot, and left for dead. It was in what was upon the surface a political quarrel. Bowie was not ambitious for himself, but had an inveterate habit of backing and defending friends of his own party. Most likely some tang of personal affront or grievance gave edge and acridness to the clash of opinions. There are human temperaments that mind a blow less than the memory of a contemptuous laugh. Bowie had perhaps laughed once too often, and came near to paying for it with his life.

Three months of wrestling with fever, delirium, weakness as of a child, and he was up, riding hard, betting high, swearing great oaths, altogether himself again. But with a difference. He began to speculate in land, with fair success; farther, he was never unarmed. It was before the time of bull-dogs, swamp-angels, and the like hip-pocket friends. Either the horse-pistol or the hair-trigger duelling-pistol was ill to carry about one's daily concerns. Bowie found a way out of that. For his hunting he had made a local blacksmith forge him a sharp, keen knife from what had been originally the blacksmith's own rasp. It had a two-edged blade, nine inches long, of a faintly curved outline, and thick enough at the back where it joined the handle to serve for sturdy hammering. For this he caused a neat spring-sheath to be made, attached it to a belt, and wore it constantly.

He found it a friend in need, and trusty beyond words. More than once it saved his life in desperate affrays. The time was heady and turbulent; party feeling ran high; duels were plenty as blackberries. To the public mind they were a necessity. The man who would not fight "at the drop of a hat, and drop it himself," was soon made to feel that he had very much better not have been born.

There were progressive duels, too, from which the popular mind no more revolted than it does in this era from progressive whist or euchre. It was one of them which gave Bowie and his knife to fame. In some way there had come to be bad blood, black and bitter, between him and a certain Colonel Norris Wright. After long bickering, it was agreed to meet upon the levee opposite Natchez, Mississippi, each with half a dozen friends, duly armed, and there shoot the matter out. There were a dozen on each side when it came to fighting. The battle was arranged to begin with threes, the rest standing by, and coming in only when those of the first fight were dead or disabled. But they had miscalculated their own self-control. After the first fire there was a general *melée* — the reserves to a man gripped pistols hard, drew knife-belts to a handy clutch, and went into the combat to do or die.

Seven did die — die in their tracks.

Bowie, it appeared, was like to make an eighth. He was down, desperately wounded, weltering in his own spurting blood. His chief antagonist bent over him, possibly bent on succor, possibly also a *coup de grâce*. Bowie struggled to his elbow; there was a flash as of lightning, a hurtling thrust, the sound of a cracking breastbone, and Wright lay dead, with the original bowie-knife deep in his heart.

The fight made a great hue-and-cry. The dead man had warm friends and powerful ones. Bowie was thought to be as good as dead, else their vengeance would have been sure and swift; but no swifter than public inclination to wear and own a bowie-knife. Local smiths worked day and night forging and shaping them; yet the slow mails which took to Philadelphia intelligence of the feud and its end, took also orders for two hundred weapons like that which had ended it. They were to be made in all fashions; some with inlaid hafts, some with silver and gold bedizenings upon hilt and scabbard. But the blade was the real thing. Upon its edge and temper life and more than life might come to depend.

Bowie did not die. It took a long time to conquer in his fight with the grim adversary. Before he was in fighting trim adverse partisans had thought better of their hotly expressed determination to shoot him on sight. Even if they had not, it is likely nothing sanguinary would have come of it. There was that in his eye and countenance, especially when he was at short pistol-range or well within the limits of knife-thrust, which served as an antidote to gratuitous blood-thirst.

Beyond question, it was this fight which eventually banished Bowie, but not through fear of resultant bodily harm. For all his rough life, his reckless courage, he had underneath a fine fibre of sensitiveness. It was touched in the quick, not by abuse of duelling and duellists, but by what he could not choose but read in the grave faces and shadowed eyes of the better sort of men. With the reckless rough-riding element he was more than ever a hero. The trend of that element was southwestward. Bowie went with it, not precipitately, but in languid, mannerly fashion. It was 1830 when it landed him in Texas, which, though still a Mexican state, was quick with revolt.

Bowie's career there is a romance streaked and splotched with blood. Indeed, it could not help but be. The air, the time, the people, were all calculated to provoke it. Never was there a more picturesque commingling of human elements. Men of parts and breeding were there — planters from the Eastern seaboard or central South, with the culture of the schools, maybe even the polish of a grand tour abroad. Frenchmen of long descent, and the subtlest courtesy too, from the heart of Louisiana; a sprinkle of Spanish grandees; a remnant of mongrel Mexicans, Apaches, and Comanches, savagest of their tribes; Choctaws and Cherokees dissatisfied with new lands in the Indian Nation. More than and more powerful than all the rest were men of Bowie's type, alert, hardy, punctilious, shrewdly far-sighted, utterly unafraid.

Texas deserved them, welcomed them, took them to her prairie heart, made them all free of her woods and streams and hills. In many of the hills gold was thought to lie. There was grass for the herds of an empire — grass that was cropped and trampled by countless legions of buffalo. Wild ponies ran there too, and cattle beyond number. They had nominal owners, but brands were not strictly kept nor sacredly respected. Wild fruit abounded, particularly wild grapes. Bees had begun to fill the forests with honey. It is a curious fact that the honey-gathering tribes kept only a little way ahead of settlement. The Indians said, pathetically, when they heard the buzzing and watched the creatures wing away, "There come the little white men."

Texas had room for all — red men, white men, little white men. For her twenty odd thousand souls she had a domain wherein twenty millions would not have been uncomfortably crowded. Seven-tenths of the twenty thousand had come to her from the United States. Not a few had left behind them histories they preferred to keep untold; but there were many more undistinguished, honest folk, or men whose records were wholly admirable. If the law's arm was short, life and property were still reasonably secure. They are apt to be in communities where pretty well every man knows the Ten Commandments by heart, and does not shrink from burning powder for their due and proper enforcement.

Between the Natchez duel in 1827 and the time of his emigration Bowie had had

several fights, and never come out second best. In Texas he set his hand to another sort of fighting. In 1831, with his brother Rezin, six other men, and a boy, he set out upon a trading and exploring expedition through the heart of the Comanche country. At six days' travel from possible succor he found his party assailed by five hundred mounted warriors, Comanches all, who rode like the wind, yet shot with deadly aim. Resistance seemed hopeless in the face of odds so great. Bowie took the one desperate chance left him—and won the game.

He divided his forces, stationing three in one skirt of woods, with the pack-animals, and scattering the rest about a more considerable arborage. Each was fully armed—had rifle, knife, and pistols. Powder and lead were plenty; also wherewithal to eat and drink. Each grove had a spring in it. Close about the waters the white men lay or crouched, resolved, "if they must die, to take at least a hundred redskins with them."

Five days the fight went on. Swooping in clouds, the red riders dashed round, round, ever nearing the devoted marksmen, and sending toward them in whirring flight arrows and bullets thicker than hail. But the wheeling ended in rout when it came within fair rifle-range. The men crouching in cover made every missile tell. Men and horses went down in struggling heaps at the sharp crack of their weapons. And they were so swift to load and fire that the chiefs easily persuaded themselves their enemy was a hundred strong. But the attacking went on, until threescore braves were dead and as many more disabled, to say nothing of the ponies. Bowie had one man dead, whom he buried reverently; one desperately wounded, whom he took away to safety, although the attempt appeared to promise destruction to all the band.

The biggest Texan town was San Antonio de Bexar. It had been founded by the fathers in the palmy days of Spanish conquest, and was still the stronghold of Spanish influence, Spanish tradition, Spanish authority. It was capital of the province, and owned not a few houses fine after the old Spanish fashion. In one of the very finest there lived General Veremendi, Governor of Texas. He had one fair daughter, the very apple of his eye. They were pure Castilians, with all the hauteur of Spain; but not long after Bowie came into the city he had won and wedded the Governor's daughter. As to his life with her there is no record, save that it was brief. Within two years she bore him a child and died, taking the little one with her. Who knows but that the light of reunion to the best-beloved played lambently over the scarlet death at Alamo?

When Texas declared for independence and called on her sons to fight for it, none was readier for the fray than Bowie. He was not self-seeking. In command with a colonel's commission, he resigned it and enlisted as a private, under Fannin, sooner than provoke dissension in the patriot army. But he could not keep out of the commanding to which he was born any more than he could keep out of fighting. When Alamo was fought, he was in equal authority with Travis. General orders were signed by both.

Before that grim day he had fought the Grass Fight, a skirmish that would be amusing if its tragic sequel were lacking. Before the investiture of the Alamo the Mexican army lay in great force some miles away. It was rumored that a pack-train with pannier-loads of silver money was coming in to pay the men. Bowie and Travis thought such treasure might be put to better use upon the patriot side, so kept a sharp watch upon the hostile camp. Runners brought in word soon that there was a pack-train, a long one with bulging panniers, some little ways off the Mexican position. Bowie went out to capture it. He had only a handful of men, but these he bade to scatter in the high prairie grass in such wide order as to make their shooting convince the train guards that the whole Texan force was attacking them. In an hour they were so convinced, and ran away from their burros. The Texans took possession, and were fighting-mad at finding out that the panniers held only grass. Forage was needed for the Mexican cavalry, and the train had been sent out to supply it.

So time, trotting hard withal, ushered in the days of Alamo. All the world has heard its story of investiture and leaguer of full three thousand men pitted against one hundred and fifty; of the days of desperate fight, more desperate hope; of expresses despatched in the face of what seemed death bearing appeals for help, that even at this late day stir the blood like a trumpet-call. It was the Bowie

type which made Alamo possible. Strategically it is held to have been a mistake. As an example of heroism unalloyed, it is worth its cost in the bravest blood ever spilled.

"Surrender, or the garrison will be put to the sword," said Santa Anna, in the name of Mexico. "Liberty or death!" answered Travis, speaking for all Texas. And so it came to pass upon that March morning—the sixth day, in the year 1836—that the fresh winds of Southern springtime fluttered the blood-red banner, the sign of no quarter; the Southern echoes caught and repeated the air "Degüello," which is, being interpreted, Cutthroat. All the Mexican bands played it as their soldiers sprang to the charge. That was at the earliest dawning. The sun was high ere they made breach in the wall and swarmed wildly through. Travis, mortally wounded, was fighting still; Crockett's clubbed rifle, lacking powder and ball, played as a flail—a deadly flail—upon the heads of his enemies. Bowie, from his sick-bed, kept up so desperate a fusillade he built a rampart of dead Mexicans across the door of the small chamber in which he lay. At last one Mexican more thrust a musket over the barricade of dead men and sent a bullet to Bowie's heart. Fitly has Texas inscribed upon the monument reared to these, her martyrs:

> Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none.

Ruthless as they were, Bowie's enemies honored him. Tradition vouches that they buried him apart from the mass of dead, saying, "He was too great a man to sleep with common soldiers." He himself would hardly have cared for such sepulture. First and last, he was a man of his people—one with them in aims, in achievements, in passions, errors, and desires.

A COLONIAL DAME.

NEGLECTED RECORDS OF THE LIFE OF MISTRESS MARGARET BRENT, THE EARLIEST AMERICAN WOMAN TO DEMAND THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

BY CAROLINE SHERMAN BANSEMER.

IN this age of progress and restless activity, when we are prone to think that all we are doing now is a climax to what has gone before, it is surprising to find in the early records of colonial Maryland the prototype of what the nineteenth century calls the new woman.

This woman, all unconscious of her unique position, is one Mistress Margaret Brent, kinswoman of Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore, the Proprietor of Maryland, and of his brother Leonard Calvert, the first governor of the colony.

Leonard Calvert, as we know, and his little following of twenty gentlemen and three hundred laboring-men, landed on the island of St. Clements, and celebrated their first mass in the New World, March 25, 1634. When the news reached England of the goodly land they had come to, of the fertile plains and broad streams, of the forests abounding in game, of the vines loaded with grapes, other colonists were induced to follow in their wake.

Four years later, on November 22, 1638, we find among the new arrivals in the province the names of two sisters—Margaret and Mary Brent, who were cousins of the Calverts. We are tempted to speculate as to what their condition at home must have been to make so courageous and enterprising a step possible.

We find they brought with them five men and four women. Being of the Lord Proprietor's family, they were given fine manors. They managed their estates with masculine ability, and as their affairs prospered, imported more settlers. They were allowed manorial rights, and the records tell us of a court-baron which was held at Mary Brent's home, St. Gabriel's Manor, near the ancient city of St. Marys, the capital of the province.

With Mary Brent the records have little to do, and we are left to infer that she lived out her life of single blessedness undisturbed by "the world's ignoble strife." Not so with Margaret. In all our colonial history there is no figure which stands out more clearly than that of Mistress Margaret Brent, as with a strong hand she took her part in the affairs of her time.

It is chiefly as friend and adviser of

Leonard Calvert that she is conspicuous. Governor Calvert's lot seems to have fallen in troublesome times and hard places. In 1643 he found it necessary to return to England to confer with Lord Baltimore about the affairs of the province. On his return he found everything in a state of disorder. An insurrection was brewing, led by Claiborne, the Virginian, who was admirably aided by one Richard Ingle, who is branded as a pirate—a veritable Captain Kidd of Maryland. Kent Island easily fell into the hands of Claiborne. The western shore was next invaded, and the insurgents were everywhere successful. The town of St. Marys was taken, and the unhappy Governor was compelled to flee to Virginia for protection. For nearly two years the rebels maintained supreme power. The records of the province fell into their hands, and were mutilated or destroyed at their pleasure. Of attempts at government we find not a trace; it was a period of anarchy.

Towards the end of 1646 Governor Calvert raised a small force of Virginians and fugitive Marylanders, and pledging his own and his brother's estates to pay them in good honest tobacco, entered St. Marys, and soon the whole province gladly acknowledged his authority.

Peace was thus restored, but Leonard Calvert did not long enjoy the fruits of his efforts. On the 9th of June, 1647, this wise and just man died. About six hours before his death he sent for his kinswoman Margaret Brent, and, in the presence of the witnesses gathered around his bedside, said, "Take all and pay all," by this brief direction showing his confidence in her ability above all others. He then appointed Thomas Green his successor as Governor of Maryland.

Mistress Brent at once entered upon the discharge of her duties with truly Elizabethan vigor. On the strength of her appointment as Governor Calvert's executor she claimed the right of acting as the Lord Proprietor's attorney. This was allowed her by the Maryland Assembly.

Now comes the most notable event of her career. When, on the 24th of June, the Assembly of 1647–8 was in session, doubtless occupied with discussing the affairs of the province, their rights as freemen, etc., they were startled by the appearance of Mistress Margaret Brent upon the scene, who demanded both voice and vote for herself in the Assembly by virtue of her position as his lordship's attorney. Alas for Mistress Brent and her appreciation of the rights of her sex! The Governor promptly and ungallantly refused her. The injured lady, as her only means of retaliation, protested against all the acts of the session as invalid, unless her vote was received as well as the votes of the male members.

By this action Margaret Brent undoubtedly placed herself on record as the first woman in America to make a stand for the rights of her sex. It is surprising to find how little this fact is known. In so comprehensive and authoritative a work as the history of woman's suffrage edited by Susan B. Anthony no mention is made of this extraordinary woman. In fact, it is there stated that a Revolutionary dame, Mrs. Abigail Smith Adams, wife of John Adams, of Massachusetts, was the first champion of woman's rights in America. In March, 1776, Mistress Adams wrote to her husband, then at the Continental Congress in Philadelphia: "I long to hear that you have declared for independency, but I desire that you should remember the ladies .... If particular care is not paid the ladies . . . we will not hold ourselves bound to obey laws in which we have no voice or representation."

We are not told how John Adams replied to this epistle from his fair spouse, but we do know that in the famous Declaration of Independence, where all *men* are declared free and equal, the women received no more consideration than did Margaret Brent nearly one hundred and fifty years before.

But events show that Mistress Brent was none the less a ruling spirit in the community. As we have already seen, when Leonard Calvert secured the services of the Maryland and Virginia soldiers in order to recover his province he pledged his own and Lord Baltimore's estates for their pay. He was unhappily prevented by death from fulfilling his pledge, and the soldiers, alarmed for their remuneration, seemed ready for mutiny.

The weak and irresolute Governor Green was not equal to the emergency; but Margaret Brent, seeing the danger, came ably to the rescue. She calmed the soldiers, and paid them in full from Lord Baltimore's cattle. This action was clearly not to his lordship's taste, and brought down his bitter wrath upon her.

But a splendid triumph was in store

for her. The Assembly (that of 1649) defended her actions with a gallantry worthy of the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth. They tell all about it in a letter written to Lord Baltimore, in the involved and superfine language of the day:

As for Mistress Margaret Brent undertaking and meddling with your estate, we do verily believe and in conscience report that it were better for the colony's safety at that time in her hands than in any man's else, in the whole province after your brother's death; for the soldiers would never have treated any other with that civility and respect, and though they were ever ready at several times to run into mutiny, yet she still pacified them, till at last the things were brought to that strait, that she must be admitted and declared your Lordship's attorney, by order of the court, or else all must go to ruin again, and the second mischief had doubtless been far greater than the former; so that, if there had not been any sinister use made of your Lordship's estate by her, from what it was intended and engaged for by Mr. Calvert before his death, as we verily believe she has not, then we conceive from that time she rather deserved favor and thanks from your Honor, for her so much concurring to the public safety, than to be justly liable to all those bitter invectives you have been pleased to express against her.

As executor of Leonard Calvert, Mistress Brent had an inventory made of his estate, "as appraysed by three sufficient men." To any one accustomed to modern luxury there is a startling incongruity between the high-sounding title of Governor of Maryland and the details of this inventory. Some of the items are:

Two prs. new Holland shoes; 3 oz. sweet head powder; 3 small bits silver plate; 1 silver sack cup; 1 old Bed and Bolster; 1 old green Rug; 1 very old Bed; 1 empty case without bottles, and another old case with four bottles; a blew jugge; a white box without lock or key; a very little Trunk; a Red leather letter case; an Iron Pott; a kneeling desk and picture of Paules; an old frame of a chayre—2 combs and 1 hatt-brush.

Most of these things the poorest of today would consider as fit only for the ash-heap. His most pretentious belongings were:

A large howse with three manors belong to it at Pyney neck valued at 7000 lbs. of tobacco.

A large frame howse valued at 4000 lbs. of tobacco.

Tobacco was the only currency used in the colony. All rents, debts, and salaries were paid in it, and in it were all accounts kept. It was worth two pence a pound, and the whole personal estate of the Governor of Maryland is estimated to have been worth but £110.

This inventory throws a strong light upon the appointments of the households of the early colonists. Furniture was lamentably lacking, especially beds. Visitors either deprived the host of his bed, or slept upon deer-skins or fodder piled upon the floor. If there was little comfort, there was less culture, many of the gentry making their cross-marks upon documents.

Yet from the very first there were attempts at good living. A house was poor indeed which could not boast of a silver sack-cup. Hospitality was unlimited, an old doggerel of the time saying,

Planters' tables, as you know,
Are free to all who come and go.

Strange to say, those table delicacies for which Maryland is now renowned far and wide were but slightly appreciated in those days. Indeed, we find the inhabitants of Kent Island, who were cut off from their supplies of corn during Claiborne's rebellion, bitterly complaining that they were obliged to eat the oysters out of the water to keep from starving.

There was one moneyed man in the province, however. This was Thomas Cornwallis, who had made a fortune as a merchant in London. He was chief commissioner of Maryland, and furnished the Calverts with the means to found their colony. He returned to England to end his days, but had during his residence in Maryland "a dwelling-house furnished with plate, linen, hangings, bedding, brass, pewter, and all manner of household stuff, worth at least a thousand pounds; about twenty servants, a hundred cattle, a great stock of swine and goats, some sheep and horses; a new pinnace of about twenty tons, besides other small boats."

What a contrast to the pecuniary condition of the Calverts! At this time Lord Baltimore was dependent upon his father-in-law, Lord Arundel, for the support of his wife and children, and Leonard Calvert had little else than his daily apparel.

Such was Maryland during the lifetime of Margaret Brent. Though the people were, for the most part, all poor alike, she was undoubtedly among the most prosperous. It is a noteworthy fact that she had a great fondness for litigation, and entered more suits against debtors than any one else in the colony; which goes to

show that she was an excellent financier, and had the ability, so to speak, of filling her pockets with tobacco.

It is not to be supposed that a lady possessing such estimable virtues, so many broad acres and head of cattle, would have passed through life without inspiring the tender passion in some masculine heart. In her youthful days there were doubtless many suitors, and we have positive proof that she retained her powers of fascination until late in life.

There was a clergyman of the Church of England, Thomas White, of Virginia, described as "a man of full sufficiencies of learning," who died in 1648, aged sixty years. This is he of whom Mistress Brent, then fifty-seven years old, informed the court that "the lately deceased, out of the tender love and affection he bore her, intended, if he had lived, to have married her, and did by his last will give unto her his whole estate." Which we sincerely hope was some slight solace for his loss.

The exact time of her death is not recorded, but we know she was still alive three years after this event.

These are some of the few facts handed down to us concerning the life of Margaret Brent. Meagre as they are, they throw a telling light upon the dim outlines of those early days.

A PETITIONER.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

"WELL, I've thought I was glad to see people before, sir, but I find I didn't know what it meant. You haven't changed a hair, either, since I sat under you Sundays and week-days."

"Tut, tut, George! How dare you talk to me like a lover? But go on."

"I think it's twenty years since I saw you, father, isn't it? I don't know why I never got back to the old place. I know my heart goes back often enough."

"Probably because your body doesn't," answered Father Howard, dryly. He was many years older than his companion, who was himself no longer a very young man, and he had passed the time when his age might be guessed by his looks. As he was then he might have been twenty years before, and might still be ten years later.

He sat by his host's table, from which the dinner had just been taken, and to which the coffee was now brought—a tall, rather gaunt figure, with signs of what must have been in the past a peculiarly erect carriage. His venerable white hair fell on his shoulders, almost as long as the beard on his breast, but it was so soft and exquisitely clean that every chance breath of air cast it into a kind of disordered halo about the large, bespectacled face. His blue eyes, deep set as age sets them, looked now over these glasses, now through them; and in spite of the dim veil of years that tried to shut them in, they were almost maliciously penetrating at times, or twinkled in harmless wickedness when the other features were gravest.

"So," he said, going back to an old topic of the dinner, his eyes laughing now as he spoke—"so you were the boy that played that bucket trick on me, were you? How did you steal my big tin bucket, sir? Afraid to tell me now, George?"

George Werden, in his ripe manhood, sitting at his own table near his own luxuriously blazing hearth, set down his coffee-cup and rubbed his hands ruefully on his knees. "Indeed, father, I don't know. I declare, when I got word that Father Howard was downstairs and wished to see me, I caught myself looking around for a plank to put in my trousers. I'd been sent for before in those very same words, sir."

"But never can be again," said the old preceptor, shaking his head dolefully. "You've graduated from my bench and rod. I'm sorry I didn't send up a card when I came, but I didn't happen to have one. I'm only a country jig in a big city like this. Come, George, come; what did you do with that bucket?"

Werden laughed like a boy, and smothered the laugh in his beard. "I never touched it," he said; "your big kite did it. I only tied two strings to the bucket-handle, and passed the first along the dormitory floor into my bedroom, and the second to the window where the big kite chanced to be flying that day. That second string got tied to the kite's line some-

how, so when I cut the string in my bedroom the kite carried the bucket off down the hallway and out of the window in a flash."

"So—that was it," said Father Howard, with an air of satisfaction. "At last that's explained. It seems to me I can hear that bucket now, going down the hallway slam, bang, bang. I never heard such a noise in my life."

"It did make an infernal racket! And I can see you, too, father, coming in on the scene in your wrapper and slippers, and looking down and up the hallway, where there wasn't a sight or a sound of anything or anybody. It was a pretty good trick, I think."

They both laughed in unaffected enjoyment. Father Howard had listened eagerly, leaning forward in his chair.

"Well, now, this is pleasant," he said; "there are some advantages in growing old and toothless. When you are harmless you can hear all the old jokes on yourself that have worried you for years. I never could imagine what became of that great tin bucket and that huge kite, and I never once thought of connecting them. You rascal! If I'd caught you, I'd have connected you and a shingle. You were the most ingenious little wretch. I hope you haven't lost your imagination, my boy."

Werden was silent a moment, and then broke out, humorously: "I can't, for the life of me, get used to talking to you on these equal terms. When I was a boy I used to think of you as a kind of demi-god, and wish I could address you something like this: 'Most very, very reverend and worshipful and highly honored father.' Common words didn't seem to me to convey any meaning at all. I wonder I didn't approach you some day on all-fours. By-the-way, now I am a man, and a trifle—only a trifle—less in awe of you, I want to ask you a question, if I may. There were things I worried to know in those days more than the big bucket mystery ever worried you. Why did we call you *Father*? You don't belong to any order, do you?"

"Why was the toad called a toad? I suppose I look like a father. I never was one, and I never expect to be, but I've been called father ever since my head was white, and that's longer than yours has been black. Anything else you'd like to know, my son?"

"Well, as we are on the subject, there was one other little matter that used to bother me considerably. Your little black cap—the one you always wore in church—what did that mean, sir? Was it High Church?"

Father Howard drew out a small black silk skull-cap from his pocket, and unfolding it, drew it on the crown of his head, where it formed a round centre for the radiating white hair.

"'Tisn't High Church, nor Low Church, either," he said. "It's cold church, and I wear it still. What ridiculous ideas boys get hold of, and never tell anybody!"

The long-graduated pupil looked admiringly at the unique figure in the opposite chair.

"Well, I don't know, sir," he said. "I'm long past childish fancies, but, as an impartial observer, I should still say, looking at you with that cap on your head, your loose black coat, your gold cross on your watch chain, and your hands folded as you generally do fold them, that you only needed a staff and some cockle-shells somewhere to admit you to any stained-glass window. The garb is an accident, I know, father. But you can't deny it's a perfect type."

The old man looked up quickly and keenly over his spectacles' gold rims; but finding no mocking, and much affection, in his old pupil's face, his blue eyes grew very kindly.

"Imaginative as ever, George," he said. "I'm glad to see it. I always picked you out as the boy who was to be my great man. Keep your imagination; you'll need every whit of it for that job." He went on, ignoring Werden's gesture of protest: "I think you must be right as to my ecclesiastical rig. A very clever somebody once took poor Anglican me for a Roman Catholic parson in earnest. I had this cap on at the time. It was a very queer incident, by-the-way. You might like to hear about it. Draw me that big bed of a chair up here by the fire, and I'll purr a bit, I think. I feel like talking."

His host dragged a great leathern chair from the corner to the centre of the hearth, and rising a little stiffly, Father Howard sank into the comfortable nest, leaning back in the soft cushions, and drumming his thin, strong fingers noiselessly on the padded arms.

"Now you be quiet," he said. "You

know, I don't like to be interrupted while I'm telling a story. It robs me of my headway. If there's anything you don't understand, wait till I get through, and then ask. Certainly; smoke if you like."

Werden lit his cigar, and settled into a chair at the other side of the hearth, while Father Howard sat gazing into the embers, waiting until his listener was absolutely quiet before he began. With the first words it was evident that, as he said, he could not be interrupted in narrative. What he said was naturalness and simplicity itself, but he told a story with much ease of manner, and that dependence on divine afflatus which belongs to the man accustomed to the stimulus of an attentive audience.

"Not so very long ago," he said, slowly, "as an old man measures time—you'd call it long, long ago, I suppose—I was sitting one night in my little inner study at the rectory, writing, with my lamps lit, and all my shades up, for it was hot weather. Suddenly I chanced to raise my eyes, and as I did so I saw distinctly the shadow of a crouching man run along my books on the library wall. I have to begin my tale abruptly, because that's the way it did begin. Of course I knew that shadow had a substance, and the only way out of my inner study was through the library; so I rose softly, and as quickly as my old bones allowed I moved cautiously to the door. There, sitting quietly in one of my chairs, I saw a young fellow, who stood most respectfully as I came in view and waited for me. But that shadow had not looked respectful, and it was the shadow I addressed. 'What is it, sir? What can I do for you?'

"'I want to make confession, father,' he said, glibly. The fellow had a manly voice, quite a refined face, and a frank address. His shadow was my only objection to him. If I hadn't seen that, and if he hadn't been breathing a little hard, as if winded, I am not sure I should have thought he was lying to me. I saw that what you are pleased to call my garb had made him think me a Roman Catholic priest; and as to his making entrance past the servants—in a rectory, that's been a school as well, people come and go as they please, and so long as they do but use the front door nobody questions. But in this case a low window on the yard porch was half open, and the shadow had run across from that side. The evidence in hand was against the man. I looked him up and down over my glasses and then through my glasses. He never flinched a hair.

"'Are you a papist?' said I. I knew, if he were a true son, he'd know I was not one by that question. His answer threw me all out. As I spoke he had looked me as quickly up and down as I had him, though not in an ugly way. Then most simply he said:

"'I see you aren't a Catholic priest now, sir. But you're some kind of a father, aren't you?' So I suppose I must look a father, as I told you, just as some animals look their names. I told him the whole truth then.

"'I am an Anglican priest of the English Church in America that's called the Protestant Episcopal Church — I never knew why. I have heard many confessions, but I don't believe you came in here to make one to me. Did you?' We stood again looking at each other; and then he said, just exactly as quietly as I am speaking to you:

"'I don't see why I shouldn't confess; I've got to say something to you, and it might as well be the truth. I thought you were a Catholic priest when I saw you through the window, so I ran in here, because I knew if I could make confession to you you couldn't give me up. I was brought up in that Church. I know how to do it. But I don't know how your priests hear confessions, or if they're bound to keep them when they do. There's no more use in lying, I suppose. The police are outside there in the street hot-footed after me, and Rivers, the smartest detective that ever hunted any man, is out there with them. I gave them the slip for a second and ran round the house, and got in through that open window on the back porch. You've only got to open your front window there and call out to give me up.' I looked closely at the man again, and again he looked at me as frankly as before.

"'Rivers,' I said, dryly, 'has a quarry quite as clever as he, it seems to me. You measure your man very quickly, young sir. You've taken the only stand on earth that might make me lift a finger to help you. Now just how bad are you?' I expected a long tale of false accusations and enemies and all the usual excuses, but in place of that—

"'About as bad as they come, sir,' he

said, and he smiled at me pleasantly as he said it.

"'Go on,' I said; and he went on.

"'I've done everything I oughtn't and few things I ought. The detectives all know me well, but I never was caught before, because I was pretty careful. This time I went a little too far, and then Tom Rivers asked for the job. When you know he's after you it ties up your feet somehow. I don't think any of the others could have caught me, and I know I'd never have got away if they'd left me with him. I don't feel sure he's not looking in that window now.' He hesitated, looking at me, and then at the open windows.

"'If I close the blinds will you tell me the whole truth?' I said. He gave a queer deep breath, the first sign of emotion I'd seen in him.

"'Before God I will, sir,' he said, earnestly. 'I don't know why I'm so afraid of him. I never was a coward before.'

"I drew the blinds over the windows, and sat down, with my desk between him and me as a slight precaution. I was not sure how desperate he was or might become. As I thought of it later, it must have been a queer sight. A minister of the gospel and a confessed criminal talking there quietly and shut in together, hiding from the representatives of the law outside. The man kept his promise to me exactly as if he were an honest fellow. Evidently he didn't want to tell me the whole truth, but just as evidently it seemed to me he was trying to do so, not keeping anything back. The charge against him, it appeared, was burglary, and he didn't deny it was a true charge, and he didn't pretend it was a first offence. As well as I could gather, and I questioned him pretty sharply, his story up to this date was a very usual one. He'd been an incorrigible boy. His parents had died early, and his relatives had soon cast him off as a bad case—which he certainly was. He seemed to have fallen rather gradually, often for the mere adventure of crime to enjoy his own undoubted cleverness; but this, of course, had soon hardened into something more dangerous and vicious. I felt that, whatever he might have been, he was at that moment, even as he sat there trying honestly to keep his promise to me, a defined and reckless criminal, with but very little hope ahead for anything better. What little hope I had for him I based on two things—he was still young, and he was afraid of this man Rivers; not in any abject way, but in a human and sensitive way. His manhood revolted at being bestially and greedily hunted, as Rivers was noted for hunting men. These two facts did seem to me somewhat hopeful. I had to think quickly, and that was what I thought. It was hard to listen and to think at the same time, and I was no longer young and strong even then, so I grew very tired and confused at last. If it hadn't been for the drill of routine that gets into the most spiritual of works, I don't know what I should have done. While I didn't in the least know what I ought to do, habit kept me pegging at the idea that my work in the world was to shepherd souls, and here was one to shepherd. This was a bit of my very own work, brought to my door, at my hand to do—yet I was found wanting. In my own defence, he was an unusual criminal, as I think I shall show. This is the way he wound up his story:

"'I got a big sentence. My lawyer told me I would if I didn't plead guilty, but I couldn't, somehow. Rats fight when you corner them. I didn't see why I shouldn't have as much courage as a rat. I guess he was right, though. He said I prejudiced the jury and made the judge angry, and wasted everybody's time and the State's money. I thought I'd get a long term, but I didn't expect what I got. It made me feel crazy and smothered. I was half blind when they took me out. I couldn't see anything around me; but when they were leading me down the stairs I did see a sort of pit at my side, it seemed to me. It was the hole between the banisters. I didn't stop to think. I just lifted my feet and flung them over and plunged down. I landed on the lowest floor, and ran for my life. I don't know why it didn't kill me. It was two floors down, but it didn't even shock me badly.'

"There's nothing—I tell you, Werden, there's nothing on this earth so contagious as courage. While the man told me this, so simply too, I could feel the heat of his vigor rushing and pounding into my veins. It made me a young man again. I found I could stand upright and speak to him with the fire of his own courage lifting my worn-out old body. I don't know how this part of his story showed

me my way so instantly, but it did. I followed the only path I could take.

"'I will help you to escape,' I said, and I drew the heavy curtains also over the blinds at the windows. The man turned white suddenly, and sat down in the nearest chair. I let him alone for a few minutes, then I offered him food and water. He got back his voice, and said he needed neither.

"'Being hunted by Rivers isn't anything like having a man after you. It's more like a following blood-hound.' He shivered as he said this. 'I never was afraid before. It takes the snap out of me. How are you going to help me to get away?'

"I don't think I paused very long, but I took time for one hurried prayer for wisdom before I answered. 'You will have no trouble,' I said, as slowly as I could speak; 'you shall walk past this man Rivers as close as I am to you now, and he sha'n't raise a hand to touch you. There's but one real way of escape open to you, and only one. Sleep here with me to-night. To-morrow I'll go with you to the court-house, and you shall give yourself up.'

"He sat like a stone in his chair, after one quick spasm of surprise had come and gone. His face was not a yard from mine, but I had no more idea of what his thoughts were than I have what they are at this moment. You know, my tears come quickly, as they do with passionate men. They were rolling down my face as I spoke. His features never changed a muscle.

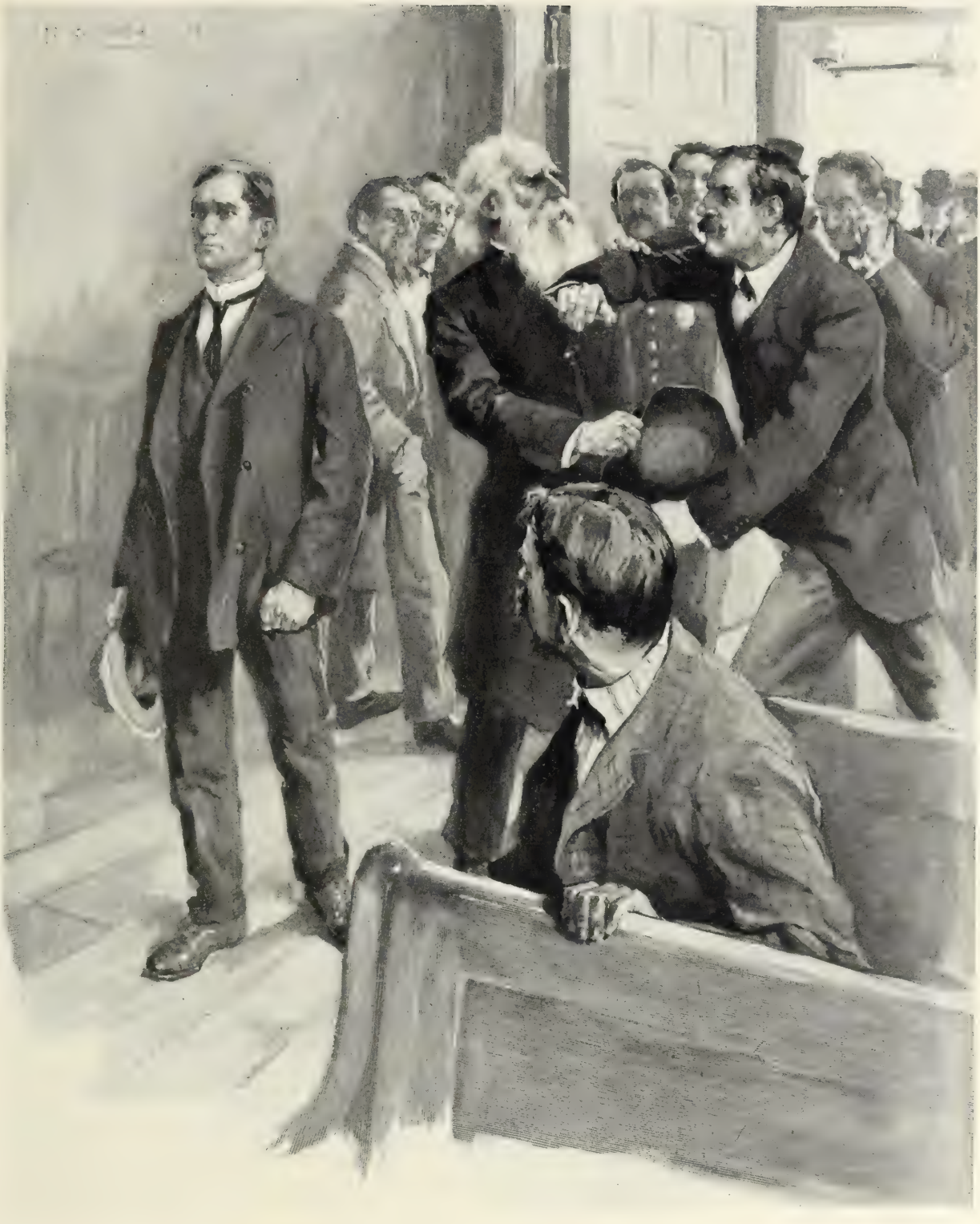
"'You are going to give me up?' he said, slowly. That was all—more a statement than a question, and looking full into my eyes. There was no entreaty, not even by an inflection of the voice or a quiver of the eyelid. It was splendid in its way.

"'You are going to give yourself up,' I cried. 'You shall not be hunted like vermin from hole to hole. There's manhood in you to abhor it; there's a tremendous courage in you to break away. You are not a common coward to run to the nearest hole, and run again and hide again, always afraid, always hunted. Here's this wide door of refuge open. Go into it honorably, with your head up. It's not a coward's way of escape, but it is an escape, and I feel you are brave enough to take it.'

"It's impossible for me to remember all I said to him, and it's unimportant. The words seemed to come rushing from me as a cataract, and seemed to make about the impression that a cataract makes on a stone set in its way. I said no more in substance than I have told you, but I said that over and over, and I fought with him for his life as I have never fought with any human being before or since. He made me no reply; none whatever, in words or by manner; and he still had made me none when I rose at last abruptly and told him to follow me to my guest-room. I did not know at all how he was deciding; but when I left him, still utterly speechless, though I had put him in a room where a low shed roof ran up to his windows, I felt morally certain that, whatever he did in the morning, he would pass the night quietly in that room and in its bed. I did not so much as lock the door on him, and, with my own door left open, I slept heavily, as tired old men sleep, feeling instinctively safe. And there he was, after all, when I went in early to rouse him, sleeping hard on his side, with his head back and his arms stretched out as if beds were a luxury to him even in sleep. Somehow, though I found only what I expected, it was a kind of a shock to me. I had never thought of criminals going to bed and sleeping in this way, just like other folks. As my guest, in my guest-room, and in my night-clothing that I had lent him, he seemed less a thing apart; and he looked larger and stronger in sleep, too. It grew very hard for me to think of all that vigorous young life behind bars. I called him finally, but I had to touch him to wake him, and as I did so he leaped aside in his sleep from under my hand, and opened his eyes wide at once. Then I saw what it meant to be a hunted man. I never want to see that look in a human face again. He cried out before he knew it.

"'My God, sir, I thought you were Tom Rivers!' These were his first words to me since my talk with him, and they came with the sweat of terror still on his brow. He was lying on his back, looking up at me, and I laid two hands on his head as if he were a lad.

"'Please God, you'll never wake with that look in your eyes again,' I said, solemnly—'never! Let this be the last time. Come with me now, my son.' He turned



"'YOU'RE TOO LATE, SIR,' I SAID."

over quickly in the bed and hid his face in his arm, and— That's enough of this part of the story. First, because I can't tell any more of it, and secondly, because where the breaking waters swept him is all I need to tell. He was greatly shaken, and I kept near him all the while he dressed and ate, as I made him do. I felt strangely like a priest at an execution, spending the last moments with the condemned man. It was too early to go to the court-house at once, but at last we began our journey, and at the door of the rectory he stopped me, asking me to say good-by to him there. He didn't want me to speak to him after we left the house, he said. I didn't know why at the moment, but I knew as soon as his feet touched the pavement outside. He wanted to husband all his self-control

and his wonderful courage to go to his death—it was that to him—like a man, indeed, with his head high and his step firm. He did both. He walked silently and most nobly, I thought, by my side, with an erect carriage and a step more steady than many we passed on the street. He grew very white as we crossed the threshold of the court-room, but there was no wavering, and he lifted his eyes at once to the magistrate's desk. From that moment his gaze never swerved from the goal he had set himself. He was calmer than I. He did not so much as turn his head when a man whom I knew well, though I had never seen him, glanced suddenly and swiftly at us, and then pushed hurriedly forward through the crowd at the door. There was something both terrible and disgusting to me in the eagerness of his motions. As he came up I thrust out my arm angrily and strongly between his hand and my man's shoulder. I shall never grow old, I think. I enjoyed this only in the whole episode, but this I did relish amazingly.

"'You're too late, sir,' I said. 'Stand back, Mr. Rivers; your man has escaped you.' While I was speaking my man saw his opening, and strode across the room to the magistrate's desk, and was safe. He had fifteen years to serve."

"Fifteen years!" cried out Werden, involuntarily. "Fifteen years, and you called that safe, father? I beg your pardon for interrupting you. It's a remarkable story."

"I thought so; and that's all of it, so you didn't interrupt me," said Father Howard, briefly.

"Fifteen years!" repeated Werden; "and he knew it when he went back! That took more than courage. You followed his fortunes in prison?"

"Oh yes. I have seen him constantly since then. When he comes out he will be as good and commonplace as the average of us. I have work ready and waiting for him where he is not known. I expect him to come out in about a week's time now."

"Fifteen years!" again repeated Werden. "Nearly a quarter of a lifetime! I couldn't have done what either of you did, father. Have you ever regretted your share in it? Is his spirit broken?"

"No. It would be in fifteen years, I think, but he has only served five years as yet. It is because I know him so well, because I know that prison life has done for him all the good it can do, that more of it is only for his harm, that I have ventured to come to-night and tell his story to your Excellency. To stand before you, as I do now, a humble peti-



"I ASK YOUR EXCELLENCY TO PARDON FULLY."

tioner for the liberty of this man." He rose with difficulty, but stood upright, supporting himself by the back of his chair. "I ask your Excellency to pardon him fully and unconditionally. It was for this I came to you to-day, George, to you, the Governor of my State, in whom this great power is vested."

The young Governor of the State sat dumbly in his chair, gazing up at the tall figure standing above him in the peculiar and commanding majesty of age, more compelling than any vigor of youth. So Elijah, he thought, must have stood before Ahab, the head alone bowed humbly, an attitude of supplication that had in it no real supplication whatever. Governor Werden rose also, and stood with an air of confusion, contrasting so oddly with his years and his bearded face that an undercurrent of amusement at himself seemed to grow upon him as he spoke.

"If this be I, as I do not think it be," he said, whimsically, "I must ask for a little time to find myself, father. I don't feel at all like the Governor of this State; I feel like a small and rather scared boy on your bench at school."

Father Howard stood inexorably. "You are his Excellency; I am your humble petitioner," he said, gravely.

The Governor looked again at the imperious figure, and smiled outright. "No, father, you are not anything of that kind, and you are not treating me quite fairly, either. You know perfectly well it's all I can do to keep my legs from walking to my desk in the next room, and my obedient hands from writing a free pardon, as you bid me, when I don't even know the man's name. I haven't the right to do this lightly. If I am given these powers, it's because the people have confidence that I reverence my office. I will look carefully into the matter, and am sure I shall give the pardon; but you must see that I have to do this first."

"Perhaps you must," said Father Howard, slowly, his hand still clasping the chair, his head bent. "Perhaps I have been mistaken in you, George; but I think not. The bird that has strong claws will perch high, and I always thought you had strong claws. You have done wonderfully well, but you aren't great yet. Maybe you never will be, and I shall be disappointed. Consult your conscience in this matter. Look carefully into the case yourself. I'll send you all the data. I think you will feel as I do. I have small doubt of that—" He broke out suddenly with emotion. "My boy, how can you be so foolish? Have you given the best years of your life to studying the souls of men? Don't you know the secret of greatness is to know your masters and make them do servants' work for you? Here am I, the master of your Excellency on this subject, and yet you don't make me your tool. You know I never lied to any man. You know I have never asked a favor. I have not asked one of you now. I am merely pointing out to my Governor this opportunity to exercise his prerogative where it is sorely needed. You know my character—if you know any man's. I know you respect my judgment, if you respect any other than your own. You would use me unquestioningly, if you used men at all, and so you force me to believe that you have no servants among men. His Excellency will never be much greater than his Excellency unless he changes his policy. His Excellency will have no time to be great. Use men, you foolish boy! Gauge them and use them—particularly when they know how to do the work to be done better than you know how."

Governor Werden stood silent opposite his old master, his intent eyes lifted, his features growing graver and graver. The old man's face flushed suddenly. His eyes, lit for the moment with a fire of passion that broke through the film of age, filled with tears.

"I ask pardon of your Excellency," he said, proudly; "I did not realize that I seemed to be vehemently and unbecomingly pleading my cause before you. I was carried away with an emotion for a boy I once knew, of whom I was very proud and very fond, and for whom I was very ambitious. I forgot he had left my bench and my rule."

The Governor made no reply for a moment. When he did speak his voice was shaken. "No, father," he said, gravely, "I have left neither. I am not his Excellency; I am only George Werden, a boy on the bench, smarting under your rod and learning from it. Because it couldn't be otherwise, it seems unimportant to say that I will send the pardon at once, but I do say it for the formality. Next time, sir, I'll try to make a better recitation. I am sorry you had so much trouble with me, father."



A Panorama of Vladivostok.

EASTERN SIBERIA.

BY STEPHEN BONSAL.

I WENT to Siberia in summer, when the heat is terrific and the mosquito untiring, when there is not enough ice in all the great lone land to cool a julep. It is from this circumstance of climate that I am encouraged to think that my narrative will prove in the nature of a surprise to the many who, like myself, have pictured Siberia as a glistening panorama in black and white, of icebergs, glaciers, and bears, and enlivened now and again with human interest by the passing of a traveller bundled up in furs, lashed to his tarantass, drawn by reindeer, and closely pursued by bands of ravening wolves. During at least five months of the year Siberia is hot and smoking, like a samovar when the tea is drawn; the sun lingers overhead for hours, as in the tropics. While the coast is level and well wooded, the back country is low-lying and almost without trees, and there were times on the banks of the Amur when the only shade was furnished by the swarms of sand-flies which arose out of the swamp-land and darkened the heavens.

All down the east coast from Nagasaki to Singapore I had heard wonderful travellers' tales, told in many tongues, as to how the Russians had closed their possessions on the Pacific to all comers, and held them as a forbidden and mysterious land. To go to Siberia for the purpose of ascertaining the conditions of life that obtain in this America of Russian civilization was considered in the clubs at Shanghai and Hong-kong as the very height of folly—an escapade the lightest penalty for which would be a year or two in a convict camp on Sakhalin, so general is the popular belief throughout the East that the Russians resent the appearance of a curious tourist in their great colony of the North. When the time came to put into execution my project, and Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador at Peking, in the most gracious and amiable way, wrote out for me a permission to travel without let or hinderance throughout the Asiatic possessions of the Great White Czar, and signed it as though it were simply a *laissez passer* for my lug-

gage, I had it in my heart to admire the suave exterior of this distinguished Russian diplomat, who could ask me to dine, and at the same time and with the same benevolent smile give me a writing drawn up in Russian by which I was doubtless consigned to the mines or to the knout—he seemed so glad to have the opportunity of serving me. Would he still enjoy the sturgeon of the Volga, which are brought across the Mongolian plains for his table, when he learned that I was languishing in chains upon the shores of Sakhalin, and subsisting exclusively upon sea-weed, I wondered. I would like to make my apology as public as possible, and to say to the great Russian diplomatist (who has played the part of Ignatieff with such success), as he disappears from the Peking stage with his secret treaty and his new map of the dwindling China, which will at an early day be published in St. Petersburg under the auspices of the Asiatic department of his government, that I wronged him in my thoughts. His passport was an open sesame, and no door was closed before or yet behind me during my stay in Siberia.

It is almost unnecessary to speak from a layman's stand-point of the fortifications of Vladivostok. From the sea they are undoubtedly impregnable; there is consensus of expert opinion upon this question, of foreign as well as Russian authorities, and this is why the Russians call their fortress Vladivostok, which means the mistress or protector of the East. The channel leading into the inner harbor, though very deep, is quite narrow, and before it broadens out into the bay, where the navies of the world could ride at anchor, you have to pass under the direct fire of at least twenty batteries, any one of which, under these circumstances and at such point-blank range, is thought capable of sinking the stanchest battle-ship afloat.

The panorama of the town now opens before you as it straggles up from the water's edge along the hill-side to the crests, where the flags flying reveal the presence of otherwise well-concealed batteries. The settlement stretches for about four miles around the bay; some of the houses are of brick, a very few of stone, and by far the greatest number of logs and plaster — regular backwoodsmen's homes. From the sea a very curious effect is made by the board walks, which form the only pavements of the town, and without which the pedestrian would soon sink knee-deep in the red mud. As they run, in squares and octagonals, and now suddenly off upon a tangent, against the red and black backgrounds of the mountain they suggest so many geometrical figures upon a gigantic blackboard.

Saturated as I had become with the sluggish atmosphere of the East, and all the inactivity of existence in the sleeping lands of Asia, the plunge into the bustle, the noisy restless life, of the Russian settlement aroused me as though by an electric shock; it was like falling into an arctic stream after the warm and tepid baths of Japan. At a street corner I came upon two white men dressed as laborers, one carrying a hod, the other pushing a wheelbarrow—to me a most surprising spectacle, from which I could not tear away my gaze; for you can visit, as I had done, all the East Asian possessions of England, France, Holland, Spain, and Portugal and never see the like. In my voyage north, whatever the charts might say to the contrary, I passed out of the dreaming world of the slipper and loose pajama into a land where red-shirted and heavily booted pioneers are working at the head of a shaft, and driving at high pressure into new fields a thin wedge of our civilization.

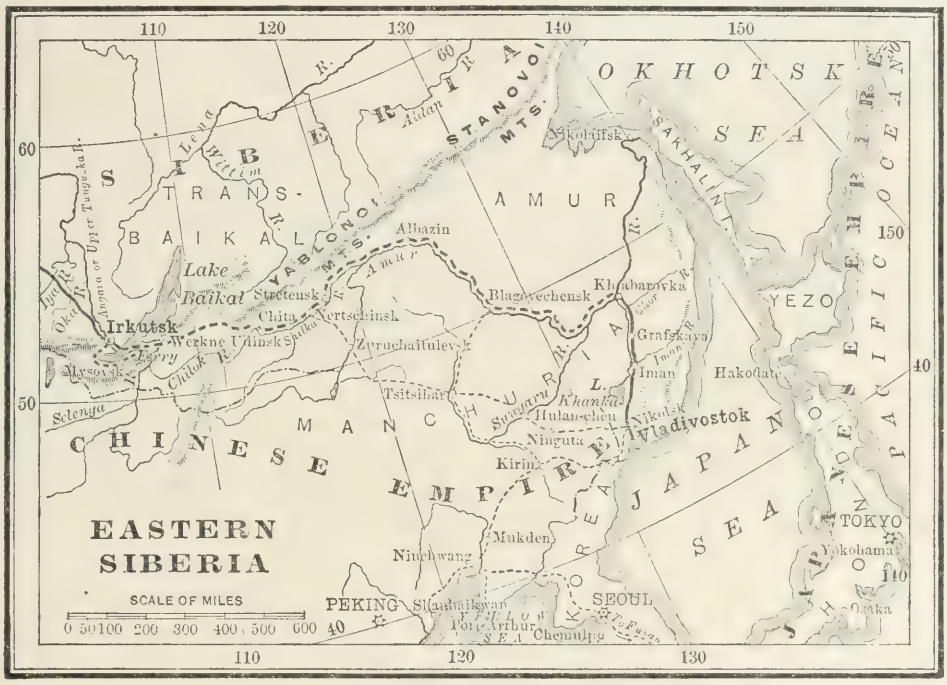
The hills above the settlement are terraced with batteries and fortifications, all leading up to the Great Tiger Battery upon the crest of the topmost hill, from which the flag of the fortress flies; it is a dirt battery, with invisible guns upon disappearing carriages—a good example of the unpretentious simplicity of modern military science. Here and all about the fortress the ground is covered with dense thickets, which there has been as yet no time to clear away; they form, indeed, an ideal lair for big game, and I was not surprised to hear the story of the way the battery received its name. Only five years before, I was told, when the soldiers were breaking the ground for this fortification, they were disturbed and put to flight by the furious onslaught of a Manchurian tiger, filled with rage and fury against the men whom he discovered shovelling away the watch-tower from which he had so long commanded the situation.

I spent one day in the emigrants' sheds, and asked questions until S——

was fagged out with fatigue, and the emigrants puzzled and not a little afraid. In the long, low-lined sheds which stretch along the hill-side there were at the moment at least eight thousand emigrants, recently arrived, who were making their purchases and taking a short rest preparatory to starting out for their frontier homes in the wilderness which they were to win for civilization and for Russia. In the first shed we discovered some fifteen hundred Cossacks, men, women, and children; down the middle of the shed ran a broad corridor, opening upon which were numerous alcoves. Each family was allotted two of these, men on the right and women on the left; they were a fine-looking set of people, and evidently would prove excellent pioneers. The Cossacks have been soldiers for centuries, and, as they still are, wards of the state, very much like the Manchu bannerman in China, and the Emhaznea of the Sultan in Morocco. They do picket duty on the frontiers of China, and have brought security out of the savagery which reigned there, but I hear they concern themselves very little with agriculture, and not at all with commerce. In times of peace they are found to be rather lazy, and care to do nothing but fish and shoot and break ponies. But, be this as it may, they have succeeded in keeping down the marauding Tunguses and protecting the other less warlike colonists as they till the fields. They are, it is needless to say, always ready for active operations, and once the outfit—the land and the rifles and the ponies—have been given them, they become practically an army that is always mobilized and self-supporting. These particular Cossacks wore the blue band around their hats which is the distinguishing mark of the Orenburg brigade. A committee of select-men, or elders, had already gone ahead to examine the land on the Ussuri which had been allotted them, and those who remained behind were contentedly engaged in passing away the time brewing tea in their great shining samovars and in smoking papiros. One of the Cossacks, evidently a petty officer, having given us a military salute, made us very much at home in his alcove, and between the tea and the cigarettes told us the conditions upon which they had consented to leave their country and become the guardians of the marshes and the fords upon the Chinese frontier. He repeated several times that they had only come at the special request of the Czar, and seemed not a little proud that all the frontiers of Russia had to be guarded by his people, even this new frontier in a far-away corner of the empire. He said that the Cossacks are carried free of all expense from their native villages at home to Odessa, and from there transported in vessels of the volunteer fleet to Vladivostok, and from here to the frontier station designated for their residence. They receive, during this transit period, sixteen copecks a day for provisions, and for each child eight copecks extra. The head of each family receives sixty acres of land, and an increase for each child. When their new home is reached, they are given a small working stock of horses, cows, rifles, and provisions, and twenty rubles in cash. This is the end of government assistance, except under the stress of extraordinary circumstances. For two years, while they are expected to be clearing their land and putting it under cultivation, they are not liable to military service, except in cases of emergency.

The alcove and the corridors, as we stood and listened to the starosta's story of his wanderings from Odessa to the East, were thronged with honest-looking, freckle-faced little boys, who opened their green or gray eyes very wide indeed when they heard I had come from America. They took a delight in showing their fathers' rifles, their saddles and bridles, and the samovars which their mothers had brought from home. In the next long shed we found a band of free and some assisted emigrants, who were to settle upon some farming-lands near the Tiumen River. They were decidedly less warlike and more well-to-do in their appearance than the Cossacks, and equally amiable in their reception of us and their readiness to show us their treasures. Every woman possessed a sewing-machine, and kept it in noisy use; the little girls were darning socks, and one grave-faced boy of twelve was engaged in putting a pair of new soles upon his father's boots. We were about to return to the settlement, our inspection concluded, when the leader of the Cossacks, followed by a deputation of very grave and serious-looking men, intercepted us. He carried in his hand a Krynka rifle, which he presented to S—— for examination. He hoped his Nobility

would not be angry with him, would not consider it an impertinence, but he and his brothers had held a meeting in the shed after our departure, and he and those who were with him had been selected to lay before his Nobility their grievance,



and through him to seek redress. "This is a Krynka rifle, and a very good one," said the captain, as he fingered it in a fond, familiar way, "and one has been given to each of our men; but in Russia they promised us magazine-rifles, and that is what we want. We are of course perfectly willing to fight the Tunguses on the China frontier with these rifles, or without any rifles," he said, proudly, "but we think we could do better work if we had the magazine-rifles that were promised."

S—— was greatly amused, and that evening, on our return to town, told the governor of the complaint, and the next day the promised magazine-rifles were served out. It was a great day for the Cossacks of the Orenburg brigade, and when we called we were received with shouts and hurrahs; but I am afraid it was a day of evil omen for the Tunguses down on the Amur River.

Early upon the first Sunday morning after my arrival a warm balmy wind from the south blew away the damp mist-clouds which had clung about the settlement like a white pall so many days, and a warm tropical sun came out and shed a new and more pleasing light upon the gray scene. It also disclosed to view the unexpected presence in the harbor of two more great emigrant-ships, that had come in overnight from far-away Odessa. Their decks were bright with animated throngs of emigrants, who looked eagerly towards the haven so long desired. Their clothing was as many-colored as Joseph's coat; for the Russian muzhik is as great a lover of color as the Spanish peasant. Men with great bushy beards jumped upon the bulwarks, and clasping the ratlines, shook their hats and raised a loud hurrah as the mist clouds were swept away and the land of promise dawned before their eyes in such a beautiful light. When eight bells rang from the sluggish battle-ships that guarded to-day, as ever, the entrance to the Mistress of the East, the St. Andrew's cross, the piece of bunting they had followed around the world, was run up at every peak, amid cheers which must have reached far beyond the confines of the silent settlement. It was a loud and stirring greeting to the new land in which they were to live and die, and it told of the joy that these pilgrims experienced to find, after many trials and much discomfort in passing through the land of the dark-skinned heathen and the do-

main of the plagues, both black and yellow, that here at the farthermost end of the world, the same flag was blowing in the breeze, over the familiar shrines, and over all they had left or thought to leave behind them in holy Russia. They awakened, as from a dream, to find themselves still in the land of the great White Czar, the loving, all-wise, and provident father of them all.

Softly the sound of the sweet familiar bells, with all their burden of old and sacred memory, with all their greeting and tidings from the home-land, with all their power to awaken, to touch, and to reassure, stole gently across the bay. Then, after a few minutes, the sound of the tolling bells became faster and more insistent in its tones, summoning those who lived here to give praise, and summoning those now secure from the dangers of the deep and all the heat and the pestilence of the terrible Red Sea, through which, even as the children of Israel of old, they had passed, upheld and protected by a righteous, omnipotent hand, to raise their hymn of thanksgiving. And now, suddenly, a crazy little craft, bearing a strange ensign which I did not know, and looking no larger than a row-boat, as it danced upon the crests of the waves outside, or disappeared entirely from view in the shadow and the sweep of the great rolling billows that came into the bay from the ocean outside, steamed slowly into sight. But I was the only soul in Vladivostok that Sabbath morning who did not know what the ensign meant, and who had not awaited its coming with impatience and anxiety. Even the chubby-faced children, who, wearing great masses of tow-colored hair, and black and greasy boots as though they were a uniform, were playing in the Svetlanski with the grave and quiet air of frontier children all the world over—they too were awaiting its coming with suppressed excitement; and long before the admiral's launch came alongside the cranky little steamer which was bringing the good bishop back across the sea from Sakhalin, where he had gone with words of promise and of comfort to the convicts and the exiles who dwell there, the shore was black with people, and the word "Episcopus! Episcopus!" fell from every lip, and drowned the moaning of the waves with its great volume of welcoming sound. They all knew that the good Bishop of Blagovechensk, whose name is a blessing and a benediction from the Pacific to Lake Baikal, and from the Arctic to the Amur, was coming to pay his long-promised pastoral visit to this corner of his fold—a fold that is indeed as extensive as an empire; as I afterwards learned, he had travelled this summer six thousand miles, and his pilgrimage for the year was far. He had floated down the Amur to Nikolaifsk, and having visited there all the settlements which sleep in the dim light of the midnight sun, he had gone by sea to Sakhalin, and cruised along its unsafe and uncharted coast, visiting every one of the convict camps.

Before the admiral's launch, propelled by the oars of twelve sturdy man-of-war's men, had reached the shore, great barges, black with people, were floating through the waters, to the rhythmic sound of Volga boat-songs, and the sailors and the soldiers, the emigrants and the Cossacks, were being disembarked upon the strand from every possible means of marine conveyance, from the smart steam-launch of to-day to the birch-bark canoe of the native Yakuts. As his boat was skilfully steered through the surf, the bishop climbed upon the little half-deck forward, and as the keel grounded upon the gravel he stretched out his arms across and over and about the strand, that was black with kneeling people, as though he would embrace them all and draw them each and every one to his bosom.

The excited, almost hysterical throngs now formed in line, and followed the bishop as he strode up the hill-side to the heights above, from where the bells of the cathedral church rang out their joyful carillon. He was a man of gigantic stature, built in a heroic mould, well suited to the task that the almost boundless extent of his bishopric imposes. He wore his brown hair long, uncut and untrimmed, like the Nazarenes. It was dark red, and fell like a lion's mane over his brawny shoulders. He walked with the stride of a crusader, surrounded as he went by half a dozen priests, all wearing the purple robes in which they were to celebrate the services of the day. The procession, as it advanced, moved more slowly, for the bishop's progress was impeded by the growing press of people, who thronged the unpaved streets, lined throughout with frame or brick houses, all alike in being incomplete and unpainted. The



WAITING FOR THE EPISCOPUS, VLADIVOSTOK.

people formed in lines upon either side of him as he passed, bent forward and kissed the great seal-ring he wore upon his finger, that was always extended. It was a strange and varied world this; all sorts and conditions of people had come to greet the bishop, from the admirals in gold lace and gorgeous epaulets to the emigrants with the roar of the sea in their ears and the roll of the waves still perceptible under their feet. All the races and the castes that dwell in the settlement were represented, from the civic dignitaries in black cap and sombre gown to the wretched little Goldies and Yakuts, the remnants of disappearing races, who came to greet the bishop with their scrawny limbs smeared and glistening with rancid butter in honor of the occasion.

In the midst of this throng, so varied in costume and cast of features, the bishop came upon a gang of convicts, who, on their way to the railway station, had been mercifully allowed to await the passing of the good man. They were all clothed alike in clothes of a dull, dirt-brown color. About their feet hung loosely not very heavy chains, but so arranged as to prevent them from assuming but a short and shuffling gait, which quite precluded the possibility, if not the very thought, of escape. Upon the backs of the tunics which they wore was dyed in black an ace of diamonds, and their hair upon the left side of the head was almost invariably close-shaven, while on the other allowed to grow long, luxuriant, and unshorn—a most repulsive disfigurement, but which is said to prevent more escapes of convicts than do the detaining chains, and of course is most useful in identifying those who are recaptured. Above the ace of diamonds on the back of the tunic stands a number, in lieu of a name which the convict leaves behind him in the central station of the district to which he is assigned. Their wrists were, with one or two exceptions, free of manacles, and as he came toward them many stretched out their hand toward the stern and yet kindly face of the Episcopus. I was glad to see that as the bishop approached them ("the unfortunates," as is the kindly word by which they are known in Siberia) he walked more slowly, and lingered longer in the midst of them, and enveloped them,

one and all, with the same kindly, benevolent look which he had for all his sheep, whether the fleece of their growing was white or black. It was a moving sight, one that I was glad to witness, and one which made me understand and credit all the praise I heard, wherever I went, and from every quarter, of the Bishop of Blagovechensk.

As we approached the cathedral there rang out towards us a song of thanksgiving and a Te Deum of praise. The church was now quickly thronged with the eager worshippers, and even the great bare graveyard that surrounds it—with but a single lonely mound, the resting-place of some unfortunate who had indeed looked from Pisgah, but was cut down as he walked toward the land of promise; this great field was far too small to hold the living multitudes—the many who will be lying there so still before that wilderness that opened so alluringly before them shall be made by their labor to blossom like the rose. It was a sun-lit scene of vigorous, hopeful pioneer life, over which the struggle and the defeats of the days that are to come could cast no shadow; those sombre gray days which are to dawn in the wilderness where the mighty rivers rush amid the trackless wastes of the tundras that have no end.

When the formal visits to the authorities were over, and I had paid my most respectful salutations to three admirals, four generals, and two governors, with such despatch that no one could say, least of all I, which of them I had called upon first (for, as everywhere else in Vladivostok, there are some very nice questions of precedence, which have not as yet been arranged satisfactorily to all concerned), I was turned over to the care of Lieutenant S——, the adjutant of Admiral A——, who was instructed to place himself entirely at my disposal and to show me everything. S—— would have proved a delightful companion and cicerone—for he was a very intelligent man, with most engaging manners—had the admiral qualified his instruction by saying that I was to see only what I wanted to see.

Admiral A—— had appeared to me in the rôle of the good Samaritan. He had saved me from the wretchedness of my hotel ashore. He had placed his luxurious cabins, and even his bath—for there are no baths in Vladivostok—entirely at my service, and he had opened up to me every source of information and avenue of investigation which I had been prepared to find closed against me.

Under the guidance of Lieutenant S——, I was taken up every hill in and around Vladivostok. A demand was made upon me to photograph every gun and every battery about the place. When exhausted nature could and would tramp no more, I was placed bodily upon active little Cossack ponies and carried up to the highest heights. When even these active quadrupeds could climb no farther, the lieutenant would cry out, "Smirno"—"attention, little brothers"—and I was carried up to the very highest pinnacle of the fortress upon the broad backs of the sturdy Russian soldiers. Every gun had to be photographed; for these were the admiral's orders, and an admiral having twenty men-of-war and a bath-tub at his disposal was not a man to be trifled with. I focussed them one and all, though I was provident with my photographic material and neglected to change the plate; so I have one photograph of all the guns that command the entrance to the Gibraltar of the Pacific.

We spent one day on horseback, riding over the hills behind the port, where the troops were living in the summer camps. There were at least 25,000 men under canvas. They could have all been accommodated, and very comfortably too, in the brick barracks near the town, which had just been completed, but it was thought preferable, for fear of an outbreak of cholera, to keep them in detached camps back in the hills. They lived exactly as though they were engaged in active campaign service, fifteen men in a tent, with a turf wall three feet high around it, and a deep ditch beyond to drain away the rains. We dined at the common soldiers' mess, with a regiment of riflemen composed exclusively of Siberians recruited from the neighborhood of Irkutsk. They were splendid-looking fellows, tall, lean, big framed, sharp eyed, ideal riflemen. Place was made for us in one of their tents, and as evening came they brought us our rations, fished out of huge caldrons suspended upon gigantic wooden cranes, in the open space, over charcoal fires. This was *she*, or cabbage soup. It was cooked in these great caldrons, deep enough to drown a man in. Then we had boiled beef and rye bread, washed down with kvass, a weak but not unpala-

table beer. Indeed, I remember this dinner as being one of the most satisfying I enjoyed during my visit to Siberia, outside of Vladivostok.

The Russians believe in music, particularly mechanical music; and whether it be to keep up their spirits or to depress them to the level of their dreary surroundings in Siberia I do not know, but I know that the water-organs and the orchestrions, which play every night in every Siberian inn, from dinner until well on towards breakfast, possess a repertory of such mournful dirges as serve to drive the restless traveller mad. This is the only provision that is made for the entertainment of the traveller by the Siberian innkeeper, and it never runs out. Then in Vladivostok every admiral, every governor, and every general has his private and particular band, which plays in his private garden every afternoon; and then there are other unattached and unauthorized bands, some to the manner born, some free lances of harmony from Bohemia and from Germany, who, meeting you on the street, give you a spontaneous serenade, if you be not careful to droop your eyes demurely when you see them approach. The streets swarm with stalwart officers, who do not seem overbusy; and, in truth, there is not much to do in the town but go to the club for an occasional glass of vodka and a zakuska, which means a "snack," and which, fork in hand, you pick and choose, according to your taste, from a sideboard filled with such condiments as caviare, salt fish, and pickles.

In the afternoon the meeting-place of the idle was the Hotel of the Golden Horn, decidedly the sporting centre of the new metropolis. Here was in progress a billiard tournament, between the chaplains of the war-vessels anchored in the harbor, which lasted ten days, and had official society worked up to the highest pitch of excitement.

In the evening we had opera or drama; that is, not to choose from, but one day opera and the next day drama. Both were produced by a company of the Brethren of the Pear-Orchard, as the Chinese call actors, who had crossed Siberia all the way from the Ural, by tarantass and by sledge, and had performed with equal success before the miscellaneous audiences of the prairie, mining and river towns, in barrack, barn, flat-boat, and convict camp. The theatre was large and bare, distinctively Vladivostokian in all its appointments. The stage filled one end of the great hall, and the bar was crowded into the other three sides. On the evening I visited the theatre the Camellian Lady of Dumas was produced, and the fair heroine, when in the last stages of consumption, ranted and roared about the stage in a voice which would have done credit to a drill-sergeant or a drum-major; then she died with her boots on—boots that might have been worn by a Cossack ataman, and which protruded under the curtain long after it had been mercifully drawn over the other sad features of the scene: and the orchestrion played—a happy coincidence, for, once started, these machines, as I found on more than one occasion, pass quite beyond the control of their care-taker—as the Camellian lady died, the orchestrion played the "Last Rose of Summer."



TERMINUS OF THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY, VLADIVOSTOK.

One afternoon I boarded the express which runs three times a week over the extreme eastern section of the Trans-Siberian Railway. It travels at a very sober gait over the three hundred miles which lie between Vladivostok and Iman, where begins the river navigation that leads to the Amur. The slow rate of speed maintained on this section of the great road is not a matter of choice, but of necessity. A very great portion of the line runs through low-lying marsh-lands, which the Siberians call *boloto.* Whatever the exact formation of the land may be, it forms one of the most exasperating obstacles with which the builders of railways have ever been confronted. In places the marsh partakes of the nature of quicksand, and it is impossible to make a firm foundation. No sooner are the rails laid than they sink out of sight, and in some instances drift away. Efforts have been made to securely anchor the road-bed, but hitherto without any very decided success. For many hours we did not move along at more than five or six miles an hour, and often not quite so fast. This is the discouraging result after the road has been in operation for four years, and I do not think the rate of speed will ever be greatly increased; certainly not in the immediate future.



A TELESCA WITH CONVICT DRIVER

The trains, as at present made up, are of course neither models of comfort nor of cleanliness, which is not surprising, as they are intended almost exclusively for the use of soldiers and of emigrants; but the traveller who proposes to make a trip across Asia when the great highway really is completed need not be discouraged, because very much better arrangements are promised against the time when the through passengers from St. Petersburg to the Pacific shall present themselves in sufficient numbers to make better treatment at once necessary and profitable.

The trains are composed simply of third-class carriages, with now and then a second-class coupé, which, however, differs in little from the third-class compartment, and is invariably reserved for some high official of the army, or an inspecting engineer travelling up and down the line. The carriages are long, about the length of American cars, with passageways from end to end, but running down one side, and not through the middle. They are divided into sections, in shape and area very much like those of our Pullman cars; but here the resemblance ends.

Upon either side of the section is a bench, upon which, in the daytime, the passengers sit. The benches are cane-seated, very comfortable and cool. At night the cushion backs of the benches are pulled down, and form a not over-luxurious bunk. Such accommodations as these, the persecution of the mosquitoes, and the suffocating want of air—because, owing to the number and the size of the sparks and cinders which the wood-burning locomotives throw off, it is quite impossible to keep the windows open, least of all while you are asleep—all tend to make a night journey on the Trans-Siberian anything but restful.

At Nikolskoye, about seventy miles from the Pacific, I stopped for the night. It is a great military centre, and always has been recognized as a strong strategic



THE BAGUNKY, THE SIBERIAN "SIT-ASTRIDE."

point. There are fortifications, ruined and dilapidated, out upon the prairie near the town, which have been pronounced to be the handiwork of Tamerlane or Genghis Khan. The two days I spent there passed uneventfully. I had my first ride in a tarantass, and found it rather tame; most unexpectedly so, as Nikolskoye is famed all through eastern Siberia for the speed and breeding of its post-horses; but I found that the horse of galvanized steel had taken the spirit out of the famous animals of the Ukraine breed, and had I allowed myself but for a moment to regard my post-horses as legitimate descendants of this celebrated strain, the story of Mazeppa would for me have become ridiculous for all time. Still, the experience was interesting; and a great many years ago, in the good old times for the Siberian horse, when he was corn-fed and did not have to browse in the by-ways and lanes of the towns, tarantass posting must have been fascinating to a degree. My izvozchik, who had an idea of staging the experience well, made me get into the tarantass before the horses were brought out from the stable, or were even harnessed; because this is one of the vanishing customs of the old posting-days, and, as he assured me, it was a custom that was based upon wise precaution; for in those days, if you did not get into the tarantass before the horses were traced up, you never would have the chance; for on the moment they were attached they were off and away like an arrow from the bow, like a bullet from the barrel, like a bolt from the blue. None of these similes are mine, but belong to my driver, who must accept all responsibility for their truthfulness. I can only say that, whatever the actual experience may have been, it was very pleasant to hear of these mad gallops and stirring breathless rides as we crept over the prairie, with our heavy grass-fed nags ambling along at a rate of speed which was soothing to the nerves of the passenger, and certainly not distressing to the horses.

But the strangest vehicle and the most uncomfortable method of transportation that I have ever become acquainted with by practical experience is what the Russians, or rather the Siberians, call a "sit-astride," to which I was introduced on the following afternoon. Imagine, if you will, one of those long bodiless contrivances used in lumber countries to carry logs from the river, with a distance of some thirty or forty feet and only a single connecting pole between the front and the rear axles, and you will have a very good idea of the Siberian sit-astride, only, of course, it is not half so long. From the front axle there runs a narrow plank, sometimes tufted and cushioned, but generally not, upon which the luckless passenger is expected to straddle, and let his legs dangle in the dust of the road beneath him. After a very short ride, and when his toes have come in sharp contact with the prominent bowlders of the road, the traveller will naturally assume

the only attitude in which it is possible to sit astride with safety. You must shorten your stirrups, as it were—though you have no stirrups, and no bridle, and nothing to hold on by; but you can grip the boards with your knees, as one might cling to a bucking horse, and then you are safe, if far from comfortable, and must grin and bear it.

While experimenting upon this strange frontier vehicle we trotted gayly up a steep hill some four miles across the prairie from the town—that is, the great shaft-horse and his frisky mate, who ran by his side "loose," according to the Siberian custom—trotted along gayly, while I hung on, soberly determined that if ever I reached the inn alive, I never would wander abroad again upon the sit-astride. Suddenly, with a bump and a jolt, we came abruptly to a standstill, and I followed the izvozchik's whip to where he was pointing to the plain below. It was white with tents. How many there were standing there I shall never know, as the evening closed in, and when I had counted a thousand I lost my count in the dusk: but there were still many, very many, more. It was a summer camp, and there were anywhere from 15,000 to 20,000 soldiers lying here *perdu*, where their presence was as little suspected, where they were as secluded, as somewhere in the heart of Africa. I afterwards learned that this was but one of the three intrenched camps around Nikolskoye, and not the largest. The men were leading the life of soldiers on active service, and were ready for mobilization, to the last button.

To Iman we made better speed. There was less of the shaking swamp-land, and the road-bed was altogether in better condition. The last 125 miles we made in about eleven hours, which was considered an excellent performance.

Iman was the most dreary of the Siberian settlements I visited, and I was only too glad to leave it, on the morning following my arrival, upon a handsome iron steamer, built in Belgium, and especially constructed for the navigation of Siberian rivers, and brought out in sections to Asia.

Within an hour after embarking we had passed out from the narrow and shallow waters of the Iman into the Ussuri, a much more majestic stream. My fellow-passengers were principally officers of the civil and military administration, going to their various destinations, or returning to Europe on leave. There were not a few miners from the gold regions of Blagovechensk, and trappers and hunters who were going to the country of the Lena.

For two days and a night we ran almost directly north, stopping every two or three hours at a log wharf on the right bank of the river, from which a straggling Cossack settlement could be seen. The inhabitants of these stanitzas all wore uniforms, with cap, and sometimes the number of the regiment or detachment of Cossacks to which they belonged. They were ruled by a starosta, or captain, and evidently the most stringent military law was in force. The west side of the river, Chinese territory, was wholly uninhabited—that is, so far as Chinese are concerned. The Cossacks have the habit of crossing the river into Chinese territory, and pasturing their cattle in the low meadow-lands, and raising crops of hay there. Now and again we came to a village of the native Gilyaki or Goldi, inferior races that are disappearing before their vigorous supplanters like snow before the sun. Now and again we would meet a flotilla of these little people paddling mysteriously along, dressed in their clothing made of salmon-skins, and their hats of birch bark, but they did not give us often an opportunity for a close inspection. The moment the sound of the powerful revolving screw which propelled us fell upon their ears they would put all their force into their paddles, and disappear from sight under the trees that fringe the banks. The first night out from Iman we met a steamer towing five or six steel barges, upon each of which there must have been 500 soldiers. For five or ten minutes both steamers slowed up, and there took place the usual demonstration, which is the dipping of colors, the exchange of gruff hurrahs for Russia and for the Czar, and then we kept on our journey north, and the soldiers on toward the south, while for nearly half an hour after they had disappeared in the darkness we could hear the great chorus of their song. On the second evening we came upon another and still more characteristic scene of the country. It was a construction camp in the midst of the wilderness, where, lighted by pine knots and torches of turpentine, we



A SUMMER CAMP NEAR NIKOLSKOYE.



KHABAROVKA.

could see thousands and thousands of men at work, pushing on with the great railway which is to connect the capital of Russia with the Pacific.

The conversation I enjoyed with the passengers on board was of an interesting and often of a surprising character. I found that your Siberian Russian regards our people, particularly our people of the Pacific slope, with very much the same consideration which we have for the unfortunate and never sufficiently to be pitied denizens of Great Britain and Europe. It will be of interest to the people of the Pacific slope to know that twenty years from now all the bread they eat and all their salmon will come from Siberia, and that if Siberia should not care to send her produce to California and to Oregon the people of those States will have to starve.

On the third morning after leaving Iman, just when the journey, despite the beauty of the river, and the ever-changing varied scenery of its banks, was beginning to pall upon me, I was awakened by the sound of a thousand hammers beating against steel plates; and when I looked out of the window I saw we had arrived at Khabarovka, and were passing the great ship-yard, where steamers have been built for the purpose of navigating the Sungaru, and other Siberian rivers which enter China in their course.

Khabarovka, this great Siberian city of the future, the St. Louis of this country, which is to become the great port of transshipment for goods going to and produce coming from all the lands that are reached by the waterways of the Amur, the Ussuri, and the Sungaru, is not prepossessing upon first view. It is a long, straggling collection of little hamlets, connected by a few muddy roads; the distances are magnificent, and suggest that the builders of the city have built for the next and not for the present century, and are endued with a very sanguine appreciation of the probable importance of the place in the generations to come.

There was a charm and freshness in the life of this rude settlement at the junction of the great Siberian rivers which I know not how to express. But I know that a day in Khabarovka was as exhilarating to my mind as a plunge in ice-cold water proves to one accustomed to the tepid enervating baths of the lazy East. Here our race and our people, our civilization and our religion, though transplanted, to be sure, have come to strike deep root, to grow, to broaden and expand, and though exotic, they give every prospect of a permanent, vigorous growth.



HOUSE AND OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE AMUR REGION, KHABAROVKA.

Here the Europeans do not come and go, hurried travellers through strange lands, or traders who work and toil and plan and scheme, and then some day sail away, never to return again. In the English and French, the Spanish and the Portuguese, and in the Dutch possessions, though in a less degree, the white men follow each other, flight after flight, like ducks who seek the low-lying paddy-lands where the wild celery grows and fly away when they have eaten their fill.

But here there are no transients; these settlers will never go back to Russia, but they will draw Russia to them in closer union with every decade. These pioneers are great sturdy fellows, capable of bringing the rude land, which has been so long a waste, into subjection, and then to make it produce; from their loins will spring a race of men born to Eastern conditions, who will control and people this continent as far south as it is habitable for men of our race; and certainly that vast country from the Amur to the Yellow River, and perhaps as far south as the Yang-tze, is as suitable for the conditions of life of the Russians as are the Middle States for us; and their women, too, are women fit for the duties, the responsibilities, and the emergencies of frontier life—great, deep-chested women, strong and quick of limb, wearing spurs, and using them, too, as they straddle their ponies man like, and gallop down the unpaved streets to do a little "shopping," with great masses of flaxen hair falling down over their shoulders; and when at home, what a number of babies there are clinging to their short skirts!

There are no windows, no glass, and no shutters as yet in the town, with the exception of a few residences of officials. In the humble dwellings of log and plank and mud which are springing up in hundreds with mushroom rapidity, these luxuries are unknown, so the intimate life of the home is open to those who walk the streets, as I did, studying the present situation, and drawing from it a horoscope of the future. The women went about their household duties bright and fresh and hopeful, and wearing the neat white apron and the many-colored velvet petticoats, and with gay kerchiefs twisted around their heads and hair; and I remember so vividly one of these homely scenes, which I will endeavor to describe, however imperfectly, because I believe that it reveals the essence of the leaven with which Russia is working miracles in East Asia to-day. It was evening, under the smiling image of the Ikon, the protecting saint, which, smiling down upon the humble bed and board of the colonists, faces towards the door, as ever in a Russian home, so that whoever enters may know that he has come among those who believe, and who work and rest under the protection of his covenant. The house before me was very small, belonging evidently to the very poor among the colonists; it was unfinished, as there were still many weeks before the season of the great cold, and through the windows and incomplete walls I could not help seeing, as I passed, the intimate life of the pioneer family. Two little children sat upon logs upturned to serve as chairs, before a



A RIVER SCENE ON THE USSURI.



A SCENE ON THE AMUR.

rough-hewn table; the mother, with grave and gentle face, was cutting them slices of their daily bread, so difficult to earn, so sweet to give, and, as I passed on, the father of the household came in from his work, covered with dust, and placed his great hand upon the little heads; then he kissed their buttery mouths, and the good wife sang happily a song of the Volga.

The construction of the Trans-Siberian Railway has proceeded with great rapidity. Some of the obstacles which had to be overcome are so obvious that it is needless to speak of them—such as the immense distances; the absence of all previous ways of communication and transportation; the absence of labor, which had to be brought, as well as the materials used in the construction, from afar; the rigorous climate, and the almost absolute want of the necessities of life along the line of this great highway. The length of this the longest railroad in the world is set down upon the official chart at 9876 versts, or 10,500 kilometres.* The railways across our continent are not more than half this length, and the Trans-Caspian, which has been built so rapidly, is not over 1500 kilometres. The work was divided into five zones, or sections, of construction, of which three have been completed, one nearly so, and the fourth section, that running along the Amur through the river provinces, 2000 versts in length, has not been even commenced. The work upon this, the least important section of road, is awaiting the developments of the political situation in the East; and in the mean time, for at least six months in the year, when the river is not frozen, the transportation of men and war materials, and even freight, by the river boats, is quite as inexpensive and almost as expeditious as by rail. The following table will fairly show the present status of the work:

1st	zone,	Western.....	1400 versts.
2d	"	Central.....	1660 "
3d	"	Trans-Baikal.....	1290 "
4th	"	Amur Provinces	2000 "
5th	"	Ussuri and Pacific..	733 "

The western section begins at Tcheliabinsk, which is the official head station of the line, and runs to Tomsk, a distance of 1400 versts. Of course Tcheliabinsk is

* A kilometre is about two-thirds of a mile; a verst is 3501 feet.

well beyond the water-shed of the Ural, and the line that runs from Perm to Ekaterinburg is really a section of the Trans-Siberian, and should be considered as such; but as it was connected with the European system in the time of Alexander III., and before the colossal road across Asia had been decided upon, it is not so designated.

To reach this great railway from Europe, you can go from Moscow by the Volga steamers to Tcheliabinsk or to Samara—a voyage which is most agreeable in the summer months; or you can go by railway, a journey of 1984 versts, which is made in eighty hours. At Tcheliabinsk, the central depot of the eastern end of the line, the greatest activity prevails. All along this part of the line the stations are large and comfortable, and there are very passable buffets. Through trains are running both east and west three times a week, and accommodation trains once a day in each direction; and this is the schedule upon all the completed sections or divisions of the road.

You can travel from Tcheliabinsk to Omsk in forty-five hours, and you will have then spent one hundred and twenty-five hours in actual travel from Moscow. The trains are made up of carriages in the American style, and with sleepers. These latter are somewhat primitive. Just before the arrival at Omsk you cross the Irtish, one of the great Siberian rivers. The building of this bridge, and its protection against the danger of ice gorges, proved one of the most difficult engineering problems of the work. Upon this section the rails are laid directly upon sand beds, not upon sleepers, and this departure from custom in railway construction is a pronounced success. The railway now goes east to cross the Obi, some one hundred versts south of Tomsk, which is connected by a "feeder," or annex, which is now completed. Of course the work could not have been prosecuted with such rapidity had it not been for the fact that almost on the whole line grading to any extent was unnecessary. One of the engineers told me that upon level ground one of the construction trains was able to place the rails at the rate of three versts, and sometimes even as many as six versts, a day. Of course the road-bed, under these favorable circumstances, has cost nothing, and was made almost exclusively with pick and shovel. The work has been let out in small sections to contractors, and in the summer of 1896, when the most feverish activity prevailed all along the line, there were two hundred thousand men at work upon the uncompleted section. From Krasnoyarsk and Irkutsk the work has been pushed on rapidly. The ground has been levelled and the rails have been laid more than half-way to Lake Baikal. This region is well wooded, an obvious advantage, and though there are four or five rivers to be bridged, the longest will not be over three hundred yards in length. In the third zone, that of the trans-Baikal region, there are special difficulties to be overcome, and the plan by which this will be attempted has not been definitely decided upon. The greatest of these difficulties is how to cross Lake Baikal, which is



A GOLDI VILLAGE ON THE AMUR.

seven hundred kilometres long and eighty in breadth. It is now crossed by transports, or ferries; but the currents of this lake, which is probably the reservoir of several subterranean rivers, are so treacherous that navigation is extremely uncertain, not to say dangerous. Many of the engineers to whom I spoke upon the subject stated that if boats were constructed to carry the trains and cars across the lake, as is done in America, they would be very careful not to travel on them. The alternate route, however, around the south shore of the lake, presents equal difficulties. The soil is of volcanic formation, and cut up by towering mountains and deep gullies. To carry a railroad over such a country would cost many million dollars a mile. East of the lake the country changes entirely in its character. You leave behind you the country of the plains and the valley of the Obi, with its temperate climate, which is so suitable for the cultivation of wheat and other cereals. Trans-Baikalia, the province we enter upon now, is a pastoral country, where horses, horned cattle, and sheep are raised profitably and in large numbers. All the rails and sleepers for this section have to be brought out from Europe by sea to Nikolaifsk, then in barges up the Amur. While the Russian engineers in charge of the work are more sanguine, I do not believe that this section of the railway will be completed before the year 1901. From Baikal to Stretensk the line crosses the Yabloni Mountains without a tunnel, and with an ascent of only fifteen millimetres to the metre in the steepest places.

The fourth zone, that from Stretensk to Khabarovka, has, as I have already stated, not been commenced. That the main road of the Trans-Siberian will ultimately be built from Stretensk or Blagovechensk straight across Manchuria is probable; this will prove a great economy, and it of course possesses great political advantages over the route as at present surveyed.

From this point, Stretensk, it requires four or five days to descend the Amur to Blagovechensk, which is already a prosperous town, the centre of a great mining region; it will, in my opinion, when the trans-Manchurian railway is completed, become a still greater city—perhaps the greatest mart of its kind in Siberia—for in all probability this will become the Siberian depot of the new road to the sea across Chinese territory. Blagovechensk likes to be called the San Francisco of Siberia, and points with pardonable pride to a very floating and a very mixed population of thirty thousand souls and an Institute Pasteur.



A GOLDI'S HOUSE AND DOG-HOUSE.

The detached chimney is from the *khang*, by which houses are warmed in winter.



A GOLDI INTERIOR.

From here to Khabarovka, down the river, four or five days are required, and here we reach the fifth zone of the great railway, which is now completed and in operation along the whole distance to the Pacific, about seven hundred and thirty versts.

With characteristic detachment of people who do so many great things that they have no time to talk of their exploits, I found the Russians with whom I came in contact more inclined to talk concerning their new and darling project, the Manchurian railway, than of the Trans-Siberian, which is for all practical purposes completed. The Russian engineers who served upon the Siberian work were proceeding to their new field of activity and of actual conquest in Manchuria, escorted by large squadrons of Cossacks, which, of course, impressed the practical Chinese with a sense of their importance and their power. Indeed, the position of Russia to-day in northern China is practically that of a suzerain power. This proposed railroad is to be built under a concession to the so-called Russo-Chinese Bank of Peking and Shanghai. In this matter the bank is merely acting as the agent of the Asiatic department of the Russian government, and it was pushed forward to lessen the loss of prestige to the Peking government, to save "face," so dear to the Chinese, and perhaps also for the purpose of mystifying the representatives of the other powers in Peking, who were also clamorous for railway concessions. Perhaps eighteen months will be required before the preliminary surveys can be completed; indeed, the line of this new railway is not finally determined upon. The probable route crosses the Chinese frontier to the south of Staro and Tsuruhaitu, thence to Khailar across the Khin-gan Mountains, down the right bank of the Chol to Cholkhoton, then down the west side of the Sungaru to Kirin, crossing the Nonni at Tsitsihar.

It is hoped by the enthusiastic to conclude the construction of the trans-Manchurian railway within five years, but, in my opinion, there is very little likelihood of this hope being realized. Kirin and Tsitsihar, being the chief commercial centres of the country, have also become the scene of the greatest activity in the construction of the road. Ultimately, it is

rumored, a branch line will be built from Tsitsihar to Blagovechensk; but very little is said about this road, for then it would appear to the Chinese, as is the case in fact, that the trans-Manchurian is being built, in the first place, solely to give the Russians an alternate and a better way of communication to the Pacific and the China Sea.

Whatever may occur in later years, the first commercial result of the Trans-Siberian will be to open up new markets which have hitherto been inaccessible, rather than, as is apprehended in some quarters, a deluge of the world with raw materials by means of this new channel of commerce. These sanguine expectations of the production of Siberia will doubtless be realized some day, but not so soon as is expected. The Siberian will first figure as a good purchaser and a long customer in the markets of the world before he makes his bow as a competitor, and by that time the conditions of consumption and of trade may have so adjusted themselves that he will be gladly welcomed rather than repelled. East of Irkutsk to-day Siberia is open to the trade of the world, with none, or next to none, of the tariff restrictions which are enforced in other portions of the empire. This freedom of trade is recognized by the



IDOLS WORSHIPPED BY SIBERIAN TRIBES.

government as more favorable to the development and growth of its new empire on the Pacific, and the protective system will not be introduced for many years to come.

I came in contact, during my stay in Siberia, with many of the responsible officers in the management of the road, and I know how very modest their expectations are of its financial features. It is hoped by them that when the road is completed three express trains a week will run from St. Petersburg to the Pacific, and *vice versa*, in nine or ten days. They hope that when travellers from London to China and Japan find that by taking the Russian railway they would save two weeks, they cannot fail to obtain a large share of this passenger traffic. During certain seasons of the year, when the heat of the Suez loup is unbearable, they think that the real overland route will nearly monopolize all travellers bound for places east and north of Singapore. This preference for the northern railway, they claim, would be increased by the outbreaks of plague and cholera, which would seem to have become almost endemic in some of the ports, such as Bombay, Penang, Singapore, Saigon, and Hong-kong, where the steamers touch. They further expect to monopolize the carrying trade to Europe of all those products of the East which are not large in bulk and are costly in proportion to their weight, upon which, in consequence, the insurance is dear. Under these circumstances the quickness of the railroad journey would prove so great an advantage as to overcome the disparity between the freight rates by sea and land, the latter of necessity having to be the more costly. The present rate for passenger traffic in Siberia is very low, but by the tariff which is already drawn up, and is to be put into force when the railway is completed, promises the cheapest travelling known to the world. First class from St. Petersburg to the Pacific will be 90 rubles; second class at 65 rubles, and third class at 35 rubles. Over each division of the road in operation one local and freight train is run daily in each direction, and an express train every other day also in both directions. Of course the through traffic, in passengers as well as freight, over the still uncompleted road, is at present very small; but, with only the local patronage, it has been found profitable to work the road upon this schedule at least, not only without loss, but with a small margin of profit. The section from Tcheliabinsk to Omsk, which has been the longest in operation, is already paying handsomely, and carried for the last four months of 1896 two hundred and thirty-one thousand passengers.

While the Russians know that com-

merce follows the flag by land as well as by sea, and while they foresee the revolution in commerce and trade which the completion of the Trans-Siberian cannot fail to bring about, the purpose of the construction is quite different. The primary object of this colossal enterprise was to secure a highway for the rapid and unimpeded transport of soldiers and materials from European Russia to Vladivostok, all the way in Russian territory, and safe and secure from the attack of enemies. Vladivostok, or the more southern port that may supplant it in the near future, was destined by Russian statecraft to become not only the terminus of the great railroad, but an impregnable base and a harbor of refuge for the Russian fleet in the Pacific. Such having been the project, it is not surprising that the curiosity of the world at large, and more particularly of those countries having direct interests in the politics of the far East, is more aroused by the military than the other aspects of this part of the world, so completely changed by this great construction. On my return from Siberia, it was my experience that nine out of every ten questions that were addressed me had reference to the changes which the completion of the great road would bring about in Russia's military capacity and efficiency. In summer, I believe, Russia could mobilize an army of 200,000 men within two weeks upon any given point of the frontier of China or Korea.

The Siberian railway having now become an accomplished fact, public attention in Russia and throughout the East is very much preoccupied with the proposed Chinese Eastern railway, which, running across Manchuria, is to connect the Trans-Siberian system with the great markets of Manchuria, and probably terminate at Ta-lien-wan, or at some other point upon the open waters of the Yellow Sea. The ground has already been broken for this railway at Stanitza Paltanskaya, in Russian territory, and the sharp wedge that is soon to awaken the sleeping oyster and pry open the shell of China is being rapidly pushed forward.



SOLDIERS EMBARKING FROM CHITA.

Russia has now in fact, if not in style, the virtual position of suzerain over China, and in many of the northern provinces she openly exercises the rights and duties of sovereignty. Whatever the fate of the Russian fleet in the Pacific may be, in the event of the long-expected conflict breaking out, and in view of the probable alliance of the fleets of Japan and England, it can be said, without fear of contradiction from any one at all conversant with the existing condition, that there is no military force from the frozen Arctic to the frontier of Siam and the Himalayas which could stand for a moment before the armies which Russia now holds in a state of constant readiness upon the frontier of China, nor is there any European power able or willing to place on the east coast of Asia an army that could cope with Russia. In this part of the world she to-day occupies a position of absolute military supremacy. The frank recognition of this fact is a necessary preliminary to a comprehension of the situation.



Old Chester Tales.

By MARGARET DELAND.

THE THIEF.

I.

OPINION in Old Chester was divided as to the propriety of Dr. Lavendar's course in assisting Oscar King to run away with Miss Ferris's niece; most of the new people thought, "considering the circumstances," that he had been quite right; but some of the old people were affronted. Judge Morrison said to his sister, his cold mouth curling back from his yellow teeth:

"If I had a daughter I would put an injunction on James Lavendar for safety. I don't know but what I'll do it anyhow, on your account, Hannah; you're such a lovely creature! Jim Shields will be running off with you, the first thing I know."

The poor old maid had never grown callous to her brother's gibes, and reddened slowly under her leathery, wrinkled skin; but she said to herself, "Dr. Lavendar was right!"

Mrs. Dale was "painfully astonished"; and Mrs. Barkley said that "Dr. Lavendar did not consider the example to youth; still, she would always believe in the probity of James Lavendar's motives, no matter what happened."

"For my part," said Jim Shields to his brother, "I consider the dominie accessory before the crime; but, Lord, Horace, I hope he won't reform in case anybody should undertake to run away with Annie!"

As for Annie Shields herself, she ap-

proved of Dr. Lavendar, and said so courageously right and left. Yet, dear me! what a difference the personal element does make in matters of judgment! When Dr. Lavendar put his finger in Annie's pie, how it altered her belief in the old man!

Annie was the twins' niece — "the twins" being Horace and James Shields, who lived on Main Street, next door to the post-office. Only once had there been any rival in the affection of these two old men for each other, and that was so long ago that they had both forgotten it. "Passing the love of women," Dr. Lavendar said once of that silent, dogged devotion that kept little Mr. Horace at James's elbow, to be eyes to the blind and feet to the lame; for the elder brother (the elder by some twenty minutes) had been a paralytic since he was thirty-five, and a little later an illness had stolen his sight. But in spite of what he called his "cussed body," Jim Shields was the heart and mind of the Shields household; he directed and protected his twin; bossed him and bullied him (at least so Old Chester said), but always with a curious and touching tenderness. As for old Mr. Horace, he simply lived for James.

Into this absorbed household came, when she was thirty, the daughter of a younger brother who had died abroad. She had found instantly in poor, sleepy, behind-the-times Old Chester a hundred interests: the town needed a library—the money must be raised for it; "the poor Smiths'" second girl was an undeveloped genius—she must be sent to a school of design, so that she might become a great artist; the shiftless Todds only had meat three times a week—they must be properly fed; it was horrible to think of such destitution! Dr. Lavendar reminded her that if a man will not work, neither shall he eat; but Annie had a different theory—at least in regard to the man's family. Indeed, it must be admitted that this warm-hearted, energetic woman had a good many theories, and she talked about them until all Old Chester found her just a little fatiguing. As for the twins, at first the presence of their strong, happy, vital niece was bewildering; then, her apprehension of the situation, her dramatic appreciation of the helplessness of one uncle and the gentleness of the other, the way in which she threw herself into their interests, and claimed and commanded a share in their lives, the way in which she served them, with almost passionate devotion, made the two old men first amazed, and then flattered, and then dependent. That was when Annie was thirty; by-and-by, when she was nearly forty, when for almost ten years she had decided what would make them comfortable, what would amuse them, what they needed for health and happiness (and decided wisely, too), the two old brothers may have had opinions which they did not share with the world. It is possible that they were tired of being "interesting"; that James, who had a large nose and a big, powerful head, wearied of being told (and having other people told) how clever he was, and how dear and good and patient—"though he will use naughty words sometimes," Annie would say, laughing. Old Mr. Horace used to wince, and open and shut his eyes rapidly, when Annie declared, her own pretty eyes beaming with tenderness, that he was perfectly sweet! But all the same, the two old gentlemen—they were really old when the time came for Annie's story—the two old men always said that they were very fortunate in having their niece to take care of them. "And," said Old Chester, "no doubt Annie's money helps them along a little." For everybody knew that the twins had very little money of their own.

Annie was not rich; she was only what is called "in comfortable circumstances"; but when she came to live with her uncles, she must have been in uncomfortable circumstances a good deal of the time, for, in spite of their worried protests, she spent far more money on the two old men than on herself. Annie Shields's generosity in this respect was proverbial in Old Chester, and more than one friend took it upon herself to remonstrate with her about it—though with admiration, taking all the edge off the reproof.

"My dear, you shouldn't spend *all* your money on your uncles! Why don't you have this, or that, or the other? You ought not to be so unselfish, you dear child!" And Annie, smiling, would shake her head and say, "It's just selfishness, dear Mrs. Dale [or Mrs. Dove, or Mrs.— whomever it might be]—I *like* to do it."

And when she told this truth, the admiring remonstrator only loved and admired her the more, and never knew that it was the truth. If the brothers ever

winced at being made her beneficiaries, it was not in public. When Annie presented her uncle James with a new and very elaborate wheeled chair, the old man may have set his teeth and thought a "naughty word," and Uncle Horace may have sighed, and said: "Make the best of it. If she likes that sort of thing, that's the sort of thing she likes—let her enjoy herself. And the chair isn't bad, Jimmy?"

"No, it isn't bad, and she means to be kind, damn it; she means to be kind!" the old invalid reminded himself; and never had the heart to jar the girl's enjoyment of sacrifice by telling her how it tried him to receive it. But in spite of such bad moments the two uncles did come to depend on her. They gave her nothing but affection—they had nothing else to give—that and a roof and the opportunity to rule and order their elderly lives; and she gave them service and devotion and comfort and love and unstinted admiration. So it will be seen that they had no claim upon her. No one could possibly say that she owed them any duty when it came to a question of her own life—when it came to the arrival upon the scene of her Tom Gordon. No, even Old Chester admitted reluctantly that the twins had no claim on Annie; for years, for her own pleasure, she had sacrificed herself for them; and now, still for her own pleasure, she was going to sacrifice them. But she was no more selfish in the one case than in the other.

Tom Gordon was forty when he met Annie, who was a year or two older;—a warm-hearted, shallow man, quite good-looking, and with an aptitude little short of genius for reflecting and repeating whatever was good in his friends' opinions. Not that he was in the least a hypocrite; he merely assented with all his heart to any sentiment which he was told was good or noble, or, as he used to say, "big," and he thought he originated it. He was, in fact, an excellent transmitting medium for other people's ideas. A kindly, fatuous, histrionic man, he had fallen in love many times, but his love-affairs had not prospered. It was rumored that he had proposed to Susan Carr when she was visiting in Mercer, and that she had replied that when she married she would marry a man; not herself in trousers. The fact was poor Tom repelled strong personalities, more especially among his own sex than among women, who, for the most part, regarded him with a good-natured amusement—recollecting that he had made love to them in the past.

As for Old Chester, when Tom Gordon came to visit the Macks, and fell in love with Miss Shields, it said he was an agreeable person and would make Annie a good husband. The Macks, perhaps, had misgivings when they saw how things were going; or at least Mrs. Mack had. But her husband tried to reassure her. "He's only a fool," said Mr. Mack, "not a knave."

But Mrs. Mack could not help remembering how she had praised Annie to her susceptible guest, and appealed to Annie's kindness for the guest, who at that particular time chanced to be in some business gloom. Annie's sympathies had been instantly stirred; and as for Tom Gordon, he had been quick to applaud when Mrs. Mack told him that Annie was giving up her life to the two old uncles.

"And when you remonstrate with her," said Mrs. Mack, warmly, the tears in her good, kind eyes, "the child just says, 'Well, Mrs. Mack, I don't see what one can do with one's life better than to give it to other people.'"

"Good!" said Tom Gordon, heartily.

"And she has such an admiration for goodness," Mrs. Mack continued; "she says that character is the greatest thing in the world. I don't know just what she means," said Mrs. Mack, thoughtfully, "but she certainly does appreciate goodness in folks."

"Ah, fine! fine!" said Mr. Gordon, cordially.

Now those who admire what we believe to be admirable are always persons of great common-sense; so, after that, Mrs. Mack was disposed to think well of Mr. Gordon, and she said very nice things about him to Miss Annie Shields, who was always hospitable to enthusiasms. "He spoke with so much appreciation of you, dear," said Mrs. Mack.

"Of me?" said Annie, surprised. "He doesn't know anything about me!"

"Oh, well, I told him a few things," Mrs. Mack confessed, her honest, motherly face beaming with kindness.

"Why, you naughty woman!" Annie said, laughing. "He'll find me out when he meets me."

So she also was disposed to think well of Mr. Gordon; and when she saw him,

handsome, somewhat sad (his latest refusal had discouraged him), with great manner and also good manners—two things not necessarily seen together—when she was told that he wrote (but, through some fine reserve, did not publish) poetry, when she heard all her own theories of religion and life echoing in new words from his lips—why, then she fell in love with him. In fact, it was almost love at first sight. She had called at the Macks' to see Gertrude about something, and there was this big, dark man, with a rather piercing eye, who, with folded arms and intent expression, preserved a fine silence. Mrs. Mack began, as usual, to protest that Annie was wearing herself out for other people, when, lo! this new man said, quietly: "Why not? Can one do anything better with one's life than to spend it for others?" Annie turned and looked at him with a start. How true that was, but how fine to say it! How unlike the tiresome praise of people like Mrs. Mack! She answered him with the eager enthusiasm which had kept her young in spite of her forty years:

"Indeed you are quite right, Mr. Gordon. Giving is really receiving, isn't it?"

"To give *is* to receive," Tom answered, his eyes narrowing with some subtle thought. Then he came and sat down beside her, and looked at her so intently that Annie felt her face flush; but she said to herself that he was so in earnest that she did not believe he even saw her. He was very confiding:—those deep, simple natures always are, Annie told Mrs. Mack afterwards. He told her he had failed in business, and was looking about for something to do. "You haven't a job in bootblacking in Old Chester?" he inquired, with a fine gayety that Annie felt was a very beautiful and cheerful courage. She responded in the same tone, and said there would at least be no competition in such a venture in Old Chester; and all the while her eyes were bright with interest and appreciation.

"Oh, competition," said Tom Gordon, who was coming down from his ethical horse and getting frivolous—"competition; it is the life of trade, you know!"

"It is the death of honesty," cried Annie, who had theories in the direction of political economy which she and Gertrude Mack used to discuss passionately. Mr. Gordon's face was instantly intense.

"Competition cuts the throat of honesty," he said. "Miss Shields, *you* will understand me when I say I am proud to have failed in business?"

"I do understand," she said, in a low voice. "And I can guess the temptation to succeed, too, to a man of—of power, Mr. Gordon." Annie was trembling with the reality of what she said.

"I wonder," he said, with a certain boyish impulsiveness that always touched women—his face absorbed and eager, and looking up at her from under his frowning, handsome brows—"I wonder if you will think me too informal if I say that the understanding of a woman like *you*—makes character seem the most important thing in the world?"

Annie took this somewhat solid flattery without a quiver. It is amazing how much flattery a sensible middle-aged woman can stand!

When he went away, Mr. Gordon took her hand and bowed deeply in silence; then he gave her a long look.

Annie was stirred through and through; she went home tingling with excitement. At supper she told her uncles all about this new man, with a sweet enthusiasm which was part of her own charm.

"He said such beautiful things! Uncle Jim, he must come and see you. I know how you will delight in him. He has that same passion for generosity that you have yourself, you dear, improvident uncle! He said (I think this was really an epigram), '*To give is to receive.*' When you think of all that means!"

"Well," said Jim Shields, "the remark was passed some two thousand years ago that it was more blessed to give than to receive; but I suppose this is an improvement?"

Annie laughed good-naturedly.

"How you do love to take me down, Uncle Jim! But all the same, it was fine."

Perhaps if people had given a more cordial assent to this declaration on Annie's part she would have had a clearer idea of the value of poor echoing Tom; but a certain stubborn unwillingness on the part of Old Chester to appreciate him roused Annie's indignation, and drove her into deeper conviction of Mr. Gordon's worth. Old Chester *must* appreciate him! So she talked to him in her enthusiastic way, and then of him, announcing (as, in slightly altered words, Tom had echoed them) all her own honest and cordial and noble sentiments.

Because he had repeated her own theories of philanthropy, Mr. Gordon found himself pushed into parish work, and compelled to visit the poor in her company. He listened to all she had to say concerning the work of the "poor Smiths'" girl, in whose artistic talent she believed, and as he told her on one day all that she had told him on the previous day, she found her artistic judgment endorsed, and her determination to send the girl away from home to study greatly strengthened. He admired her uncle Jim's character. He sympathized with her effort to raise money to start a free library. He rejoiced that somebody should feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and look out for the improvident Todds. So, of course, to Annie, when she talked to him, it was like seeing her ideals suddenly embodied; and she never knew that she was only staring rapturously into a looking-glass! She was loving her own qualities as he reflected them.

Well, the upshot of it all was they were married.

One or two people looked dubious when the engagement was announced; but no one gave Punch's advice. After all, why should they? Whose business was it? She was old enough to judge for herself, and there was nothing bad about the man.

The two old uncles never dreamed of objecting.

"You see," her uncle James said to her uncle Horace—"you see, Annie is—mature. She's cut her eye-teeth; and if she likes him, do, for the Lord's sake, let her marry him! I've always been afraid she'd be a missionary or go on the stage."

Uncle Horace sighed: "Oh, he's all right, I suppose. But I don't take to him."

"Well, you don't have to marry him. I can't find out that he ever robbed any hen-roosts. I'd like him better if he had. But he's perfectly ladylike. He's a sentimental cuss, but Annie likes sentiment. My objection is to his looks. He has a great deal of chin, and no nose to speak of; I hate a man with no nose. And he goes and sits with the women in the afternoons, and reads his poems (*poems!*) to 'em—"

"Well," interrupted the other uncle, patiently, "if Annie likes that sort of thing, that's the sort of thing she'll like; and so long as there is nothing against the man's character, it isn't our business. Her money is in trust."

"Yes," Jim Shields agreed, "and I don't see why she shouldn't spend it on a tame poodle if she wants to."

That she would no longer spend it on them made these two old gentlemen more careful not to express any latent opposition they may have felt.

So there was no protest from the bride's side. And as for the groom, unless the various ladies who had refused him during the last score of years had announced that they wished to reconsider the matter, there could be no protest from his side. So they were married; and Tom wrote an epithalamium for the wedding-day that began,

> See the dawn—high heaven-sent dawn!

And Annie had it printed on squares of white satin, which were presented to the wedding-guests as souvenirs of the happy occasion.

They rented the old Poindexter house for the summer, because, Annie said, it was necessary for Mr. Gordon to have absolute leisure to decide the very important question of his future occupation. Mr. Gordon had failed in business, Annie said, with smiling elation, because he was simply too honest and straightforward for the meanness of business life!

"I suppose he told you so himself?" her uncle James suggested, with a guileless look; and Annie said, eagerly, Yes, indeed, one of the first things which had attracted her in Tom had been his passionate protest against the immorality of competition. And her uncle James said, "You don't say so!" in a tone that made Annie angry. She left the two old men with a cold good-by; they did not appreciate Tom, and so she ceased to appreciate them. Indeed, she ceased to appreciate many things: the Todds were lucky if they had meat once a week in those days; the "poor Smiths'" second daughter drew ginger-jars and lemons, uncheered by any prophetic and inspiring letters; Old Chester pined for literature. But Annie Gordon's heart and mind were absorbed in her own happiness, and in the pride of realizing that she was the wife of a great man. She had decided that they would spend the summer quietly in Old Chester, that the great man might make up his mind just how he had best express himself to the

world, so that he might help his fellowmen, and at the same time provide himself and Annie with bread and butter. Meantime she provided the bread and butter, and paid the rent of the Poindexter house. One says the Poindexter house, though it was really the Shore house. Mrs. Shore's mother had been a Poindexter before her marriage, and the Shores owned it, but rarely lived in it. One wonders if any contagion of grief or shame lingers about old houses? Cecil Shore's father had brought her step-mother to live in this house, and after two or three years his health (he said) compelled him to leave her and go abroad indefinitely. His daughter Cecil had married a high-minded egotist, and in this house they had decided to separate; there had been scenes of cruelty here; there had been that bitterness which only marriage can produce in the human heart; there had been disappointment and selfishness, hatred and misery, and the crash of broken ideals.

And to this house came the bride and groom to spend their first wedded summer. Old Chester made its call, and talked about the pair before the iron gate at the foot of the garden had fairly closed behind it.

"How long do you suppose it will be before she finds him out?"

"Oh, she'll never find him out! She idealizes him so entirely that she is blind. How long do you suppose he can live up to her ecstasies? It must be very fatiguing."

"Ah, *that's* the serious thing," said Mrs. Mack, who was a wise woman, even if she was new in Old Chester.

It was serious; and yet other people's good opinions of us are very good props to character. If our nearest and dearest believe us to be Raphaels or Shakespeares or Platos, it is hard not to at least pose in the attitudes of these great folks.

As for Tom Gordon, he was bewildered by Annie's adoration of him, of his poetry, of his virtues. After all, could he be expected to say, "Madam and wife, I am a poor, shallow, amiable jackass, and as such I tender you my devotion"? That surely would have been more than human.

Besides, his humility would only have convinced her of his true greatness, and been a triumphant proof of her unerring judgment.

II.

The first mist in this cloudless sky of domestic happiness grew out of Tom's amiable way of saying he "believed people were right."

Tom Gordon had really the most kindly feeling in the world for Dr. Lavendar; he once wrote a poem, called "Cure of Souls," in which he paid a very pretty tribute to "reverent age"; but when Helen Smith pointed out the old clergyman's shortcomings, he gave his generous, big-voiced assent to her opinions, which was very agreeable to her, but which, before he knew it, committed him to the opposition in regard to Dr. Lavendar.

As it happened, he and Annie had never talked parish matters over; she was too absorbed in him to have revealed her opinion about Dr. Lavendar. Hence, not knowing it, he ardently accepted Miss Helen Smith's opinion—that the old man was behind the times, an injury to the church, and a drag upon progress; and he said he "believed she was right."

"Well, then, you'll help us, won't you, Mr. Gordon?" Helen pleaded, prettily.

"I will," he said, with his grave, intent look. Helen Smith drew a long breath, and said, a little seriousness stealing in among her dimples, that it made her believe in a special providence, people were so good to her in helping her work for St. Michael's.

Mr. Gordon left her and went home, cheerful and good-looking, with a fine exhilaration in the consciousness of having joined a crusade, as it were, to turn the useless old incumbent out—"in a kindly way, of course, but turn him out." And he had certain generous promptings in the way of collecting other people's money to console Dr. Lavendar with a purse; he knew that Annie would approve of generosity.

"We must do the *big* thing," Tom said to himself, as he came into the hall, and heard the rustle of Annie's skirts as she came running down stairs to meet him, and hang upon his arm, and murmur that she had missed him dreadfully. Now any man, a little tired, and quite hungry, and aware that the soup is on the table, who upon such an occasion has yet the presence of mind to say, in an impassioned voice, "My *Life!*" contributes to an atmosphere of domestic intensity which is as good as felicity.

"Ah, how happy I am!" sighed Annie; "I don't deserve it."

"Beloved," he replies, in his deep, rich voice, with an eye on the dining-room door, "what am I, that I should have been so blessed? Ah, my wife, a man comes to believe in a special providence when life is so good to him." And, gently, he leads her out to dinner.

"Oh, Tom," she said, passionately, "happiness does make us know divine things, doesn't it?" He shook his head in a sort of speechless reverence.

It is too bad to make fun of Tom; he was not a hypocrite; he was simply an artist in words. Indeed, he used words so skilfully that by saying something of the peacefulness of life and the blessing of content there was in his hearty praise of his dinner no jolt from ecstasy to eating. Tom thought a good deal about his food; it is a Pennsylvania characteristic.

"This salad is a poem," he said. And Annie gave thanks to Heaven that she had married a man so far removed from mere material enjoyment. Still, although devoutly conscious of her happiness, she remembered the unhappiness of others less blessed than herself. To be sure, such remembrance may be as mustard to our meat, making us all the more satisfied with our own condition. But never mind that; Annie remembered it.

"Tom," she said, "what do you think? Isn't it abominable? There is a sort of movement on foot to put Dr. Lavendar out of St. Michael's. Mrs. Mack told me about it this afternoon."

Tom looked up, frowning.

"Ah," Annie said, smiling, "you are the most sympathetic person! I don't know anybody so quick to feel injustice to others."

"Well, injustice is the one thing which is intolerable to me," he said, warmly.

"And to think of that old man, who has spent his life for us, being turned out, just because he is old-fashioned!" Annie went on, with spirit. "It's outrageous! I just said to Mrs. Mack, 'Well, Mr. Gordon and I are old-fashioned too.' I knew how you would feel."

Tom drank his wine, and then looked at his glass intently, with compressed lips.

"I suppose," he said, nodding his head slowly, "the complaint is that he does not follow the newer lines of church work. Wouldn't it be possible to suggest it to him, and compromise, so to speak, with the new element?"

"How instantly you grasp the situation!" she exclaimed. "It's wonderful to me—I think so much more slowly. But Dr. Lavendar doesn't want any change in the parish work; that's the trouble. Helen Smith has proposed several things, but he snubbed her unmercifully. No; compromise isn't possible. The dear old man must have his own way as long as he lives. Probably he won't live very long. Oh, Tom, it's such a relief to know that you will fight for us!"

"I am your knight," he told her (and they had been married two months!). But he looked disturbed, and she was instant to throw off other people's troubles because they troubled him.

"Now don't worry about it," she said, as they went out into the library. "I'm sure it will be all right. Your opinion will have the greatest weight, of course."

"I hate injustice," Tom murmured, frowning. "I hate unkindness; perhaps it is because I am so happy. Sometimes I think that happiness teaches us heavenly things; happiness teaches us goodness."

The tears started in her eyes. "Oh," she said, "how true that is—how true and beautiful! Tom, you must write a poem on that."

And she went over to her desk and took out a little note-book, and copied her husband's words, carefully. Tom Gordon, fat, fatuous, and complacent, saw this tender deed, but having, poor fellow, not the slightest sense of humor, he was not uncomfortable.

III.

That was the beginning of Mr. Gordon's domestic "descensus Averni." The next step was Judge Morrison's fancy for rummaging in his garret to find some papers. He did not find the papers, but he found a box of mildewed old books, "Keepsakes" and "Gifts" which had belonged, back in the dim past, to Hannah, when she was a girl; they had been packed into a box and thrust into the garret, to be out of the way.

Theophilus Morrison picked up one of these dusty books absently, trying to think where he must look next for his papers; and then his eye caught the old steel-plate frontispiece. It was the same languid, lovely lady at whom we used to look in our mothers' albums—ringlets on

either side the drooping oval face, enormous black eyes, rose-bud mouth, beautiful arms, and wonderfully pointed finger-tips. Under it was written, in delicate script,

The Bride.

Now what demon possessed Theophilus Morrison, who sneered at sentiment, to glance at the accompanying "Epithalamium," which began,

See the dawn, the heaven-sent dawn!

Well, well! Dr. Lavendar once said that Theophilus Morrison's business in life was to prick other people's bubbles. "Be sure your poetry will find you out!" the Judge said to himself, chuckling. The moon-eyed bride for whom, fifty years ago and more, some nameless rhymester had poured these feeble lines had, somehow, risen from all the dust and years, and claimed her own!

The garret darkened as a summer thunder-shower came suddenly up and dashed against the cobwebbed windows; but Judge Morrison sat there on an old cowhide trunk and read these harmless jingles, chuckling and sneering. He brought the book down with him to his library, stopping at Hannah's door, and calling out to her, in his strident voice, to bring him that drivelling stuff of Tom Gordon's that was printed on satin.

"You know what I mean?" he said. "You old maids always keep men's gush about their passions."

Hannah brought the square of satin to the library and handed it to him, her lean old hand shaking, and her poor, frightened lower lip sucked in like a child's who is trying not to cry.

"I knew you'd have it," he said, with his cruel smile, and compared the two "poems," the result being most satisfactory — to him. Then he wrapped the book and Tom Gordon's epithalamium up together, and filed them away for "future reference."

As for Tom Gordon, his amiability about Dr. Lavendar seemed to him to be one of those things which had sprung up like some baleful mushroom; it grew and grew, and he tried in vain to catch up with it, to destroy it. For a week Annie was at home with a cold, unable to see the various kind friends who would doubtless have mentioned, casually, how glad they were that Mr. Gordon agreed with them that, for the good of the parish, Dr. Lavendar ought to go. So poor Tom got in deeper and deeper with the opposition; and every night, as he sat by Annie and held her hand, and perhaps read her his verses or some "thoughts," he got in deeper and deeper with the conservatives; and he was very wretched. Whenever he tried to hedge with Annie, she misunderstood him.

"I feel that the new element has a certain amount of reason in what they say," he would begin.

And she would agree hastily: Oh yes! and she only wished she was as fair-minded as he. "Indeed, Tom, your tenderness for Dr. Lavendar is the most beautiful thing to me. You are such an intellectual giant, and yet you are so patient with him. Now you, being so head and shoulders above Old Chester, might perhaps be expected to be out of patience with the dear old man's poky ways; and yet you are not. Your appreciation of his courage in marrying that poor, silly little Dorothea was so discriminating."

"Ah, well, love is involved there," he said. "Perhaps my judgment is biassed. Love can have nothing but sympathy for lovers."

Annie's face lighted.

"Oh, Tom, *do* write something about that," she implored him. "I don't think it has ever been quite brought out; but you can do it!"

"I can feel it," he told her, neatly. And she answered with passionate eyes.

When he tried to hedge with Helen Smith or Mrs. Mack, it was just the same.

"I am sorry for the old man, though I can't help being out of patience with his poky ways," he said, with a worried look. "I wonder whether some sort of compromise isn't possible?"

"You are the kindest soul," cried Miss Smith, "and so fair-minded! I'm afraid I forget his side sometimes; but it's just as you said yesterday—we've got to do the best thing for the church, not for individuals." Tom did not remember that he was responsible for this remark, but it takes courage to deny the parentage of a fine sentiment; and, besides, it was true, and if he hadn't said it, he might have said it. So he agreed, warmly, that he believed Miss Smith was right; and went home to sit by poor, feverish Annie in a very miserable frame of mind. At least until he remembered to read her his son-

net upon "Love's Sympathy for Lovers." Annie drew such deep and beautiful meanings from it that Tom glowed with happiness.

He had not known how great he was.

IV.

That the husband and wife should come to what is called "an understanding" on parish matters was of course inevitable, and just for the first few minutes painful.

Some one happened to mention to Annie how delighted the Macks were with Tom's sympathy in the movement to get rid of Dr. Lavendar. Annie, exclaiming and denying, announced proudly Tom's fine allegiance to the old minister. Helen Smith was quoted, then appealed to (the bomb exploded at the meeting of the sewing society, so all the new people were on hand); and her assertion that Mr. Gordon had said "that Dr. Lavendar ought to resign" closed Annie's lips. She went home very white. There was a hard look in her face when she confronted Tom, and a curious sort of fright in her eyes. But it was over soon—Tom was hurt that he should have been misunderstood; he was amazed at the stupidity of the new people.

"Of course I wanted to help them," he said. "I told them I thought we might compromise in some way—"

"They said you proposed a compromise," she began.

"I told them," he said, with a mild scorn for his traducers, "that we must do the best for the church, not for individuals; we must not think of ourselves—"

Annie lifted her head. Her eyes were anxious, but they began to glow. "Not think of ourselves!" that was like Tom. "Yes," she said, "but they thought you meant—"

"Well," he interrupted, coldly, "I am not responsible for what they thought. But that *you*— Ah, well, never mind! I ought to have lived long enough not to concern myself with other people's thoughts."

She bit her lip; she was trembling to throw herself into his arms; her mind was alert to adjust the indirectness of the actual Tom with the frankness of the ideal Tom. "I see, I see," she said, with passion; "it is your kindness to them, as well as to Dr. Lavendar, that they have misunderstood. Tom, you are noble! Oh, my dear, forgive me! You are so straightforward that you trust people; and you are so subtile, and so just in looking at every side, that they misunderstand you. I believe those people are temperamentally unable to understand any point of view not their own!"

She hung upon him, humble and exulting and entreating, all at once. By some curious process of love, she had draped a deception upon her lay-figure of truth, and was perfectly satisfied. As for Tom, he was very gentle and forgiving.

Annie's letter to Helen Smith in this connection was a masterpiece: she excused everybody; she blamed no one; she was tenderly jocose at "Tom's invincible desire to be just to both sides," which had led to Helen's "most natural mistake."

Tom, however, proposed that they should go to town. But Annie shook her head:

"I don't wonder you want to get away from it all; you are a perfect thermometer, in your sensitiveness to anything mean! And I can imagine just how disgusted you are at the narrowness and literalness of these people. But, as you say, we must do the big thing; we must let them see just what our position is." Then Tom said, peremptorily, that he would not have anything more to do with the matter.

"I suppose I am too sensitive," he said, frowning, "but I do hate to be mixed up in such affairs." Annie did not urge him.

"After all, there is no use using razors to chop down trees. It needs a coarser fibre than you have to deal with coarse-minded people."

Even Tom was a little startled by such an adjective in relation to the estimable Macks and Smiths, but he did not discuss the matter; he only went about for two days, not taking much interest in his food, and looking a little sad and absent, and making Annie's heart ache over her own unkindness.

As for the side Tom had deserted, discussion raged; and Mr. Gordon, with a nature like a thermometer, was quick to feel the drop in the village temperature towards himself. But the domestic temperature was perhaps more deliciously warm than before; and as the autumn evenings began to close, dusk and crisp, and full of the scent of fallen leaves, it

was delightful to sit by the library fire, with Annie's hand in his, and read her his poems, and listen to the meanings which she discovered in them. She was very anxious that he should publish his verses; she said, in fact, that such publication would commit him to literature, and that was what she wanted. "Literature is your vocation, Tom. You must work for the world in books," she said; and then told him, her sweet eyes smiling at him in the firelight, that, also, she believed he could make money by writing. "You are superior to such a low motive, you old idealist," she said, gayly; "so I have to be the practical one, and remind you of it."

"Well, I suppose a successful book is a good thing, as far as money goes," he agreed; "I hadn't thought of that."

"Of course you hadn't!" she jeered. "A man whose sense of honor makes him fail in business would not be apt to think of it." She gave him an adoring look.

"Well," Tom confessed, "business is not my forte. I am so unfortunate as to have a conscience—which will keep us from ever being rich, I fear, my beloved. So perhaps you are right; perhaps I have got to do my work to raise humanity with my pen as a lever."

"*Work to raise humanity*," she repeated, her face growing serious. "Oh, Tom dear, when I see how you feel the responsibility of life, it makes me feel ashamed of my own little, selfish views. Yes; you must write! I only wish the people in Old Chester were in the least intellectual. It would be so good for you to have the stimulus of some really vital thought. They are dears, you know, but they can't be called intellectual."

"Well, hardly," said Tom, smiling.

"The only person here with any mind to speak of," Annie said, thoughtfully, "is Judge Morrison. I have never liked him very much, he is so grim; but I must say he has a mind. I think even you would find him interesting; and intellectually he is away ahead of anybody in Old Chester; I think he would realize what you are, if he only knew you."

Tom said he thought that the Judge was a strong character. "What a forlorn life, though, for a scholarly man! No companion but that poor foolish old sister. Why don't you ask him to come to dinner some time, Annie? It would be only kind."

"It's like a school of ethics to live with a poet," Annie declared, laughing. "Of course I will ask him, but I should never have been nice enough to think of such a thing."

"Well, you mustn't talk to him about my poetry," Tom commanded, good-naturedly.

Annie laughed with joy, and told him he was a modest old goose; and certainly a part of her affectionate assertion was true. After that they were silent for a while, sitting there before the fire—Tom, who had a good digestion, reflecting upon the very good dinner which he had just eaten, and Annie thinking of Judge Morrison. After all, it would be a good thing to invite him; he would be sure to appreciate Tom; and though Judge Morrison was not loved in Old Chester, he was respected, so his good opinion was not to be despised. Alas! poor Annie had been forced to admit that since Tom had backed and filled about Dr. Lavendar, Old Chester was certainly colder towards him.

"I feel it," he told her. "I am as sensitive as a thermometer to coldness."

"Don't mind it; they are not worth minding," Annie had said, angrily. But Tom did mind it, and so he became more smiling and cordial and flattering than ever.

"Oh, if he only wouldn't be so *pleasant!*" Gertrude Mack confided to her mother. "Why can't he be just polite, like other people? But he is so disgustingly pleasant!" Annie did not, of course, have an idea of any such unreasonableness; but she knew that Old Chester, poor, narrow-minded, stupid Old Chester, did not appreciate Tom; and as it looked as though they would have to spend the winter there (Tom's exigent conscience preventing him from securing any business position), it was certainly desirable that some one should make people see what manner of man they were ignoring. "When they *know* him!" she thought passionately; and said to herself something about "entertaining angels unawares." From which it will be seen that she was very far gone. Why Judge Morrison was more apt to recognize angels than other folks Annie did not say; but she believed it would be well to cultivate him. So the invitation was sent and accepted, and the Judge came.

The host, whose geniality was always aggressive, and the hostess, who felt all the emotion of a good deed, were bubbling over with kindness. The Judge made himself agreeable, and never showed his fangs in one of his wicked old laughs. But how he watched them!

Annie found him a most attentive and courteous listener when she talked about her husband—or tried to make him talk about himself. "Tom!" she would say, in her pretty, enthusiastic way, "do tell Judge Morrison what you said to me the other day about work. Do you remember? It seemed to me a beautiful way of putting our responsibility to others." And Tom, without the slightest consciousness of humor, solemnly repeated his platitude, Annie listening intently, and looking at him with rapt eyes.

"I want him to write a book about it, Judge Morrison," she said.

"Well, you will have to keep him up to his duties, Mrs. Gordon," the Judge declared. "Literary men are lazy, you know." The allusion gave Annie her opportunity, and in she rushed where angels might well have feared to tread.

"Tom isn't lazy; indeed, he insists," she complained, gayly, "upon writing all the morning, instead of entertaining me. He has just finished a most beautiful thing. I wish he would read it to you. (Now, Tom, be quiet! I *will* speak of it.) He's perfectly absurd, Judge Morrison; he won't let me talk about his poems."

Of course the Judge deprecated such modesty — "Unless the poems are too deep for the casual listener?"

"Oh, no, no!" Tom protested, kindly; "not at all, I'm sure."

"When did you first publish?" the Judge said, meditatively. "Let me see—the 'Epithalamium' is in a collection I have, but I'm ashamed to say I've forgotten the date; you must have been quite young, and—"

Annie and Tom were both exclaiming; but Theophilus Morrison went on, with the greatest urbanity:

"Have you not a volume of your husband's poems at hand, Mrs. Gordon?"

The protest that Tom had not published a book ("*would* not publish a book," Annie put it) caused the guest great surprise—"and regret as well. Still, you cannot escape fame, you know, Mr. Gordon. Your 'Epithalamium,' in the collection of which I spoke, is a proof of it. Or is it a case of infringement of copyright? Come, come, that is in my dry-as-dust line. We poor lawyers have no poetry in us, but the excuse for our existence is to protect the rights of you unpractical poets."

Annie was greatly excited. "Tom, somebody has stolen the 'Epithalamium'! No, Judge Morrison, it was never printed. My husband has a peculiar reticence and reserve about such things: (Tom, I *will* speak!) I hope he is going to publish a book this winter, but he has always been absurdly modest about his literary work. You see, it is quite evident that some wretched person has stolen it. What is the collection? How did the thief get hold of it? Perhaps the satin sheet was stolen from some one who came to the wedding—oh, what a wretch!"

Annie's eyes shone with anger, and she breathed tremulously. Tom frowned and protested: "Don't, Annie; I beg of you. I don't mind in the least—"

"*I* mind!" Annie said, valiantly. "Judge Morrison, tell me the name of the collection, please. Has it just been published?"

"No; oh no!" the Judge said. "I really didn't observe the date. It seemed rather an old book, but I did not look for the date."

Annie's wrath collapsed. "Oh, then it can't be. Tom only wrote it, you know, last summer."

"Really?" the Judge said, looking puzzled. "Ah, well, perhaps I am mistaken; but I'll send you the little volume, and—"

"Oh, no, no!" his host insisted. "Please don't think of taking so much trouble. It isn't of the slightest importance, I assure you. Pray don't—"

"Oh, no trouble at all, Mr. Gordon. Delighted to be of service to Mrs. Gordon. So long as it is not plagiarism, she will be entertained by my mistake."

He was so agreeable for the rest of the evening that Annie said afterwards it only showed the effect of kindness, even on a crabbed, hard nature like his. "How he blossomed out!" she said, when the door closed on the Judge. "Poor old dear! It has done him good. How lovely it was in you to think of it, Tom!"

Tom was silent for a moment, and then said, sharply, that he wished that that woman of Annie's, in the kitchen, wouldn't

spoil her soups by putting so much wine in them. "Might as well drink cooking-sherry at once as take her clear soup."

Annie looked at him in astonishment; why should he call the cook hers in that way? (Annie had not been married long enough to know that the cook is always "hers" when the dinner is not good.) Tom was evidently displeased, which was unlike him. She lay awake thinking about it a good while, troubled and perplexed, trying to adjust bad temper to a noble soul. She was not at all hurt; she was so sure that there was some good reason behind the unreasonable words; and by-and-by, in a flash, she found it, and laughed a little, silently, to herself:—Tom had felt slighted because she had talked too much to the Judge; he had missed their tranquil, tender evening by the fireside. He was not jealous—of course not; jealousy is stupid and ignoble—but he had certainly felt slighted. She smiled to herself, with a warm glow in her heart, and leaned over and kissed him. "You old stupid," she said to herself, "as if he, or any other man, is good enough to black your boots!"

V.

Of course the little battered copy of *The Bride* was a bomb-shell. As for the explosion, there is no use going into that; it is too unpleasant. When husbands and wives fall out, the best thing the by-standers can do is to put their fingers in their ears and look for a door—a mouse-hole!

In this instance, when the first bang and crash were over, two white and terrified people looked at each other, and each believed that, so far as their happiness was concerned, the end of the world had come.

"Don't you see?" Annie said, in a low voice. "It means, I did not marry—*you!*"

"Ah, my wife," Tom stammered, "must you always misjudge me—I, who would die for your happiness?" He tried, poor fellow, to assume his grand manner, but all in vain; he was like a rooster, drenched and dripping, trying to crow in the rain. "I—I think you are rather mean, Annie, to—to accuse me in this way."

Well! well! What was going to become of them? Annie's ideal had suddenly shifted and revealed the reality. The drapery of truth and nobility, the cloth of golden honor, the jewels of poetic thought, slipped off—and there was the poor, lean, jointed wooden figure on which all these fine things had been draped!

"You are not *true*. You were not true about Dr. Lavendar; I see that now. It's part of the same thing. I think perhaps you are—a coward. It isn't that I care that you didn't write the poem; it is that you are not—you." And then she went away and shut herself up in her room.

Tom roved about, wretched, hungry (for to eat at such a moment would have been an artistic insult to the situation), and really frightened. Besides, he was very unhappy. There is nothing which is such killing pain as to realize that one who loves us is unjust to us; and in his timid mind Tom Gordon knew that his wife was unjust to him. For, when you come to think of it, is there anything more unjust than to build gold and brass and iron on poor, well-meaning clay, and then blame the clay when the whole image falls into dust? To be sure, Tom did not know he was clay; but he suffered, all the same, at the injustice which was done him.

When Annie shut her door she stood leaning up against it, shivering and bewildered.

Tom had not written the Epithalamium; he had not been straightforward about Dr. Lavendar. It seemed now as if a multitude of shadowy deceits began to close in upon her—a sentence twisted to some other than its obvious meaning—an assent that was explained as a dissent.

Annie put her hands up to her head and tried to steady herself, for indeed it seemed as though the earth moved under her feet. Her husband was noble, he was loyal, he was an idealist with the purest ethical perception, and—*he had lied.* How was she going to adjust these things? They must be adjusted, or else—

She walked restlessly about the room, twisting her hands nervously together. "What am I going to do?" she kept saying to herself. She stopped once at her desk, and picked up a letter and glanced at it with absent eyes; it was from the "poor Smiths'" girl, who was "studying art" on the inspiration of Annie's belief in her: "Did Mrs. Gordon think she had best take a course now in this, or

that, or the other?" Annie turned the letter over and looked at the date; it was nearly a month old, and was still unanswered. "Why *should* he have deceived me?" she said to herself; "what was the object?" Even as she read it the letter slipped from her mind and was forgotten.

That was a very bad day for Annie. Tom knocked once at the door, and she said, in a muffled voice, "Go away, please," and poor Tom went down stairs, miserably; and looking to the right and left, and seeing no worshipper, took a good two fingers of whiskey, after which he was temporarily cheered. But another day passed; still Annie kept to herself. By that time Tom was thoroughly scared. So he made up his mind to go and see Dr. Lavendar. Advice he had to have; this kind of thing couldn't go on.

He went that night. Dr. Lavendar was not at home; and Tom, looking lantern-jawed and sunken-eyed, sat and waited for him. The waiting made him more and more nervous; and poor Tom, being the kind of man who expresses his emotion by tears (and is thought the better of by ladies on account of his "fineness"), was tremulously near weeping. Perhaps it was as well, for it made him quicker to leave his high horse and come down to facts. He was a little jaunty at first with the old clergyman, a little inclined to be indirect, but he was too genuinely miserable to keep it up long.

"Women are so sweetly unreasonable sometimes," he began, "and though Annie is the most charming of her sex, she is a woman, you know. The fact is she is a bit offended at me, and I really think I'll have to call you in as a mediator, Dr. Lavendar."

"Ho!" said Dr. Lavendar. "Take a pipe, man, and don't fash yourself. Mediator? Do you want me to put my head between the upper and nether millstones?"

Tom smiled feebly. "Annie is terribly offended at me," he said, with a drop in his manner, his chin quivering; "I don't know what to do."

The old clergyman looked at him gravely. "Do ye deserve it?" he said.

Tom, summoning a pleasantly jocose air, smiled, and protested that he supposed nobody was perfect; and perhaps he—well, Dr. Lavendar knew that to be great was to be misunderstood!

"The fact is, Annie has misunderstood me in a little matter."

"So you're great, are you?" the old man said, good-humoredly.

"Oh, well, never mind that," Tom answered, serious and anxious, yet speaking kindly.

Dr. Lavendar took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at him.

"Well, well!" he said.

"Yes," Tom went on, his face clouding; "it all came out of a misunderstanding; but Annie has made herself very unhappy over it—and I would die rather than cause Annie any unhappiness. What is my life good for but to make her happy?"

The clergyman was silent.

"The fact is—well, I hardly know how to tell you"—Mr. Gordon's embarrassment made his face red—"it is so absurd. Such a tempest in a teapot! and it has all grown out of a bit of forgetfulness on my part. I never supposed that she was so—absurd!" An edge of irritation broke in upon his embarrassment and helped him on in his explanation. Dr. Lavendar did not help him at all.

"You see, the way it was—you know, of course, that I write poetry? Well, things strike me in very original ways sometimes (of course my poems are entirely original); but just before I was married I came across some verses on marriage—a marriage ode, so to speak—they are called epithalamiums, you know—and I copied it for Annie, making a few changes, just to make it more apt, so to speak. I was so pressed for time just then that I couldn't write a proper one, as I meant to. I was going to tell Annie how I had copied it for her, but she unfortunately found it in my notebook, and, very foolishly, supposed it was mine. I'm sure, if I couldn't write better poetry than that, I should give up literature! Well, the awkward thing was that before I knew it she had shown it to two or three people. Of course when she told me I was very much annoyed. I knew it would embarrass her to explain to people that she'd made a mistake, don't you know?—especially as she had actually gone and had the thing printed on satin without saying anything to me about it. You see, it really was very awkward."

Dr. Lavendar nodded. "It was awkward."

"Of course I meant to explain as soon as I got the chance; but she was always

talking about it and praising it—it seemed as if I never could get the chance! I hope I don't need to tell you I meant to do it. But I overlooked it; or, rather, I never seemed to find the right moment. *You* understand?" he ended, in that warm, intimate tone which almost always moved women, but had a curiously irritating effect on men.

"I can't say that I do," Dr. Lavendar said; "it merely seems to me that you deceived your wife."

"Deceived!" Tom said, hotly. "I don't see how you make that out! I was careless, I admit; but isn't everybody careless once in a while? As for deceiving her—well, I don't pretend to be a great poet, but I must say, if I couldn't do better than that thing—! No; it was merely a matter of opportunity. I intended to explain it to her, but she was always telling me how beautiful it was, and all that, and—"

"Is there anything else?" Dr. Lavendar interrupted him.

"Well, this confounded parish misunderstanding," Mr. Gordon said, angrily; "she's brought that up again. I swear, Dr. Lavendar, women are—"

"What parish misunderstanding?"

"Well—why, you know—" Tom began, but suddenly floundered. "Oh, well, the Macks and those people are fussing over some trouble, and I think they misunderstood my attitude slightly; of course I feel, with Annie, the warmest regard—but—well, Annie doesn't seem to understand, and—"

"What's the parish trouble?" the old minister said. "I don't know of any parish trouble. What do you mean?"

"Oh, some nonsense the new people have been talking," Tom answered, hastily. "But Annie couldn't see why I didn't say all I thought to everybody. She can't understand that reserve which is the characteristic of the artistic temperament. And justice. I am a very fair-minded man, Dr. Lavendar; I can see the new people's side, and I can see the other side. And I listen to both sides."

"That's fair; that's fair."

"Yes," Tom agreed, warmly; "I think that, whatever else I may be, I am fair. I am a perfect thermometer in my sensitiveness to anything like injustice; so I was willing to hear both sides. But Annie feels now that I didn't make my opinions clear. But I couldn't be responsible for other people's stupidity!" he ended, impatiently.

"Annie seems to think, then, that your opinion on this matter, whatever it is, is important?" Dr. Lavendar said.

"Well, yes, she does. I think she exaggerates it a little; in fact"—he dropped into his confidential and intimate tone—"I tell her she thinks too well of me."

"I suppose that's the whole trouble," Dr. Lavendar said, ruminatingly.

Tom hesitated, not quite catching the sense of the remark. "The trouble? Well, it's just the feminine inability to grasp the masculine attitude towards things. Annie is temperamentally unable to understand any point of view not her own."

"Ho!" said Dr. Lavendar.

"But what in the world am I going to do?" the anxious husband went on. "Why—Dr. Lavendar, she—she *won't see me!*" He fairly broke down at that, and fumbled in his pockets in a way that made Dr. Lavendar say, "Here! take mine," and pretend not to see him.

Tom mopped his eyes, and Dr. Lavendar got up; he took his pipe out of his mouth, and filled it slowly, stuffing the tobacco down into the bowl with his stubborn old thumb; then he lighted it, and pulled his coat tails forward under his arms, and thrust his hands down into his pockets.

"Well, sir, as I understand it, Annie has a very high opinion of you?"

"Dr. Lavendar," Tom said, earnestly, "don't think I am finding fault with my wife for lack of appreciation. I am perfectly ready to admit that she means to be appreciative. It is only that—that she can't seem to see—" His voice trailed off miserably.

"She thinks you are a fine fellow?" the old clergyman said, with a keen look.

Tom looked modest.

"When she's told you so, you let it pass, didn't you?"

"Oh, well, of course, I am always telling her she thinks too well of me—"

"And when you tell her she thinks too well of you, she tells you that you are too humble? Hey? doesn't she?"

"Well, yes," Tom admitted.

"And the more you protest, the better she thinks of you? And when you want cakes and ale, she thinks you ask for virtue?"

Tom drew his handsome brows together

in a puzzled way. "I'm a perfectly abstemious man—"

"Ha!" said Dr. Lavendar. "Well, well; that's a point in your favor, I'm sure. I suppose, now, Gordon, you always try to see what Annie likes or approves, and you like and approve it too? To please her, you know?"

"Yes;" Tom agreed, eagerly, "I've always done everything I could to please her; and it's a little unkind that she can't trust me now."

"Annie is rather taken up with philanthropy nowadays," Dr. Lavendar said, thoughtfully, "and I think I've heard you talk a little about it?"

"Oh yes," Tom agreed, absently; and added something about "working for humanity," but Dr. Lavendar did not notice it.

"You've been interested in all her projects, haven't you? You've been sympathetic about Esther Smith, when perhaps the rest of us have been rather cross about it? I don't believe you ever told her you were tired of Esther? Well, that's been very pleasant for Annie; I'm sure of that—I'm sure of that!"

Tom began to brighten up. "I'm glad you see my side of it, sir," he said.

"I suppose you never told your wife a story that wasn't just fit for a lady's ears?" Dr. Lavendar went on, putting his pipe into the other corner of his mouth, and nodding his white head.

"I'm sure I hope not," Tom answered, warmly.

"Well, why not?" Dr. Lavendar inquired. Mr. Gordon looked at him in astonishment.

"Why, Annie wouldn't like it!"

"I suppose you know one or two, though?" the minister said. Tom's face dropped into sudden lines of mean mirth.

"Well, I could tell you—" he began.

"You needn't," Dr. Lavendar broke in. "I knew you had some on hand. Well, now, you haven't staid away from church on Sundays, because Annie wouldn't like you to?"

"No, she wouldn't like it," Tom agreed; "not but what I'm delighted to hear you preach, sir."

"Yes, yes, of course," the clergyman said, and was silent for a moment.

"You see," Tom said, "it's just what I told you—I've done everything to please her."

"I believe you have," said Dr. Lavendar—"I believe you have." He paused, and looked at Tom, drawing his lips in, and frowning. "Mr. Gordon, do you want me to tell you the whole trouble?"

"I wish you would," Tom said, in a dispirited way. "As you see, I've left nothing undone to please Annie, and yet just see how she treats me!"

"Well," the minister began, slowly, "she's the one to blame."

"I knew you'd say that," Tom said, eagerly.

"She's entirely to blame. And there's only one way to set this matter right—tell her so."

"Well, doesn't that seem a little severe?" Tom remonstrated, hopefully. "You know I *was* forgetful. I didn't remember to explain the—the accident about the epithalamium."

"I wouldn't go into that, if I were you," Dr. Lavendar said, mildly. "I'd go home and face her with her own fault. I tell you, man, if you can do it, there's hope for you both; if ye can't, I'm afraid there are darker days ahead of you."

"You think I ought to show her how unreasonable she is?"

"I think you ought to go and stand up like a man and say to her: 'Look here; this has got to stop, this foolish and wicked business. Now listen to me.' (This is what I'd say, you know:) 'Listen to me; you are a cruel and unscrupulous woman—'"

"Oh, well, but," Tom interrupted, "she doesn't mean to be cruel. I think she—"

"Listen, sir! you can do as you choose; but I tell you this is the only way *I* see out of your difficulty. 'You are a cruel and unscrupulous and selfish woman' (you'll say). 'You have chosen to believe that I amount to something. You have made up your mind that I am a fine fellow. Now listen to me—*I'm not.* I'm a mean, shallow, cowardly man, and I won't have you pushing me up on a pedestal where I don't belong.' Gordon, if you can say that to her," (Tom sat looking at him, open-mouthed)—"if you can tell her that never for a moment since she married you has she let you be yourself—if you can tell her that she is a thief, that she has stolen your littleness and your meanness and your badness, for that matter, and left you a poor, miserable, cowardly sneak, walking about in her petticoats, speaking her thoughts, and living her goodness (for Annie *is* a good child)—

if you can make her see this, why, bless my heart, man, you'll save both of you! The fault in this matter is not yours, it's hers."

Tom Gordon rose, white and speechless. Dr. Lavendar came and put his hand on his shoulder, his keen old eyes kind and anxious.

"Gordon, my dear fellow, look here; can't you be yourself? Annie will love you better; she'll love *you*, not herself, which is what she loves now. And we'll all be fond of you. And—it will be a relief to you. You know it will. Man to man, tell me, now, aren't you tired of it sometimes?"

"Damn it!" the other said, choking, "I —I am!"

Dr. Lavendar took Tom's big, meaningless hand in his kind little grip.

"God bless you, my boy! Go now, and be as bad as you want to be. It will save you both—I believe it will save you both!"

Tom went. Dr. Lavendar watched him hurrying off through the dusk, and shook his white head sadly.

Did Mr. Gordon take Dr. Lavendar's advice? If he did, he never came back and told the old man. And he certainly did not blossom out into crime. But there must have been some kind of reconciliation patched up. Annie must have arranged that lie somehow. Just how she did it is not important, I suppose. How do we all fit facts to our ideals? We keep our respect for our tippling husbands by saying that the fault is only the virtue of good-fellowship gone to seed. We occasionally continue fond of our whining, fussing wives by assuring ourselves that the nagging and worrying spring from a fine anxiety to excel. Well, well! So it goes. Annie must have reconciled her heart and head in some sort of way. Perhaps she called the lie a fib; perhaps she blamed herself for not having given Tom the opportunity to explain; perhaps she even exalted him into a martyr, by saying to herself that he had borne this accident of deceit on his most sensitive conscience so as to spare her the mortification of realizing her mistake. Love is capable of looking at facts in this cross-eyed way!

But some adjustment must have been made; for when the Gordons closed their house and went away to Mercer, Annie told Gertrude Mack that she was heavenly happy—she didn't believe any woman had ever been so happy! ("One would have thought, to hear her," Gertrude told Helen Smith, "that Annie had discovered matrimony!") And then she said, on the whole she believed that the new people were right, and Dr. Lavendar *was* too old to preach any longer.

"Besides," she said, "he is dreadfully narrow, and perfectly incapable of understanding a sensitive and imaginative nature. And you know that sort of man can do infinite harm!"

A remark which might cause a thoughtful person to wonder what account Tom had given her of his interview with the old minister.

PROMETHEUS POETA.

BY ALFRED H. LOUIS.

O YE, the Poet-soul's sweet, dangerous friends,
Forlornness, Solitude, and Loneliness,
How shall to your dark sowings of distress
Pierce the great sunshine-force that moulds and blends,
Till Autumn's glow the crowning harvest sends?
How shall the dweller far from all caress
Yet, by great Love's creative plastic stress,
Fulfil the god's, the Muse's, sacred ends?
The sad, vast, voiceless universe answereth not;
They answer not, the files of passing hours;
They leave him still to struggle with the powers
Of light and darkness, chained unto the spot,
The ancient penance-place of all who dare
Bring Heaven's own fire to burn in earthly air.

NEW ERA IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER.

I.

INTO three periods may be divided the business history of the western Mississippi Valley — settlement, extravagance, and depression. Upon a fourth it is now entering, and to the millions who, seeking new homes, have there invested their all, as well as to the Eastern friends whose money they have borrowed, the outcome thereof is of deep interest. Over rich-soiled prairies, six hundred miles north and south, and reaching from the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri River, the States of Nebraska and Kansas and the Territory of Oklahoma, because of the energy of the people and their remarkably rapid development, form a widely advertised and much-discussed section. The business thermometer, telling of advances and retrogressions in the new lands, has been closely watched, and those who have had faith during the time of depression are pleased to find the present readings encouraging.

The prairies were settled at high-pressure; life has been at high-pressure ever since. The throngs that rushed into the virgin lands in the early seventies, settling on the first claim that offered, making contracts for payment without thought of possible crop failure, and hoping and believing all things told them by voluble land agents, laid thereby the foundation for disappointment and setbacks. Those who followed during the next decade gave but little more consideration to the climatic conditions and the needs and resources of the soil. The claims along the Colorado border at an elevation of 3500 feet were as eagerly taken as those near the Missouri bottoms at 750, and it was believed that all would prove equally productive. The population of Kansas in 1870 was 364,399; in 1880, 996,096; in 1888, 1,518,552. Nebraska had, in 1870, 122,923; in 1880, 452,402; in 1890, 1,058,910. This enormous influx, largely of people without means, and in a majority of instances without practical experience in the development of raw lands, was unprecedented. The most extravagant plans were laid, and everything was done on the largest possible scale. Even the State documents of the earlier times boasted of the wonderful riches and teeming population the commonwealths would have in 1890, "if the present rate of increase keeps up." Wheat raising was found to be successful. Fields were sown of such size that the overland trains on the just completed railroads were stopped between stations to enable the passengers to feast their eyes on the wondrous sight. Sheep thrived, and flocks were driven from New Mexico numbering tens of thousands, while wrinkled merinos were imported from New York and Ohio to be placed on farms whose value that of a dozen of the animals would have more than equalled.

From the farms the desire for speedy riches spread to the towns, and in the summer of 1885 began the "boom." Additions were laid out for miles around the county-seats; stakes for lots and alleys, and furrows bounding boulevards and avenues, disturbed the pasturing cattle and awakened the interest of the farm-hand. People look back to those days now and wonder if a wave of insanity swept over the West. It seemed plausible then that every town would be a commercial metropolis or a great railway centre—or both; twenty villages in each State coveted the capital, and not a few believed that in time the greatness of the new West would necessitate the abandonment of Washington for a national headquarters on the plains. It was not joking, this wild inflation—never were men more in earnest. The evidence of their sincerity exists to-day in handsome brick and stone blocks unoccupied, in carved marble pillars and staircases ornamenting half-empty school-houses and office buildings, and in uneven road surfaces telling of the sometime presence of street-railway ties.

This it was that burdened the plains with debt. To adorn the farms, to build the blocks and school-houses, to equip the railway lines, the people issued their due-bills in the shape of mortgages, bonds, and corporation stock. It was the capital with which was constructed the fabric of their dreams. By this means the settlers had at their command the coffers and savings of the East, and even much from across the Atlantic. While it was

welcome, it was not altogether the fault of the West that it came. Said the manager of a large investment and loan company, which failed some years ago with liabilities of over ten million dollars: "It is a fact that during many months of 1886 and 1887 we were unable to get enough mortgages for the people of the East who wished to invest in that kind of security. My desk was piled every morning with hundreds of letters, each enclosing a draft, and asking me to send a farm mortgage from Kansas or Nebraska." Is it any wonder that men were urged to borrow more than they needed, or that rascally agents were tempted to place a larger loan on a farm than its value warranted?

In the winter of 1887–8 the end came. Every one wanted to sell at once, and none could find a buyer. The story of what followed is an old one. The collapse of the boom was not confined to the West; the South suffered as well. The enormous depreciation of property was followed by a succession of short crops on the plains, and accentuated by political vagaries that attracted attention throughout the civilized world. Yet the story of the past decade is not less interesting than that of the years when frontier life was testing the courage and endurance of the hardy pioneers. It has been a time of struggle with debt, with bad credit, with decreasing values, and lessening population. Thousands of farmers deserted the much-mortgaged claim, loaded the family into a white-covered prairie-schooner, and, in current phrase, "went back to the wife's folks." From the western third of Kansas and Nebraska one hundred thousand people departed. In one season eighteen thousand prairie-schooners passed east over the Missouri River bridge at Omaha—never to return. Loan companies could not collect the interest on the mortgages they had negotiated, and failed. Out of about three hundred that were chartered in Kansas, six stood the test and pulled through. The Middle West was called on to meet its obligations, and could not find the resources therefor. It was practically impossible to sell real estate for money—land had no cash value. There was a trading value and a taxable value—that was all. The Western people did not tell the world how bad it was. The papers cheerfully prevaricated when they reported large "sales" that were actually trades. Foreclosure notices and bank statements were hidden away on the inner pages of the paper, and failures were, by common consent, not published at all. In the assets of the suspended banks and loan companies were found lots in boom "additions." The receivers sold them under the hammer for from one to three per cent. of their cost, and were glad to get it.

The Eastern investors tried to realize on the securities they had bought, and could not. They foreclosed the farm and city mortgages and took the property. Mortgagee and mortgagor were alike displeased, and demagogues took advantage of the situation to trade on the feeling of antagonism. They said hard and abusive words concerning the "plutocrats," and found a means to ride into political power through the echo of their own bitter rantings. The men and women who had worked for years to make homes had no sympathy with this abuse of the East. "Back East" was for them, and is to-day, the land of halcyon memories. There they played beneath stately elms, studied in old-fashioned school-houses, and loved and married. But the frenzy of depression was contagious, and sentiments were uttered and printed which have since brought blushes to their authors.

In the East the effect was less marked, but not the less definite and positive. The investors felt that they had been defrauded, and resented it by refusing to place more funds beyond the Missouri—except in special instances.

The Middle West was experiencing such conditions when Oklahoma was opened. The two great rushes for homes in that splendid expanse of fertile acres took thousands out of the two States to the north. All who failed in their desires saw here a chance to retrieve their fortunes, and many abandoned their claims in order to begin over again in the new lands. When it is remembered that in the four and eight years that have elapsed since the openings the Territory has come to a population of 275,587, and an assessed valuation, on a basis of one-fourth to one-third the real value, of $35,034,752, the importance of the drain on the adjoining commonwealths can be understood. At the beginning there was not a white man inside the entire expanse of the Territory; now it is an

empire in itself, outranking a dozen different States in population. But the people there had the same experiences as to crops and business conditions for several years as the rest of the prairie West, and the stories of want were not unlike the ones that reached the East in the old times of the grasshoppers on the plains.

The West was many years paying the debt incurred by its overweening ambition and its indiscreet speculations. The period of depression, beginning in 1888, covered eight years. In it were learned lessons of saving, of thrift, of endurance. They were lessons that the West needed to learn. Partly because it was very difficult to borrow, few new debts were incurred. Partly because creditors were pressing, old scores were reduced as much as possible. It was a time of severe business methods, of caustic criticisms from friends in the East, of sackcloth and ashes for those who could not meet the hastily assumed obligations.

II.

With 1897 the clouds lifted. It was in many respects a year of surprises to the business world of the plains. Few realize why its record stands out so brightly compared with the half-dozen seasons gone before. There have been published glowing reports of the wheat raised in Kansas, yet in two years in the past decade there have been larger yields. The corn is a boast, yet four years in the decade have done better. The live-stock products are pointed to with pride, yet three years have shown larger cash returns. The aggregate value of all products of farm and ranch has been exceeded twice in ten years. The same is true of Nebraska. Notwithstanding this, it is doubtful if in all the history of the prairies there has been a year when the workers had so much to show for their efforts—both in material values and in enhanced credit—as in the one just past. It was the first step forward that manifested itself prominently. The advance had been going on, but it had not come to the surface.

The crops were above the average, the prices were good, new sowing favorable. But above these things, and working with them, was the fact that the debts, public and private, were no longer nerve-wearing burdens—they had been reduced in the years of economy to reasonable proportions. Herein lies the key to the new era that is opening for the prairie West; it has resources gained through its own toil, and its obligations occupy the place of servant, not of master.

The returns of the grain-fields were most clearly marked in the western third of the section named. For ten years the people there had been hoping for the good crops that once or twice before had been the cause of lifting their hopes, and making them believe that there was a possibility of making permanent homes through the ordinary methods of agriculture. Many of the original settlers had left, discouraged, but those who remained were rewarded by a wonderful return for their labor. On farms that were worth $500 to $800, wheat was taken that brought at the market $1200 to $2000. The high prices that came in midsummer, added to a generous yield and good quality, made the settlers happy. They had the best profit on their investment of any body of people in the nation, probably, and it made them take cheer again—and put in more wheat. In the middle section the year was an average one, except for the better prices for grain; in the eastern portion it was perhaps scarcely up to the usual standard.

But there was money to pay debts, because the savings of the past years had been sufficient to bring the interest charges down and make the burden light. Here is an example: A farmer came into my office one day last summer wearing ragged, faded clothes, and appearing very shabby. "Look pretty tough, don't I?" he remarked, laughing. "Well, it will be better next time. I am going to buy a new suit of clothes this afternoon. I have not had a new suit for five years—just couldn't afford it. My wife has been saving her egg-money, and I have kept up the taxes and interest. Now we are getting out of the woods, and I am to have a suit and she a dress from the egg-money." He said it without any bitterness or regret, as if it were a perfectly natural situation. He felt that he had done his duty, and the new clothes were doubtless worn with a pride and satisfaction unknown where less sacrifice was needed to procure fresh raiment.

The hens are said to have saved Nebraska. From the stations in the interior of the State were shipped thousands of

dozens of eggs every week. The money received for them was about the only clear cash that came into the household, and kept the children fit for school and the wife in presentable clothes. In Kansas the humble cow was more in evidence. Scattered over the plains are the creameries, to which every morning wends a procession of farm-wagons, each containing a dozen or more high tin cans filled with milk from the farms. One county has for six years received from the creameries $250,000 annually in monthly payments. It has been the salvation of the settlers. Others have done nearly as well, and the annual value of the milk products has been from $4,500,000 to $5,000,000. This, added to the help of the hen and the returns of the swine-yard, has been the resource upon which many a family has depended to tide over the lean years. The creameries have also extended into Oklahoma, and, with the trade of Texas and the Gulf ports so close to its gates, the Territory has, relatively, realized more out of the business, perhaps, than its neighbor on the north. Here, too, the wheat was of much value last season. One could stand on the court-house tower at Newkirk in the early days of July and within a radius of six miles count 1960 wheat-stacks and 186 stacks of straw. A Nebraska man bought a farm in Garfield County for $600 in March, and sold $900 worth of wheat from it in June. This was perhaps not so striking as the yield in six western Kansas counties, where it was over 235 bushels for every man, woman, and child living therein, but it was enough.

The disposition made of the generous returns of the fields can, of course, be determined only approximately. While court records show some of the business transactions, there is a vast amount that is known only to the people interested. Extended tables of statistics are often misleading, but there are some facts that cannot be controverted, and which are reliable evidence of the extent to which the Middle West has assumed an independent financial position. For instance, the State mortgage report for Nebraska, for the first six months of 1897, showed 6589 mortgages filed and 8001 released. The amount represented by those released exceeded that of those filed by $913,366. The farm mortgages released amounted to $7,210,240. This sort of reduction has been going on more rapidly since that time, and it has been in course for years, though at a lesser rate. It is estimated by the bank commissioner of Kansas that that State has paid off $30,000,000 of indebtedness in the past year. There has been altogether a reduction of more than two-thirds of the $290,000,000 of mortgage debt with which the State was credited by the government census in 1890. It would be useless to deny that much of the release of mortgage debts has come through the process of foreclosure; especially is this true of the western portion. But probably not more than one-fourth has been so released. The remainder has come through the little savings of the men and women who have toiled faithfully to make homes for their children. The interest charges on the debt owed to foreign capitalists in Kansas and Nebraska is probably not one-tenth of the amount required five years ago. Local capital is taking up the mortgages and bonds, and the people of the West are showing their faith in their own communities by placing their savings there.

A most vital and important problem before the West is the management of the bonded indebtedness assumed in the boom days. Some of this is backed by such wealth that there is no doubt of its future. But in the boom there was little inquiry made as to the reliability of the enterprise for which bonds were sought. Railroads were wanted, and any proposition that would secure them was accepted. Court-houses were built with little regard for the needs of the counties. Out in western Kansas is a court-house costing $20,000. With scarcely a load of wood in the county, there is a handsome fireplace in every office. The total population of the county is but 1800, and the bonds of the county have not yet been reduced. Several court-houses, through the process of mechanics' liens and other legal processes, have come to be owned by individuals, who have been puzzled to know what to do with them. Some of the bonds were issued without the proper formalities, and the counties are taking advantage of this to refuse to pay. Many cases are in the courts, growing out of such issues. It is safe to say that few boom-time bonds that can be defeated will be paid. In many instances, in the newer counties of western Kansas and Nebraska, where there are such contests, the counties are unable to

pay even if they wished. The falling off in valuation has been such that it is out of the question for the people who remain to pay the interest, to say nothing of the principal. Here there must be a scaling down, and mutual forbearance on the part of creditors and debtors, to refund the debts on a basis that can be borne. Many towns are in the same condition—mostly small cities that allowed their ambitions to outrun their income. They sought electric lights, water-works, and street improvements that were out of proportion to their ability and size. When the boom additions were turned back into farm-land by the Legislature, and were assessed by the acre instead of by the square foot, they found the tax-levying and tax-paying ability greatly reduced. It became necessary to reduce the municipal expenses, and sometimes even the most rigid economy on the part of the management has been ineffectual in producing a balance between the receipts and disbursements. Here, too, must there be a scaling down and concessions. Several cities have done this already, having frankly informed their creditors that something of the kind must take place or the town site would be vacated. The investors were shrewd enough to see that half a loaf with certain interest payments was better than their former holding.

It is not that the towns are dishonest; the sneer of "repudiation," flung so readily by those who do not understand the situation, is not applicable. It is a condition which the investor does not regret more than the people who have taken up their residence in the towns so situated. It is one that can best be arranged on a friendly basis, not by force. Debtor and creditor are coming together on these matters, and such concessions as have been indicated are taking place. It means much for the debtor—self-respect, hope, encouragement in making improvements, and the feeling that eventually there will be clean pages in the municipality's bond-book.

Another thing the West has learned. For years it has talked of manufacturing the articles that it uses, but so disastrous have been its attempts to start great manufactories off-hand that now there are few business men who favor bonuses or other extraneous aids to the establishment of such enterprises. Many a town is yet owing the heavy bonds issued to secure a carriage-works or a sugar-mill, that went into bankruptcy a few years after starting — some in a few months. The remoteness from great population centres, the high cost of fuel, and the magnificent distances that are necessary factors of transportation make the task a severe one. The West can manufacture many articles; it has the raw material, and can, by proper development, save freight to the East and back. But it is not trying to achieve all this at a single bound. It is satisfied to have its manufacturing industries developed as are the business investments of the country. In this way they will be on a firm foundation and will stand. The West needs more men at work in mills and shops, but it does not need them if they are to be kept there by issuing bonds.

III.

Two elements that were neglected by the first comers to the plains have been brought to prominence in the past few years, and are now among the most important of the plains region's resources. They are the cattle industry and the raising of such crops as are suitable to the climate. Kaffir corn, the hardy food product that thrives when the drouth is the most severe, did not appear in the reports of the boards of agriculture until about 1892; yet last season nearly ten million dollars' worth was taken from the fields. It is planted in the place formerly occupied by less sturdy crops. Then there are the sorghums, the Jerusalem corn, the millet and maize—they mean the adoption of a system of agriculture that is permanent, that will furnish "roughness" for the stock and make bread for the family, no matter if the rainfall is below the average. It means that there will be no more free seed-wheat or appeals for aid for the West. The cattle industry is of another sort, yet related to this, as it is an adaptation of agricultural pursuits to the climate. Thousands of abandoned claims exist in western Kansas and Nebraska, and thereon graze the herds that have taken the place of the ploughs and harrows. In the western third of the Middle West is the stockman's elysium. There he can turn the herds out on the close-curled "buffalo-grass," and pasture them from Christmas to Christmas. There is no thought of shelter, and but little feed

is provided outside the pastures. They are not needed. To be sure, cattle die. After one storm a few years ago fifty thousand hides were shipped from one station; but the percentage of loss is, on the whole, small. The owners of the cattle are the dictators of the land. They commence with their wire fences at the quarter section forming their home ranch, and forget to stop when they reach the corner. On and on they go, until thousands of acres are enclosed. The owner of the land, who has perhaps taken much of it under foreclosure, hears of it. He writes that the land must not remain under fence without rent. "Come and take it out of the pasture," replies the cattle-man, and the incident is closed. One may drive for sixty miles in western Kansas and Nebraska and western Oklahoma and never be out of cattle-pastures. Fence after fence crosses the road. Probably not more than twenty per cent. of the land is owned by the users, but it is all appropriated. This is a pursuit that will be permanent. It will make its followers well-to-do. It is a money-making, certain line of business.

For a time much was said and written about the promise of irrigation. It was believed that it would revolutionize the plains, and make of them gardens. But that day is past. Irrigation without water is a failure, and the plains have not enough water for the ditches that have been already dug. Vast reaches of upland cannot be reached by water except by pumping it out of the ground, and frequently it is nearly as far to water in that direction as it is overland. Windmill and pump can supply the vegetables, and make sure that there will be enough flour in the bin, but it cannot moisten the whole claim. This has been demonstrated. Along the river bottoms there is hope, and many flourishing irrigation plants exist. Numerous other ditch properties, however, are in the hands of receivers, and are losing money. The future usefulness of irrigation seems likely to be confined to small territories favorably situated, rather than to be applied to the plains generally.

The houses need paint; the yards need shrubbery and flowers. The "new" has worn off the buildings erected during the boom, and there has been little renovation. The picture of a plains village has been one heavy with unpainted or faded houses of simple lines, of square-fronted store structures and offices. Here and there looms up a "block" of stone or brick, which does not pay one-half of one per cent. on the investment it represents. In the hard years property has been neglected, and there has been a feeling on the part of the occupants that somehow they would leave the place soon. They put off the improvements, and consequently the towns present a neglected appearance. This is passing away now. The painters are busy; there is a new roof here and there to tell of progress; the feeling of unrest has been succeeded by one that the West is a pretty good locality after all; that the East has forgotten its children after so long an absence, and that it is as well to prepare to reside in the present abiding-place.

The era of prosperity has done a great deal for the people in contentment. There is less talk of "back East," though it is as dear as ever. Little graves are in the Western cemeteries—those squares of hallowed sod fenced off from the far reaches of level land—and make a new tie for those to whom they are a shrine. The people are holding "old settlers' reunions," proud of their long residence on the plains. This is a good sign. It marks the beginning of a time when the land shall be to them a home, not merely a stopping-place. And then there are more people each year. The low-water mark came about 1896. Then the tide turned, and each census shows a growth over the preceding year. In the past few weeks reports have come of the arrival of special trains bringing immigrants from farther East. Every real-estate agent reports sales far in excess of the past half-dozen years. The farms are selling, and the land all over the plains region is increasing in price. City property is not yet gaining so much as farm-lands, but it is in better condition than in a long time. The additions are being ploughed up and planted to wheat. The surplus houses are moved to the country, and are making pleasant homes for farmers' families. The towns are thus being reduced to a size appropriate to the number of people who inhabit them. The banks have vastly increased their deposits. The latest statement shows that in the banks of Nebraska is deposited $33,914,406, an increase over last year of about $7,000,000. In Kansas is deposited $41,094,712, an increase of

$9,000,000. In both States the reserve in the banks' vaults is over fifty per cent. of the deposits. The fifty-four banks of Oklahoma have on deposit $1,982,385, of which fifty-one per cent. is in cash in the vaults. These figures tell more eloquently than can words the position of the people of the plains in saving their earnings.

Western Kansas and Nebraska have many problems to solve. They comprise the difficulty of handling the semi-arid section where the rainfall is deficient. It has been demonstrated that agriculture will not succeed. Empty sod cabins are plenty; school-houses have no occupants; cattle are stabled in what were once store-buildings; whole town sites are deserted; the people have begun over again. Business is yet a speculation, though it is passing out of that stage. The debts must be adjusted, the bonds arranged so that the payments can be met and the conditions simplified. It will never be a thickly settled country, but there will be prosperity and good returns on the investments made. In central and eastern Nebraska and Kansas the same solidity that exists in the East may be expected, and will be found. The crop failures are an exception; the agriculture is so diversified and the pursuits so varied that no general failure is possible. Big barns, that would do credit to Pennsylvania, are scattered over the well-fenced farms; the farmers ride in carriages, and the farmers' boys and girls have bicycles. It is becoming more Eastern every day, and one may well forget that it is in the West at all. Oklahoma is looking earnestly forward to Statehood, with all the Indian Territory added to its present extent. This will make a great commonwealth, rich in all the natural resources that fertile soil and mineral riches can give. With a climate that will raise corn or cotton, wheat or sugar-cane, it is located near to the rapidly advancing Gulf ports, and has thus an advantage over the country farther north. In a short time the claims will all have been "proved up," and the settlers will own them in fee-simple. Then they will have a start, such as no other body of settlers of the West ever enjoyed—out of debt, and with the improvements secured from the land itself. One county of Oklahoma is the most evenly settled of any territory in the world, probably—one family on every quarter section, and only one. The people are among the most energetic and progressive in the nation, and they have had the experience of other settlements by which to profit. If they cannot make a model commonwealth, it will be strange.

IV.

The period of settlement in the Middle West is gone, never to return. The time of extravagance will not be repeated, for its lessons were burned deep into the hearts of all. It left behind broken hopes, tormenting debts, ruined homes, blighted ambitions. The prophecies upon which it was based can again receive no credence from those who saw the wreckage of the receding financial wave. Without extravagance there is little danger of great depression. Short crops may, and doubtless will, come; prices may fluctuate and localities have their rise and fall; but with plans laid on conservative lines, and the motto "Pay as you go" made the underlying principle of the people's business dealings, widespread or long-continued backslidings will be impossible.

The period on which the West is entering gives promise of being one of permanent prosperity; it is based on those things which are not influenced seriously by climatic vagaries. The hot winds may come, but the Kaffir corn and cane will wave green banners. The rains may be far between, but the milk-cart will continue its journey to the creamery. Hail may fall, but the cattle on the level reaches will not be hurt. Diversified agriculture will provide for failure in a single crop by giving yields of others. Irrigation will lend its aid in opportune places to insure bountiful gardens. In short, the West is settling down to make the most of the resources which it possesses, and has ceased worrying about those it possesses not. In that lies the secret of its future, and so generally is this recognized that the prairies ought to be taken out of the "doubtful list" and placed with those portions of the nation of which certain results can be predicted, and where unvarying advances follow the seasons round. This is the ideal of the West; for this it is working, and over the threshold of such an experience its people believe it has passed.

RODEN'S CORNER.*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

CHAPTER XXV.

CLEARING THE AIR.

"It is as difficult to be entirely bad as it is to be entirely good."

PERCY RODEN, who had been to Utrecht and Antwerp, arrived home on the evening of the day that saw Lord Ferriby's advent to the Hague. Though the day had been fine enough, the weather broke up at sunset, and great clouds chased the sun towards the west. Then the rain came suddenly and swept across the plains in a slanting fury. A cold wind from the southeast followed hard upon the heavy clouds, and night came in a chaos of squall and beating rain. Roden was drenched in his passage from the carriage to the Villa des Dunes, which, being a summer residence, had not been provided with a carriage-drive across the dunes from the road. He looked at his sister with tired eyes when she met him in the entrance-hall. He was worn and thinner than she had seen him in the days of his adversity, for Percy Roden, like his partner, had made several false starts upon the road to fortune before he got well away. Like many — like, indeed, nearly all—who have to try again, he had lightened himself of a scruple or so each time he turned back. Prosperity, however, seems to kill as many as adversity. Abundant wealth is a vexation of spirit to-day as surely as it was in the time of that wise man who, having tried it, said that a stranger eateth it, and it is vanity.

"Beastly night," said Roden, and that was all. He had been to Antwerp on banking business, and had that sleepless look which brings a glitter to the eyes. This was a man handling great sums of money. "Von Holzen been here to-day?" he asked, when he had changed his clothes and they were seated at the dinner table.

"No," answered Dorothy, with her eyes on his plate. He was eating little, and drank only mineral water from a stone bottle. He was like an athlete in training, though the strain he sought to meet was mental and not physical. He shivered more than once, and glanced sharply at the door when the maid happened to leave it open.

When Dorothy went to the drawing-room she lighted the fire, which was ready laid, and of wood. Although it was nearly midsummer, the air was chilly, and the rain beat against the thin walls of the house.

"I think it probable," Roden had said, before she left the dining-room, "that Von Holzen will come in this evening."

She sat down before the fire, which burnt briskly, and looked into it with thoughtful, clever gray eyes. Percy thought it probable that Von Holzen would come to the Villa des Dunes this evening. Would he come? For Percy knew nothing of the organized attempt on Cornish's life which she herself had frustrated. He seemed to know nothing of the grim and silent antagonism that existed between the two men, shutting his eyes to their movements, which were like the movements of chess-players that the on-looker sees but does not understand. Dorothy knew that Von Holzen was infinitely cleverer than her brother. She knew, indeed, that he was cleverer than most men. With the quickness of her sex she had long ago divined the source and basis of his strength. He was indifferent to women — who formed no part of his life, who entered in no way into his plans or ambitions. As a woman, she should, theoretically, have disliked and despised him for this. As a matter of fact, this characteristic commanded her respect.

She knew that her brother was not in Von Holzen's confidence. It was probable that no man on earth had ever come within measurable distance of that. He would, in all likelihood, hear nothing of the attempt to kill Cornish, and Cornish himself would be the last to mention it. For she knew that her lover was a match for Von Holzen, and more than a match. She had never doubted that. It was a part of her creed. A woman never real-

* Begun in January number, 1898.

ly loves a man until she has made him the object of a creed. And it is only the man himself who can—and in the long-run usually does—make it impossible for her to adhere to her belief.

She was still sitting and thinking over the fire when her brother came into the room.

"Ah!" he said at the sight of the fire, and came forward, holding out his hands to the blaze. He looked down at his sister with glittering and unsteady eyes. He was in a dangerous humor—a humor for explanations and admissions—to which weak natures sometimes give way. And, looking at the matter practically and calmly, explanations and admissions are better left—to the hereafter. But Von Holzen saved him by ringing the front-door bell at that moment.

The professor came into the room a minute later. He stood in the doorway and bowed in the stiff German way to Dorothy. With Roden he exchanged a curt nod. His hair was glued to his temples by the rain, which gleamed on his face. "It is an abominable night," he said, coming forward. "Ach, Fräulein, please do not leave us—and the fire," he added; for Dorothy had risen. "I merely came to make sure that you had arrived safely home." He took the chair offered to him by Roden, and sat on it without bringing it forward. He had but little of that self-assurance which is so highly cultivated to-day as to be almost offensive. "There are, of course, matters of business," he said, "which can wait till to-morrow. To-night you are tired." He looked at Roden as a doctor might look at a patient. "Is it not so, Fräulein?" he asked, turning to Dorothy.

"Yes."

"Except one or two matters, which we may discuss now."

Dorothy turned and glanced at him. He was looking at her, and their eyes met for a moment. He seemed to see something in her face that made him thoughtful, for he remained silent for some time, while he wiped the rain from his face with his pocket-handkerchief. It was a pale, determined face, which could hardly fail to impress those with whom he came in contact as the face of a strong man.

"Lord Ferriby has been at the works to-day," he said; and then, with a gesture of the hands and a shrug, he described Lord Ferriby as a nonentity. "He went through the works, and looked over your books. I wrote out a sort of certificate of his satisfaction with both, and—he signed it."

Roden was leaning forward over the fire with a cigarette between his lips. He nodded shortly. "Good," he said.

"Yesterday," continued Von Holzen, "I met an old acquaintance — a Miss Wade—one of the young ladies of a Pensionnat at Dresden, in which I taught at one time. She is a daughter of the banker Wade, and told me, reluctantly, that she is at the Hague with her father—a friend of Cornish's. This morning I took a walk on the sands at Scheveningen; there was a large fat man, among others, bathing at the northern bathing-station. It was Major White. It is a regular gathering of the clans. I saw a German paper-maker—a big man in the trade—on the Kursaal terrace this morning. It may be a mere chance, and it may not." As he spoke he had withdrawn from his pocket a folded paper, which he was fingering thoughtfully. Dorothy, who knew that she had by her looks unwittingly warned him, made no motion to go now. He would say nothing that he did not deliberately intend for her ears as much as for her brother's. Von Holzen opened the paper slowly, and looked at it as if every line of it was familiar. It was a sheet of ordinary foolscap covered with minute figures and writing. "It is the Vorschrift, the—how do you say?—prescription for the Malgamite, and there are several in the Hague at this moment who want it, and some who would not be too scrupulous in their methods of procuring it. It is for this that they are gathering—here in the Hague."

Roden turned in his leisurely way and looked over his shoulder towards the paper. Von Holzen glanced at Dorothy. He had no desire to keep her in suspense—but he wished to know how much she knew. She looked into the fire, treating his conversation as directed towards her brother only.

"I tried for ten years in vain to get this," continued Von Holzen, "and at last a dying man dictated it to me. For years it lived in the brain of one man only—and he a maker of it himself. He might have died at any moment with that secret in his head. And I"— he folded the paper slowly and shrugged his shoul-



"IT IS IN THE BRAIN OF ONE MAN—ONCE MORE."

ders—"I watched him. And the last intelligible word he spoke on earth was the last word of this prescription. The man can have been no fool; for he was a man of little education. I never respected him so much as I do now when I have learnt it myself."

He rose and walked to the fire.

"You permit me, Fräulein," he said, putting the logs together with his foot. They burnt up brightly, and he threw the paper upon them. In a moment it was reduced to ashes. He turned slowly upon his heel and looked at his companions with the grave smile of one who had never known much mirth.

"There," he said, touching his high forehead with one finger; "it is in the brain of one man—once more."

He returned to the chair he had just vacated.

"And whosoever wishes to stop the manufacture of Malgamite will need to stop that brain," he said, with a soft laugh.

"Of course there is a risk attached to burning that paper," he continued, after a pause. "My brain may go—a little clot of blood no bigger than a pin's head, and the greatest brain on earth is so much pulp! It may be worth some one's while to kill me. It is so often worth some one's while to kill somebody else, even at a considerable risk—but the courage is nearly always lacking. However, we must run these risks."

He rose from his chair with a low and rather pleasant laugh, glancing at the clock as he did so. It was evidently his intention to take his leave. Dorothy rose also, and they stood for a moment facing each other. He was a few inches below her stature, and he looked up at her with his slow, thoughtful eyes. He seemed always to be making a diagnosis of the souls of men.

"I know, Fräulein," he said, "that you are one of those who dislike me and seek to do me harm. I am sorry. It is long since I discarded a youthful belief that

it was possible to get on in life without arousing ill feeling. Believe me, it is impossible even to hold one's own in this world without making enemies. There are two sides to every question, Fräulein —remember that."

He brought his heels together, bowed stiffly, from the waist, and left the room. Percy Roden followed him, leaving the door open. Dorothy heard the rustle of his dripping water-proof as he put it on, the click of the door, the sound of his firm retreating tread on the gravel. Then her brother came back into the room. His rather weak face was flushed. His eyes were unsteady. Dorothy saw this in a glance, and her own face hardened unresponsively. The situation was clearly enough defined in her own mind. Von Holzen had destroyed the prescription before her on purpose. It was only a move in that game of life which is always extending to a new deal, and of which women as on-lookers necessarily see the most. Von Holzen wished Cornish, and others concerned, to know that he had destroyed the prescription. It was a concession in disguise — a retrograde movement — perhaps *pour mieux sauter.*

Percy Roden was one of those men who have a grudge against the world. The most hopeless ill-doer is he who excuses himself angrily. There are some who seem unconscious of their own failings, and for these there is hope. They may some day find out that it is better to be at peace with the world even at the cost of a little self-denial. But Percy Roden admitted that he was wrong, and always had that sort of excuse which seeks to lay the blame upon a whole class—upon other business men, upon those in authority, upon women.

"It is excused in others, why not in me?"—the last cry of the ne'er-do-well.

He glanced angrily at Dorothy now. But he was always half afraid of her.

"I wish we had never come to this place," he said.

"Then let us go away from it," answered Dorothy, "before it is too late."

Roden looked at her in surprise. Did she expect him to go away now from Mrs. Vansittart? He knew, of course, that Dorothy and the world always expected too much from him.

"Before it is too late. What do you mean?" he asked, still thinking of Mrs. Vansittart.

"Before the Malgamite scheme is exposed," replied Dorothy, bluntly. And to her surprise, he laughed.

"I thought you meant something else," he said. "The Malgamite scheme can look after itself. Von Holzen is the cleverest man I know, and he knows what he is doing. I thought you meant Mrs. Vansittart—were thinking of her."

"No, I was not thinking of Mrs. Vansittart."

"Not worth thinking about," suggested Roden, adhering to his method of laughing for fear of being laughed at, which is common enough in very young men; but Roden should have outgrown it by this time.

"Not seriously."

"What do you mean, Dorothy?"

"That I hope you do not think seriously of asking Mrs. Vansittart to marry you."

Roden gave his rather unpleasant laugh again.

"It happens that I do," he replied. "And it also happens that I know that Mrs. Vansittart never stays in the Hague in summer when all the houses are empty and everybody is away, and the place is given up to tourists and becomes a mere annex to Scheveningen. This year she has staid—why, I should like to know."

And he stroked his mustache as he looked into the fire. He had been indulging in the vain pleasure of putting two and two together. A young man's vanity—or indeed any man's vanity—is not to be trusted to work out that simple addition correctly. Percy Roden was still in a dangerously exalted frame of mind. There is no intoxication so dangerous as that of success, and none that leaves so bitter a taste behind it.

"Of course," he said, "no girl ever thinks that her brother can succeed in such a case. I suppose you dislike Mrs. Vansittart?"

"No; I like her, and I understand her. perhaps better than you do. I should like nothing better than that she should marry you, but—"

"But what?"

"Well, ask her," replied Dorothy—a woman's answer.

"And then?"

"And then let us go away from here."

Roden turned on her angrily.

"Why do you keep on repeating that?" he cried. "Why do you want to go away?"

"Because," replied Dorothy, as angry as himself, "you know as well as I do that the Malgamite scheme is not what it pretends to be. I suppose you are making a fortune and are dazzled, or else you are being deceived by Herr von Holzen, or else—"

"Or else—" echoed Roden, with a pale face. "Yes—go on."

But she bit her lip and was silent.

"It is an open secret," she went on, after a pause. "Everybody knows that it is a disgrace, or worse—perhaps a crime. If you have made a fortune, be content with what you have made, and clear yourself of the whole affair."

"Not I."

"Why not?"

"Because I am going to make more. And I am going to marry Mrs. Vansittart. It is only a question of money. It always is with women. And not one in a hundred cares how the money is made."

Which of course is not true; for no woman likes to see her husband's name on a biscuit or a jam-pot.

"Of course," went on Percy, in his anger, "I know which side you take, since you are talking of open secrets. At any rate, Von Holzen knows yours—if it is a secret—for he has hinted at it more than once. You think that it is I who have been deceived or who deceive myself. You are just as likely to be wrong. You place your whole faith in Cornish. You think that Cornish cannot do wrong."

Dorothy turned and looked at him. Her eyes were steady, but the color left her face, as if she was afraid of what she was about to say.

"Yes," she said, "I do."

"And without a moment's hesitation," went on Roden, hurriedly, "you would sacrifice everything for the sake of a man you had never seen six months ago?"

"Yes."

"Even your own brother?"

"Yes," answered Dorothy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ULTIMATUM.

"Le plus grand, le plus fort et le plus adroit surtout, est celui qui sait attendre."

"If you think that Herr von Holzen is a philanthropist, my dear," said Marguerite Wade, sententiously, "that is exactly where your toes turn in."

She addressed this remark to Joan Ferriby, whose eyes were certainly veiled by that cloak of charity which the kind-hearted are ever ready to throw over the sins of others. The two girls were sitting in the garden of the hotel, beneath the shade of tall trees, within the peaceful sound of the cooing doves on the tiled roof. Major White was sitting within ear-shot, looking bulky and solemn in his light tweed suit and felt hat. The Major had given up appearances long ago, but no man surpassed him in cleanliness and that well-groomed air which distinguishes men of his cloth. He was reading a newspaper, and from time to time glanced at his companions, more especially, perhaps, at Joan.

"Major White," said Marguerite.

"Yes."

"Greengage, please."

The greengages were on a table at the Major's elbow, having been placed there, at Marguerite's command, by the waiter who attended them at breakfast. White made ready to pass the dish.

"Fingers," said Marguerite. "Heave one over."

White selected one with an air of solemn resignation. Marguerite caught the greengage as neatly as it was thrown.

"What do you think of Herr von Holzen?" she asked.

"To think," replied the Major, "certain requisites are necessary."

"Um—m."

"I do not know Herr von Holzen, and I have nothing to think with," he explained, gravely.

"Well, you soon will know him, and I dare say if you tried you would find that you are not so stupid as you pretend to be. You are going down to the works this morning with papa and Tony Cornish. I know that, because papa told me."

The Major looked at her with his air of philosophic surprise. She held up her hand for a catch, and with resignation he threw her another greengage.

"Tony is going to call for you in a carriage at ten o'clock, and you three old gentlemen are going to drive in an open barouche, with cigars, like a bean-feast, to the Malgamite works."

"The description is fairly accurate," admitted Major White, without looking up from his paper.

"And I imagine you are going to raise —Hail Columbia!"



"'WE WANT TO LOOK AT YOUR BOOKS,' SAID CORNISH."

He looked at her severely through his glass, and said nothing. She nodded in a friendly and encouraging manner, as if to intimate that he had her entire approval.

"Take my word for it," she continued, turning to Joan, "Herr von Holzen is a shady customer. I know a shady customer when I see him. I never thought much of the Malgamite business, you know, but unfortunately nobody asked my opinion on the matter. I wonder—" she paused, looking thoughtfully at Major White, who presently met her glance with a stolid stare. "Of course!" she said in a final voice. "I forgot. You never think. You can't. Oh no!"

"It is so easy to misjudge people," pleaded Joan, earnestly.

"It is much easier to see right through them, straight off, in the twinkling of a bedpost," asserted Marguerite. "You will see, Herr von Holzen is wrong and Tony is right. And Tony will smash him up. You will see. Tony"—she paused, and looked up at the roof where the doves were cooing—"Tony knows his way about."

Major White rose and laid aside his paper. Mr. Wade was coming down the iron steps that led from the veranda to the garden. The banker was cutting a cigar, and wore a placid, comfortable look, as if he had breakfasted well. Even as regards kidneys and bacon in a foreign hotel, where there is a will there is a way, and Marguerite possessed tongues.

"I'll turn this place inside out," she had said, "to get the old thing what he wants." Then she attacked the waiter in fluent German.

Marguerite noted his approach with a protecting eye.

"It's all solid common-sense," she said in an undertone to Joan, referring, it would appear, to his bulk.

In only one respect was she misinformed as to the arrangements for the morning. Tony Cornish was not coming to the hotel to fetch Mr. Wade and White, but was to meet them in the shadiest of all thoroughfares and green canals, the Koninginne Gracht, where at mid-day the shadows cast by the great trees are so deep that daylight scarcely penetrates,

and the boats creep to and fro like shadows. This amendment had been made in view of the fact that Lord Ferriby was in the hotel, and was, indeed, at this moment partaking of a solemn breakfast in his private sitting-room overlooking the Toornoifeld.

His lordship did not therefore see these two solid pillars of the British constitution walk across the corner of the Korte Voorhout, cigar in lip, in a placid silence, begotten, perhaps, of the knowledge that should an emergency arise, they were of a material that would arise to meet it.

Cornish was awaiting them by the bank of the canal. He was watching a boat slowly work its way past him. It was one of the large boats built for traffic on the greater canals and the open waters of the Scheldt estuary. It was laden from end to end with little square boxes bearing only a number and a port mark in black stencil. A pleasant odor of sealing-wax dominated the weedy smell of the canal.

"Wherever you turn you meet the stuff," was Cornish's greeting to the two Englishmen. Major White, with his delicate sense of smell, sniffed the breeze. Mr. Wade looked at the canal-boat with a nod. Commercial enterprise, and, above all, commercial success, commanded his honest respect.

They all entered the carriage awaiting them beneath the trees. Cornish was, as usual, quick and eager, a different type from his companions, who were not brilliant as he was, nor polished.

They found the gates of the Malgamite works shut, but the doorkeeper, knowing Cornish to be a person of authority, threw them open, and directed the driver to wait outside till the gentlemen should return. The works were quiet, and every door was closed.

"Is it mixing day?" asked Cornish.

"Every day is mixing day now, mein Herr, and there are some who work all night as well. If the gentlemen will wait a moment, I will seek Herr Roden."

And he left them standing beneath the brilliant sun in the open space between the gate and the cottage where Von Holzen lived. In a few moments he returned, accompanied by Percy Roden, who emerged from the office in his shirt sleeves, pen in hand. He shook hands with Cornish and White, glanced at Mr. Wade, and half bowed. He did not seem glad to see them.

"We want to look at your books," said Cornish. "I suppose you will make no objection?"

Roden bit his mustache, and looked at the point of his pen.

"You and Major White?" he suggested.

"And this gentleman, who comes as our financial adviser."

Roden raised his eyebrows rather insolently.

"Ah—may I ask who this gentleman is?" he said.

"My name is Charles Wade," answered the banker, characteristically, for himself.

Roden's face changed, and he glanced at the great financier with a keen interest.

"I have no objection," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "if Von Holzen will agree. I will go and ask him."

And they were left alone in the sunshine once more. Mr. Wade watched Roden as he walked towards the factory.

"Not the sort of man I expected," he commented; "but he has the right-shaped head—for figures. He is shrewd enough to know that he cannot refuse, so gives in with a good grace."

In a few minutes Von Holzen approached them, emerging from the factory alone. He bowed politely, but did not offer to shake hands. He had not seen Cornish since the evening when he had offered to make Malgamite before him and the experiment had taken such a grim turn. He looked at him now, and found his glance returned by an illegible smile. The question flashed through his mind and showed itself on his face as to why Roden had made such a mistake as to introduce a man like this into the Malgamite scheme.

Von Holzen invited the gentlemen into the office. "It is small, but it will accommodate us," he said, with a grave smile. He drew forward chairs, and offered one to Cornish in particular, with a grim deference. He seemed to have divined that their last meeting in this same office had been, by tacit understanding, kept a secret. There is for some men a certain satisfaction in antagonism, and a stern regard for a strong foe—which reached its culmination, perhaps, in that Saxon knight who desired to be buried in the same chapel as his life-long foe—be-

tween him, indeed, and the door—so that at the resurrection day they should not miss each other.

Von Holzen seemed to have somewhat of this feeling for Cornish. He offered him the best seat at the table. Roden was taking his books from a safe—huge ledgers bound in green pigskin, slim cash-books, cloth-bound journals. He named them as he laid them on the table before Mr. Wade. Major White looked at the great tomes with solemn and silent astonishment. Mr. Wade was already fingering his gold pencil-case. He eyed the closed books with an anticipatory gleam of pleasure in his face—as a commander may eye the arrayed squadrons of the foe.

"It is, of course, understood that this audit is strictly in confidence," said Von Holzen. "For your own satisfaction, and not in any sense for publication. It is a trade secret."

"Of course," answered Cornish, to whom the question had been addressed.

"We trust to the honor of these gentlemen."

Cornish looked up and met the speaker's grave eyes. "Yes," he said.

Roden, having emptied the large safe, leant his shoulder against the iron mantelpiece and looked down at those seated at the table—especially at Mr. Wade. His hands were in his pockets; his face wore a careless smile. He had not resumed his coat, and the cleanliness of the books testified to the fact that he always worked in shirt sleeves. It was a trick of the trade, which exonerated him from the necessity of apologizing.

Mr. Wade took the great ledgers, opened them, fluttered the pages with his fingers, and set them aside one after the other. Then Roden seemed to recollect something. He went to a drawer and took from it a packet of neatly folded papers, held together by elastic rings. The top one he unfolded and laid on the table before Mr. Wade.

"Trial balance-sheet of 31st of March," he said.

Mr. Wade glanced up and down the closely written columns, which were like copper-plate—an astounding mass of figures. The additions in the final column ran to six figures. The banker folded the paper and laid it aside. Then he turned to the slim cash-books, which he glanced at casually. The journals he set aside without opening. He handled the books with a sort of skill, showing that he knew how to lift them with the least exertion, how to open them and close them and turn their stiff pages. The enormous mass of figures did not seem to appall him; the maze was straight enough beneath such skilful eyes. Finally he turned to a small locked ledger, of which the key was attached to Roden's watch-chain, who came forward and unlocked the book. Mr. Wade turned to the index at the beginning of the volume, found a certain account, and opened the book there. At the sight of the figures he raised his eyebrows and glanced up at Roden.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, beneath his breath. He had arrived at his destination — had torn the heart out of these great books. All in the room were watching his placid, shrewd old face. He studied the books for some time, and then took a sheet of blank paper from a number of such attached by a string to a corner of the table. He reflected for some minutes, pushing the movable part of his gold pencil in and out pensively as he did so. Then he wrote a number of figures on the sheet of paper, and handed it to Cornish. He closed the locked ledger with a snap. The audit of the Malgamite books was over.

"It is a wonderful piece of single-handed bookkeeping," he said to Roden.

Cornish was studying the paper set before him by the banker. The proceedings seemed to have been prearranged, for no word was exchanged. There was no consultation on either side. Finally Cornish folded the paper and tore it into a hundred pieces, in scrupulous adherence to Von Holzen's conditions. Mr. Wade was sitting back in his chair, thoughtfully amusing himself with his gold pencil-case. Cornish looked at him for a moment, and then spoke, addressing Von Holzen.

"We came here to make a final proposal to you," he said; "to place before you, in fact, our ultimatum. We do not pretend to conceal from you the fact that we are anxious to avoid all publicity, all scandal. But if you drive us to it we will unhesitatingly face both in order to close these works. We do not want the Malgamite scheme to be dragged as a charity in the mud, because it will inevitably drag other charities with it. There are

certain names connected with the scheme which we would prefer, moreover, to keep from the clutches of the cheaper democratic newspapers. We know the weakness of our position."

"And we know the strength of ours," put in Von Holzen, quietly.

"Yes. We recognize that also. You have hitherto slipped in between international laws, and between the laws of men. Legally we should have difficulty in getting at you, but it can be done. Financially—" He paused and looked at Mr. Wade.

"Financially," said the banker, without lifting his eyes from his pencil-case, "we shall in the long-run inevitably crush you — though the books are all right."

Roden smiled, with his long white fingers at his mustache.

"From the figures supplied to me by Mr. Wade," continued Cornish, "I see that there is an enormous profit lying idle—so large a profit that even between ourselves it is better not mentioned. There are, or there were yesterday, two hundred and ninety-two Malgamite-makers in active work."

Von Holzen made an involuntary movement, and Cornish looked at him over the pile of books.

"Oh," he said, "I know that. And I know the number of deaths. Perhaps you have not kept count, but I have. From the figures supplied by Mr. Wade, I see that we have sufficient to pension off these two hundred and ninety-two men and their families—giving each man one hundred and twenty pounds a year. We can also make provision for the widows and orphans out of the sum I propose to withdraw from the profits. There will then be left a sum representing two large fortunes—of, say, between five and six thousand a year each. Will you and Mr. Roden accept this sum, dividing it as you think fit, and hand over the works to me? We ask you to take it—no questions asked—and go."

"And Lord Ferriby?" suggested Von Holzen.

Major White made a sudden movement, but Cornish laid his hand quickly upon the soldier's arm.

"I will manage Lord Ferriby. What is your answer?"

"No," replied Von Holzen, instantly, as if he had long known what the ultimatum would be. Cornish turned interrogatively to Roden. His eyes urged Roden to accept.

"No," was the reply.

Mr. Wade took out his large gold watch and looked at it.

"Then there is no need," he said, composedly, "to detain these gentlemen any longer."

CHAPTER XXVII.

COMMERCE.

"The world will not believe a man repents,
And this wise world of ours is mainly right."

"THEN you are of opinion, my dear White, that one cannot well refuse to meet these—er—persons?"

"Not," replied Major White to Lord Ferriby, whose hand rested on his stout arm as they walked with dignity in the shade of the trees that border the Vyver —that quaint old fish-pond of the Hague —"not without running the risk of being called a d——d swindler."

For the Major was a lamentably plain-spoken man, who said but little, and said that little strong. Lord Ferriby's affectionate grasp of the soldier's arm relaxed imperceptibly. One must, he reflected, be prepared to meet unpleasantness in the good cause of charity—but there are words hardly applicable to the peerage, and Major White had made use of one of these.

"Public opinion," observed the Major, after some minutes of deep thought, "is a difficult thing to deal with—'cos you cannot thump the public."

"It is notably hard," said his lordship, firing off one of his pet platform platitudes, "to induce the public to form a correct estimate, or what one takes to be a correct estimate."

"Especially of one's self," added the Major, looking across the water towards the Binnenhof in his vacant way.

Then they turned and walked back again beneath the heavy shade of the trees. The conversation, and indeed this dignified promenade on the Vyverberg, had been brought about by a letter which his lordship had received that same morning inviting him to attend a meeting of paper-makers and others interested in the Malgamite trade to consider the position of the Malgamite charity, and the advisability of taking legal proceedings to close the works on the dunes at Scheveningen. The meeting was to be held at the Hôtel

des Indes, at three in the afternoon, and the conveners hinted pretty plainly that the proceedings would be of a decisive nature. The letter left Lord Ferriby with a vague feeling of discomfort. His position was somewhat isolated. A coldness had for some time been in existence between himself and his nephew Tony Cornish. Of Mr. Wade, Lord Ferriby was slightly distrustful.

"These commercial men," he often said, "are apt to hold such narrow views."

And, indeed, to steer a straight course through life, one must not look to one side or the other.

There remained Major White, of whom Lord Ferriby had thought more highly since Fortune had called this plain soldier to take a seat among the gods of the British public. For no man is proof against the satisfaction of being able to call a celebrated person by his Christian name. The Major had long admired Joan, in his stupid way, from, as one might say, the other side of the room. But neither Lord nor Lady Ferriby had encouraged this silent suit. Joan was theoretically one of those of whom it is said that "she might marry anybody," and who, as the keen observer may see for himself, often finish by failing to marry at all. She was pretty and popular, and had, moreover, the entrée to the best houses. White had been useful to Lord Ferriby ever since the inauguration of the Malgamite scheme. He was not uncomfortably clever, like Tony Cornish. He was an excellent buffer at jarring periods. Since the arrival of Joan and her father at the Hague, the Major had been almost a necessity in their daily life; and now, quite suddenly, Lord Ferriby found that this was the only person to whom he could turn for advice or support.

"One cannot suppose," he said, in the full conviction that words will meet any emergency—"one cannot suppose that Von Holzen will act in direct opposition to the voice of the majority."

"Von Holzen," replied the Major, "plays a deuced good game."

After luncheon they walked across the Toornoifeld to the Hôtel des Indes, and there, in a small salon, found a number of gentlemen seated round a table. Mr. Wade was conspicuous by his absence. They had, indeed, left him in the hotel garden, sitting at the consumption of an excellent cigar.

"Join the jocund dance?" the Major had inquired, with a jerk of the head towards the Hôtel des Indes. But Mr. Wade was going for a drive with Marguerite.

Tony Cornish was, however, seated at the table, and the Major recognized two paper-makers whom he had seen before. One was an aggressive, red-headed man, of square shoulders and a dogged appearance, who had "radical" written all over him. The other was a mild-mannered person, with a thin, ash-colored mustache. The Major nodded affably. He distinctly remembered offering to fight these two gentlemen either together or one after the other on the landing of the little Malgamite office in Westminster. And there was a faint twinkle behind the Major's eye-glass as he saluted them.

"Good-morning, Thompson," he said. "How do, Hewlett?" For he never forgot a face or a name.

"Ahm thinking—" Mr. Hewlett was observing, but his thoughts died a natural death at the sight of a real lord, and he rose and bowed. Mr. Thompson remained seated, and made that posture as aggressive and obvious as possible. The remainder of the company were of varied nationality and appearance, while one—a Frenchman of keen dark eyes and a trim beard—seemed by tacit understanding to be the acknowledged leader. Even the pushing Mr. Thompson silently deferred to him by a gesture that served at once to introduce Lord Ferriby and invite the Frenchman to up and smite him.

Lord Ferriby took the seat that had been left vacant for him at the head of the table. He looked round upon faces not too friendly.

"We were saying, my lord," said the Frenchman, in perfect English, and with that graceful tact which belongs to France alone, "that we have all been the victims of an unfortunate chain of misunderstandings. Had the organizers of this great charity consulted a few paper-makers before inaugurating the works at Scheveningen, much unpleasantness might have been averted, many lives might, alas! have been spared. But—well—such mundane persons as ourselves were probably unknown to you and unthought-of; the milk is spilt—is it not so? Let us rather think of the future."

Lord Ferriby bowed graciously, and Mr. Thompson moved impatiently. The suave method had no attractions for him.

"Ahm thinking," began Mr. Hewlett, in his most plaintive voice, and commanded so sudden and universal an attention as to be obviously disconcerted, "his lordship 'll need plainer speech than that," he muttered, hastily, and subsided, with an uneasy glance in the direction of that man of action, Major White.

"One misunderstanding has, however, been happily dispelled," said the Frenchman, "by our friend—if monsieur will permit the word—our friend Mr. Cornish. From this gentleman we have learned that the executive of the Malgamite Charity are not by any means in harmony with the executive of the Malgamite works at Scheveningen; that, indeed, the Charity repudiates the action of its servants in manufacturing Malgamite by a dangerous process tacitly and humanely set aside by makers up to this time; that the administrators of the fund are no party to the 'corner' which has been established in the product, do not desire to secure a monopoly, and disapprove of the sale of Malgamite at a price which has already closed one or two of the smaller mills, and is paralyzing the paper trade of the world."

The speaker finished with a little bow towards Cornish, and resumed his seat. All were watching Lord Ferriby's face, except Major White, who examined a quill pen with short-sighted absorption. Lord Ferriby looked across the table at Cornish.

"Lord Ferriby," said Cornish, without rising from his seat, and meeting his uncle's glance steadily, "will now no doubt confirm all that Monsieur Creil has said."

Lord Ferriby had, in truth, come to the meeting with no such intention. He had, with all his vast experience, no knowledge of a purely commercial assembly such as this. His public had hitherto been a drawing-room public. He was accustomed to a flower-decked platform, from which to deliver his flowing periods to the emotional of both sexes. There were no flowers in this room at the Hôtel des Indes, and the men before him were not of the emotional school. They were, on the contrary, plain, hard-headed men of business, who had come from different parts of the world at Cornish's bidding to meet a crisis in a plain, hard-headed way. They had only thoughts of their balance-sheets, and not of the fact that they held in the hollow of their hands the lives of hundreds, nay, of thousands, of men, women, and children. Monsieur Creil alone, the keen-eyed Frenchman, had absolute control of over three thousand employés —married men with children—but he did not think of mentioning the fact. And it is a weight to carry about with one—to go to sleep with and to awake with in the morning—the charge of, say, nine thousand human lives.

For a few moments Lord Ferriby was silent. Cornish watched him across the table. He knew that his uncle was no fool, although his wisdom amounted to little more than the wisdom of the worldly. Would Lord Ferriby recognize the situation in time? There was a wavering look in the great man's eye that made his nephew suddenly anxious. Then Lord Ferriby rose slowly, to make the shortest speech that he ever made in his life.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I beg to confirm what has just been said."

As he sat down again Cornish gave a sharp sigh of relief. In a moment Mr. Thompson was on his feet, his red face alight with democratic anger.

"This won't do," he cried. "Let's have done with palavering and talk. Let's get to plain speaking."

And it was not Lord Ferriby, but Tony Cornish, who rose to meet the attack.

"If you will sit down," he said, "and keep your temper, you shall have plain speaking, and we can get to business. But if you do neither, I shall turn you out of the room."

"You?"

"Yes," answered Tony.

And something which Mr. Thompson did not understand made him resume his seat in silence. The Frenchman smiled, and took up his speech where he had left it.

"Mr. Cornish," he said, "speaks with authority. We are, gentlemen, in the hands of Mr. Cornish, and in good hands. He has this matter at the tips of his fingers. He has devoted himself to it for many months past, at considerable risk, as I suspect, to his own safety. We and the thousands of employés whom we represent cannot do better than intrust the situation to him and give him a free hand. For once, capital and labor have a common interest—"

He was again interrupted by Mr. Thompson, who spoke more quietly now

"It seems to me," he said, "that we may well consider the past for a few minutes before passing on to the future. There's more than a million pounds profit, at the lowest reckoning, on the last few months' manufacture. Question is, where is that profit? Is this a charity, or is it not? Mr. Cornish is all very well in his way. But we're not fools. We're men of business, and as such can only presume that Mr. Cornish, like the rest of 'em, has had his share. Question is, where are the profits?"

Major White rose slowly. He was seated beside Mr. Thompson, and standing up, towered above him. He looked down at the irate red face with a calm and wondering eye.

"Question is," he said, gravely, "where the deuce you will be in a few minutes if you don't sit down and hold your tongue."

Whereupon Mr. Thompson once more resumed his seat. He had the satisfaction, however, of perceiving that his shaft had reached its mark; for Lord Ferriby looked disconcerted and angry. The chairman of many charities looked, moreover, a little puzzled, as if the situation was beyond his comprehension. The Frenchman's pleasant voice again broke in, soothingly and yet authoritatively.

"Mr. Cornish and a certain number of us have, for some time, been in correspondence," he said. "It is unnecessary for me to suggest to my present hearers that in dealing with a large industry—in handling, as it were, the lives of a number of persons—it is impossible to proceed too cautiously. One must look as far ahead as human foresight may perceive —one must give grave and serious thought to every possible outcome of action or inaction. Gentlemen, we have done our best. We are now in a position to say to the administrators of the Malgamite Fund, close your works, and we will do the rest. And this means that we will provide for the survivors of this great commercial catastrophe, that we will care for the widows and children of the victims, that we shall supply ourselves with Malgamite of our own manufacture, produced only by a process which is known to be harmless, that we shall make it impossible that such a monopoly may again be declared. We have, so far as lies in our power, provided for every emergency. We have approached the two men who, from their retreat on the dunes of Scheveningen, have swayed one of the large industries of the world. We have offered them a fortune. We have tried threats and money, but we have failed to close the Malgamite works. We have but one alternative, and that is—war. We are prepared in every way. We can to-morrow take over the manufacture of Malgamite for the whole world —but we must have the works on the dunes at Scheveningen. We must have the absolute control of the Malgamite Fund and of the works. We propose, gentlemen, to seize this control, and to invest the supreme command in the one man who is capable of exercising it—Mr. Anthony Cornish."

The Frenchman sat down, looked across the table, and shrugged his shoulders impatiently; for the irrepressible Thompson was already on his feet. It must be remembered that Mr. Thompson worked on commission, and had been hard hit.

"Then," he cried, pointing a shaking forefinger into Lord Ferriby's face, "that man has no business to be sitting there. We're honest here—if we're nothing else. We all know your history, my fine gentleman; we know that you cannot wipe out the past, so you're trying to whitewash it over with good works. That's an old trick, and it won't go down here. Do you think we don't see through you and your palavering speeches? Why have you refused to take action against Roden and Von Holzen? Because they've paid you. Look at him, gentlemen! He has taken money from those men at Scheveningen—blood-money. He has had his share. I propose that Lord Ferriby explain his position."

Mr. Thompson banged his fist on the table, and at the same moment sat down with extreme precipitation, urged thereto by Major White's hand on his collar.

"This is not a vestry meeting," said the Major.

Lord Ferriby had risen to his feet.

"My position, gentlemen," he began, and then faltered, with his hand at his watch-chain. "My position—" He stopped with a gulp. His face was the color of ashes. He turned in a dazed way towards his nephew; for at the beginning and the end of life blood is thicker than water.

"Anthony," said his lordship, and sat heavily down. All rose to their feet in confusion. Major White seemed some-

how to be quicker than the rest, and caught Lord Ferriby in his arms — but Lord Ferriby was dead.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DE MORTUIS.

"Some man holdeth his tongue because he hath not to answer, and some keepeth silence knowing his time."

THOSE who live for themselves alone must at least have the comfortable thought that when they die the world will soon console itself. For it has been decreed that he who takes no heed of others will himself be taken no heed of. We soon learn to do without those who are indifferent to us and useless to us. Lord Ferriby had so long and so carefully studied the *culte* of self that even those nearest to him had ceased to give him any thought, knowing that in his own he was in excellent hands—that he would always ask for what he wanted. It was Lord Ferriby's business to make the discovery (which all selfish people must sooner or later achieve) that the best things in this world are precisely those which may not be given on demand, and for which, indeed, one may in no wise ask.

When Major White and Cornish were left alone in the private salon of the Hôtel des Indes—when the doctor had come and gone, when the blinds had been decently lowered and the great man silently laid upon the sofa—they looked at each other without speaking. The grimmest silence is surely that which arises from the thought that of the dead one may only say what is good.

"Would you like me," said Cornish, "to go across and tell Joan?"

And Major White, whose god was discipline, replied:

"She's your cousin. It is for you to say."

"I shall be glad if you will go," said Cornish, "and leave me to make the other arrangements. Take her home to-morrow, or to-night if she wants to, and leave us—me—to follow."

So Major White quitted the Hôtel des Indes, and walked slowly down the length of the Toornoifeld, leaving Cornish alone with Lord Ferriby, whose death made his nephew a richer man.

The Wades had gone out for a drive in the Wood. Major White knew that he would find Joan alone at the hotel. Bad news has a strange trick of clearing the way before it. The Major went to the salon on the ground-floor overlooking the corner of the Vyverberg. Joan was writing a letter at the window.

"Ah!" she said, turning, pen in hand. "You are soon back. Have you quarrelled?"

White went stolidly across the room towards her. There was a chair by the writing-table, and here he sat down. Joan was looking uneasily into his face. Perhaps she saw more in that immovable countenance than the world was pleased to perceive.

"Your father was taken suddenly ill," he said, "during the meeting."

Joan half rose from her chair, but the Major laid his protecting hand over hers. It was a large, quiet hand—like himself, somewhat suggestive of a buffer. And it may, after all, be no mean rôle to act as a buffer between one woman and the world all one's life.

"You can do nothing," said White. "Tony is with him."

Joan looked into his face in speechless inquiry.

"Yes," he answered, "your father is dead."

Then he sat there in a silence which may have been intensely stupid or very wise. For silence is usually cleverer than speech, and always more interesting. Joan was dry-eyed. Well may the children of the selfish arise and bless their parents for (albeit unwittingly) alleviating one of the necessary sorrows of life!

After a silence Major White told Joan how the calamity had occurred, in a curt military way, as of one who had rubbed shoulders with death before, who had gone out, moreover, to meet him with a quiet mind, and had told others of the dealings of the destroyer. For Major White was deemed a lucky man by his comrades, who had a habit of giving him messages for their friends before they went into the field. Perhaps, moreover, the Major was of the opinion of those ancient writers who seemed to deem it more important to consider how a man lives than how he dies.

"It was some heart trouble," he concluded, "brought on by worry or sudden excitement."

"The Malgamite," answered Joan. "It has always been a source of uneasiness to him. He never quite understood it."

"No," answered the Major, very deliberately, "he never quite understood it." And he looked out of the window with a thoughtful, non-committing face.

"Neither do I — understand it," said Joan, doubtfully.

And the Major looked suddenly dense. He had, as usual, no explanation to offer.

"Was father deceived by some one?" Joan asked, after a pause. "One hears such strange rumors about the Malgamite Fund. I suppose father was deceived."

She spoke of the dead man with that hushed voice which death with a singular impartiality to race or creed seems to demand of the survivors wheresoever he passes. White met her earnest gaze with a grave nod.

"Yes," he answered, "he was deceived."

"He said, before he went out, that he did not want to go to the meeting at all," went on Joan, in a tone of tender reminiscence, "but that he had always made a point of sacrificing his inclination to his sense of duty. Poor father!"

"Yes," said the Major, looking out of the window. And he bore Joan's steady, searching glance like a man.

"Tell me," she said, suddenly. "Were you and Tony deceived also?"

Major White reflected for a moment. It is unwise to tell even the smallest lie in haste.

"No," he answered at length. "Not so entirely as your father."

He uncrossed his legs and made a feeble attempt to divert her thoughts.

But Joan was on the trail, as it were, of a half-formed idea in her own mind, and she would not have been a woman if she had relinquished the quest so easily.

"But you were deceived at first?" she inquired, rather anxiously. "I know Tony was. I am sure of it. Perhaps he found out later; but you—"

She drew her hand from under his rather hastily, having just found out that it was in that equivocal position.

"You were never deceived?" she said, with a suspicion of resentment.

"Well — perhaps not," admitted the Major, reluctantly. And he looked regretfully at the hand she had withdrawn. "Don't know much about charities," he continued, after a pause. "Don't quite look at them in the right light, perhaps. Seems to me that you ought to be more businesslike in charities than in anything else; and we're not business men—not even you."

He looked at her very solemnly and wisely, as if the thoughts in his mind would be of immense value if he could only express them—but he was without facilities in that direction. If one cannot be wise, the next best thing is to have a wise look. He rose, for he had caught sight of Tony Cornish crossing the Toornoifeld in the shade of the trees. Perhaps the Major had forgotten for the moment that a great man was dead; that there were letters to be written and telegrams to be despatched; that the world must know of it, and the insatiable maw of the public be closed by a few scraps of news. For the public mind must have its daily food, and the wise are they who tell it only that which it is expedient for it to know.

Lord Ferriby's life was, moreover, one that needed careful obituary treatment. Everybody's life may for domestic purposes be described as a hash—but Lord Ferriby's was a hash which in the hands of a cheap democratic press might easily be served up so daintily as to be very savory in the nostrils of the world. Some of its component parts were indeed exceedingly ancient, and, so to speak, gamy, while the Malgamite scheme alone might easily be magnified into a very passable scandal.

Tony came into the room, keen and capable. He did not show much feeling. Perhaps Joan and he understood each other without any such display. For they had known each other many years, and had understood other and more subtle matters without verbal explanation. For the world had been pleased to say that Joan and Tony must in the end inevitably marry. And they had never explained, never contradicted, and never married.

While the three were still talking, a carriage rattled up to the door of the hotel, and then another. There began, in a word, that hushed confusion — that running to and fro as of ants upon a disturbed ant-hill—which follows hard upon the footsteps of the grim messenger, who himself is content to come so quietly and unobtrusively. Roden arrived to make inquiries, and Mrs. Vansittart, and a messenger from more than one embassy. Then the Wades came, brought hurriedly



"'ANTHONY,' SAID HIS LORDSHIP, AND SAT HEAVILY DOWN."

back by a messenger sent after them by Tony Cornish.

Marguerite, with characteristic energy, came into the room first, quick and bright-eyed. She looked from one face to the other, and then crossed the room and stood beside Joan without speaking. She was smiling—a little hard smile with close-set lips—showing the world a face that meant to take life open-eyed, as it is, and make the best of it.

Before long the two girls quitted the room, leaving the three men to their hushed discussion. Tony had already provided himself with pen and paper. In twelve hours, that which the world must know about Lord Ferriby should be in print. There was just time to cable it to the *Times* and the news agencies. And in these hurried days it is the first word which, after all, goes farthest and carries most weight. A contradiction is at all times a poor expedient.

"I have silenced the paper-makers," said Cornish, sitting down to write, "even that ass Thompson, by striking while the iron was hot."

"And Roden won't open his lips," added Mr. Wade, who, as he drove up, had seen that brilliant financier uneasily strolling under the trees of the Toornoifeld, looking towards the hotel; for Lord Ferriby's death was a link in the crooked Malgamite chain which even Von Holzen had failed to foresee.

Indeed, Lord Ferriby must have been gratified could he see the posthumous pother that he made by dying at this juncture. For in life he had only been important in his own eyes, and the world had taken little heed of him. This same keen-sighted world would not regret him much now, and would assuredly mete out to that miserly old screw, his widow, only as much sympathy as the occasion deserved. Lady Ferriby would, the world suspected, sell off his lordship's fancy waistcoats, and proceed to save money to her heart's content. Even the thought of his club subscriptions, now necessarily to be



"'SEEMS TO ME,' SAID WHITE, 'THAT YOUR DUTY IS CLEAR ENOUGH.'"

discontinued, must have assuaged a large part of the widow's grief. Such, at least, was the opinion of the clubs themselves, when the news was posted up among the weather reports and the latest tapes from the House that same evening.

While Lord Ferriby's friends were comfortably endowing him with a few compensating virtues over their tea and hot buttered toast in Pall Mall and St. James Street, Mr. Wade, Tony, and White dined together at the Hotel of the Old Shooting Gallery at the Hague. The hour was an early one, and had never been countenanced by Lord Ferriby, but the three men in whose hands he had literally left his good name did not attach supreme importance to this matter. Indeed the banker thought kindly of six-thirty as an hour at which in earlier days he had been endowed with a better appetite than he ever possessed now at eight o'clock or later. While they were at table a telegram was handed to Cornish. It was from Lord Ferriby's solicitor in London, and contained the advice that Tony Cornish had been appointed sole executor of his lordship's will.

"Thank God!" said Tony, with a little laugh, as he read the message and handed it across to Mr. Wade, who looked at it gravely, without comment.

"And now," said Cornish, "not even Joan need know."

For Cornish, having perceived Percy Roden under the trees of the Toornoifeld, had gone out there to speak to him, and in answer to a plain question had received a plain answer as to the price that Lord Ferriby had been paid for the use of his name in the Malgamite Fund transactions.

Joan had elected to remain in her own rooms, with Marguerite to keep her company, until the evening, when, under White's escort, she was to set out for England. The Major had in a minimum of words expressed himself ready to do anything at any time, provided that the service did not require an abnormal conversational effort.

"I shall be home twenty-four hours after you," said Cornish, as he bade Joan good-by at the station. "And you need believe no rumors and fear no gossip. If people ask impertinent questions, refer them to White."

"And I'll thump them," added the Major, who, indeed, looked quite capable of rendering that practical service.

They were favored by a full moon and a perfect night for their passage from the Hook of Holland to Harwich. Joan expressed a desire to remain on deck, at all events until the lights of the Maas had been left behind. Major White procured two deck chairs, and found a corner of the upper deck which was free alike from too much wind and too many people. There they sat, and Joan seemed fully occupied with her own thoughts, for she did not speak while the steamer ploughed steadily onwards.

"I wonder if it is my duty to continue to take an active part in the Malgamite Fund?" she said at length. And the Major, who had been permitted to smoke, looked attentively at the lighted end of his cigar, and said nothing.

"I am afraid it must be," continued Joan, whose earnest endeavors to find out what was her duty, and do it, occupied the larger part of her time and attention.

"Why?" asked Major White.

"Because I don't want to."

The Major thought about the matter for a long time—almost half through a cigar. It was wonderful how so much thought could result in so few words, especially in these days, which are essentially days of many words and few thoughts. During this period of meditation Joan sat looking out to sea, and the moon shining down upon her face showed it to be puckered with anxiety. Like many of her contemporaries, she was troubled by an intense desire to do her duty, coupled with an unfortunate lack of duties to perform.

"I wish you would tell me what you think," she said.

"Seems to me," said White, "that your duty is clear enough."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Drop the Malgamiters and the Haberdashers and all that, and—marry me."

But Joan only shook her head sadly.

"That cannot be my duty," she said.

"Why? 'Cos it isn't unpleasant enough?"

"No," answered Joan, after a pause, in the deepest earnestness. "No—that's just it."

Out of which ambiguous observation the Major seemed to gather some meaning, for he looked up at the moon with one of his wisest smiles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"HOW MANY MEN HAVE TOLD YOU THAT YOU WERE BEAUTIFUL?"—[See page 303]

THE STORY.

BY GEORGE A. HIBBARD.

THERE is a story that might very properly be addressed "to those whom it may concern"; if, indeed, such dedication might not serve most excellently for a title. It was told by John Bethune, to but one listener, on a night when it was too hot to sleep, and all the other guests having at last taken themselves off to seek a troubled rest, the pair had decided that it was quite as well to spend the short hour that preceded the first flush of dawn on the terrace. Even the dull nocturnal noises had ceased, and the last dog, a mile away, had stopped barking at the moon.

But first it is necessary to understand what sort of man John Bethune was—or, rather, still is, for he is in and of the world to-day, and if you have not played polo against him yesterday, you may find him on the deck of some racing-yacht to-morrow. A strictly negative description of him would be that he was a contradiction of many things. A more detailed account of him, in one particular direction at least, would be that he was apparently a very distinct contradiction of one. We have been told very often that every man has one story—nothing has been said about women, undoubtedly because it goes without saying that each one has very many—but John Bethune seemed to disprove this statement. He was apparently one of those men to whom nothing had ever happened, and to whom nothing was likely to happen. But as this, after all, is the story he told one evening about himself to one who was so near and dear to him that the recital of so intimate a narration was possible, even such a report of what he seemingly was not will not serve for an account of the man. Indeed, he was a person very hard to describe, because any attempted delineation of him would seem to fit so many people, while in truth he always impressed every one who met him as being different from most. His tall, thin, ungainly body, to which his big feet and hands were attached by long legs and arms, was in no way remarkable—not even for awkwardness; and his face, with its yellow complexion, and broken, irregular features, was in nothing unusual—even for ugliness. His voice was the only exceptional thing about him, for it was soft, strong, full; and when he did speak, which was seldom, it attracted attention to what he said more by its tone than because of any particular wit or wisdom in his remarks. Not that his brief utterances were not perfectly sensible, for they were this always—practical, applicable, and to the point—but they were not interesting; and although people nearly always found themselves acting in accordance with the sense of his brief speeches, the speeches themselves were not remembered. He was perhaps singular for another thing, and that was his wealth—if any one can be marked out as singular for wealth nowadays, when millionaires are as common as mulberries, and the average citizen has seen in his life more of the former than of the latter. Not that he was inordinately rich, for he was only the richest man of a smaller American city; still, he had enough and more than enough to meet all the requirements of his position, which requirements, even in his semi-provincial environment, were not slight. A coach with wheelers and leaders that had won a blue ribbon in Madison Square, and a steam-yacht which could on occasion leave the "Lakes" and appear with perfect safety and ease upon the "coast," stood out not too conspicuously among such possessions. Nor in the acquisition of his riches had there been anything inspiring. As an only child, he had inherited his fortune in the most ordinary manner; and the fact of such possession, as were most of the facts of his life, was merely determined by circumstances. Even Ruth Comfrey was an inheritance, and a circumstance too, and he had accepted her as contentedly, if not as resignedly, as he had accepted all else. The firm of Bethune and Comfrey had been a great and evident fact in its day in the growing "lake city," and, before the death of the partners and the disappearance of the names from business, had done much to make the place what it after-

wards became. They had accomplished a great deal in accomplishing fortunes for themselves. And Ruth had inherited on one side all the results of years of serious and strenuous endeavor, as John Bethune had on the other. There had been no expression of a desire by either of the partners, but it seemed fitting and natural that the children should marry, and ultimately they did. There was no wooing, nor even one of those long lingerings so familiar to our cities, in which two young people slowly draw toward each other, while the community curiously watches and intelligently comments on the process. The union was inevitable, and it was not long delayed. Indeed, it was so well understood that there was hardly any formal proposal—if, by-the-way, there ever is; for the ways in which a man makes known to a maiden his desire that she should unite her fate with his are ever devious and strange, and generally lacking in picturesqueness or intensity, however much there may have been of both before, or may be of either again.

They sat on the deck of the great steamship as she made her way, after a record-breaking trip, up the harbor of New York, while the evening lights began to flash separately along the shore and glow in mass in the still distant city.

"And Ruth," said John Bethune, calmly, "when shall we be married?" Then he added, in an explanatory tone, "There will be all the bother with the custom-house in a few minutes, and as soon as I land I must go directly to the West."

Nothing had been said about the matter in the languid days in which they had been together in Europe, nor in the long lazy hours on shipboard, and Ruth smiled slightly.

"Why," she answered, slowly, "in the autumn—I suppose—some time."

"All right," he replied, briskly. "That, I imagine, will do excellently;" and he continued, as if dimly conscious that the occasion was one demanding some more active recognition, "I am very glad, of course."

That was all that was said; and in the early autumn, when people were just beginning to get in from the country houses, the two were married, with all the ceremony demanded by their local importance. They went away upon their wedding-trip, they returned, and regularly took their places as component parts of the community. John Bethune changed his habitudes but little; and as for Ruth, it really might be said that she changed hers not at all. When John went upon an extended expedition, the object of which was the destruction of large game, he told Ruth he was going, and went, the only difference being that formerly he had told no one at all. She went "down town" in the morning, her victoria or her brougham standing with other victorias and broughams before the same shops day after day; and in the afternoon, in her victoria or brougham, she drove over the same park roads, sometimes with some other woman, but generally alone. The local world often wondered what she thought as she was driven swiftly along, with her motionless eyes fixed upon the trim landscape, which they did not seem to see, but she had no intimate friends who could supply the needed information with something "well found," if not exactly "true," and society as represented in the place was obliged to satisfy itself with mere conjecture. If society had known the facts it would have been delighted, and would have hastened to make the most of its opportunity; for nothing pleases it so much as a romance—even the merest hint of the possibility of a chance for any romance; not, as need hardly be said, from any unselfish or unthinking love for a "dramatic" story, but because the accompaniments of romance are so apt to be curious—sensational, not to say scandalous. In fact, it may be affirmed that in all things society cares less for the substance than the sauce—whether it be an *entrée* or an elopement. In this case society would have been charmed had it known that the subject about which Ruth Bethune mostly thought was Ralph Lysaght. Not that society knew very much about Lysaght, for his appearances in the place had been infrequent and brief. The interest, of course, lay in the fact that she thought of him at all, or of another man than Bethune, who, she very well knew, was not thinking of her, but of elk or bear or grouse or partridge, or some other game of fur or feathers, which every year he went further and further to find. Still, if society would have been ecstatic at the discovery of the matter of her thoughts, it would probably have been greatly disappointed had it been able to comprehend

the nature of the thoughts themselves. Never were thoughts more innocent, more guileless. Whatever Ruth might be or might have been by nature, experience had done but little to render complex a character that was singularly simple. That she was not what she was meant to be she dimly felt, and although with this half-realization of a certain lack of fulfilment in herself or in her life there came a sense of disappointment, she was not really dissatisfied. That other self had never been sufficiently developed, had never become enough of a living reality — to make it possible for her to institute any comparison; and without comparison, as is conceded, there can be but little discontent or regret. Indeed, she had never suspected in the least that there was another self, until Ralph Lysaght had come, and suddenly—she never knew how she had become aware of it—she knew that there was an entire range of emotions and sensations to which she had been a stranger. She could recall perfectly the day from which such a discovery dated.

Ralph, who had been fidgeting about in his restless way, had suddenly looked at her.

"How many men have told you that you were beautiful?" he said.

"Why—none," she gasped, in her astonishment.

"You are," he said, doggedly.

"But—but," she stammered, "no one ever told me that before."

"No one sees—no one understands," he said. "It's that kind of beauty—you know the quotation—'wrought out from within, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions,' and—all the rest of it."

"Oh, Ralph!" she exclaimed.

Still, she was delighted; for not all the tributes to her loveliness that a beauty receives cause such strong and lasting pleasure as the few fragments of praise gathered by a woman who honestly thinks she is ugly, or at least but fairly good-looking.

This happened a year or more before Ruth was married. Three months later Ralph went away to Japan, desiring to see something of the Chinese war, and in some skirmish perished miserably and obscurely. Ruth's grief was the more bitter because any manifestation of it in more than ordinary degree was impossible for her. It was the more bitter, too, by reason of the nature of their final parting. Wretchedly jealous of one of whom to be jealous was a humiliation—an insignificant chit of a girl, who was still pretty, and in whom he had seemed to find some attraction—she had by firm force of will for the first time brought herself to treat him distantly and coldly. And he had gone, and nothing had been said. There had never been a romance — only the framework for one, and sometimes she almost was in doubt if there had been even so much. With tears she often reflected that she might be mistaken, that Ralph had never cared in the least, and that she was wasting regrets upon what never could have been. At such moments her pride cried for satisfaction, and it was during one of these periods of doubt that she consented to marry John Bethune. Still, the idea would return, and the belief that Ralph had meant all that he had said, and even all that he had implied, was not to be destroyed. To be sure, she could not help remembering the kind of man he was—"all things to all *women*," as some one had once said of him—and the doubt was torture. Finally it seemed to her that she could be perfectly happy if she could know certainly, although the knowledge would bring with it the consciousness of a possible happiness tragically missed. But she did not know, and with the character of Ralph Lysaght what it was known to be, she must ever remain uncertain. He was an "artist," and although he had always scorned all pose and insistence on the "artistic temperament," he was a skilful one. To be sure, he was only an "amateur," but he was one of those who would have lost something in being something more. To the careless observer amateur theatricals may be very poor affairs, but, in truth, there is often to be discovered a certain delicate crudeness in such performance that is lacking on the professional stage. And Lysaght, if he was an "amateur," had in a measure arrived and was known. He was discussed and criticised, and if he was not at once praised, he was the subject of much talk. It was only after his death, in the Chinese war, that he became famous. His sudden reputation may have sprung in a large measure from sensational despatches with accompanying portraits, which interested a great many. Yet, if his handsome face, his adventurous career, and his

untimely end were what really attracted attention and caused people at last to look at his work seriously, it must be said that when they had looked there was something to see, and that what at first had been merely curiosity became in turn admiration. For collectors, his work began to have something of the peculiar fascination of Regnault's. It was good, there was little of it, and the character of the man himself gave it an added interest. Everywhere the least sketch was eagerly sought, and many a dealer made a pretty penny with some canvas that had lain in a forgotten corner or had been unearthed in some prolonged search. So it was that success came to Ralph Lysaght when success no longer was able to afford him gratification, or to give him what he had always needed in greater or less degree—money.

Between Bethune and Lysaght there had always existed a certain friendship. Every one had considered it amazing, but then all the corners of John Bethune's mind or heart were not known to every one. In that silent, impassive person there was a warm love of beauty, and diffident as he was as to his own judgment, in this as in other things he had often turned to the other man. Indeed, Bethune had always been shy about any parade of artistic interest, and people said that all his pictures were bought for him, as they have said of so many others, for he was a collector in a halting, doubtful fashion, as he was much else. Here, as elsewhere, he seemed to be always feeling his way, and if any one spoke to him he would—it almost seemed in alarm—disclaim all personal concern in the matter. But he was known to the "dealers," and by them he was considered the very best of prey. He would buy almost anything he was told to buy, and many were the communications that he constantly received from these active men of affairs. He did not even tell them that he "knew what he liked," as so many generous patrons had a way of doing. Therefore it was a matter of much amazement to one of those very practical brokers when once John Bethune displayed a decided preference.

"What's that?" he asked, suddenly, pointing to a small frame. Then he concluded, abruptly, "I want it."

"Really couldn't say," replied the dealer, with that great air of perfect candor with which he frequently confessed ignorance in unimportant matters. "Some student's study. It is not even signed. But," he went on, "as you speak, and as I look, it is not without merit," and the dealer, falling back, gazed with new respect at the picture.

Nothing but a woman's head against a dark background, the eyes half averted and the face half turned away.

"It does not belong in this room," continued the man. "Some mistake."

"Mistake or not, Sundermann," said Bethune, "I want it."

He spoke resolutely, as if such a firm announcement of preference required some resolution.

"Certainly," replied Sundermann. "The price is a mere nothing, I have no doubt," and going up, he glanced at the back of the frame. "Ah, yes," and he doubled the sum represented by the mark. "But do you really care for a work of art so little representative, without any great name?"

"I don't care anything about the name," asserted Bethune—"or the price, either, if it comes to that. I want the picture."

"Yes, of course, of course," said Sundermann. "Mr. Bethune is known to take his own lines—not to be influenced by the fashion of the hour—to make up his mind for himself. Now I have no doubt, if it were known that you had bought the canvas, I could sell another by the same hand for any price—it is so that reputations are made—but I have not one. I do not know even where to go for one. This, you see, is not signed."

It was said that a true understanding of the kind of man John Bethune happened to be was something essential for the comprehension of his story. Nothing could have shown his character more clearly than his conduct in regard to this picture. He spoke to no one of his purchase, and allowed no one to see it. With jealous care he guarded it in a particular recess of a particular room which he alone entered. A strange apartment it was, in the luxuriously furnished house, like a harness-room and a gun-room and an office, saddles, rifles, and ledgers being promiscuously mixed.

Before the recess in which the picture was hung he had workmen place wooden shutters, like the doors of a triptych, but with nothing on them. There was a lock,

and behind the closed and bolted screen the picture hung securely. It was all characteristic of his secretive and diffident nature, and even in matters that interested him less he had often done as strangely. But, in truth, John Bethune had rarely been stirred as he was by this careless study of this woman's head. It is quite safe to say that from the moment when he first saw it the thought of it was but little out of his mind. He was the last person in the world who would have been considered likely to cherish a romantic passion for a pictured face. It was one of his contradictions. But he was really so unconscious, so little introspective, that the infatuation which grew and strengthened seem to him in no wise remarkable. Like everything else in his existence, he submitted gently and without question, and day by day fell more beneath the charm of the painted presence. It would not be extravagant to say that the picture became the influence of his life, and changed him gradually. For the first time there was visible a shade of dissatisfaction in his dull face, and sometimes for a moment there was a suggestion of impatience in his calm manner. He became, if anything, more silent, more absent-minded, and more indifferent in his attitude toward the world—toward Ruth. She noticed the change, and wondered at it. Sometimes during a big dinner she caught his eyes resting upon her with a strange expression that seemed almost dislike, and which certainly was disapproval. She was puzzled, for it was such a look as might come if he had suddenly fallen in love with some other woman—as if he were comparing her with her rival, and regretting with that hopeless discontent which, although it reaches no further than a highly undefined feeling that all might have been otherwise—had it been different—is a feeling that still leaves the world wofully colorless and void. But he had never, as the world would have expressed it, "played" with any woman, however attractive, and she could not find one in whom he seemed now to be in the least interested. Therefore Ruth was perplexed. But that there was something unsettling in Bethune's quiet life was manifest. He had never been very much with her, but now he was with her less than ever. He had never talked very much to her, but now his remarks became even more perfunctory, and displayed even less thought than usual. In truth, the picture had absorbed Bethune's whole being. It became the love of his life. It seemed to have shown him much that he had never suspected, revealed all that was lacking in his existence. It was a torture and a promise, but a promise, as he knew, that must remain unfulfilled. Every day he worshipped the face, and every hour its influence became stronger with him.

It was at least a year after the new influence had come to lead him that Ruth said anything. They were sitting in the enforced companionship of the few moments before dinner, when as yet the guests had not arrived, and she noticed his moody preoccupation.

"John," she said, with a laugh, "you look and act as if you were in love."

He glanced up quickly. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Your conduct agrees perfectly with the popular idea of a person in such a state. You are silent, absent-minded, and you eat very little."

He did not speak, but continued to stare at her.

"I believe you are," she went on, more earnestly. "But as there's no one of whom I can be jealous, why, I sha'n't be; and," she concluded, with a little contemptuous gesture, "we've never gone in very much for sentiment and passion."

"No," he replied, dully, "we haven't."

But her words made an impression on him, and he realized that in reality he was in love—with a picture, or rather with what he clearly saw that the picture represented. Though at first he was amazed and a trifle ashamed, a longer acquaintance with the idea habituated him to it, and gradually and consciously he lived in the world of his own creating, with the woman of his imaginations. His daily occupation was not changed, the world at large saw no alteration in him, but John Bethune had at last an ideal, and that ideal was his life. It must not be imagined that he gave up all his time to fruitless dreamings, but there were times when he shut himself in, and, absorbed before the picture, let his mind wander in ways that no one, and Ruth least of all, might suspect. And so it was for many years, until the hair about John Bethune's temples became gray, and the wrinkles at the corners of Ruth's eyes spread and deepened. But

his infatuation ever remained the same, strengthening rather than diminishing, and the picture was his only real companion—the woman that it represented the active and determining influence of his life. Ruth, whether because her interest was small, or because she purposely refrained from intruding upon him, had not in all this time penetrated to this particular holy of holies. There was no understanding, but it was a custom, and one to which she had adhered. It would hardly be true to say that Ruth had become fond of John as time passed; but everything had become more dim, and they had lived a long time together, thereby accumulating a great fund of common interests. Certainly his companionship had become less irksome, and if habit had not stood in the way, she would voluntarily have sought it more often.

One night Ruth sat upon the broad veranda of the great house, watching the heavy clouds which then, just after sunset, were massing quickly behind the trees. They grew dark, ponderous, and threatening. There could be little doubt that a thunder-storm, and a very heavy one, was imminent. Ruth was nervous. Although ordinarily courageous, she had, like many women, retained in middle life her youthful fear of the lightning and the thunder. It was really terror; with the flash and the crash she always became panic-stricken, and fled for concealment, in childish thoughtlessness. Already she had heard the first muttering, already caught the glow of the first glare. The clouds were coming on swiftly, preceded by a dry, sharp wind that was driving leaves and twigs wildly before it. In a moment the tempest would burst. She rose to her feet and glanced quickly around. The great drawing-rooms were deserted, and, in view of the tumult to come, the silence was in itself appalling. She knew that Bethune was in his room, in a not distant wing, and, impelled by the need of any companionship, she fled through the low window, and sped along the halls and corridors to that part of the house. She had never done such a thing as to visit him there before, but in her terror habit was forgotten. When she stood before the door she did not pause, nor even knock, but threw it open quickly and hurriedly entered. The darkness of the storm was in the apartment, and in the dimness she did not at first see. Then, when she had advanced a step or two, she saw her husband seated with bowed head, and clasped hands hanging between his knees. He had not heard her, and at first he did not look up.

"John!" she cried, wildly, in her affright.

He glanced up with a sudden start.

At that instant the rapid flare of the quickly mounting tempest shone through the room. With sudden illumination the whole place was brightly lit up—not a corner but that could be clearly seen—and at a glance Ruth discovered the object before which Bethune sat in bowed dejection. The curtain was drawn back, the doors thrown open, and his treasure appeared completely revealed.

"John," she cried, forgetting the storm and everything in her astonishment, "where did you get my picture?"

"Your picture!" he exclaimed, rising to his feet.

"Yes," she said. "The picture Ralph Lysaght painted of me."

"He painted that of you?" stammered Bethune.

"Yes," she said. "He was going to give it to me, but he was killed, and I never knew where it was—and—" As the thunder burst with a terrific crash she trembled and cowered in a dark corner.

"He painted that," repeated Bethune, "of you? But—it does not look like you."

"He said it did," she whispered—"that it was the way I looked to him—" And as again the house seemed to shake with a new reverberation she screamed,

"Oh, John!"

But he clearly did not hear her, as he stood gazing at the picture.

It was said in the beginning that there was a story told by John Bethune one sultry starry summer night just before cock's crow, when the earth at last lay dim and quiet, which might properly be addressed "to those whom it may concern."

This is the story.

NEW WORDS AND OLD.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

NOT long before the opening of the splendid exhibition which for the short space of six months made Chicago the most interesting city in the world its leading literary journal editorially rejoiced that English was becoming a world-language, but sorrowed also that it was so sadly in danger of corruption; and not long before the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, a London journalist proclaimed that English was in a parlous state. The American journalist called upon us to take pattern by the British, and the British journalist cried out for an academy like that of the French. These shrill outbreaks serve only to alarm the timid, and to reveal an unhesitating ignorance of the history of our language. The same kind of protest has been made constantly ever since English has been recognized as a tongue worthy of preservation and protection, and it would be easy to supply parallels — some of them five hundred years old.

We know now that growth is a condition of life, and that only a dead language is rigid. We know now that it is dangerous to elevate the literary diction too far above the speech of the plain people. We have found out that nobody in Rome ever spoke Ciceronian Latin; Cicero did not speak it himself; he did not even write it naturally; he wrote it with an effort, and not always to his own satisfaction at the first attempt. We have discovered that there was a wide gap between the elegance of the orator's polished periods and the uncouth bluntness of the vulgar tongue of the Roman people; and we believe that this divergence was broader than that between the perfect style of Hawthorne, for example, and the dialect of Salem or of Concord.

By experts like Whitney we are told that there has been less structural modification of our language in the second half of the nineteenth century than in any other fifty-year period of its existence. Our vocabulary has been enormously enriched, but the skeleton of our speech has been only a little developed. With the decrease in illiteracy the conserving force of the printing-press must always hereafter make change increasingly difficult—even in the obvious cases where improvement is possible. The indirect influence of the novelist, and the direct influence of the schoolmaster—very powerful each of them, and almost irresistible when united—will always be exerted on the side of the conservatives. To seize these facts firmly, and to understand their applications, is to have ready always an ample answer for all those who chatter about the impending corruption of our noble tongue.

But we may go further. The study of history shows us that the future of English is dependent not on the watchfulness of its guardians, not upon the increasing richness and flexibility of its vocabulary, not upon the modification of its syntax, not upon the needed reform of its orthography; it is not conditioned upon any purity or any corruption of the language itself. The future of the English language is dependent upon the future of the two great peoples that speak it; it is conditioned upon the strength, the energy, the vigor, and the virtue of the British and the Americans.

"Every word we speak," so Dr. Holmes told us, "is the medal of a dead thought or feeling, struck in the die of some human experience, worn smooth by innumerable contacts, and always transferred warm from one to another." We must admit that these chance medallists of language have not always been gifted artists or skilled craftsmen, so the words of their striking are sometimes misshapen; nor have they always respected the standard, so there is counterfeit coin in circulation sometimes. Even when the word is sterling and well-minted, be it new or old—

> Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
> And now of a Bloody Mary—

the coin itself is sometimes locked up in the reserve, to be misrepresented by a shabby paper promise to pay. So fierce is the popular demand for an increased *per capita* that the verbal currency is ever in danger of debasement. This is the apparent justification of the self-appointed tellers who busy themselves with touchstones of their own, and who ven-

ture to throw out much false coin. Their tests are trustworthy now and again; but more often than not the pieces they have nailed to the counter are of full weight, and ought to pass current.

"There is a purism," Whitney said, "which, while it seeks to maintain the integrity of the language, in effect stifles its growth; to be too fearful of new words and phrases, new meanings, familiar and colloquial expressions, is little less fatal to the well-being of a spoken tongue than to rush into the opposite extreme." And Professor Lounsbury goes farther and asserts that our language is not to-day in danger from the agencies commonly supposed to be corrupting it, but rather "from ignorant efforts made to preserve what is called its purity." And elsewhere the same inexpugnable authority reminds us that "the history of language is the history of corruptions," and that "the purest of speakers uses every day, with perfect propriety, words and forms which, looked at from the point of view of the past, are improper, if not scandalous."

There would be both interest and instruction in a list of the many words securely intrenched in our own vocabulary to-day which were bitterly assaulted on their first appearance. Swift praises himself for his valiant effort against certain of these intruders: "I have done my utmost for some years past to stop the progress of *mob* and *banter*, but have been plainly borne down by numbers and betrayed by those who promised to assist me." Puttenham (or whoever it was that wrote the anonymous *Arte of English Poesie*, published in 1589) admitted the need of certain words to which the purists might justly object, and then adds that "many other like words, borrowed out of the Latin and French, were not so well to be allowed by us," citing then among those of which he disapproved — *audacious*, *egregious*, and *compatible*. In the *Poetaster*, acted in 1601, Ben Jonson satirized Marston's verbal innovations, and among the words he reviled are *clumsy*, *inflate*, *spurious*, *conscious*, *strenuous*, *defunct*, *retrograde*, and *reciprocal*.

Puttenham wrote at the end of the sixteenth century, Jonson at the beginning of the seventeenth, Swift at the beginning of the eighteenth; and at the beginning of the nineteenth we find Lady Holland declaring *influential* to be a detestable word, and asserting that she had tried in vain to get Sheridan to forego it.

At the end of the nineteenth century the battle is still raging over *stand-point*, for example, and over *reliable*, and over *lengthy*, and over a score of others, all of which bid fair to establish themselves ultimately, because they supply a demand more or less insistent. The fate is more doubtful of *photo* for *photograph*, and of *phone* for *telephone;* they both strike us now as vulgarisms, just as the abbreviation of *mobile vulgus* to *mob* struck Swift as vulgar; and it may be that in time they will live down this stigma of illegitimacy, just as *mob* has survived it. *Raccoon* and *opossum* are also yielding the ground before *coon* and *possum*. Then there is the misbegotten verb *to enthuse*—the most hideous of vocables in my sight — what is to be its fate? Although I have detected it in the careful columns of the *Nation*, it has not as yet been adopted by any acknowledged master of English; none the less, I fear me greatly, it has all the vitality of other ill weeds.

Dryden declared that he traded "both with the living and the dead for the enrichment of our native language"; but he denied that he Latinized too much; and the most of the gallicisms he attempted have not won acceptance. Lowell thought that Dryden did not add a single word to the language, unless "he first used *magnetism* in its present sense of moral attraction." Dr. Holmes also discovered that it is not enough to make a new word when it is needed and to fashion it fitly; its fortune still depends on public caprice or popular instinct. "I've sometimes made new words," he told a friend; "I made *chrysocracy*, thinking it would take its place, but it didn't; *plutocracy*, meaning the same thing, was adopted instead." But *anæsthesia* was a word of Dr. Holmes's making which has won its way not only in English, but in most of the other modern languages. It may be doubted whether a like fortune will follow another word quoted in one of his letters, *aproposity*, a bilingual hybrid not without analogues in our language.

It is with surprise that in Stevenson's very Scotch romance, *David Balfour*, we happen upon another malformation, *come-at-able*, hitherto supposed to be Yankee in its origin and in its aroma. Elsewhere in the same story we read "you *claim* to be

innocent," a form which the cockney critics are wont to call American. Stevenson in this novel uses both the modern *jeopardize* and the ancient *enjeopardy*. Just why to *jeopardize* should have driven to *jeopard* out of use it is not easy to declare, nor why *leniency* is supplanting *lenity*. As *drunk* seems to suggest total intoxication, it is possible to discover the cause of the increasing tendency to say "I have *drank*." No defence is easy of "in our *midst*" for "in the midst of us," and yet it will prevail inevitably, for it is a convenient short-cut. Dr. Holmes confessed to Richard Grant White that he had used it once, and that Edward Everett (who had also once fallen from grace) made him see the error of his ways. It is to be found twice in Stevenson's *Amateur Emigrant*, and again in the *Res Judicatæ* of Mr. Augustine Birrell, a brisk essayist, although not an impeccable stylist.

It is nothing against a noun that it is new. To call it a neologism is but begging the question. Of necessity, every word was new once. It was "struck in the die of human experience," to come back to Dr. Holmes's figure; and it is at its best before it is "worn smooth by innumerable contacts." Lowell thought it was a chief element of Shakespeare's greatness that "he found words ready to his use, original and untarnished—types of thought whose sharp edges were unworn by repeated impressions." He "found a language already established, but not yet fetlocked by dictionary and grammar mongers." For the same reason Mérimée delighted in Russian, because it was "young, the pedants not having had time to spoil it; it is admirably fit for poetry."

This native relish for the uncontaminated word it was that led Hugo and Gautier to ransack all sorts of special vocabularies. This thirst for the unhackneyed epithet it is that urges Mr. Rudyard Kipling to avail himself of the technical terms of trade, which serve his purpose not merely because they are exact, but also because they are unexpected. The device is dangerous, no doubt, but a writer of delicate perceptions can find his advantage in it. Perhaps George Eliot was a little too fond of injecting into fiction the terminology of science, but there was nothing blameworthy in the desire to enlarge the vocabulary which should be at the command of the novelist. Professor Dowden records that when she used in a story words and phrases like *dynamic* and *natural selection*, the reviewer pricked up his delicate ears and shied; and he makes bold to suggest that "if the thoroughbred critic could only be led close up to *dynamic*, he would find that *dynamic* would not bite." Every lover of our language will sympathize with Professor Dowden's assertion that "a protest of common-sense is really called for against the affectation which professes to find obscurity in words because they are trisyllabic, or because they carry with them scientific associations. Language, the instrument of literary art, is an instrument of ever-extending range; and the truest pedantry, in an age when the air is saturated with scientific thought, would be to reject those accessions to the language which are the special gain of the time."

Where George Eliot erred—if err she did at all in this matter—was in the use of scientific terms inappropriately, or, so to say, boastfully, whereby she aroused an association of ideas foreign to the purpose in hand. Every writer needs to consider most carefully the obvious and the remote associations of the phrases he employs, that these may intensify the thought he wishes to convey. A word is known by the company it has kept. Especially must a poet have a keen nose for the fragrant word, or else his stanzas will lack savor. The magic of his art lies largely in the syllables he selects, in their sound and in their color. Not their meanings merely are important to him, but their suggestions also—not what they denote more than what they connote. An American psychologist has recently told us that every word has not only its own note but also its overtones. With unconscious foresight the great poets have always acted on this theory.

Perhaps this is a reason why the poets have ever been ready to rescue a cast-off word from the rubbish heap of the past. Professor Earle (of Oxford) declares that "it has been one of the most interesting features of the new vigor and independence of American literature that it has often displayed in a surprising manner what springs of novelty there are in reserve and to be elicited by novel combinations"—a statement more complimentary in its intent than felicitous in its phrasing. It is well known that many good old words dropped out of use in Great

Britain have been kept bright for service in the United States. When the revisers of the English Bible drew up a list of the words in the King James version, then obsolete in England, it was seen at once that a large proportion of them were alive in America, where they were still understanded of the people. Professor Earle praises Emerson and Lowell and Holmes for their skill in enriching our modern English with the old words locked up out of sight in the treasuries of the past. Lowell said of Emerson that "his eye for a fine telling phrase that will carry true is like that of a backwoodsman for a rifle; and he will dredge you up a choice word from the mud of Cotton Mather himself."

Of course this effort to recover the scattered pearls of speech, dropped by the wayside in the course of the centuries, is peculiar neither to the United States nor to the nineteenth century, although perhaps it has been carried further in our country and in our time than anywhere else. Modern Greek has recalled to its aid as much old Greek as it can assimilate. Sallust was accused by an acrid critic of having made a list of obsolete words which he strove deliberately to reintroduce into Latin. This is, in effect, what Spenser sought to do with Chaucer's vocabulary; and it is curious to reflect that, owing, it may be, in part to the example set by the author of the "Faerie Queene," the language of the "Canterbury Tales" is far less strange, less remote, less archaic, to us to-day than it was to the Elizabethans.

A rapid consumption of the vocabulary is going on constantly. Words are swiftly worn out and used up and thrown aside. New words are made or borrowed to fill the vacancies. Once upon a time to *aggravate* meant to increase an offence; now it is often used as though it meant to irritate. Formerly *calculated*—as in the sentence "it was *calculated* to do harm" —implied a deliberate intention to injure; now the idea of intention has been eliminated, and the sentence is held to be roughly equivalent to "it was *likely* to do harm." *Verbal* is slowly getting itself accepted as synonymous with *oral*, in antithesis to *written*. *Lurid* is really *pale*, *wan*, *ghastly;* but how often of late has it been employed as though it signified *red* or *ruddy* or *bloody*?

At first these new uses of these old words were slovenly and inadmissible inaccuracies, but by sheer insistence they are winning their pardon, until at last they will gain authority as they broaden down from precedent to precedent. It is well to be off with the old word before you are on with the new; and no writer who respects his mother-tongue is ever in haste to take up with words thus wrested from their primitive propriety.

But as Dryden declared when justifying his modernizing of Chaucer's vocabulary, "Words are not like landmarks, so sacred as never to be removed; customs are changed, and even statutes are silently repealed when the reason ceases for which they were enacted." It was Dryden's "Cousin Swift" who once declared that "a *nice* man is a man of *nasty* ideas" —an assertion which I venture to believe to be wholly incomprehensible to-day to the young ladies of England, in whose mouths *nice* means *agreeable* and *nasty* means *disagreeable*. *Nice* has suffered this inexplicable metamorphosis in the United States as well as in Great Britain; but *nasty* has not yet been emptied of its original offensiveness here as it has over there. And even in British speech the transformation is relatively recent; I think Stevenson was guilty of an anachronism in *Weir of Hermiston* when he puts it in the mouth of a young Scot.

In like manner *awful* and *terrible* and *elegant* have been so misused as mere intensitives that a careful writer now strikes them out when they come off the end of his pen in their original meaning. So *quite* no longer implies *completely*, but is almost synonymous with *somewhat*, *quite poor* meaning *somewhat poor*, and *quite good* meaning *pretty good*. *Unique* is getting to imply merely *excellent*, or perhaps only *unusual;* its exact etymological value is departing forever. *Creole*, which should be applied only to Caucasian natives of tropical countries born of Latin parents, is beginning to carry with it in the vulgar tongue of to-day a vague suspicion of negro blood.

While the perversion of *nice* and *nasty* is British, there is an American perversion of *dirt* not unlike. To most Americans, I think, *dirt* suggests *earth*, or *soil*, or *clay*, or *dust;* to most Americans, I think, *dirt* no longer carries with it any suggestion of *dirtiness*. I have heard a mother send her little boy off to make mud pies, on condition that he used only "clean *dirt*," and I know that a lawn-tennis ground of

compacted earth is called a *dirt* court. Yet though the noun has thus been defecated, the adjective keeps its earlier force, and there even lingers something of the pristine value in the noun itself when it is employed in the picturesque idiom of the Rocky Mountains, where to be guilty of an underhand injury against any one is to *do him dirt*. Lovers of Western verse will recall how the frequenters of Casey's *table d'hôte* went to see "Modjesky as Cameel," and how they sat in silence until the break occurs between the lover and his mistress:

> At that Three-Fingered Hoover says, "I'll chip into this game,
> And see if Red Hoss Mountain cannot reconstruct the same.
> I won't set by and see the feelin's of a lady hurt—
> Gol durn a critter, anyhow, that does a woman dirt!"

Here, no doubt, we have crossed the confines of slang; but having done so, I venture upon an anecdote which will serve to show how completely sometimes the newer meaning of a word substitutes itself for the older. Two friends of mine were in a train of the elevated railroad passing through that formerly craggy part of upper New York which was once called Shantytown, and which now prefers to be known as Harlem. One of them drew the attention of the other to the capering young capricorns that sported over the blasted rocks by the side of the lofty track. "Just look at those kids!" were the words he used. He was overheard by a boy of the streets sitting in the next seat, who glanced out of the window at once, but failed to discover the children he expected to behold. Whereupon he promptly looked up and corrected my friend. "Them's not kids," declared the urchin of Manhattan; "them's little goats!"

The change in the application of *college* is still in process of accomplishment. In England a college was a place of instruction, sometimes independent (as Eton College, in which case it is really a high-school), and sometimes a component part of a university (in which case the rest of the organization is not infrequently non-existent). An English university is not unlike a federation of colleges, and the relation of Merton and Magdalen to Oxford is not unlike that of Massachusetts and Virginia to the United States. In America *college* and *university* were long carelessly confused, as though they were interconvertible terms; but of late a sharp distinction is being set up—a distinction quite different from that obtaining in England. In this new American usage a *college* is a place where undergraduates are trained, and a *university* is a place where graduate students are guided in research. Thus the college gives breadth, and the university adds depth. Thus the college provides general culture, and the university provides the opportunity of specialization. If we accept this distinction, and it has been accepted by all those who discuss the higher education in America, we are forced to admit that the most of the self-styled universities of this country should be called colleges, and we are allowed to observe that the college and the university can exist side by side in the same institution, as at Harvard and at Columbia.

While this modification of the meaning of *college* is being made in America, a modification in the meaning of *chapel* has been made in England. At first *chapel* described a subordinate part of a church, devoted to special services. By natural extension it came to denote a smaller edifice subsidiary to a large church, as Grace Church in New York was once a chapel of Trinity Church. But in this century *chapel* has come to be applied in England more especially to the humbler meeting-houses of the various sects of dissenters, while *church* is reserved for the places of worship of the established religion. Thus Sir Walter Besant classifies the population of a river-side parish in London into those who go to *church* and those who go to *chapel*, having no doubt that all his British readers will understand the former to be Episcopalians and the latter Methodists or the like.

This is a Briticism not likely ever to be adopted in America. But another Briticism bids fair to have a better fortune. Living as they do on a little group of islands, the British naturally are in the habit of referring to the rest of Europe as the *Continent*. They run across the channel to take a little tour "on the Continent." They speak of the pronunciation of Latin that obtains everywhere but in Great Britain and Ireland as the *Continental* pronunciation. Already has a New York literary review, after having had a series of papers on "Living Crit-

ics" (in which were included both British writers and American), followed it with a series of "Living Continental Critics" (in which the chief critics of France, Germany, Spain, and Scandinavia were considered). Yet there is no logic in this use of the word over here, since we Americans are not insular, and since North America is a continent just as Europe is. As it happens, the word *continental* in a wholly contradictory meaning is glorious in the history of the United States. Who does not know how

> In their ragged regimentals
> Stood the old Continentals,
> Yielding not?

None the less will the convenience of this British use of the word outweigh its lack of logic in America—as convenience has so often overridden more serious considerations. Language is a tool, and must be shaped to fit the hand that uses it.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

THE question is often raised whether the fine arts are necessary adjuncts of civilization. If they are not, and our modern civilization is inimical to the fine arts, then the critic who talks about the United States need not be embarrassed with explanations and concessions. Everybody in the United States admits, without argument, that the country is highly civilized; the majority admit that it is enlightened. It would be therefore altogether fortunate if the consideration of the fine arts could be left out of these comfortable conclusions. An industrial and commercial civilization does not want to be bothered with the ideal view of life which insists that beauty is an essential element in human life. We see that it was once essential, and that beauty was even popular, in those ages which produced the masterpieces in architecture, in painting and sculpture, which still appeal to certain emotions which a practical age has not wholly eliminated; but it is evidently out of place among a people who get their highest enjoyment out of bigness and utility.

It is the universal opinion of the hordes of excursionists to Mexico, from whose manners the Mexicans judge our civilization, that Mexico is about a century and a half behind the United States in all that makes life worth while. This opinion I am not about to controvert, but in defence of it I shall say that it is not wholly based upon pie, buckwheat cakes, hideous twenty-story buildings, ugly churches, at home, nor upon the leisurely habits of body and mind here which seem to the excursionists utter shiftlessness. No, the American has a right to base his judgment upon his home experience of what is comfortable and what is enterprising in travel, in hotels, in cooking, in business methods. We all admit that to be "slow" is a cardinal vice, and to be contented with little is hardly a venial sin. We also suspect that graciousness of manner and studied politeness must be the cloak of insincerity. The very phrases of ordinary civility seem exaggerated. We say to a visitor that we hope "he will make himself at home," but it seems insincere when the Mexican says, "this house is yours." I have had a good many articles of value offered to me in Mexico—houses, horses, pianos, raiment, jewelry—and I had the same pleasure in the offer that I should have had from an American friend who said of anything that I admired, "I am delighted that you like it."

It would be idle to discuss this question in a paragraph. For, when all is said and done, we could only come to the conclusion that it is difficult for one race to understand another, and that the way of looking at life in Mexico is not ours. Whether the one is more conducive to happiness than the other I should not attempt to say. And in the matter of ignorance of each other I should say we were at a stand-off. I have read a good deal lately about Spain's ignorance of the United States, and I have witnessed the Mexican ignorance of our great country; I should say that it was only matched by our ignorance of Spain and of Mexico. An indication of our ignorance of Mexico,

socially and commercially, is the sort of official representatives that our government usually sends here. But this is aside from the topic we started with, and cannot be dwelt upon; the climate and the productive capacities of Mexico are getting to be understood, but the politicians who select our official representatives have evidently no conception of the social position of the ruling class here, nor of the immense commercial advantages of our closer connection with this semi-tropical republic, which is entering upon a new career of industrial development.

However much the traveller in Mexico may disapprove the want of progress, the habits of postponement, and the method of living, he may still be interested in studying the way of regarding life and getting happiness out of it that is not his own way, and in trying to understand some of the compensations of a civilization different from his own. And at the outset it is only fair to say that the mode of living and of enjoyment should not be judged by the hotels, by the methods of travel, by the facilities for the entertainment of foreigners. It is admitted that the hotels are no better than those in Switzerland and Italy were before the English forced a reformation of them. Mexican habits of living were made for Mexicans, and not for foreigners, and the traveller could only judge of them fairly by an experience of home life in Mexico. It is only recently that Mexicans have been called upon to entertain people whose tastes are radically different from their own. Without discussing this matter further, I wish to consider some things in Mexico that bear more or less on the question of art and civilization.

II.

Mexico is full of objects most interesting to the artist—aside from the abundance of "material" in landscape and in *genre*. But the art that will please him is mainly of the past, or it is the art for which the Mexican is losing his taste. Very few of the noble monuments of architecture belong to this century. There are many evidences that the present Mexican public has lost the taste and traditions of good art. The Indian traditions of it still exist in localities where pottery is produced in the old way, but not in the villages where there is an increasing foreign demand for it and an attempt to suit the American taste. The same change is going on here that took place in Italy, where the commercial spirit ruined the attractive work in porcelain and in glass. Little Venetian glass is now produced that satisfies our love of beauty, and the same can be said of the work of the potters in and about Guadalajara. It is becoming showy and hideous in color. Only in the most common and the cheapest ware can the lover of pottery find much satisfaction. And this is more or less true of the work all over the republic. Nearly every village of importance makes its peculiar pottery, and the work of most of them has already felt the influence of the commercial spirit. Almost invariably, the older the ware the better it is in form and decoration. That is to say, the better it is in the individual expression of the artist, which is the essential thing in art. It must also be said that domestic taste in decoration is not high, and that the want of it shows itself also in the restoration of churches and public buildings. The treatment of some of the beautiful old edifices, the color of which age had softened to a priceless value, is nothing short of barbarous. If disrespect for the grace of antiquity is a sign of progress, the Mexicans are not very far behind us. In fact, while we, in household decoration and in appreciation of what is good in architecture, are slowly going the right way, the Mexicans at present are going the wrong way. So, if art is not an essential of civilization, the Mexicans may be getting to the front.

It was a marvellous time of original and beautiful work that covered Mexico with churches, and set up in all the remote and almost inaccessible villages towers and domes that match the best work in Italy, and recall the triumphs of Moorish art. This beauty and originality is wholly in the exterior. While nearly all the towers, domes, façades, and outside walls are original in form and color and decoration, and have a special charm, the interiors are strikingly alike, and generally commonplace. This uniformity is the more remarkable in a people that build their interior domestic courts and decorate them with so much variety. It should be said, however, that some of the interiors of the churches were very rich in silver and gold decorations prior to the sequestration of church property.

One of the finest chapels in the world

is that attached to the old nunnery of Santa Rosa in Querétaro. It is, at any rate, unique. I know no other church in the world that is so rich in wood-carving, carving so spirited, free, and on such a gigantic scale. It is overlaid with thick gold-leaf—almost gold plate—and in some places the gold is overlaid with transparent tortoise shell. The chapel is large and of good height, and the broad panels of carving, all different, extend from floor to ceiling. It is quite impossible, without pictures, to give the reader any idea of the exquisite beauty and nobleness of this decoration, the grace of the figures, and the wondrous coloring introduced, the harmonious gold, red, green, faint pink, and all the tints blended by age. There is not a square foot in the great chapel that is not rich in fresh designs and color. The pulpit, the confessionals, the niches, all show the same passionate love of art and of decoration. The great altar-piece, which is said to have been the richest part of the chapel, was wantonly destroyed by the French when they occupied the city. They tore it down and burned it in order to get the gold. I was told in Querétaro that they took from the ashes gold to the value of a million and a half of dollars. I can readily believe, judging from the thickness of the gold-leaf remaining, that the sum obtained was immense. The paintings enclosed in the panels are quite above paintings common in such settings. In the sacristy, covering one end of the wall, is a painting that would attract admiration anywhere. In the central space is an altogether lovely figure of Santa Rosa. In form and color the compositions would do no discredit to Murillo. Above is a gigantic representation of the crucifixion, but the main portion of the painting represents the nuns of the convent at work in the garden — the title, translated, is "The Closed Garden"—and for grace and naïveté, and suggestiveness of peace and purity, it is most notable. The chapel in its design and largely in its execution is the work of Tresguerres, an Indian artist who died at an advanced age about 1830. He was called the Michael Angelo of Mexico, and there is little exaggeration in this title, for he was a painter, a sculptor, and an architect, and excelled in each branch of art. A church which he built at Celayo, his native place, and the bishop's palace (now the post-office) in Querétaro, certainly entitle him to very high rank as an architect, while the carving in wood, figures and original designs, in the Santa Rosa Chapel, is, so far as I know, not equalled elsewhere. The great nunnery, now a hospital, contains some fine cloisters and courts, and unsupported staircases and arches above which are puzzles to builders. I very much fear that this noble chapel will go to decay, or that it will be barbarously ruined by the so-called restoration of paint and whitewash. If the republic of Mexico values its richest art monument, and appreciates the consequence both as an attraction to visitors and as an educating influence to its own people, it will take care that it is properly guarded and preserved.

The cathedrals at Puebla and at Morelia are conspicuous for their beauty, and still retain their richness. But there is in Puebla a church—that of San Francisco —which is very remarkable. The interior, with its tiled floors and graceful double galleries, is fine, but the façade is unique. It is a recessed façade, the whole front covered with panels of tiles beautiful in color and design. In a small way it resembles the fronts of Orvieto and other churches in Italy, but not enough to institute a comparison with them. It is, however, unique; and the fine towers and colored tiled dome, and the great trees of the church-yard and plaza adjoining, combine to make it worth an effort to visit. But then Puebla is full of exquisite towers and noble domes of colored tiles.

And this leads me to say that the great plateau over which the traveller passes between Puebla and Esperanza on his way to Orizaba is dotted all over with these monuments of a lovely art. Every village has its church, conspicuous from afar, with a graceful tower and a dome sparkling with colored tiles; and every hacienda also has its church, and many of these latter are perfect gems. Except in the general form of these churches, there is nowhere any repetition of design. The artists seemed to have had free play to express their love of beauty in towers, domes, and façades. Nothing is commonplace; nothing is vulgar. Towers and domes, any one of which I should like to see in the United States, are common in the republic; but it seemed to me that in this part of Mexico they expressed a feeling not common elsewhere—not Italian (which one encounters in so many lovely cloisters and towers), nor yet exactly

Spanish, but rather, I should say, Saracenic. At least this was the impression strongly made upon me. The domes always reminded me of the tombs of sheiks, of the califs, and so on, as one sees them in all Moslem lands, and the slender towers recalled the graceful minarets. These two forms in combination, so constant and so varied, suggested always the Saracenic spirit in the artist. It may be only a fancy, but it is not unreasonable to believe that the Spanish architect who designed them was strongly influenced in his work by the Saracenic forms with which he was so familiar three centuries ago. There is another fancy about the façades of many of the best old Mexican churches which I may have mentioned before. It is a peculiarity which one sees in many village churches, and even in the city of Mexico, and in such suburban towns as Coyoacan and Tacubaya. While the churches were evidently designed by Spanish architects, the workers who executed the façades were evidently Indians; and in the strange stone-work designs—unlike any other architectural decoration that I know, and very difficult for us to interpret or enter into the spirit of—we have the Indian traditions of a prehistoric art and ornamentation. Much of this work, untranslatable into our terms, has more in common with the carving on the prehistoric temples than with that on any Christian edifices. The subject is one, however, that a layman is incompetent to deal with. It is much to be desired that trained artists should study and describe the old churches of Mexico. Many of them, like the noble edifice of Churubusco, with its interior wealth of old Spanish tiles, are already going to ruin.

The fascination in pursuing the study of the towers and domes is that there are no two alike. There was no slavish copying from book designs. The style is the same, but each architect followed his own genius in constructing an object of beauty. The edifices are not always simple; the roof masses are bold and grand often; and there is an effect of solidity, of grandeur, with all the airy grace of form, and the satisfaction of the eye with color. There is a touch of decay nearly everywhere, a crumbling and a defacement of colors, which add somewhat of pathos to the old structures; but in nearly every one there is some unexpected fancy — a belfry oddly placed, a figure that surprises with its quaintness or its position, or a rich bit of deep stone carving—and in the humblest and plainest façade there is a note of individual yielding to a whim of expression that is very fascinating. The architects escaped from the commonplace and the conventional; they understood proportion without regularity, and the result is not, perhaps, explainable to those who are only accustomed to our church architecture. But most of ours, good as it occasionally may be, is uninteresting; whereas you love this, in all its shabbiness of age, and do not care to give a reason why. On the long wall of the Church of Santa Ursula in Guadalajara is a series of carvings in solid stone, cut as deeply as any on prehistoric walls or on Egyptian monuments, which have a richness incomparable with any other work of the sort I have seen.

In dropping down the great plateau of which I have been speaking, to Orizaba, descending by the most wonderful railway in the republic in an hour and a half from the temperate zone to the tropical, we still find churches equally pleasing, but nature also takes a hand in giving us extraordinary sensations. Halfway down the mountain from Esperanza to Maltrata is a view which is unique in my experience. It is of Orizaba, agreed now to be the largest, as it is the most beautiful, of the snow mountains, having a height of nearly eighteen thousand feet. At one point in the winding of the road a valley opens out from the depth below, where Maltrata lies in its tropical greenness, and the eye follows the gradations of intersecting hills, up from the several shades of green melting into each other to purple and violet and delicate pink, until the great mass of the dazzling white dome of Orizaba stands against the deep blue sky. I doubt if nature ever designed a more effective composition, or ever arranged elsewhere such exquisite gradations of color.

III.

I cannot say how fully the modern Mexican appreciates these beauties of architecture and of nature. But there is one art, which we sometimes think belongs to civilization, that is universal. It cannot be denied that the whole nation—Indians, mixed races, and Spaniards—have a passion for music. And the govern-

ment is wise in affording the whole population an opportunity to have it. All the cities have their public plazas; there is one in every village I have seen; and in each one is a band-stand. Usually the market-place, the spot where people congregate for trade, is near at hand. In all these plazas there is music twice or three times a week, to which the whole people go for their evening promenade. In the large cities bands play in different squares, and in the alamedas and paseos (or driving-places), on different afternoons and evenings. If the town has a barracks, the music is furnished by the military band. This is nearly always a good band. Sometimes the band is made up of Rurales—the corps of federal civil guards, who are distributed all over the republic, and are to be seen at every railway station and in all the remote villages. These military bands play a very important function in the government, giving the people amusement and enjoyment in return for the expense of a standing army. If there is no military band, there is always a musical organization of the town which furnishes music for the populace, and besides these are the small private bands, which play for dances and feasts and other merry occasions. The music is commonly light and not always of the best, but it is universal. And generally in private houses there is much playing on guitars, mandolins, and pianos. Some of the large military bands compare favorably with any in the world. I think there is an increasing tendency to play what is called popular music, waltzes and marches, and I did not this time hear as many of the characteristic, peculiar Mexican airs as I should like; but the good bands play more classical music, overtures, marches, and music from the best operas than military bands usually attempt. But the significant fact about this native liking for music is that it is most eagerly sought by the common people—by the peons and the wearers of colored serapes, by the masses in picturesque costumes of rags. They are better listeners around all the band-stands than the better-dressed and fashionable classes. It is easy to see that music is a passion with them. They always crowd around the band and give it rapt attention as long as it plays. The Indians and the peons come from long distances and remote little villages to the towns where good music is to be heard. And I was told at Querétaro that they prefer the best music, the classical, and that when pieces are played that are new to them they quickly catch the strains or the themes by the ear, carrying the music home in memory, and invent rude instruments on which they attempt to reproduce it in their own distant villages. Very few other civilized people do this.

IV.

Another element sometimes counted as an evidence of civilization is the love of flowers. The favoring climate has something to do with this taste. It also is universal. The meanest hovel, of adobe or cane or thatch, is never without flowers and climbing flowering vines to brighten it. The women not only love flowers, but in the meanest houses take pains to raise them. This taste makes life seem less hard and grim than it is in some vast agricultural regions in the United States. Travellers are delighted with the glimpses in all villages and cities, through open doors, of the lovely patios or inner courts, which are brilliant with flowers and beautiful shrubs. And behind the plainest wall exteriors are gardens with flowers and fruits and fountains. And the government cares for these things. The public plazas and promenades are horticultural shows of rare plants, trees, and flowers. The government buildings and offices have both inner and outer gardens. The church cloisters are commonly rich in bloom. The first court of the great penitentiary in Guadalajara (where the convicts have an excellent band) is a garden of trees and flowers carefully cultivated; there is the same brilliant show in the fine hospital in that city, and nearly all of the twenty-seven courts at the asylum for orphans and aged people are made cheerful and attractive with fountains and trees and flowers. One of the prettiest gardens I saw is the court of the poorhouse in Querétaro. I do not know that paupers anywhere else have this sense of beauty so ministered to. In most of the charity foundations there is the same regard for the pleasure of the eye.

All this may not be an evidence of civilization, but it signifies a certain refinement, and a certain care for the gentle art of making this evanescent life agreeable.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

PICKLED HERRING.

BY W. W. JACOBS.

THERE was a sudden uproar on deck, and angry shouts, accompanied by an incessant barking; the master of the brig *Arethusa* stopped with his knife midway to his mouth, and exchanging glances with the mate, put it down and rose to his feet.

"They're chevying that poor animal again," he said, hotly. "It's scandalous."

"Rupert can take care of himself," said the mate, calmly, continuing his meal. "I expect, if the truth's known, it's him's been doin' the chevying."

"You're as bad as the rest of 'em," said the skipper, angrily, as a large brown retriever came bounding into the cabin. "Poor old Rupe! what have they been doin' to you?"

The dog, with a satisfied air, sat down panting by his chair, listening quietly to the subdued hubbub which sounded from the companion.

"Well, what is it?" roared the skipper, patting his favorite's head.

"It's that blasted dawg, sir," cried an angry voice from above. "Go down and show 'im your leg, Joe."

"An' 'ave another lump took out of it, I s'pose," said another voice, sourly. "Not me."

"I don't want to look at no legs while I'm at dinner," cried the skipper. "O' course the dog 'll bite you if you've been teasing him."

"There's nobody been teasing 'im," said the angry voice again. "That's the second one 'e's bit, and now Joe's goin' to have 'im killed —ain't you, Joe?"

Joe's reply was not audible, although the infuriated skipper was straining his ears to catch it.

"Who's going to have the dog killed?" he demanded, going up on deck, while Rupert, who evidently thought he had an interest in



"WHAT DID YOU GIVE THAT TO MY DOG FOR?"

the proceedings, followed unobtrusively behind.

"I am, sir," said Joe Bates, who was sitting on the hatch while the cook bathed an ugly wound in his leg. "A dog's only allowed one bite, and he's 'ad two this week."

"He bit me on Monday," said the seaman who had spoken before. "Now he's done for hisself."

"Hold your tongue!" said the skipper, angrily. "You think you know a lot about the law, Sam Clark; let me tell you a dog's entitled to have as many bites as ever he likes, so as he don't bite the same person twice."

"That ain't the way I've 'eard it put afore," said Clark, somewhat taken back.

"He's the cutest dog breathing," said the skipper, fondly, "and he knows all about it. He won't bite either of you again."

"And wot about them as 'asn't been bit yet, sir?" inquired the cook.

"Don't halloo before you're hurt," advised the skipper. "If you don't tease him, he won't bite you."

He went down to his dinner, followed by the sagacious Rupert, leaving the hands to go forward again, and to mutinously discuss a situation which was becoming unbearable.

"It can't go on no longer, Joe," said Clark, firmly; "this settles it."

"Where is the stuff?" inquired the cook, in a whisper.

"In my chest," said Clark, softly. "I bought it the night he bit me."

"It's a risky thing to do," said Bates.

"'Ow risky?" asked Sam, scornfully. "The dog eats the stuff and dies. Who's going to say what he died of? As for suspicions, let the old man suspect as much as he likes. It ain't proof."

The stronger mind had its way, as usual, and the next day the skipper, coming quietly on deck, was just in time to see Joe Bates throw down a fine fat bloater in front of the now amiable Rupert. He covered the distance between himself and the dog in three bounds, and seizing it by the neck, tore the fish from its eager jaws and held it aloft.

"I just caught 'im in the act!" he cried, as the mate came on deck. "What did you give that to my dog for?" he inquired of the conscience-stricken Bates.

"I wanted to make friends with him," stammered the other.

"It's poisoned, you rascal, and you know it," said the skipper, vehemently.

"Wish I may die, sir—" began Joe.

"That 'll do," said the skipper, harshly. "You've tried to poison my dog."

"I 'ain't," said Joe, firmly.

"You 'ain't been trying to kill 'im with a poisoned bloater?" demanded the skipper.

"Certainly not, sir," said Joe. "I wouldn't do such a thing. I couldn't if I tried."

"Very good, then," said the skipper; "if it's all right, you eat it, and I'll beg your pardon."

"I ain't goin' to eat after a dog," said Joe, shuffling.

"The dog's as clean as you are," said the skipper. "I'd sooner eat after him than you."

"Well, you eat it, then, sir," said Bates, desperately. "If it's poisoned you'll die, and I'll be 'ung for it. I can't say no fairer than that, can I?"

There was a slight murmur from the men, who stood by watching the skipper with an air of unholy expectancy.

"Well, the boy shall eat it, then," said the skipper. "Eat that bloater, boy, and I'll give you sixpence."

The boy came forward slowly, and looking from the men to the skipper, and from the skipper back to the men, began to whimper.

"If you think it's poisoned," interrupted the mate, "you oughtn't to make the boy eat it. I don't like boys, but you must draw the line somewhere."

"It's poisoned," said the skipper, shaking it at Bates, "and they know it. Well, I'll keep it till we get to port, and then I'll have it analyzed. And it 'll be a sorry day for you, Bates, when I hear it's poisoned. A month's hard labor is what you'll get."

He turned away and went below, with as much dignity as could be expected of a man carrying a mangled herring, and placing it on a clean plate, solemnly locked it up in his stateroom.

For two days the crew heard no more about it, though the skipper's eyes gleamed dangerously each time that they fell upon the shrinking Bates. The weather was almost tropical, with not an air stirring, and the *Arethusa*, bearing its dread secret still locked in its stateroom, rose and fell upon a sea of glassy smoothness, without making any progress worth recording.

"I wish you'd keep that thing in your berth, George," said the skipper, as they sat at tea the second evening; "it puts me in a passion every time I look at it."

"I couldn't think of it, cap'n," replied the mate, firmly; "it makes me angry enough as it is. Every time I think of 'em trying to poison that poor dumb creature I sort o' choke. I try to forget it."

The skipper, eying him furtively, helped himself to another cup of tea.

"You haven't got a tin box with a lid to it, I s'pose?" he remarked, somewhat shamefacedly.

The mate shook his head. "I looked for one this morning," he said. "There ain't so much as a bottle aboard we could shove it into, and it wants shoving into something—bad, it does."

"I don't like to be beat," said the skipper, shaking his head. "All them grinning monkeys for'ard 'nd think it a rare good joke. I'd throw it overboard if it wasn't for that. We can't keep it this weather."

"Well, look 'ere; 'ere's a way out of it," said

the mate. "Call Joe down, and make him keep it in the fo'c's'le and take care of it."

"Why, you idiot, he'd lose it!" rapped out the other, impatiently.

"O' course he would," said the mate; "but that's the most digernified way out of it for you. You can call 'im all sorts o' things, and abuse 'im for the rest of his life. They'll prove themselves guilty by chucking it away, won't they?"

It really seemed the only thing to be done. The skipper finished his tea in silence, and then going on deck, called the crew aft and apprised them of his intentions, threatening them with all sorts of pains and penalties if the treasure about to be confided to their keeping should be lost. The cook was sent below for it, and, at the skipper's bidding, handed it to the grinning Joe.

"And mind," said the skipper, as he turned away, "I leave it in your keepin', and if it's missing I shall understand that you've made away with it, and I shall take it as a sign of guilt, and act according."

The end came sooner even than he expected. They were at breakfast next morning, when Joe, looking somewhat pale, came down to the cabin, followed by Clark bearing before him an empty plate.

"Well?" said the skipper, fiercely.

"It's about the 'erring, sir," said Joe, twisting his cap between his hands.

"Well?" roared the skipper again.

"It's gone, sir," said Joe, in bereaved accents.

"You mean you've thrown it away, you infernal rascal!" bellowed the skipper.

"No, sir," said Joe.

"Ah! I s'pose it walked up on deck and jumped overboard," said the mate.

"No, sir," said Joe, softly. "The dog ate it, sir."

The skipper swung round in his seat and regarded him open-mouthed.

"The—dog—ate—it?" he repeated.

"Yes, sir; Clark saw 'im do it—didn't you, Clark?"

"I did," said Clark, promptly. He had made his position doubly sure by throwing it overboard himself.

"It comes to the same thing, sir," said Joe, sanctimoniously; "my innercence is proved just the same. You'll find the dog won't take no 'urt through it, sir. You watch 'im."

The skipper breathed hard, but made no reply.

"If you don't believe me, sir, p'r'aps you'd like to see the plate where 'e licked it?" said Joe. "Give me the plate, Sam."

He turned to take it, but, in place of handing it to him, that useful witness dropped it, and made hurriedly for the companion-ladder, and by strenuous efforts reached the deck before Joe, although that veracious gentleman, assisted from below by strong and willing arms, made a good second.

AN APPRECIATIVE CRITIC

In a small Southern town a lady of strong religious tendencies, and much given to the writing of didactic verse, handed the manuscript of her favorite production to a member of the Preston family, who was noted for his oratorical gifts, and whose critical approval the poetess was anxious to win. Mr. Preston courteously removed the manuscript from the lady's hand, carefully adjusted his glasses over the crease on his nose, and perused the opening line:

My soul leapt over the garden gate!

The orator did not continue his reading, but placing the verses in the outstretched palm of the author, exclaimed, with a bow that would have satisfied Beau Brummel:

"Good—madam! What agility!"

DISCOURAGING A TRUTH-TELLER.

"Rather foggy out to-night," pleasantly observed the Pilgrim's Corners postmaster (who was also justice of the peace and storekeeper), as Captain Bunker dropped in for his mail, in accordance with his usual daily custom, and then joined the group around the stove.

"Well, yaas," lazily drawled the ex-seafarer (Bunker had acquired his title of captain through the fact that he had once been navigator of a lumber-sloop), "I suppose ye might call this suthin' of a fog fer these parts, but it is only a mist alongside of some fogs I've bumped into in the good old days—an' nights too, b'jinks—when I trod the deck of the *Betsy Jane*."

"Bumped into!" echoed the storekeeper, incredulously. "Surely you don't mean to say the fog was so thick you bumped into it?"

"Mebbe ye know more about what I mean to say than I do myself," sarcastically remarked the former captain of the *Betsy Jane*, "an' if ye do, all ye've got to do is to go ahead an' tell the story."

"Beg pardon, captain; I didn't intend to find fault or interrupt your narrative," interposed the storekeeper, soothingly. "I was taken by surprise, that's all, as I had never heard of a fog thick enough to bump into."

"Well, then, it's purty nigh time ye did," resumed the redoubtable captain, somewhat mollified. "Ez I wuz sayin', this fog which is spreadin' itself over the landscape outside to-night is only a slight haze compared to the sea-fogs I useter run into every now an' then when I wuz navigatin' the *Betsy Jane*. I remember one time, in the fall of '69, we wuz on our way up the coast from Charleston to Portland, when we suddenly bumped into a fog bank that brung the *Betsy Jane* up standin' in less 'n three minutes after we struck it.

"That air fog seemed to be packed down in a hard layer on the surface of the water—caused by the wind, I expect, which wuz blowin' right smart at the time—an' though it wuzn't more'n a dozen or fifteen feet thick, the *Betsy Jane* couldn't make any more headway through it than a locomotive could on an up grade through a snow bank as high as her smoke-stack.

"Fer once in her life the *Betsy Jane* wuz stumped, so to speak. There she lay, wallerin' in that fog bank, an' doin' her level best to plough her way through it, with sails filled with wind an' snappin' an' crackin' overhead like a week's washin' in a March squall; but she might ez well have attempted to sail on dry land fer all the progress she made.

"Bime-by one end of the tops'l got loose an' begun flappin' around; an' when I sent a man aloft to fix it he lost his footing in some way an' fell overboard, an' if it hadn't been fer that fog bank he'd have been a goner. Yes, siree, boys, that's all that saved him. Ye see, it wuz so tough an' elastic, that fog wuz, that when he landed on it, a few feet away from the sloop, he bounced right back on deck, 'lightin' on his feet, same ez a cat, an' ca'mly went on back to his work ez if nothin' had happened."

"Most remarkable circumstance that; most remarkable—indeed!" commented the postmaster, as the ex-navigator paused to lay in a fresh supply of oxygen.

"Yaas, I s'pose it does sound ruther remarkable to a landsman, but—"

"Huh! I can't say that I see anything so very remarkable about it," chipped in Farmer Nubbins, from his seat on the cracker-barrel. "A feller don't have to sail a lumber-scow to run across some queer things in the fog line. I remember one fall a few years ago, when I lived in Swamp Holler, we had a week of foggy weather, an' it was so bad we had to get out the big snow-plough and plough out the roads same as after a heavy snow-storm.

"I had a three-acre strawberry-patch that fall, which I had been thinkin' of coverin' with straw fer the winter, but hadn't got at it yet, an' one mornin' when the layer of fog was a little thicker an' tougher than usual, a happy thought struck me, an' I went out with my hired man an' we staked the fog down over the berry-patch, drivin' a stake at each corner an' another every few rods along each side, an' left it there all winter to keep the plants from freezin'."

"The—the dickens you did!" gasped Captain Bunker, who had been glaring at Nubbins for the past five minutes with the air of a dog whose private bone-yard has been invaded. "May I inquire what ye done with that fog in the spring?"

"Certainly; I pulled up the stakes, rolled the fog up in a heap at one end of the field, an' set fire to it an' burnt it up to get rid of it!"

"H'm!—h'm!" sniffed the ex-navigator. "If that's the case, I reckon I'll travel along to'rds home. I *wuz* goin' to finish my story by relatin' how we finally had to rig up a cross-cut saw, playin' up an' down on a sort of walkin'-beam hung out over the bow of the *Betsy Jane*, to rip that fog apart so she could wedge her way through, but I see a man who sticks to the truth around here hain't got any more show than a jug of old Bourbon at a Kentucky barn-raisin', or a cosset-lamb among a lot of hungry wolves, so I might ez well quit right where I be!"

And with another sniff of disgust the former commander of the *Betsy Jane* weighed anchor and tacked for home. WILL S. GIDLEY.

BUYING A HORSE IN KENTUCKY.

MAJOR OAKLEY of Ohio wanted a family horse, and had gone over into Kentucky to look for one.

"What I want," said Major Oakley, "is a good, gentle horse that will be safe for any member of my family to drive at any time."

"I've got the very hoss you want, Majah Oakley," said Jerry Strathmore. "He's as gentle as a lamb—any lady can drive him, and a dozen children can ride him at once."

"Yes," said the major, "but I don't want him too gentle. He would be imposed upon."

"Majah," remarked Jerry Strathmore, with confidential warning in his voice, "you ought to see that critter's spirit on circus-day. And, majah, too many people had better not get on that hoss at one time." WALTER CHAMP

THE ASS AND THE LAPDOG.

A woolly little terrier pup
  Gave vent to yelps distressing,
Whereat his mistress took him up,
  And soothed him with caressing:—
And yet he was not in the least
What one would call a handsome beast.

He might have been a Javanese,
  He might have been a Jap dog,
And also neither one of these,
  But just a common lapdog:—
(The kind that people send, you know,
Done up in cotton, to the Show).

At all events, whate'er his race,
  The pretty girl who owned him
Caressed his unattractive face
  And petted and cologned him,
While, watching her with pensive eye,
A patient ass stood silent by.

"If thus," he mused, "the feminine
  And fascinating gender
Is led to love, I too can win
  Her protestations tender."
No sooner said than done! And he
Sat down upon the lady's knee.

Then, while her head with terror swam,
  "This method seems to suit you,"
Observed the ass, "so here I am."
  Said she, "Get up, you brute, you!"
And promptly screamed aloud for aid:—
No ass was ever more dismayed.



"SO HERE I AM!"

They tied him up within the yard,
  And there with whip and truncheon
They beat him, and they beat him hard,
  From breakfast-time till luncheon.
He only gave a tearful gulp,
Though almost pounded to a pulp.

THE MORAL is (or seems, at least,
  To be): In etiquette you
Will find that, while enough's a feast,
  A surplus will upset you:—
Toujours, toujours la politesse, if
The quantity be not excessive!

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.



INEXPENSIVE

HE. "I only pay fifty cents an hour for this boat."
SHE. "That's why I like it. It's a regular bargain sail."

BOOMERANG QUESTIONS.

ANYBODY who has tried addressing Sunday-school children knows the dire risk of asking them questions without indicating unmistakably in advance the answers that are desired. A teacher in our school came upon the word "prophet" in the lesson. Very judiciously she stopped to ask, "What is a prophet?" Instantly came from a typical New York gamin the answer, "Something you make out of somebody."

It was the same boy, I believe, who brought me to grief in a more public way. I was performing the superintendent's duty of "summing up." The lesson had been the little parable of the wise and foolish builders. With elaborate explicitness I had pointed out that we are all builders of life and character, and had, I flattered myself, made my meaning sufficiently clear to venture upon the question, "What kind of houses are we building?" To my hopeless discomfiture, and to the delight of the whole school, the young scoundrel shouted, "Flats!"

I once knew a worthy superintendent who dearly relished a postprandial cigar. But in a spasm of conscience he had renounced the pernicious weed. The next Sunday he caused to be drawn upon his blackboard four pictures —an eye, an ear, a heart, a hand. These were to illustrate the course of temptation. "The boy sees with his eye the vile cigar one of his companions is puffing; he hears with his ear the invitation to smoke; he desires with his heart; and then, as the last step, he takes with his hand—and the boy is on the road to ruin!" This was the good man's programme. But it suffered a rude interruption. "What is this?" he asked, pointing to the eye. The proper answer was promptly given. At the next question he struck his snag. "And what is this?" Of course it was pure wickedness, but if you ever undertook to draw a detached human ear you will admit that the boy had some excuse who shrilly called out, "Er oyster!" The mortification of this defeat may account for the melancholy fact that before the end of the week that excellent superintendent was again "on the road to ruin" himself.

JAMES M. BRUCE.

AN EXTINGUISHER.

EULALIE, an arch New Gotham maid,
Skilled in three seasons' knowledge,
Lightly and brightly, and rightly, played
With the heart of a Soph. from college.

Under the trees where the branches made
A place for the winds to harp it,
Gayly and daily Eulalie strayed
Over the soft pine carpet.

Tragic he grew, by her laugh dismayed—
Such coquetry piqued his ire;
Sadly, and madly, and badly he said:
"Take care! You are playing with *fire!*"

Eulalie glanced back 'neath her white hat's shade:
"I think it's not quite the same, sir;
Really, sincerely, I am afraid
'Tis only a *little flame*, sir!"

HESTER CALDWELL OAKLEY.



AN EXTINGUISHER.

A CRAFTY FINANCIAL EPISODE.

HONESTY is a virtue that counts for little, apparently, in a South American republic. The following anecdote, with the exception of the names of persons, is literally true. M. Baton, a mulatto, had a bank in the capital city, and his wife kept a grocery-store next door. When a German named Sigmund was appointed Consul-General to Paris by the President, he made Baton his local financial agent. On arriving in Paris, Sigmund found that his pay as consul would never make him rich, and he cast about for some means of making money rapidly. As consul he had the seal of the southern republic, and with the aid of this he made out an apparently official order for the engraving of $2,000,000 worth of bank-notes. Upon the delivery of the notes to the consulate in Paris, Sigmund packed them in sardine-boxes and shipped them in small quantities to Madame Baton's grocery-store. Madame Baton paid duty on the bank-note sardines at the regular rate for the genuine article, and thus the bogus money came through the custom-house unsuspected. It eventually found its way into the coffers of M. Baton's bank, and was duly put into circulation. This scheme worked like a charm for a little while, but, unfortunately, one fine day a negro salesman opened a newly arrived case and sold a box of bank-note sardines to a negress. A few hours later the girl returned to the shop with all the money she could scrape together, and asked Madame Baton, who was behind the counter, for half a dozen boxes of sardines. Madame was somewhat surprised at the request, for sardines are an expensive luxury, but she stepped to a shelf and took down what was asked for.

"But I don't want that kind," said the negress. "I want six boxes of those that came on the ship this morning."

When Madame Baton realized that the cat was out of the bag, she rushed into the bank and told her husband; he was naturally somewhat annoyed, but having lived a long while in South America, he knew just what to do in the emergency. He put on his best clothes and went to the palace. The President received him, and the pair were closeted for two hours. That night the President and all his suite, in full uniform, dined with M. and Madame Baton. The news of the bank-note sardines had spread, but the people understood the situation well enough when they saw the honors so officiously paid to Baton by the President. On the following day a large case of sardines was sent from the grocery to the palace, and soon afterward the Government Bank entered on its books, at the state's account, a figure exceeding by $1,700,000 the actual issue of national bank notes. The President has passed away now, and so have all the rest; but the story still lives.



AT THE MUSICAL.

"She sings with a great deal of expression, doesn't she?"
"Yes. I wonder she has any face left."



See "Under the Spell of the Grand Canon."

ON THE PAINTED DESERT.

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THE CONVICT SYSTEM IN SIBERIA.

BY STEPHEN BONSAL.



SENTRIES GUARDING CONVICTS.

TO write about Siberia and not speak of the convict system would be to present a very incomplete picture, especially to the mind of the American reader, which has been perhaps unduly occupied of late with the sinister side of Siberian life. Yet the convict system, as in operation to-day, is doomed to disappear—fortunately, I think—and I believe that within five years the traveller by the Trans-Siberian across Asia will pass from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific without seeing a convict station or meeting with a convoy of exiles. Whatever its uses may have been, or its abuses, public opinion, both in Russia and in Siberia, demands that the system be abolished in the near future, at least as far as the mainland of Siberia is concerned, and even now there awaits the pleasure of the Czar and his action a memorial from the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, which, if approved, will change the system materially, and banish the convict settlements from the mainland to the island of Sakhalin. The reasons which Count Duhofskoi adduces in support of his proposal are not strictly humanitarian; he views the question as an administrator, and condemns the system as a policy. The history of the movement for the abolition of the penal colonies in Australia is repeating itself in this distant part of the world, where, however, almost identical conditions prevail. The Siberians are wellnigh unanimously of the opinion that, however advantageous the steady influx of convicts may have been to the development of the country and its resources in the past, its continuance as a system is fast becoming a danger, and a serious menace to that further development on a grander scale to which they aspire, and upon which the Siberians build their dreams of empire and permanent dominion in the Far East.

Before relating the facts or entering upon the details of the scenes of convict life which came under my immediate observation, it will not be amiss, for the better preparation of the mind of the reader, to point out again some of the popular errors which prevail upon the subject—errors begotten of ignorance and of prejudice—which have laid such strong hold upon the public mind as to make it most difficult to extirpate them altogether.

"But is it not a horrible and an inhuman institution? Think of those men and women, cut off, year in and year out, from the blessed sunlight, down in the gold-mines of Kara!" more than a dozen people have said to me since my return from the land in which they claimed to be interested; and when I told them that the mining for gold in Kara was all surface work, and in the sunlight whenever the sun chose to shine, I have generally noticed an expression of incredulity, and not seldom one of disappointment, come over the face of my listener. It seems to me that a plain statement of the truth in regard to the transportation of those who have been adjudged as owing a debt to society, across Asia or around the world to a new land, is terrible enough, and must always remain so as long as this mediæval system of punishment survives in Russia or in any other country, without seeking to invest it with the horrors

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which we owe originally to the imaginative genius of Dostoievsky and Gogol; but there are others who have thought differently — others who have borrowed the fine feathers of fiction to cover the baldness of their narrative.

"But the quicksilver-mines? Those horrible underground shafts, where, permeated by the poisonous exhalations, the bones of the convicts rot and the flesh wastes away in atrophy! What about this?" Well, to this there is a simple answer; and yet, possibly because of its very simplicity, I have found it not seldom an unsatisfactory one. There are simply no quicksilver-mines in Siberia, and the scenes with which in this connection we have been made familiar by both pen and pencil to a nauseating degree, are simply products of the imagination. Those who for years have suffered sympathetically with the exiles in Siberia may, I think, be reassured. Whatever the system may have been in the past, it is certainly not to-day the terrible, unspeakable thing it is generally believed to be, and particularly in America. To some men, of course, exile to Siberia means a banishment from home, with all its ties and associations, and from all that has hitherto made bearable the sharp edge of existence. These men, I am sure, form an infinitely small but never sufficiently to be pitied minority of the exiles. A very much larger class is composed of peasants who, through want of sobriety or steady work, have failed in their efforts to lay by sufficient money to transport them to the land of gold, as they call Siberia, and who, in their disappointment, commit some slight offence, and yet one of sufficient gravity to secure a passage to their El Dorado at the expense of the government. It is a broad statement, and one that will prove a surprise to many, but I am well within the truth, I am sure, when I say that for at least fifty per cent. of the convicts exile simply means that after several months of not over-luxurious travel they are given a fair opportunity, under new and encouraging circumstances, to begin life anew. Should the convict, the "unfortunate one," as he is charitably called, prove obedient to the not oppressive penal regulations, he is almost immediately paroled, and very little thought is ever paid to the incident of his life in old Russia for which he was sent to Siberia. There are to-day in the larger cities of Siberia very many of the most prominent citizens, leading men in the professions of law and medicine, and even in the civil administration, who would be indeed surprised to read in the police records the reasons why they were banished, as an act of self-defence, from that society into which they were born. In the new land these men have, in a very great majority of cases, begun new lives, and have proved themselves good citizens and most desirable acquisitions to the civilization of the rough frontier life. Indeed, as the happy results were illustrated time and again by the lives of men with whom I came in personal contact, I could not but think that a system which produced such encouraging and altogether satisfactory results was more worthy of unstinted praise than of wholesale condemnation.

There are of course several classes or categories among the convicts banished across the Urals; in the first and most numerous class are the idle and dissolute ne'er-do-wells of their communities, who, having become a nuisance and an expense to the Mir, or, as we would say, a charge to the parish, are sent to Siberia, not as convicts, but as colonists, upon whom the police is expected to keep an eye. This class is over forty per cent. of the whole number of exiles. Then in point of numbers come the purely criminal prisoners, who must be divided into two divisions—first, those who have forfeited all civil rights, and secondly, those who, though condemned and undergoing long sentence, are allowed to retain the hope of paying their debt to society and of regaining their lost position in the world at some future time. The convict of the first category is indeed dead to the world: his property goes to his heirs; his wife can remarry without going through the formality even of a divorce. The passage across the Urals severs all ties. He has no name, consequently his signature is legally worthless. The second class, those who are not deprived of their civil rights by sentence of court, however heavy the sentence may be that is imposed upon them, have really nothing to complain of except the lot of a colonist in a new land. If they behave well, they too are almost immediately paroled; they become free colonists in every respect save one: they cannot return to Russia until the expiration of the sentence

to which they were originally condemned. In this way many of them are probably saved from renewing the degrading associations into which they had fallen. Such a convict-colonist is given a piece of land, an outfit, and some money. The veil of charity is drawn over his past, for the great majority of his neighbors are men with unfortunate antecedents similar to his own. They shift for themselves, and generally make good citizens. Wives are permitted to accompany their husbands when exiled to Siberia, and are treated with great kindness. They avail themselves of this permission in very many instances. They have only to submit to the prison regulations. Husbands are also allowed to accompany their wives when the latter are exiled to Siberia, but I never saw a husband doing so; I never met a prison official who had seen an instance of this faithful attachment, though several told me they had heard of it being done.

But the most conclusive evidence as to what the life of the average convict really is is furnished upon the best of evidence by the convicts themselves, who certainly ought to know when and where they are well off. Not more than one-fourth of the exiles, when their time has expired, elect to return to Russia, whither they are attracted by that love and attachment to home so strong in every human breast, so particularly strong in the Slav. The fact is that they have found life in Siberia pleasanter, the road to ease, a competency, and even to wealth less rugged, less crowded with competitors; so they become colonists, and of their own free will and choice remain in Siberia, throwing their fortunes in with the destiny of the new land; and I, knowing something of the conditions of life which obtain in Russia, think they do well.

During my stay in Siberia I personally saw no political prisoners while they were in confinement. I met many and saw much of those political prisoners who were at liberty, having undergone the period of probation to the satisfaction of the penal authorities. They were following their various professions in perfect liberty, and were apparently exempt from even the loosest kind of surveillance. The short period of close confinement before the ticket of leave is granted to the "politicals" is generally spent in the prison at Nertschinsk. So far from the political prisoners being worked to death, as is generally represented, they neither work in mines nor perform manual labor anywhere else; that is to say, they are not compelled to work; but in the case where the prisoners of this category are without the means to purchase the luxuries which they are permitted to enjoy, the prison authorities endeavor to procure for them remunerative work of one kind or another, so that they may with their savings eke out the rude fare of the prison table. When I went to Siberia I believed, and I think the belief is still quite common in America, that the political prisoners, of whom a large percentage are men of gentle birth, were compelled to walk a greater part of the way, if not the whole distance, from the Urals to their prison in Siberia. Owing to the fact that the greater number of the convicts, whether of the criminal or political class, are now transported by sea, this question is of less importance than formerly, but I feel it my duty to say that every "political" to whom I spoke upon this subject stated frankly that he had never taken a step of the journey on foot, except now and again for exercise, and that telegas and tarantasses are always provided in sufficient numbers.

A very sudden change had come over my social position in Siberia, and it was all the more painful because it was self-inflicted. In twenty-four hours I had descended in the social scale from being the guest of Admiral A—— on board the flagship in Vladivostok Harbor to the condition of an outcast, with no friends, no letters, and trying to get something to eat in the town of Nikolsky, one hundred miles in the interior. It happened in this wise: I had decided that in Vladivostok I had obtained all the information that was available or desirable to receive from official sources, and had decided to make the further investigations which were to prove or disprove the official assertions without the aid of letters from the authorities, which had been promised me so kindly. It was in the service, then, of my readers that I suffered so much discomfort in the interior of Siberia, and it is only fair that they should experience a few sympathetic twinges from the recital of what I went through. I left all my letters and credentials with my heavy luggage and trunks at the Hôtel de Moskowa, and started out upon my voyage of discovery into a new world with little

luggage and a light heart. I was altogether much lighter in every way when I returned. I was at a loss to know what yarn I should tell as to the purpose of my trip, because it seemed to me that in such a suspicious country as Siberia is supposed to be it would be necessary to have some well-connected story to explain the purpose of my unusual trip; but it was quite unnecessary. Never have I met people, official or unofficial, with as little of that natural curiosity in regard to the pursuits of their fellow-travellers as these Siberians exhibited; nobody seemed to care what I was doing in Siberia, or why I was travelling towards the Amur, and so my invention was never subjected to the strain of narration.

Upon the train I made the acquaintance of a very genial cattle-doctor, who had learned what he knew about physicking horses and dogs—for this latter branch was really his specialty—during a stay of three months at a German university. He was a Siberian by birth, and displayed in this character all the hopefulness of the children of a new country who are as yet untrammelled by routine or convention. "In a year or two, Herr Kollege," he said, "when I am a little older" (he must have been forty) "and a little more steady, I am going to Irkutsk to read law; for an ambitious man, one who expects to rise, I think this is better than doctoring dogs and cattle."

As we came into the inn at Nikolskoye, the town some seventy miles from the sea on the Trans-Siberian where we were to rest, or rather spend the night, and gazed about upon all its squalor and poverty-stricken appointments, it was hard indeed to believe that only twenty-four hours before I had dined with admirals and post-captains all glittering in gold braid upon the brilliantly lighted flagship, while an excellent orchestra discoursed music, and dishes were served that would have done credit to the *chef* of the English Club in St. Petersburg, or, indeed, to the signature of any cook, however famous. The innkeeper seemed at first disinclined to entertain us at any price; but after a long parley, during which the amiable dog-doctor went down on his knees in a way that would have melted any but a heart of stone, we were shown to a box-stall in the stable. Having washed and shaken down here, we returned to the hotel, as I thought, for dinner, but I counted without allowance for our surly host. When he saw me coming, and read upon my face doubtless an expression of ravenous hunger, he turned on a music-box, which this as well as every other rest-house in Siberia possesses, and as its wheezing tones and false notes filled the air with discord, he looked defiantly towards us, as much as to say that if we wanted any further entertainment than this we couldn't have it. My colleague was very patient. He told me he had learned this lesson from his dumb patients, who suffer and are still. He said he was grateful for the box-stall, and assured me that when I had been in Siberia a few years I would not think so much about my dinner; but I insisted, pleading my recent arrival as an excuse, and finally the innkeeper consented to serve me in the course of a few hours, when he had more time, with a beefsteak the like of which I had never seen before; and this is probably true, though, as I never succeeded in getting a plain view of this steak, I cannot make the statement positively. About ten o'clock the steak, or rather huge soup-tureen filled to the brim with a mess of axle-grease, was produced. Our host then withdrew in sullen silence to the kitchen, where we heard him complaining of the airs which travellers assume, especially "little people," and their fastidiousness in regard to food, when they should be grateful for what they get; and I for one am sure I would have been, if I had ever found that steak. For twenty minutes we dived and dug in the floating island of grease with our forks, but never found the steak. We concluded it was best to say nothing, and quietly retired to our stalls. The travellers along the Trans-Siberian are hereby warned against the keeper of the inn in Nikolskoye, for I have always thought that his steak was a myth, and that he imposed upon my faith in the existence of things unseen.

I had not been in Khabarovka more than an hour before all doubt vanished as to the nature of the errand that had brought me to the Amur. It was simply a wild-goose chase. I knew no one in the town, and no one showed any inclination to know me. By the exhibition of the most engaging and friendly manner I could command I had only secured for myself a one-fifth share of a very small room in Mr. Tai Phoon-Tai's



CONVICTS ENGAGED ON RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION NEAR NERTSCHINSK.



ONE OF THE KAMERAS IN THE TEMPORARY PRISON NEAR KHABAROVKA.

hotel, and the idea of my going up to the prison and asking to be shown around seemed simply preposterous; besides, there were three cordons of sentries about the prison settlement, which I could see, about half a mile away from the river, on the brow of a hill. In this mood I walked down a side street, and seeing the sign of a photographer, concluded to go in and have a talk about plates and slides and developers. I only hoped to succeed in killing half an hour of the time, but it turned out to be a most happy inspiration, to which I owe some of the pleasantest hours I spent in Siberia. The photographer was a Frenchman, a man of education and refinement. We had lived in Paris about the same time; we had both read and admired the poems of M—— and of D——, which are now, after ten years, still announced as *en préparation*. We had never met in Paris, but we had both been subscribers to *La Batte des Décadents*. That was certainly a close bond of union, for there were only three other subscribers. When I told my new friend, or, rather, new-found old friend, that the poet D—— was writing the bicycle chronicle in one of the great Parisian dailies, he went all to pieces, and he told me several times he felt more distressed by this piece of news than by his isolated life in Siberia. When this exchange of souvenirs in regard to distant places and times so dear to us both was over, I told him what I wanted. He put on his hat and said: "Well, come along; we'll go up to see the chief of police; he's a good friend of mine. You tell him that you want your passport 'visaed,' to have everything right and proper, and while this is being done I'll say you want to go through the convict station, and he'll show you around himself, I'm sure."

"But I haven't any credentials!" I exclaimed. "How will he know but that I am a Nihilist, or something like that?"

"Oh, that will be all right," said my new-found friend. "I'll go your bail."

With that he slipped his arm in mine, and we walked up the street to the police headquarters. I felt as though I were upon my native heath, or even in Texas, and I owed all my photographer's kindly support to the perusal, more than ten years ago, of some poems which were too

good to be published! Our meeting was one of the strangest coincidences of my life, and nothing but pleasant results flowed from it, which is unusual after meetings of this kind. Why this French photographer was in Siberia I never knew. In Siberia it is even less safe than in other countries to inquire into people's antecedents, so I never asked. I hoped that the chief of police would some day tell me, but in this I was disappointed.

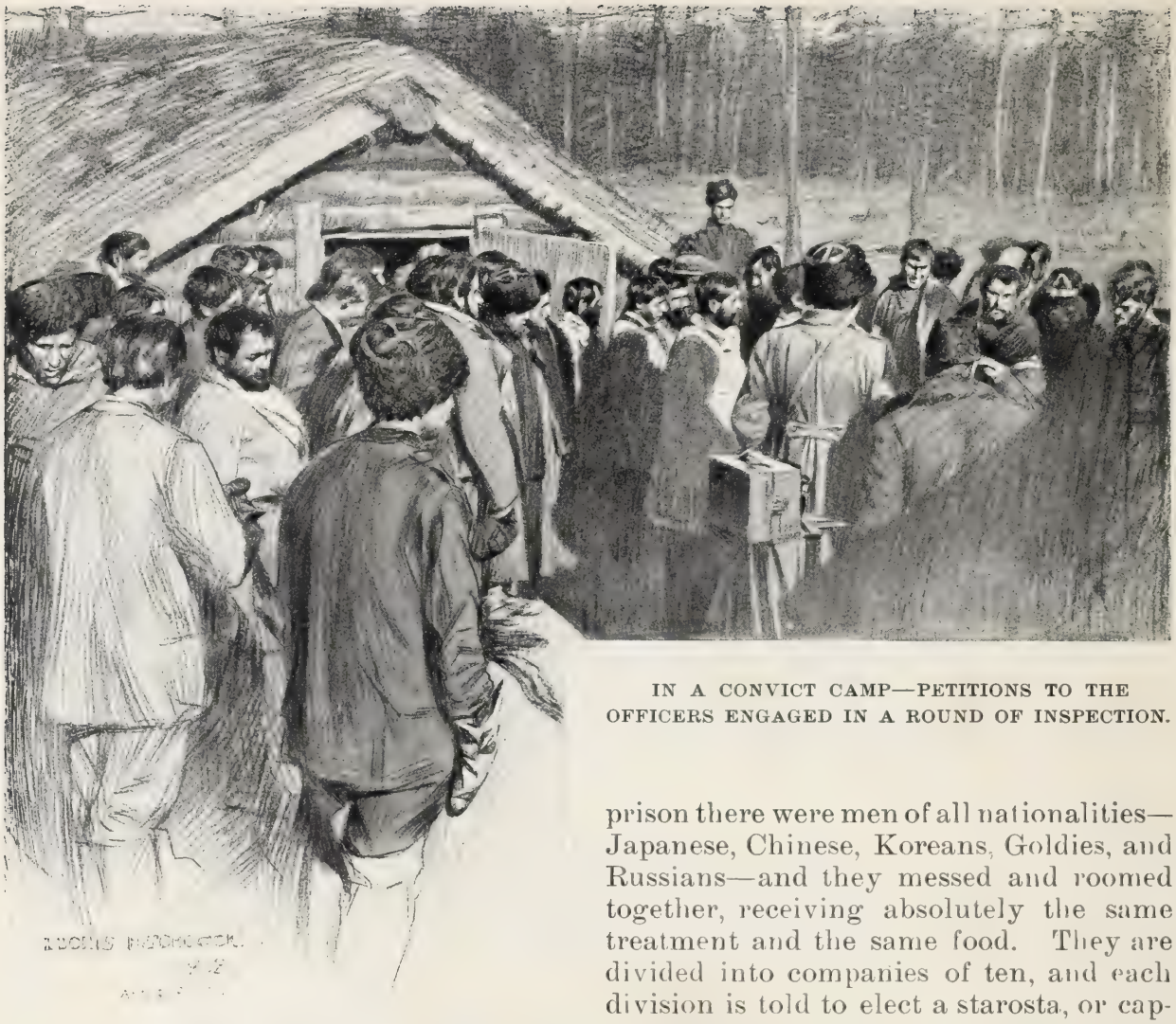
In a few minutes we entered the police headquarters — a long, rambling frame building, which was at once the headquarters of the police and of the firemen. Clinging to the topmost rungs of a ladder stretching far above the roof of a tower, a fireman was on the lookout for the outbreak of flame anywhere in the settlement. A rope connected the lookout tower with the stable, and this he pulled when it was necessary to give the alarm. We went into headquarters, and were received most kindly and courteously by the chief. He was a handsome, fine-looking man, of about forty, and when I told him that I was an American traveller, and would like very much to see the penal station here, which I understood was the central station of the whole province, he said that he would show me around it with the greatest of pleasure, and in five minutes—he having spoken to no one in the mean while—I entered his carriage and we drove to the prison.



THE TEMPORARY PRISON NEAR KHABAROVKA.

The prison was a great long building, surrounded by half a dozen storehouses and other smaller buildings. Each one stood in a separate enclosure, surrounded by a high fence and barred gates, with soldiers on guard. The whole place, about half a mile in circumference, was surrounded by a still higher fence, watched and guarded by sentries, only fifty feet apart, with repeating-rifles, and bayonets fixed. This fence was thirty feet high, and spiked on top. To me it seemed quite impossible for any prisoner to make his escape, but later I was shown one who made his escape three times, carrying with him his foot chains and his manacles.

There are no cells in the prison, and the prisoners live, four or five together, in large rooms about thirty feet long and twenty broad. They are perfectly free to move about in these rooms at their will, and only those whose bad behavior had been repeated and seemed incorrigible were wearing manacles or were restrained by chains. The beds in which they sleep are the same little iron bedsteads upon which I had slept in all the hotels in Siberia. Each of these rooms or dormitories in which the prisoners were confined, except in the hour or two each day in which they were permitted to walk up and down in the jail yard, is lighted by from three to six large windows, which, though they are heavily barred and wired off to prevent the possibility of escape, admit plenty of sunlight. In the corridor upon which these dormitories open there were stationed sentries, and now and again a patrol of four or five soldiers would pass tramping through the long echoing corridors to see that each and



IN A CONVICT CAMP—PETITIONS TO THE OFFICERS ENGAGED IN A ROUND OF INSPECTION.

every sentry was at his post and that all was quiet in the prison. I spent some time in the kitchen, which was scrupulously clean, and the food that was supplied to the convicts was of the same quality as that served out to the soldiers —soup, boiled beef, heavy rye bread, and rather insipid kvass.

There was not a knout in the prison, though this merciless scourge of cowhide thong knotted together is still used, and with advantage, I am told, upon the more hardened criminals at Nicolaieff and Sakhalin. The convicts and prisoners I found uniformly cheerful, apparently in good spirits, and in good health. There was not a dark cell in the whole prison, and the punishment of solitary confinement, not unknown to our own penal system, was abolished here many years ago. The only punishments, in fact, practised in the prison at Khabarovka are the putting on of the chains and the manacles, and an occasional sentence upon some incorrigible to a diet of bread and water. In the prison there were men of all nationalities—Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Goldies, and Russians—and they messed and roomed together, receiving absolutely the same treatment and the same food. They are divided into companies of ten, and each division is told to elect a starosta, or captain, and he becomes responsible in the eyes of the prison authorities for the nine men who have honored him with their votes. Whenever a detachment of ten men is responsible for some infringement of prison rules, and the individual delinquent cannot be ascertained, the captain, or starosta, receives the punishment. This system, it is said, works well, and makes for law and order and good behavior in the dormitories. The captain, who must bear the brunt of all punishment, naturally is a friend of law and order, and his nine companions not unnaturally feel bound to spare him the infliction of punishment as often as they reasonably can, out of brotherly feeling springing from a common misfortune.

There were at this time in the prison some four hundred convicts, and there were in the immediate vicinity of Khabarovka at least two hundred more that had been let out to contractors for work on the railway. They were convicts of all classes, though only two or three political prisoners. Some were on their way to Sakhalin, and some were return-

ing from there, as the time for the expiration of their sentences was approaching; and other convicts were only waiting the decision of the authorities as to their destination—as to where their sentences should be carried out. I walked through each and every one of the corridors in the prison, accompanied by the chief of police and the chief warden — a most kindly and mild-looking old gentleman— and they were evidently doing their very best to show me everything that was to be seen, and to give me a clear idea of the inside working of prison life, and the daily routine of the prisoners.

As we passed along the corridor the prisoners, hearing our footsteps, gathered round the grated door, and when the chief of police and the chief warden came in sight, would give the military salute, and shout, "Good-morning, your lordships." Then the chief of police and the warden would look them over, the warden telling his chief exactly what the men had been doing, and what report of their conduct he had to make since the last visit of inspection. For almost every one of his fellows, as he called them, the kindly warden had something pleasant or nothing at all to say, whereupon the chief would draw himself up, and say, turning to the prisoners, "Well, my little brothers, it is well; I am glad to hear good reports of you." And they would invariably reply, in a loud, cheerful chorus, "We are always very happy when your lordship is pleased with us." As we walked along the corridor we came to another and a larger room. The "Good-morning, your lordships," which rang out towards us from this room had a more cheerful ring—a something which cannot be counterfeited or disguised. Before I came to the door and saw that the men who spoke them no longer wore the prison stripes, I knew that these men were free, and the chief of police told me that they were only awaiting the coming of one of the regular convoys to start for home, free men, having paid their debt to society.

On the second floor of the prison was the jail for women. Admittance to it was secured only after a parley through the iron grating in the heavily barred doors. They were at last thrown back by women turnkeys, all dressed in black, and each carrying a great pistol in a holster, with open flap, ready for use. None of the women prisoners were in chains, and they occupied large and sunny rooms, never more than two in a room. Several had their children with them. In one room we stopped and talked with two women who were as unlike as day is to night, and yet they taught an object-lesson in our common humanity and equality, despite the differences of race, religion, and color.



CONVICTS BRINGING SOUP FOR THE NOONDAY MEAL IN THE TEMPORARY PRISON NEAR KHABAROVKA.

One of these women was a great handsome blond girl from Russia. She might well have served the sculptor as a model for Diana. Her face was goodness itself; her eyes were soft, ingenuous, and almost childlike. She had poisoned her husband for love of another man. Across the sunlit room there stood her sister in a similar crime; but what a contrast in outward appearance! She was a Goldie woman, and she too had poisoned her husband for love of another man. Her face was yellow and sallow, her forehead low and receding; her nose was flat, and her lips drooped and curled like a deerhound's; her face was without expression, dull and stagnant, like a muddy puddle.

Next to the prison, and connected by a covered way, was the hospital. In it there were about a dozen sick men, suffering from fevers and exposure brought on by work upon the railway. Here there were only two men in each room; the bed-clothing was better than in the prison proper, and the rooms themselves quite comfortable, and not at all bare. Over the beds there hung great slates, upon which, under the symbol of the white cross, was written the name, or rather the number, of the sick man, with the directions of the visiting doctor to the nurse. These black slates looked for all the world like tombstones, and the writing of the physician like the lettering of an epitaph. They had better food, and apparently excellent attendance, and were as well cared for and as comfortable as any men could be under similar circumstances.

Another interesting building in the enclosure was the storehouse. Here I was shown the clothing, which is served out to the convicts as occasion requires. The blouse, the loose linen trousers for summer wear, great boots for out-door labor, softer and lighter shoes for in-doors, woollen mittens, and great leather gauntlets to wear over them, and heavy felt overcoats of a thickness of half an inch, which must keep them warm even through a Siberian winter.



CONVICT LABORERS GOING TO WORK UNDER GUARD, KHABAROVKA.

I went away from the prison in an unexpectedly cheerful frame of mind; for me, at least, there was one less horror in the living world; one picture of man's inhumanity to man had been painted blacker than the reality justifies —an unusual discovery, and one of sufficient moment to be written down in golden letters in the diary of my life. The high walls and the triple file of sentries about this station were forbidding enough; still, as I look back upon them, as I walked the city, I will carry the conviction that those who are restrained from their liberty here are treated with humanity, and are as happy and as comfortable as they can be under the circumstances.

The Rev. Dr. Lansdell publicly stated, after a thorough visit to Siberia, that should he ever have to change from clerical to convict life, he would choose Siberia, and



A COLONISTS' VILLAGE.

not Millbank or any other English prison, as the scene of labor. I have no hesitancy to say that personally I prefer prison life in Siberia to Sing Sing; and to set the stamp of my approval upon the prison, following the kindly invitations of the chief of police, I was about to transfer my baggage from the hotel of the rich Chinaman to the jail. However, though the prison tempted me by its superior comfort, better food, and bath-tubs, I had to give up the project. Interesting things were to be seen in the town and upon the great river every minute of the day, so I remained with Tai Phoon-Tai, only visiting the prison for my tub every day. As upon my first visit, I was always allowed to walk about the place and visit all the prisoners, and I saw nothing to change my opinion of the cleanliness and the humane condition under which they lived.

Just in the nick of time to complete the series of scenes of convict life in Siberia which I had witnessed, a prison-ship arrived from Odessa in Vladivostok the day before my departure. It was the *Voronzoff*, a magnificent Clyde-built ship, with airy and roomy quarters. She was the finest-looking ship I saw in the Far East, and yet I was assured that she was not an exception, but rather the type of the magnificent twin-screw steamers which compose the Russian volunteer fleet. As she sailed into the harbor it was evident that she had experienced a tempestuous voyage. There was a flag flying from the peak, which we at first thought to be a signal of distress. It turned out, however, to be a request for water, as the supply on board was almost exhausted. Her arrival had been very much delayed by the head-seas of a northeast monsoon, and to escape from the track of a typhoon she had given Hong-kong a wide berth; the only stop for water and provisions in the whole voyage from Russia to Siberia had been in Singapore. Water had run short, in consequence, and the convicts had been



CONVICT LABOR AT THE GOLD-MINES OF STRETENSK.

placed upon a minimum allowance. It was indeed a sight to see them lapping up the water, now that it was for the first time served out to them in unstinted quantities. Thanks to Admiral A——, and the use of his steam-launch, I went alongside and boarded the prison-ship well before she came to anchor. Though in from a voyage of nearly fifty days, and after experiencing severe weather continuously for the past two weeks, I found the vessel and the convict quarters as clean and as sweet as are the steerage compartments on our own Atlantic steamers at the end of a voyage of less than a week. Of course I would have these adjectives to be understood in a relative sense only.

There were no "politicals" on board. There were about 1100 convicts, and judging from their appearance, the great majority of them were criminals of the lowest and most degraded category. I could not conceal my surprise at the smallness of the guard that stood watch over them, and the absence of fear that seemed to be entertained of the possibility of an outbreak. With the exception of three men, who, as punishment for misconduct during the voyage, were chained to the deck, the convicts were free to move about, it appeared, pretty much as they pleased. The guard of soldiers certainly did not number twenty men, who went about generally unarmed; and the sailors of the ship, who were not armed at all, seemed to be on the best of terms with the convicts, with whom they sat and talked, and even played cards. The convicts, judging from their faces, seemed all to belong to one and the same class of confirmed and hardened criminals, but ethnically it was the most varied assortment of types of the races of the human family that I remember to have seen. Among them the real Muscovites of the muzhik class, with their meek long beard and lamblike eyes, were in an infinitely small minority, but every other race of the conglomerate empire was strongly represented. There were Germans

from the Baltic Provinces, and the blond Finns with their bleached yellow hair, who certainly more resembled the German type of the days of Tacitus than do the Prussians of to-day, who look, particularly the East Prussians, quite Slavish, as they should from their origin. There were Chinamen and Tartars, and many varieties of Mohammedans, and Persians, and Turcomans, and Polish Jews, Ruthenians, Great Russians and Little Russians, Georgians, and the men from the Caucasus. As I looked upon this spectacle, in other respects so sad, I could not help being amazed at the facility which the Russian civilization seems to possess in obliterating national traits and characteristics, and attracting to it the loyalty and devotion of the most alien races—a gift which it has in common with the civilization of the United States. These men were, one and all, Russians, or claimed to be, though by blood and education they were as alien to her civilization as I. I remembered the instances furnished by our own history, and more numerously by Russian history of the last generation, of how quickly the two countries absorb men of power and convert them to their own uses. Ali Khan, the wild leader of turbulent central Asian hordes, and the determined enemy of Russia, after the last battle had been fought takes service with his conqueror, and begins a new and serviceable career as General Alikhanoff; and in a somewhat similar way—though the comparison may seem invidious, which it is not meant to be—we send not seldom naturalized citizens of recent date to foreign courts to represent our civilization there, and to illustrate it by their presence. In company with the captain and the officer of police who had come from Russia in charge of the convoy, I visited every nook and corner of the ship; and though the voyage had been made under the adverse circumstances of bad weather and shortness of the water-supply, still everything was shipshape and remarkably clean, as a ship must be to pass through the tropics unscathed by disease. The sleeping-bunks were somewhat cramped and crowded, but they were no worse in this respect than a very great majority of sea-going vessels which carry steerage passengers in every part of the world. The police officer gave me a recital of the incidents of the uneventful voyage—of how the convicts, brought together from every province of the empire, had embarked at Odessa, where the bishop had in person given the members of the convoy his blessing, and had sprinkled the ship from stem to stern with holy water. For fifteen days after setting sail the prisoners all wear fetters and ankle bracelets connected by a chain, gangs of ten men being generally chained together.



GOLD-WASHING NEAR NERTSCHINSK.

On the sixteenth day, however, the armorer comes out on the deck and knocks off the manacles and removes the chains, so they are free men now as long as their conduct is good. They were all very docile and submissive, and seemed well fed and content. A kind of cabbage soup that was served out to them in great bowls seemed to me, after my experiences in the interior, very savory, and, upon the invitation of the police officer, I broke my morning fast with them.

Hardly had the convicts hastily bolted their breakfasts before I saw them crowding to the port side of the ship, climbing into the shrouds, gesticulating wildly in the direction of the shore, and asking all manner of questions of the officials as to the new land, the portals of which now lay open before them. In no other quarter of the globe, and under the operation of no other of the penal systems I have seen in operation in various parts of the world, can you see men approach the place where they are destined to serve out their sentence of punishment with such eagerness and with such an expression of hopefulness as I now saw depicted upon the faces of these men. They had rather the appearance of convicts who were about to be liberated than of men for whom the endless and interminable days of prison life were only beginning. These hopes and the happy anticipations which they evidently entertained were, in my opinion, well founded; for many the life that was beginning, though certain to be attended with not a few hardships and many discomforts, and for some perhaps with considerable suffering, was certainly not the life of deadening hopeless routine of penal servitude under the cellular system now almost universal—that system which eats out men's hearts, and breaks down their spirit, and ruins them mentally and physically and in every way. Here in Siberia the outlook for the convict is very different. Each and every one of these men who looked so eagerly towards the shore, however degraded the category of criminals to which he belongs may be, or what his previous career of servitude to the brutal instincts may have been, was here assured of a chance not only to begin a new life, but even to retrieve his fortunes. When I say, judging from past experience, that not a great number would have the strength to avail themselves of this opportunity, it is only admitting that they are human, and that, once having fallen, it is difficult to rise and fall no more; but I am convinced that the reformative effect of the system is most happy; that it results in returning to society a greater number of men worthy to be admitted into it than any other system of penal punishment that is practised.



THE HOME MADE FOR HIMSELF BY A DISCHARGED CONVICT AT SAKHALIN.

The people and the press of Siberia are unanimous in their support of Count Duhofskoi's memorial to the throne, which aims at the concentration of all the convicts, of the criminal class at least, into stations, depots, and colonies on the island of Sakhalin. That the press of the country should be so outspoken in its op-



CONVICT WOMEN DRAWING WATER, NERTSCHINSK.

position to the continuance of the present system is certainly a healthful sign, and I believe that the foreign critics, in leaving this long-controverted question in the hands of the Siberians, who are most directly concerned, and who are perfectly acquainted with its many phases, will do well, and perhaps then time might be found to ferret out and expose abuses which flourish nearer home.

While all classes in Siberia unite in asking for the abolition of the convict system as now in force, they are equally unanimous in denying the existence of the inhuman abuses which in the past have been imputed to it. In their opinion, however, a continuance of the system would prove a great menace and an actual danger to the security and peace of the industrious settlements, which are springing up and entering upon a flourishing and prosperous existence all through the country, upon the line of the Trans-Siberian and upon the banks of the Amur, as well as all through the Primorsk, or Maritime Province. This danger, they point out, arises from the ease with which often inveterate and hardened criminals obtain, almost immediately upon their arrival in Siberia, a ticket of leave, and then show too often how unchangeable is the bent of their criminal character by the immediate commission of some horrible crime.

The details of the memorial of the Governor-General and the plan which he proposes have not been published as yet, but I am credibly informed that he asks that all men who have been tried and convicted of a felony or other criminal offence in Russia be first confined to the island of Sakhalin for a probation period of three years, and only then, if he should make good use of his liberty, be permitted to pass over the sea into the promised land of Siberia. The Governor-General points out clearly that as the voluntary emigration of the free laborer is rapidly increasing, and that as the construction of the railroad upon which so many thousands of workmen have been engaged will shortly be completed, and many thousands of men be in want of work, the disastrous effects upon the labor market, which at first view appear serious, will, in fact, prove infinitely small in compari-

son with the direct, immediate, and undoubted benefit which will accrue.

It is quite apparent, then, that the people of Siberia ask for the abolition of the system not because under it the convicts are treated inhumanly, but because the system and its abuses constitute a real danger to their growing communities. I have no doubt that this unanimity of opinion will lead at an early day to the closer confinement of the hopeless and incorrigible criminals to Sakhalin, where they can be more securely guarded, and I am convinced that this change will prove not a bad one for the criminals themselves, and certainly a most excellent thing for the Siberians and the future welfare of the country.



CONVICTS AT THE VILLAGE STORE.

I carried away from Siberia the conviction that while it is not likely that the present agitation against a continuance of their peculiar institution will result in it being entirely done away with, it would be strange indeed if a movement in which every organ of public opinion, every commercial body, and every official of rank in the country is taking an active part should not result in the adoption of a system which will at once ameliorate the condition of the "unfortunate" and remove one of the great dangers to the development of this colossal empire. Indeed, I am more sanguine than this, and my hopes are not rose-colored by a strong Russophile bias. On the contrary, my views are based entirely upon what I saw in the country and upon information that I gathered from altogether trustworthy sources. The result of this information, and the high opinion I formed, after much close personal contact, of the intelligence and the humanity of the Russian police and officials of the penal service, encourage me to hope that the solution shortly to be reached in regard to this knotty question will prove of more far-reaching consequence than is at present apprehended or within the scope of the inquiry now in progress. I believe that the new method will prove to be of so happy a character that those countries of the world, other than Russia, where the convict system is still in force, and where that great abuse of it the subletting of convict laborers to more or less irresponsible contractors is still permitted, may do well to study carefully the new Russian system; and perhaps we may yet all profit by following her enlightened and humane example.

THE MONSTER.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

I.

LITTLE JIM was, for the time, engine Number 36, and he was making the run between Syracuse and Rochester. He was fourteen minutes behind time, and the throttle was wide open. In consequence, when he swung around the curve at the flower-bed, a wheel of his cart destroyed a peony. Number 36 slowed down at once and looked guiltily at his father, who was mowing the lawn. The doctor had his back to this accident, and he continued to pace slowly to and fro, pushing the mower.

Jim dropped the tongue of the cart. He looked at his father and at the broken flower. Finally he went to the peony and tried to stand it on its pins, resuscitated, but the spine of it was hurt, and it would only hang limply from his hand. Jim could do no reparation. He looked again toward his father.

He went on to the lawn, very slowly, and kicking wretchedly at the turf. Presently his father came along with the whirring machine, while the sweet new grass blades spun from the knives. In a low voice, Jim said, "Pa!"

The doctor was shaving this lawn as if it were a priest's chin. All during the season he had worked at it in the coolness and peace of the evenings after supper. Even in the shadow of the cherry-trees the grass was strong and healthy. Jim raised his voice a trifle. "Pa!"

The doctor paused, and with the howl of the machine no longer occupying the sense, one could hear the robins in the cherry-trees arranging their affairs. Jim's hands were behind his back, and sometimes his fingers clasped and unclasped. Again he said, "Pa!" The child's fresh and rosy lip was lowered.

The doctor stared down at his son, thrusting his head forward and frowning attentively. "What is it, Jimmie?"

"Pa!" repeated the child at length. Then he raised his finger and pointed at the flower-bed. "There!"

"What?" said the doctor, frowning more. "What is it, Jim?"

After a period of silence, during which the child may have undergone a severe mental tumult, he raised his finger and repeated his former word—"There!" The father had respected this silence with perfect courtesy. Afterward his glance carefully followed the direction indicated by the child's finger, but he could see nothing which explained to him. "I don't understand what you mean, Jimmie," he said.

It seemed that the importance of the whole thing had taken away the boy's vocabulary. He could only reiterate, "There!"

The doctor mused upon the situation, but he could make nothing of it. At last he said, "Come, show me."

Together they crossed the lawn toward the flower-bed. At some yards from the broken peony Jimmie began to lag. "There!" The word came almost breathlessly.

"Where?" said the doctor.

Jimmie kicked at the grass. "There!" he replied.

The doctor was obliged to go forward alone. After some trouble he found the subject of the incident, the broken flower. Turning then, he saw the child lurking at the rear and scanning his countenance.

The father reflected. After a time he said, "Jimmie, come here." With an infinite modesty of demeanor the child came forward. "Jimmie, how did this happen?"

The child answered, "Now—I was playin' train—and—now—I runned over it."

"You were doing what?"

"I was playin' train."

The father reflected again. "Well, Jimmie," he said, slowly, "I guess you had better not play train any more today. Do you think you had better?"

"No, sir," said Jimmie.

During the delivery of the judgment the child had not faced his father, and afterward he went away, with his head lowered, shuffling his feet.

II.

It was apparent from Jimmie's manner that he felt some kind of desire to efface himself. He went down to the stable.

Henry Johnson, the negro who cared for the doctor's horses, was sponging the buggy. He grinned fraternally when he saw Jimmie coming. These two were pals. In regard to almost everything in life they seemed to have minds precisely alike. Of course there were points of emphatic divergence. For instance, it was plain from Henry's talk that he was a very handsome negro, and he was known to be a light, a weight, and an eminence in the suburb of the town, where lived the larger number of the negroes, and obviously this glory was over Jimmie's horizon; but he vaguely appreciated it and paid deference to Henry for it mainly because Henry appreciated it and deferred to himself. However, on all points of conduct as related to the doctor, who was the moon, they were in complete but unexpressed understanding. Whenever Jimmie became the victim of an eclipse he went to the stable to solace himself with Henry's crimes. Henry, with the elasticity of his race, could usually provide a sin to place himself on a footing with the disgraced one. Perhaps he would remember that he had forgotten to put the hitching-strap in the back of the buggy on some recent occasion, and had been reprimanded by the doctor. Then these two would commune subtly and without words concerning their moon, holding themselves sympathetically as people who had committed similar treasons. On the other hand, Henry would sometimes choose to absolutely repudiate this idea, and when Jimmie appeared in his shame would bully him most virtuously, preaching with assurance the precepts of the doctor's creed, and pointing out to Jimmie all his abominations. Jimmie did not discover that this was odious in his comrade. He accepted it and lived in its shadow with humility, merely trying to conciliate the saintly Henry with acts of deference. Won by this attitude, Henry would sometimes allow the child to enjoy the felicity of squeezing the sponge over a buggy-wheel, even when Jimmie was still gory from unspeakable deeds.

Whenever Henry dwelt for a time in sackcloth, Jimmie did not patronize him at all. This was a justice of his age, his condition. He did not know. Besides, Henry could drive a horse, and Jimmie had a full sense of this sublimity. Henry personally conducted the moon during the splendid journeys through the country roads, where farms spread on all sides, with sheep, cows, and other marvels abounding.

"Hello, Jim!" said Henry, poising his sponge. Water was dripping from the buggy. Sometimes the horses in the stalls stamped thunderingly on the pine floor. There was an atmosphere of hay and of harness.

For a minute Jimmie refused to take an interest in anything. He was very downcast. He could not even feel the wonders of wagon-washing. Henry, while at his work, narrowly observed him.

"Your pop done wallop yer, didn't he?" he said at last.

"No," said Jimmie, defensively; "he didn't."

After this casual remark Henry continued his labor, with a scowl of occupation. Presently he said: "I done tol' yer many's th' time not to go a-foolin' an' a-projjeckin' with them flowers. Yer pop don' like it nohow." As a matter of fact, Henry had never mentioned flowers to the boy.

Jimmie preserved a gloomy silence, so Henry began to use seductive wiles in this affair of washing a wagon. It was not until he began to spin a wheel on the tree, and the sprinkling water flew everywhere, that the boy was visibly moved. He had been seated on the sill of the carriage-house door, but at the beginning of this ceremony he arose and circled toward the buggy, with an interest that slowly consumed the remembrance of a late disgrace.

Johnson could then display all the dignity of a man whose duty it was to protect Jimmie from a splashing. "Look out, boy! look out! You done gwi' spile yer pants. I raikon your mommer don't 'low this foolishness, she know it. I ain't gwi' have you round yere spilin' yer pants, an' have Mis' Trescott light on me pressen'ly. 'Deed I ain't."

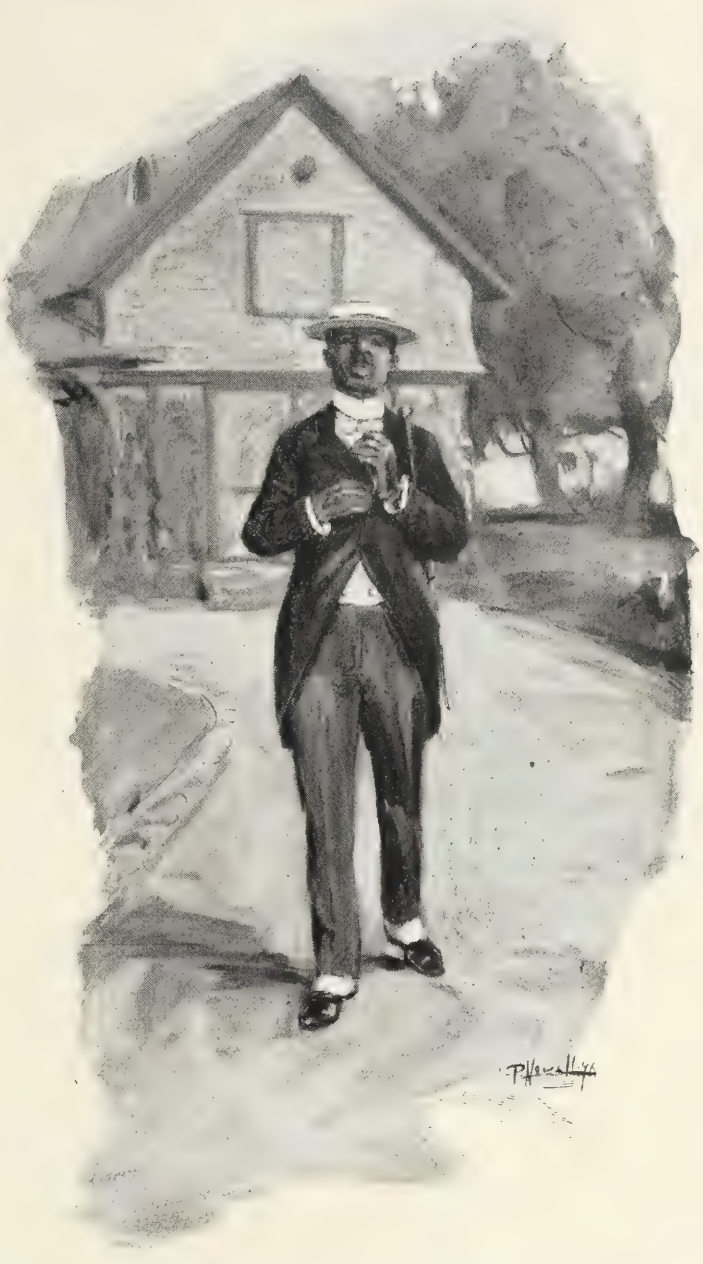
He spoke with an air of great irritation, but he was not annoyed at all. This tone was merely a part of his importance. In reality he was always delighted to have the child there to witness the business of the stable. For one thing, Jimmie was invariably overcome with reverence when he was told how beautifully a harness was polished or a horse groomed. Henry explained each detail of this kind with unction, procuring great joy from the child's admiration.

III.

After Johnson had taken his supper in the kitchen, he went to his loft in the carriage-house and dressed himself with much care. No belle of a court circle could bestow more mind on a toilet than did Johnson. On second thought, he was more like a priest arraying himself for some parade of the church. As he emerged from his room and sauntered down the carriage drive, no one would have suspected him of ever having washed a buggy.

It was not altogether a matter of the lavender trousers, nor yet the straw hat with its bright silk band. The change was somewhere far in the interior of Henry. But there was no cake-walk hyperbole in it. He was simply a quiet, well-bred gentleman of position, wealth, and other necessary achievements out for an evening stroll, and he had never washed a wagon in his life.

In the morning, when in his working-clothes, he had met a friend — "Hello, Pete!" "Hello, Henry!" Now, in his effulgence, he encountered this same friend. His bow was not at all haughty. If it expressed anything, it expressed consummate generosity— "Good-evenin', Misteh Washington." Pete, who was very dirty, being at work in a potato-patch, responded in a mixture of abasement and appreciation — "Good-evenin', Misteh Johnsing."



"NO ONE WOULD HAVE SUSPECTED HIM OF EVER HAVING WASHED A BUGGY."

The shimmering blue of the electric arc-lamps was strong in the main street of the town. At numerous points it was conquered by the orange glare of the outnumbering gas-lights in the windows of shops. Through this radiant lane moved a crowd, which culminated in a throng before the post-office, awaiting the distribution of the evening mails. Occasionally there came into it a shrill electric street-car, the motor singing like a cageful of grasshoppers, and possessing a great gong that clanged forth both warnings and simple noise. At the little theatre, which was a varnish and red-plush miniature of one of the famous New York theatres, a company of strollers was to play *East Lynne*. The young men of the town were mainly gathered at the corners, in distinctive groups, which expressed various shades and lines of chumship, and had little to do with any social gradations. There they discussed everything with critical insight, passing the whole town in review as it swarmed in the street. When the gongs of the electric cars ceased for a moment to harry the ears, there could be heard the sound of the feet of the leisurely crowd on the bluestone pavement, and it was like the peaceful evening lashing at the shore of a lake. At the foot of the hill, where two lines of maples sentinelled the way, an electric lamp glowed high among the embowering branches, and made most wonderful shadow-etchings on the road below it.

When Johnson appeared amid the throng a member of one of the profane groups at a corner instantly telegraphed news of this extraordinary arrival to his companions. They hailed him. "Hello, Henry! Going to walk for a cake to-night?"

"Ain't he smooth?"

"Why, you've got that cake right in your pocket, Henry!"

"Throw out your chest a little more."

Henry was not ruffled in any way by these quiet admonitions and compliments. In reply he laughed a supremely good-natured, chuckling laugh, which nevertheless expressed an underground complacency of superior metal.

Young Griscom, the lawyer, was just emerging from Reifsnyder's barber shop, rubbing his chin contentedly. On the steps he dropped his hand and looked with wide eyes into the crowd. Suddenly he bolted back into the shop. "Wow!" he cried to the parliament; "you ought to see the coon that's coming!"

Reifsnyder and his assistant instantly poised their razors high and turned toward the window. Two belathered heads reared from the chairs. The electric shine in the street caused an effect like water to them who looked through the glass from the yellow glamour of Reifsnyder's shop. In fact, the people without resembled the inhabitants of a great aquarium that here had a square pane in it. Presently into this frame swam the graceful form of Henry Johnson.

"Chee!" said Reifsnyder. He and his assistant with one accord threw their obligations to the winds, and leaving their lathered victims helpless, advanced to the window. "Ain't he a taisy?" said Reifsnyder, marvelling.

But the man in the first chair, with a grievance in his mind, had found a weapon. "Why, that's only Henry Johnson, you blamed idiots! Come on now, Reif, and shave me. What do you think I am—a mummy?"

Reifsnyder turned, in a great excitement. "I bait you any money that vas not Henry Johnson! Henry Johnson! Rats!" The scorn put into this last word made it an explosion. "That man vas a Pullman-car porter or someding. How could that be Henry Johnson?" he demanded, turbulently. "You vas crazy."

The man in the first chair faced the barber in a storm of indignation. "Didn't I give him those lavender trousers?" he roared.

And young Griscom, who had remained attentively at the window, said: "Yes, I guess that was Henry. It looked like him."

"Oh, vell," said Reifsnyder, returning to his business, "if you think so! Oh, vell!" He implied that he was submitting for the sake of amiability.

Finally the man in the second chair, mumbling from a mouth made timid by adjacent lather, said: "That was Henry Johnson all right. Why, he always dresses like that when he wants to make a front! He's the biggest dude in town—anybody knows that."

"Chinger!" said Reifsnyder.

Henry was not at all oblivious of the wake of wondering ejaculation that streamed out behind him. On other occasions he had reaped this same joy, and he always had an eye for the demonstration. With a face beaming with happiness he turned away from the scene of his victories into a narrow side street, where the electric light still hung high, but only to exhibit a row of tumble-down houses leaning together like paralytics.

The saffron Miss Bella Farragut, in a calico frock, had been crouched on the front stoop, gossiping at long range, but she espied her approaching caller at a distance. She dashed around the corner of the house, galloping like a horse. Henry saw it all, but he preserved the polite demeanor of a guest when a waiter spills claret down his cuff. In this awkward situation he was simply perfect.

The duty of receiving Mr. Johnson fell upon Mrs. Farragut, because Bella, in another room, was scrambling wildly into her best gown. The fat old woman met him with a great ivory smile, sweeping back with the door, and bowing low. "Walk in, Misteh Johnson, walk in. How is you dis ebenin', Misteh Johnson—how is you?"

Henry's face showed like a reflector as he bowed and bowed, bending almost from his head to his ankles. "Good-evenin', Mis' Fa'gut; good-evenin'. How is you dis evenin'? Is all you' folks well, Mis' Fa'gut?"

After a great deal of kowtow, they were planted in two chairs opposite each other in the living-room. Here they exchanged the most tremendous civilities, until Miss Bella swept into the room,



"HENRY JOHNSON! RATS!"

when there was more kowtow on all sides, and a smiling show of teeth that was like an illumination.

The cooking-stove was of course in this drawing-room, and on the fire was some kind of a long-winded stew. Mrs. Farragut was obliged to arise and attend to it from time to time. Also young Sim came in and went to bed on his pallet in the corner. But to all these domesticities the three maintained an absolute dumbness. They bowed and smiled and ignored and imitated until a late hour, and if they had been the occupants of the most gorgeous salon in the world they could not have been more like three monkeys.

After Henry had gone, Bella, who encouraged herself in the appropriation of phrases, said, "Oh, ma, isn't he divine?"

IV.

A Saturday evening was a sign always for a larger crowd to parade the thoroughfare. In summer the band played until ten o'clock in the little park. Most of the young men of the town affected to be superior to this band, even to despise it; but in the still and fragrant evenings they invariably turned out in force, because the girls were sure to attend this concert, strolling slowly over the grass, linked closely in pairs, or preferably in threes, in the curious public dependence upon one another which was their inheritance. There was no particular social aspect to this gathering, save that group regarded group with interest, but mainly in silence. Perhaps one girl would nudge another girl and suddenly say, "Look! there goes Gertie Hodgson and her sister!" And they would appear to regard this as an event of importance.

On a particular evening a rather large company of young men were gathered on the sidewalk that edged the park. They remained thus beyond the borders of the festivities because of their dignity, which would not exactly allow them to appear in anything which was so much fun for the younger lads. These latter were careering madly through the crowd, precipitating minor accidents from time to time, but usually fleeing like mist swept by the wind before retribution could lay its hands upon them.

The band played a waltz which involved a gift of prominence to the bass horn, and one of the young men on the sidewalk said that the music reminded

him of the new engines on the hill pumping water into the reservoir. A similarity of this kind was not inconceivable, but the young man did not say it because he disliked the band's playing. He said it because it was fashionable to say that manner of thing concerning the band. However, over in the stand, Billie Harris, who played the snare-drum, was always surrounded by a throng of boys, who adored his every whack.

After the mails from New York and Rochester had been finally distributed, the crowd from the post-office added to the mass already in the park. The wind waved the leaves of the maples, and, high in the air, the blue-burning globes of the arc lamps caused the wonderful traceries of leaf shadows on the ground. When the light fell upon the upturned face of a girl, it caused it to glow with a wonderful pallor. A policeman came suddenly from the darkness and chased a gang of obstreperous little boys. They hooted him from a distance. The leader of the band had some of the mannerisms of the great musicians, and during a period of silence the crowd smiled when they saw him raise his hand to his brow, stroke it sentimentally, and glance upward with a look of poetic anguish. In the shivering light, which gave to the park an effect like a great vaulted hall, the throng swarmed, with a gentle murmur of dresses switching the turf, and with a steady hum of voices.

Suddenly, without preliminary bars, there arose from afar the great hoarse roar of a factory whistle. It raised and swelled to a sinister note, and then it sang on the night wind one long call that held the crowd in the park immovable, speechless. The band-master had been about to vehemently let fall his hand to start the band on a thundering career through a popular march, but, smitten by this giant voice from the night, his hand dropped slowly to his knee, and, his mouth agape, he looked at his men in silence. The cry died away to a wail, and then to stillness. It released the muscles of the company of young men on the sidewalk, who had been like statues, posed eagerly, lithely,



"THEY BOWED AND SMILED UNTIL A LATE HOUR."



"THE BAND PLAYED A WALTZ."

their ears turned. And then they wheeled upon each other simultaneously, and, in a single explosion, they shouted, "One!"

Again the sound swelled in the night and roared its long ominous cry, and as it died away the crowd of young men wheeled upon each other and, in chorus, yelled, "Two!"

There was a moment of breathless waiting. Then they bawled, "Second district!" In a flash the company of indolent and cynical young men had vanished like a snowball disrupted by dynamite.

V.

Jake Rogers was the first man to reach the home of Tuscarora Hose Company Number Six. He had wrenched his key from his pocket as he tore down the street, and he jumped at the spring-lock like a demon. As the doors flew back before his hands he leaped and kicked the wedges from a pair of wheels, loosened a tongue from its clasp, and in the glare of the electric light which the town placed before each of its hose-houses the next comers beheld the spectacle of Jake Rogers bent like hickory in the manfulness of his pulling, and the heavy cart was moving slowly towards the doors. Four men joined him at the time, and as they swung with the cart out into the street, dark figures sped towards them from the ponderous shadows back of the electric lamps. Some set up the inevitable question, "What district?"

"Second," was replied to them in a compact howl. Tuscarora Hose Company Number Six swept on a perilous wheel into Niagara Avenue, and as the men, attached to the cart by the rope which had been paid out from the windlass under the tongue, pulled madly in their fervor and abandon, the gong under the axle clanged incitingly. And sometimes the same cry was heard, "What district?"

"Second."

On a grade Johnnie Thorpe fell, and exercising a singular muscular ability, rolled out in time from the track of the on-coming wheel, and arose, dishevelled and aggrieved, casting a look of mournful disenchantment upon the black crowd that poured after the machine. The cart seemed to be the apex of a dark wave that was whirling as if it had been a broken dam. Back of the lad were stretches of

lawn, and in that direction front doors were banged by men who hoarsely shouted out into the clamorous avenue, "What district?"

At one of these houses a woman came to the door bearing a lamp, shielding her face from its rays with her hands. Across the cropped grass the avenue represented to her a kind of black torrent, upon which, nevertheless, fled numerous miraculous figures upon bicycles. She did not know that the towering light at the corner was continuing its nightly whine.

Suddenly a little boy somersaulted around the corner of the house as if he had been projected down a flight of stairs by a catapultian boot. He halted himself in front of the house by dint of a rather extraordinary evolution with his legs. "Oh, ma," he gasped, "can I go? Can I, ma?"

She straightened with the coldness of the exterior mother-judgment, although the hand that held the lamp trembled slightly. "No, Willie; you had better come to bed."

Instantly he began to buck and fume like a mustang. "Oh, ma," he cried, contorting himself—"oh, ma, can't I go? Please, ma, can't I go? Can't I go, ma?"

"It's half past nine now, Willie."

He ended by wailing out a compromise: "Well, just down to the corner, ma? Just down to the corner?"

From the avenue came the sound of rushing men who wildly shouted. Somebody had grappled the bell-rope in the Methodist church, and now over the town rang this solemn and terrible voice, speaking from the clouds. Moved from its peaceful business, this bell gained a new spirit in the portentous night, and it swung the heart to and fro, up and down, with each peal of it.

"Just down to the corner, ma?"

"Willie, it's half past nine now."

VI.

The outlines of the house of Dr. Trescott had faded quietly into the evening, hiding a shape such as we call Queen Anne against the pall of the blackened sky. The neighborhood was at this time so quiet, and seemed so devoid of obstructions, that Hannigan's dog thought it a good opportunity to prowl in forbidden precincts, and so came and pawed Trescott's lawn, growling, and considering himself a formidable beast. Later, Peter Washington strolled past the house and whistled, but there was no dim light shining from Henry's loft, and presently Peter went his way. The rays from the street, creeping in silvery waves over the grass, caused the row of shrubs along the drive to throw a clear, bold shade.

A wisp of smoke came from one of the windows at the end of the house and drifted quietly into the branches of a cherry-tree. Its companions followed it in slowly increasing numbers, and finally there was a current controlled by invisible banks which poured into the fruit-laden boughs of the cherry-tree. It was no more to be noted than if a troop of dim and silent gray monkeys had been climbing a grape-vine into the clouds.

After a moment the window brightened as if the four panes of it had been stained with blood, and a quick ear might have been led to imagine the fire-imps calling and calling, clan joining clan, gathering to the colors. From the street, however, the house maintained its dark quiet, insisting to a passer-by that it was the safe dwelling of people who chose to retire early to tranquil dreams. No one could have heard this low droning of the gathering clans.

Suddenly the panes of the red window tinkled and crashed to the ground, and at other windows there suddenly reared other flames, like bloody spectres at the apertures of a haunted house. This outbreak had been well planned, as if by professional revolutionists.

A man's voice suddenly shouted: "Fire! Fire! Fire!" Hannigan had flung his pipe frenziedly from him because his lungs demanded room. He tumbled down from his perch, swung over the fence, and ran shouting towards the front door of the Trescotts'. Then he hammered on the door, using his fists as if they were mallets. Mrs. Trescott instantly came to one of the windows on the second floor. Afterwards she knew she had been about to say, "The doctor is not at home, but if you will leave your name, I will let him know as soon as he comes."

Hannigan's bawling was for a minute incoherent, but she understood that it was not about croup.

"What?" she said, raising the window swiftly.

"Your house is on fire! You're all ablaze! Move quick if—" His cries were

resounding in the street as if it were a cave of echoes. Many feet pattered swiftly on the stones. There was one man who ran with an almost fabulous speed. He wore lavender trousers. A straw hat with a bright silk band was held half crumpled in his hand.

As Henry reached the front door, Hannigan had just broken the lock with a kick. A thick cloud of smoke poured over them, and Henry, ducking his head, rushed into it. From Hannigan's clamor he knew only one thing, but it turned him blue with horror. In the hall a lick of flame had found the cord that supported "Signing the Declaration." The engraving slumped suddenly down at one end, and then dropped to the floor, where it burst with the sound of a bomb. The fire was already roaring like a winter wind among the pines.



"WHAT DISTRICT?"

At the head of the stairs Mrs. Trescott was waving her arms as if they were two reeds. "Jimmie! Save Jimmie!" she screamed in Henry's face. He plunged past her and disappeared, taking the long-familiar routes among these upper chambers, where he had once held office as a sort of second assistant house-maid.

Hannigan had followed him up the stairs, and grappled the arm of the maniacal woman there. His face was black with rage. "You must come down," he bellowed.

She would only scream at him in reply: "Jimmie! Jimmie! Save Jimmie!" But he dragged her forth while she babbled at him.

As they swung out into the open air a man ran across the lawn, and seizing a shutter, pulled it from its hinges and flung it far out upon the grass. Then he frantically attacked the other shutters one by one. It was a kind of temporary insanity.

"Here, you," howled Hannigan, "hold Mrs. Trescott— And stop—"

The news had been telegraphed by a twist of the wrist of a neighbor who had gone to the fire-box at the corner, and the time when Hannigan and his charge struggled out of the house was the time when the whistle roared its hoarse night call, smiting the crowd in the park, causing the leader of the band, who was about to order the first triumphal clang of a military march, to let his hand drop slowly to his knees.

VII.

Henry pawed awkwardly through the smoke in the upper halls. He had attempted to guide himself by the walls, but they were too hot. The paper was crimpling, and he expected at any moment to have a flame burst from under his hands.

"Jimmie!"

He did not call very loud, as if in fear that the humming flames below would overhear him.

"Jimmie! Oh, Jimmie!"

Stumbling and panting, he speedily reached the entrance to Jimmie's room and flung open the door. The little chamber had no smoke in it at all. It was faintly illumined by a beautiful rosy light reflected circuitously from the flames that were consuming the house. The boy had apparently just been aroused by the noise. He sat in his bed, his lips apart, his eyes wide, while upon his little white-robed figure played caressingly the light from the fire. As the door flew open he had before him this apparition of his pal, a terror-stricken negro, all tousled and with wool scorching, who leaped upon him and bore him up in a blanket as if the whole affair were a case of kidnapping by a dreadful robber chief. Without waiting to go through the usual short but complete process of wrinkling up his face, Jimmie let out a gorgeous bawl, which resembled the expression of a calf's deepest terror. As Johnson, bearing him, reeled into the smoke of the hall, he flung his arms about his neck and buried his face in the blanket. He called twice in muffled tones: "Mam-ma! Mam-ma!"

When Johnson came to the top of the stairs with his burden, he took a quick step backwards. Through the smoke that rolled to him he could see that the lower hall was all ablaze. He cried out then in a howl that resembled Jimmie's former achievement. His legs gained a frightful faculty of bending sideways. Swinging about precariously on these reedy legs, he made his way back slowly, back along the upper hall. From the way of him then, he had given up almost all idea of escaping from the burning house, and with it the desire. He was submitting, submitting because of his fathers, bending his mind in a most perfect slavery to this conflagration.

He now clutched Jimmie as unconsciously as when, running toward the house, he had clutched the hat with the bright silk band.

Suddenly he remembered a little private staircase which led from a bedroom to an apartment which the doctor had fitted up as a laboratory and work-house, where he used some of his leisure, and also hours when he might have been sleeping, in devoting himself to experiments which came in the way of his study and interest.

When Johnson recalled this stairway the submission to the blaze departed instantly. He had been perfectly familiar with it, but his confusion had destroyed the memory of it.

In his sudden momentary apathy there had been little that resembled fear, but now, as a way of safety came to him, the old frantic terror caught him. He was no longer creature to the flames, and he was afraid of the battle with them. It was a singular and swift set of alternations in which he feared twice without submission, and submitted once without fear.

"Jimmie!" he wailed, as he staggered on his way. He wished this little inanimate body at his breast to participate in his tremblings. But the child had lain limp and still during these headlong charges and countercharges, and no sign came from him.

Johnson passed through two rooms and came to the head of the stairs. As he opened the door great billows of smoke poured out, but gripping Jimmie closer, he plunged down through them. All manner of odors assailed him during this flight. They seemed to be alive with envy, hatred, and malice. At the entrance to the laboratory he confronted a strange spectacle. The room was like a garden in the region where might be burning flowers. Flames of violet, crimson, green, blue, orange, and purple were blooming everywhere. There was one blaze that was precisely the hue of a delicate coral. In another place was a mass that lay merely in phosphorescent inaction like a pile of emeralds. But all these marvels were to be seen dimly through clouds of heaving, turning, deadly smoke.

Johnson halted for a moment on the threshold. He cried out again in the negro wail that had in it the sadness of the swamps. Then he rushed across the room. An orange-colored flame leaped like a panther at the lavender trousers. This animal bit deeply into Johnson. There was an explosion at one side, and suddenly before him there reared a delicate, trembling sapphire shape like a fairy lady. With a quiet smile she blocked his path and doomed him and Jimmie. Johnson shrieked, and then ducked in the manner of his race in fights. He aimed to pass under the left guard of the sapphire

lady. But she was swifter than eagles, and her talons caught in him as he plunged past her. Bowing his head as if his neck had been struck, Johnson lurched forward, twisting this way and that way. He fell on his back. The still form in the blanket flung from his arms, rolled to the edge of the floor and beneath the window.

Johnson had fallen with his head at the base of an old-fashioned desk. There was a row of jars upon the top of this desk. For the most part, they were silent amid this rioting, but there was one which seemed to hold a scintillant and writhing serpent.

Suddenly the glass splintered, and a ruby-red snakelike thing poured its thick length out upon the top of the old desk. It coiled and hesitated, and then began to swim a languorous way down the mahogany slant. At the angle it waved its sizzling molten head to and fro over the closed eyes of the man beneath it. Then, in a moment, with mystic impulse, it moved again, and the red snake flowed directly down into Johnson's upturned face.

Afterwards the trail of this creature seemed to reek, and amid flames and low explosions drops like red-hot jewels pattered softly down it at leisurely intervals.



IN THE LABORATORY.

VIII.

Suddenly all roads led to Dr. Trescott's. The whole town flowed toward one point. Chippeway Hose Company Number One toiled desperately up Bridge Street Hill even as the Tuscaroras came in an impetuous sweep down Niagara Avenue. Meanwhile the machine of the hook-and-ladder experts from across the creek was spinning on its way. The chief of the fire department had been playing poker in the rear room of Whiteley's cigar-store, but at the first breath of the alarm he sprang through the door like a man escaping with the kitty.

In Whilomville, on these occasions, there was always a number of people who instantly turned their attention to the bells in the churches and school-houses. The bells not only emphasized the alarm, but it was the habit to send these sounds rolling across the sky in a stirring brazen uproar until the flames were practically vanquished. There was also a kind of rivalry as to which bell should be made to produce the greatest din. Even the Valley Church, four miles away among the farms, had heard the voices of its brethren, and immediately added a quaint little yelp.

Doctor Trescott had been driving homeward, slowly smoking a cigar, and feeling glad that this last case was now in complete obedience to him, like a wild animal that he had subdued, when he heard the long whistle, and chirped to his horse

under the unlicensed but perfectly distinct impression that a fire had broken out in Oakhurst, a new and rather high-flying suburb of the town which was at least two miles from his own home. But in the second blast and in the ensuing silence he read the designation of his own district. He was then only a few blocks from his house. He took out the whip and laid it lightly on the mare. Surprised and frightened at this extraordinary action, she leaped forward, and as the reins straightened like steel bands, the doctor leaned backward a trifle. When the mare whirled him up to the closed gate he was wondering whose house could be afire. The man who had rung the signal-box yelled something at him, but he already knew. He left the mare to her will.

In front of his door was a maniacal woman in a wrapper. "Ned!" she screamed at sight of him. "Jimmie! Save Jimmie!"

Trescott had grown hard and chill. "Where?" he said. "Where?"

Mrs. Trescott's voice began to bubble. "Up—up—up—" She pointed at the second-story windows.

Hannigan was already shouting: "Don't go in that way! You can't go in that way!"

Trescott ran around the corner of the house and disappeared from them. He knew from the view he had taken of the main hall that it would be impossible to ascend from there. His hopes were fastened now to the stairway which led from the laboratory. The door which opened from this room out upon the lawn was fastened with a bolt and lock, but he kicked close to the lock and then close to the bolt. The door with a loud crash flew back. The doctor recoiled from the roll of smoke, and then bending low, he stepped into the garden of burning flowers. On the floor his stinging eyes could make out a form in a smouldering blanket near the window. Then, as he carried his son toward the door, he saw that the whole lawn seemed now alive with men and boys, the leaders in the great charge that the whole town was making. They seized him and his burden, and overpowered him in wet blankets and water.

But Hannigan was howling: "Johnson is in there yet! Henry Johnson is in there yet! He went in after the kid! Johnson is in there yet!"

These cries penetrated to the sleepy senses of Trescott, and he struggled with his captors, swearing, unknown to him and to them, all the deep blasphemies of his medical-student days. He arose to his feet and went again toward the door of the laboratory. They endeavored to restrain him, although they were much affrighted at him.

But a young man who was a brakeman on the railway, and lived in one of the rear streets near the Trescotts, had gone into the laboratory and brought forth a thing which he laid on the grass.

IX.

There were hoarse commands from in front of the house. "Turn on your wa-



"THEY DID NOT CARE MUCH FOR JOHN SHIPLEY."

ter, Five!" "Let 'er go, One!" The gathering crowd swayed this way and that way. The flames, towering high, cast a wild red light on their faces. There came the clangor of a gong from along some adjacent street. The crowd exclaimed at it. "Here comes Number Three!" "That's Three a-comin'!" A panting and irregular mob dashed into view, dragging a hose-cart. A cry of exultation arose from the little boys. "Here's Three!" The lads welcomed Never-Die Hose Company Number Three as if it was composed of a chariot dragged by a band of gods. The perspiring citizens flung themselves into the fray. The boys danced in impish joy at the displays of prowess. They acclaimed the approach of Number Two. They welcomed Number Four with cheers. They were so deeply moved by this whole affair that they bitterly guyed the late appearance of the hook and ladder company, whose heavy apparatus had almost stalled them on the Bridge Street hill. The lads hated and feared a fire, of course. They did not particularly want to have anybody's house burn, but still it was fine to see the gathering of the companies, and amid a great noise to watch their heroes perform all manner of prodigies.

They were divided into parties over the worth of different companies, and supported their creeds with no small violence. For instance, in that part of the little city where Number Four had its home it would be most daring for a boy to contend the superiority of any other company. Likewise, in another quarter, when a strange boy was asked which fire company was the best in Whilomville, he was expected to answer "Number One." Feuds, which the boys forgot and remembered according to chance or the importance of some recent event, existed all through the town.

They did not care much for John Shipley, the chief of the department. It was true that he went to a fire with the speed of a falling angel, but when there he invariably lapsed into a certain still mood, which was almost a preoccupation, moving leisurely around the burning structure and surveying it, puffing meanwhile at a cigar. This quiet man, who even when life was in danger seldom raised his voice, was not much to their fancy. Now old Sykes Huntington, when he was chief, used to bellow continually like a bull and gesticulate in a sort of delirium. He was much finer as a spectacle than this Shipley, who viewed a fire with the same steadiness that he viewed a raise in a large jackpot. The greater number of the boys could never understand why the members of these companies persisted in re-electing Shipley, although they often pretended to understand it, because "My father says" was a very formidable phrase in argument, and the fathers seemed almost unanimous in advocating Shipley.

At this time there was considerable discussion as to which company had gotten the first stream of water on the fire. Most of the boys claimed that Number Five owned that distinction, but there was a determined minority who contended for Number One. Boys who were the blood adherents of other companies were obliged to choose between the two on this occasion, and the talk waxed warm.

But a great rumor went among the crowds. It was told with hushed voices. Afterward a reverent silence fell even upon the boys. Jimmie Trescott and Henry Johnson had been burned to death, and Dr. Trescott himself had been most savagely hurt. The crowd did not even feel the police pushing at them. They raised their eyes, shining now with awe, toward the high flames.

The man who had information was at his best. In low tones he described the whole affair. "That was the kid's room —in the corner there. He had measles or somethin', and this coon—Johnson—was a-settin' up with 'im, and Johnson got sleepy or somethin' and upset the lamp, and the doctor he was down in his office, and he came running up, and they all got burned together till they dragged 'em out."

Another man, always preserved for the deliverance of the final judgment, was saying: "Oh, they'll die sure. Burned to flinders. No chance. Hull lot of 'em. Anybody can see." The crowd concentrated its gaze still more closely upon these flags of fire which waved joyfully against the black sky. The bells of the town were clashing unceasingly.

A little procession moved across the lawn and toward the street. There were three cots, borne by twelve of the firemen. The police moved sternly, but it needed no effort of theirs to open a lane for this slow cortége. The men who bore the cots were well known to the crowd, but in this solemn parade during the

ringing of the bells and the shouting, and with the red glare upon the sky, they seemed utterly foreign, and Whilomville paid them a deep respect. Each man in this stretcher party had gained a reflected majesty. They were footmen to death, and the crowd made subtle obeisance to this august dignity derived from three prospective graves. One woman turned away with a shriek at sight of the covered body on the first stretcher, and people faced her suddenly in silent and mournful indignation. Otherwise there was barely a sound as these twelve important men with measured tread carried their burdens through the throng.

The little boys no longer discussed the merits of the different fire companies. For the greater part they had been routed. Only the more courageous viewed closely the three figures veiled in yellow blankets.

X.

Old Judge Denning Hagenthorpe, who lived nearly opposite the Trescotts, had thrown his door wide open to receive the afflicted family. When it was publicly learned that the doctor and his son and the negro were still alive, it required a specially detailed policeman to prevent people from scaling the front porch and interviewing these sorely wounded. One old lady appeared with a miraculous poultice, and she quoted most damning scripture to the officer when he said that she could not pass him. Throughout the night some lads old enough to be given privileges or to compel them from their mothers remained vigilantly upon the kerb in anticipation of a death or some such event. The reporter of the *Morning Tribune* rode thither on his bicycle every hour until three o'clock.

Six of the ten doctors in Whilomville attended at Judge Hagenthorpe's house.

Almost at once they were able to know that Trescott's burns were not vitally important. The child would possibly be scarred badly, but his life was undoubtedly safe. As for the negro Henry Johnson, he could not live. His body was frightfully seared, but more than that, he now had no face. His face had simply been burned away.

Trescott was always asking news of the two other patients. In the morning he seemed fresh and strong, so they told him that Johnson was doomed. They then saw him stir on the bed, and sprang quickly to see if the bandages needed readjusting. In the sudden glance he threw from one to another he impressed them as being both leonine and impracticable.

The morning paper announced the death of Henry Johnson. It contained a long interview with Edward J. Hannigan, in which the latter described in full the performance of Johnson at the fire. There was also an editorial built from all the best words in the vocabulary of the staff. The town halted in its accustomed road of thought, and turned a reverent attention to the memory of this hostler. In the breasts of many people was the regret that they had not known enough to give him a hand and a lift when he was alive, and they judged themselves stupid and ungenerous for this failure.

The name of Henry Johnson became suddenly the title of a saint to the little boys. The one who thought of it first could, by quoting it in an argument, at once overthrow his antagonist, whether it applied to the subject or whether it did not.

> Nigger, nigger, never die,
> Black face and shiny eye.

Boys who had called this odious couplet in the rear of Johnson's march buried the fact at the bottom of their hearts.

Later in the day Miss Bella Farragut, of No. 7 Watermelon Alley, announced that she had been engaged to marry Mr. Henry Johnson.

XI.

The old judge had a cane with an ivory head. He could never think at his best until he was leaning slightly on this stick and smoothing the white top with slow movements of his hands. It was also to him a kind of narcotic. If by any chance he mislaid it, he grew at once very irritable, and was likely to speak sharply to his sister, whose mental incapacity he had patiently endured for thirty years in the old mansion on Ontario Street. She was not at all aware of her brother's opinion of her endowments, and so it might be said that the judge had successfully dissembled for more than a quarter of a century, only risking the truth at the times when his cane was lost.

On a particular day the judge sat in his arm-chair on the porch. The sunshine sprinkled through the lilac-bushes

and poured great coins on the boards. The sparrows disputed in the trees that lined the pavements. The judge mused deeply, while his hands gently caressed the ivory head of his cane.

Finally he arose and entered the house, his brow still furrowed in a thoughtful frown. His stick thumped solemnly in regular beats. On the second floor he entered a room where Dr. Trescott was working about the bedside of Henry Johnson. The bandages on the negro's head allowed only one thing to appear, an eye, which unwinkingly stared at the judge. The latter spoke to Trescott on the condition of the patient. Afterward he evidently had something further to say, but he seemed to be kept from it by the scrutiny of the unwinking eye, at which he furtively glanced from time to time.

When Jimmie Trescott was sufficiently recovered, his mother had taken him to pay a visit to his grandparents in Connecticut. The doctor had remained to take care of his patients, but as a matter of truth he spent most of his time at Judge Hagenthorpe's house, where lay Henry Johnson. Here he slept and ate almost every meal in the long nights and days of his vigil.

At dinner, and away from the magic of the unwinking eye, the judge said, suddenly, "Trescott, do you think it is—" As Trescott paused expectantly, the judge fingered his knife. He said, thoughtfully, "No one wants to advance such ideas, but somehow I think that that poor fellow ought to die."

There was in Trescott's face at once a look of recognition, as if in this tangent of the judge he saw an old problem. He merely sighed and answered, "Who knows?" The words were spoken in a deep tone that gave them an elusive kind of significance.

The judge retreated to the cold manner of the bench. "Perhaps we may not talk with propriety of this kind of action, but I am induced to say that you are performing a questionable charity in preserving this negro's life. As near as I can understand, he will hereafter be a monster, a perfect monster, and probably with an affected brain. No man can observe you as I have observed you and not know that it was a matter of conscience with you, but I am afraid, my friend, that it is one of the blunders of virtue." The judge had delivered his views with his habitual oratory. The last three words he spoke with a particular emphasis, as if the phrase was his discovery.

The doctor made a weary gesture. "He saved my boy's life."

"Yes," said the judge, swiftly—"yes, I know!"

"And what am I to do?" said Trescott, his eyes suddenly lighting like an outburst from smouldering peat. "What am I to do? He gave himself for—for Jimmie. What am I to do for him?"

The judge abased himself completely before these words. He lowered his eyes for a moment. He picked at his cucumbers.

Presently he braced himself straightly in his chair. "He will be your creation, you understand. He is purely your creation. Nature has very evidently given him up. He is dead. You are restoring him to life. You are making him, and he will be a monster, and with no mind."

"He will be what you like, judge," cried Trescott, in sudden, polite fury. "He will be anything, but, by God! he saved my boy."

The judge interrupted in a voice trembling with emotion: "Trescott! Trescott! Don't I know?"

Trescott had subsided to a sullen mood. "Yes, you know," he answered, acidly; "but you don't know all about your own boy being saved from death." This was a perfectly childish allusion to the judge's bachelorhood. Trescott knew that the remark was infantile, but he seemed to take desperate delight in it.

But it passed the judge completely. It was not his spot.

"I am puzzled," said he, in profound thought. "I don't know what to say."

Trescott had become repentant. "Don't think I don't appreciate what you say, judge. But—"

"Of course!" responded the judge, quickly. "Of course."

"It—" began Trescott.

"Of course," said the judge.

In silence they resumed their dinner.

"Well," said the judge, ultimately, "it is hard for a man to know what to do."

"It is," said the doctor, fervidly.

There was another silence. It was broken by the judge:

"Look here, Trescott; I don't want you to think—"

"No, certainly not," answered the doctor, earnestly.

"Well, I don't want you to think I would say anything to— It was only that I thought that I might be able to suggest to you that—perhaps—the affair was a little dubious."

With an appearance of suddenly disclosing his real mental perturbation, the doctor said: "Well, what would you do? Would you kill him?" he asked, abruptly and sternly.

"Trescott, you fool," said the old man, gently.

"Oh, well, I know, judge, but then—" He turned red, and spoke with new violence: "Say, he saved my boy—do you see? He saved my boy."

"You bet he did," cried the judge, with enthusiasm. "You bet he did." And they remained for a time gazing at each other, their faces illuminated with memories of a certain deed.

After another silence, the judge said, "It is hard for a man to know what to do."

XII.

Late one evening Trescott, returning from a professional call, paused his buggy at the Hagenthorpe gate. He tied the mare to the old tin-covered post, and entered the house. Ultimately he appeared with a companion—a man who walked slowly and carefully, as if he were learning. He was wrapped to the heels in an old-fashioned ulster. They entered the buggy and drove away.

After a silence only broken by the swift and musical humming of the wheels on the smooth road, Trescott spoke. "Henry," he said, "I've got you a home here with old Alek Williams. You will have everything you want to eat and a good place to sleep, and I hope you will get along there all right. I will pay all your expenses, and come to see you as often as I can. If you don't get along, I want you to let me know as soon as possible, and then we will do what we can to make it better."

The dark figure at the doctor's side answered with a cheerful laugh. "These buggy wheels don' look like I washed 'em yesterday, docteh," he said.

Trescott hesitated for a moment, and then went on insistently, "I am taking you to Alek Williams, Henry, and I—"

The figure chuckled again. "No, 'deed! No, seh! Alek Williams don' know a hoss! 'Deed he don't. He don' know a hoss from a pig." The laugh that followed was like the rattle of pebbles.

Trescott turned and looked sternly and coldly at the dim form in the gloom from the buggy-top. "Henry," he said, "I didn't say anything about horses. I was saying—"

"Hoss? Hoss?" said the quavering voice from these near shadows. "Hoss? 'Deed I don' know all erbout a hoss! 'Deed I don't." There was a satirical chuckle.

At the end of three miles the mare slackened and the doctor leaned forward, peering, while holding tight reins. The wheels of the buggy bumped often over out-cropping bowlders. A window shone forth, a simple square of topaz on a great black hill-side. Four dogs charged the buggy with ferocity, and when it did not promptly retreat, they circled courageously around the flanks, baying. A door opened near the window in the hill-side, and a man came and stood on a beach of yellow light.

"Yah! yah! You Roveh! You Susie! Come yah! Come yah this minit!"

Trescott called across the dark sea of grass, "Hello, Alek!"

"Hello!"

"Come down here and show me where to drive."

The man plunged from the beach into the surf, and Trescott could then only trace his course by the fervid and polite ejaculations of a host who was somewhere approaching. Presently Williams took the mare by the head, and uttering cries of welcome and scolding the swarming dogs, led the equipage toward the lights. When they halted at the door and Trescott was climbing out, Williams cried, "Will she stand, docteh?"

"She'll stand all right, but you better hold her for a minute. Now, Henry." The doctor turned and held both arms to the dark figure. It crawled to him painfully like a man going down a ladder. Williams took the mare away to be tied to a little tree, and when he returned he found them awaiting him in the gloom beyond the rays from the door.

He burst out then like a siphon pressed by a nervous thumb. "Hennery! Hennery, ma ol' frien'. Well, if I ain' glade. If I ain' glade!"

Trescott had taken the silent shape by the arm and led it forward into the full

revelation of the light. "Well, now, Alek, you can take Henry and put him to bed, and in the morning I will—"

Near the end of this sentence old Williams had come front to front with Johnson. He gasped for a second, and then yelled the yell of a man stabbed in the heart.

For a fraction of a moment Trescott seemed to be looking for epithets. Then he roared: "You old black chump! You old black— Shut up! Shut up! Do you hear?"

Williams obeyed instantly in the matter of his screams, but he continued in a lowered voice: "Ma Lode amassy! Who'd ever think? Ma Lode amassy!"

Trescott spoke again in the manner of a commander of a battalion. "Alek!"

The old negro again surrendered, but to himself he repeated in a whisper, "Ma Lode!" He was aghast and trembling.

As these three points of widening shadows approached the golden doorway a hale old negress appeared there, bowing. "Good-evenin', docteh! Good-evenin'! Come in! come in!" She had evidently just retired from a tempestuous struggle to place the room in order, but she was now bowing rapidly. She made the effort of a person swimming.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mary," said Trescott, entering. "I've brought Henry for you to take care of, and all you've got to do is to carry out what I tell you." Learning that he was not followed, he faced the door, and said, "Come in, Henry."

Johnson entered. "Whee!" shrieked Mrs. Williams. She almost achieved a back somersault. Six young members of the tribe of Williams made simultaneous plunge for a position behind the stove, and formed a wailing heap.

XIII.

"You know very well that you and your family lived usually on less than three dollars a week, and now that Doctor Trescott pays you five dollars a week for Johnson's board, you live like millionaires. You haven't done a stroke of work since Johnson began to board with you—everybody knows that—and so what are you kicking about?"

The judge sat in his chair on the porch, fondling his cane, and gazing down at old Williams, who stood under the lilac-bushes. "Yes, I know, jedge," said the negro, wagging his head in a puzzled manner. "'Tain't like as if I didn't 'preciate what the docteh done, but—but—well, yeh see, jedge," he added, gaining a new impetus, "it's—it's hard wuk. This ol' man nev' did wuk so hard. Lode, no."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Alek," spoke the judge, sharply. "You have never really worked in your life—anyhow enough to support a family of sparrows, and now when you are in a more prosperous condition than ever before, you come around talking like an old fool."

The negro began to scratch his head. "Yeh see, jedge," he said at last, "my ol' 'ooman she cain't 'ceive no lady callahs, nohow."

"Hang lady callers!" said the judge, irascibly. "If you have flour in the barrel and meat in the pot, your wife can get along without receiving lady callers, can't she?"

"But they won't come ainyhow, jedge," replied Williams, with an air of still deeper stupefaction. "Noner ma wife's frien's ner noner ma frien's 'll come near ma res'dence."

"Well, let them stay home if they are such silly people."

The old negro seemed to be seeking a way to elude this argument, but evidently finding none, he was about to shuffle meekly off. He halted, however. "Jedge," said he, "ma ol' 'ooman's near driv' abstracted."

"Your old woman is an idiot," responded the judge.

Williams came very close and peered solemnly through a branch of lilac. "Jedge," he whispered, "the chillens."

"What about them?"

Dropping his voice to funereal depths, Williams said, "They—they cain't eat."

"Can't eat!" scoffed the judge, loudly. "Can't eat! You must think I am as big an old fool as you are. Can't eat—the little rascals! What's to prevent them from eating?"

In answer, Williams said, with mournful emphasis, "Hennery." Moved with a kind of satisfaction at his tragic use of the name, he remained staring at the judge for a sign of its effect.

The judge made a gesture of irritation. "Come, now, you old scoundrel, don't beat around the bush any more. What are you up to? What do you want? Speak out like a man, and don't give me any more of this tiresome rigamarole."

"I ain't er-beatin' round 'bout nuffin, jedge," replied Williams, indignantly. "No, seh; I say whatter got to say right out. 'Deed I do."

"Well, say it, then."

"Jedge," began the negro, taking off his hat and switching his knee with it, "Lode knows I'd do jes 'bout as much fer five dollehs er week as ainy cul'd man, but—but this yere business is awful, jedge. I raikon 'ain't been no sleep in—in my house sence docteh done fetch 'im."

"Well, what do you propose to do about it?"

Williams lifted his eyes from the ground and gazed off through the trees. "Raikon I got good appetite, an' sleep jes like er dog, but he—he's done broke me all up. 'Tain't no good, nohow. I wake up in the night; I hear 'im, mebbe, er-whimperin' an' er-whimperin', an' I sneak an' I sneak until I try th' do' to see if he locked in. An' he keep me er-puzzlin' an' er-quakin' all night long. Don't know how 'll do in th' winter. Can't let 'im out where th' chillen is. He'll done freeze where he is now." Williams spoke these sentences as if he were talking to himself. After a silence of deep reflection he continued: "Folks go round sayin' he ain't Hennery Johnson at all. They say he's er devil!"

"What?" cried the judge.

"Yesseh," repeated Williams in tones of injury, as if his veracity had been challenged. "Yesseh. I'm er-tellin' it to yeh straight, jedge. Plenty cul'd people folks up my way say it is a devil."

"Well, you don't think so yourself, do you?"

"No. 'Tain't no devil. It's Hennery Johnson."

"Well, then, what is the matter with you? You don't care what a lot of foolish people say. Go on 'tending to your business, and pay no attention to such idle nonsense."

"'Tis nonsense, jedge; but he *looks* like er devil."

"What do you care what he looks like?" demanded the judge.

"Ma rent is two dollehs and er half er month," said Williams, slowly.

"It might just as well be ten thousand dollars a month," responded the judge. "You never pay it, anyhow."

"Then, anoth' thing," continued Williams, in his reflective tone. "If he was all right in his haid I could stan' it; but, jedge, he's crazier 'n er loon. Then when he looks like er devil, an' done skears all ma frien's away, an' ma chillens cain't eat, an' ma ole 'ooman jes raisin' Cain all the time, an' ma rent two dollehs an' er half er month, an' him not right in his haid, it seems like five dollehs er week—"

The judge's stick came down sharply and suddenly upon the floor of the porch. "There," he said, "I thought that was what you were driving at."

Williams began swinging his head from side to side in the strange racial mannerism. "Now hol' on a minnet, jedge," he said, defensively. "'Tain't like as if I didn't 'preciate what the docteh done. 'Tain't that. Docteh Trescott is er kind man, an' 'tain't like as if I didn't 'preciate what he done; but—but—"

"But what? You are getting painful, Alek. Now tell me this: did you ever have five dollars a week regularly before in your life?"

Williams at once drew himself up with great dignity, but in the pause after that question he drooped gradually to another attitude. In the end he answered, heroically: "No, jedge, I 'ain't. An' 'tain't like as if I was er-sayin' five dollehs wasn't er lot er money for a man like me. But, jedge, what er man oughter git fer this kinder wuk is er salary. Yesseh, jedge," he repeated, with a great impressive gesture; "fer this kinder wuk er man oughter git er Salary." He laid a terrible emphasis upon the final word.

The judge laughed. "I know Dr. Trescott's mind concerning this affair, Alek; and if you are dissatisfied with your boarder, he is quite ready to move him to some other place; so, if you care to leave word with me that you are tired of the arrangement and wish it changed, he will come and take Johnson away."

Williams scratched his head again in deep perplexity. "Five dollehs is er big price fer bo'd, but 'tain't no big price fer the bo'd of er crazy man," he said, finally.

"What do you think you ought to get?" asked the judge.

"Well," answered Alek, in the manner of one deep in a balancing of the scales, "he looks like er devil, an' done skears e'rybody, an' ma chillens cain't eat, an' I cain't sleep, an' he ain't right in his haid, an'—"

"You told me all those things."

After scratching his wool, and beating his knee with his hat, and gazing off through the trees and down at the ground, Williams said, as he kicked nervously at the gravel, "Well, jedge, I think it is wuth—" He stuttered.

"Worth what?"

"Six dollehs," answered Williams, in a desperate outburst.

The judge lay back in his great armchair and went through all the motions of a man laughing heartily, but he made no sound save a slight cough. Williams had been watching him with apprehension.

"Well," said the judge, "do you call six dollars a salary?"

"No, seh," promptly responded Williams. "'Tain't a salary. No, 'deed! 'Tain't a salary." He looked with some anger upon the man who questioned his intelligence in this way.

"Well, supposing your children can't eat?"

"I—"

"And supposing he looks like a devil? And supposing all those things continue? Would you be satisfied with six dollars a week?"

Recollections seemed to throng in Williams's mind at these interrogations, and he answered dubiously. "Of co'se a man who ain't right in his haid, an' looks like er devil— But six dollehs—" After these two attempts at a sentence Williams suddenly appeared as an orator, with a great shiny palm waving in the air. "I tell yeh, jedge, six dollehs is six dollehs, but if I git six dollehs for bo'ding Hennery Johnson, I uhns it! I uhns it!"

"I don't doubt that you earn six dollars for every week's work you do," said the judge.

"Well, if I bo'd Hennery Johnson fer six dollehs er week, I uhns it! I uhns it!" cried Williams, wildly.

XIV.

Reifsnyder's assistant had gone to his supper, and the owner of the shop was trying to placate four men who wished to be shaved at once. Reifsnyder was very garrulous—a fact which made him rather remarkable among barbers, who, as a class, are austerely speechless, having been taught silence by the hammering reiteration of a tradition. It is the customers who talk in the ordinary event.

As Reifsnyder waved his razor down the cheek of a man in the chair, he turned often to cool the impatience of the others with pleasant talk, which they did not particularly heed.

"Oh, he should have let him die," said Bainbridge, a railway engineer, finally replying to one of the barber's orations. "Shut up, Reif, and go on with your business!"

Instead, Reifsnyder paused shaving entirely, and turned to front the speaker. "Let him die?" he demanded. "How vas that? How can you let a man die?"

"By letting him die, you chump," said the engineer. The others laughed a little, and Reifsnyder turned at once to his work, sullenly, as a man overwhelmed by the derision of numbers.

"How vas that?" he grumbled later. "How can you let a man die when he vas done so much for you?"

"'When he vas done so much for you?'" repeated Bainbridge. "You better shave some people. How vas that? Maybe this ain't a barber shop?"

A man hitherto silent now said, "If I had been the doctor, I would have done the same thing."

"Of course," said Reifsnyder. "Any man vould do it. Any man that vas not like you, you—old—flint-hearted—fish." He had sought the final words with painful care, and he delivered the collection triumphantly at Bainbridge. The engineer laughed.

The man in the chair now lifted himself higher, while Reifsnyder began an elaborate ceremony of anointing and combing his hair. Now free to join comfortably in the talk, the man said: "They say he is the most terrible thing in the world. Young Johnnie Bernard—that drives the grocery wagon—saw him up at Alek Williams's shanty, and he says he couldn't eat anything for two days."

"Chee!" said Reifsnyder.

"Well, what makes him so terrible?" asked another.

"Because he hasn't got any face," replied the barber and the engineer in duet.

"Hasn't got any face?" repeated the man. "How can he do without any face!"

"He has no face in the front of his head,
In the place where his face ought to grow."

Bainbridge sang these lines pathetically as he arose and hung his hat on a

hook. The man in the chair was about to abdicate in his favor. "Get a gait on you now," he said to Reifsnyder. "I go out at 7.31."

As the barber foamed the lather on the cheeks of the engineer he seemed to be thinking heavily. Then suddenly he burst out. "How would you like to be with no face?" he cried to the assemblage.

"Oh, if I had to have a face like yours—" answered one customer.

Bainbridge's voice came from a sea of lather. "You're kicking because if losing faces became popular, you'd have to go out of business."

"I don't think it will become so much popular," said Reifsnyder.

"Not if it's got to be taken off in the way his was taken off," said another man. "I'd rather keep mine, if you don't mind."

"I guess so!" cried the barber. "Just think!"

The shaving of Bainbridge had arrived at a time of comparative liberty for him. "I wonder what the doctor says to himself?" he observed. "He may be sorry he made him live."

"It was the only thing he could do," replied a man. The others seemed to agree with him.

"Supposing you were in his place," said one, "and Johnson had saved your kid. What would you do?"

"Certainly!"

"Of course! You would do anything on earth for him. You'd take all the trouble in the world for him. And spend your last dollar on him. Well, then?"

"I wonder how it feels to be without any face?" said Reifsnyder, musingly.

The man who had previously spoken, feeling that he had expressed himself well, repeated the whole thing. "You would do anything on earth for him. You'd take all the trouble in the world for him. And spend your last dollar on him. Well, then?"

"No, but look," said Reifsnyder; "supposing you don't got a face!"

XV.

As soon as Williams was hidden from the view of the old judge he began to gesture and talk to himself. An elation had evidently penetrated to his vitals, and caused him to dilate as if he had been filled with gas. He snapped his fingers in the air, and whistled fragments of triumphal music. At times, in his progress toward his shanty, he indulged in a shuffling movement that was really a dance. It was to be learned from the intermediate monologue that he had emerged from his trials laurelled and proud. He was the unconquerable Alexander Williams. Nothing could exceed the bold self-reliance of his manner. His kingly stride, his heroic song, the derisive flourish of his hands—all betokened a man who had successfully defied the world.

On his way he saw Zeke Paterson coming to town. They hailed each other at a distance of fifty yards.

"How do, Broth' Paterson?"

"How do, Broth' Williams?"

They were both deacons.

"Is you' folks well, Broth' Paterson?"

"Middlin', middlin'. How's you' folks, Broth' Williams?"

Neither of them had slowed his pace in the smallest degree. They had simply begun this talk when a considerable space separated them, continued it as they passed, and added polite questions as they drifted steadily apart. Williams's mind seemed to be a balloon. He had been so inflated that he had not noticed that Paterson had definitely shied into the dry ditch as they came to the point of ordinary contact.

Afterward, as he went a lonely way, he burst out again in song and pantomimic celebration of his estate. His feet moved in prancing steps.

When he came in sight of his cabin, the fields were bathed in a blue dusk, and the light in the window was pale. Cavorting and gesticulating, he gazed joyfully for some moments upon this light. Then suddenly another idea seemed to attack his mind, and he stopped, with an air of being suddenly dampened. In the end he approached his home as if it were the fortress of an enemy.

Some dogs disputed his advance for a loud moment, and then discovering their lord, slunk away embarrassed. His reproaches were addressed to them in muffled tones.

Arriving at the door, he pushed it open with the timidity of a new thief. He thrust his head cautiously sideways, and his eyes met the eyes of his wife, who sat by the table, the lamp-light defining a half of her face. "'Sh!" he said, uselessly. His glance travelled swiftly to the



"IF I GIT SIX DOLLEHS FOR BO'DING HENNERY JOHNSON, I UHNS IT!"

inner door which shielded the one bedchamber. The pickaninnies, strewn upon the floor of the living-room, were softly snoring. After a hearty meal they had promptly dispersed themselves about the place and gone to sleep. "'Sh!" said Williams again to his motionless and silent wife. He had allowed only his head to appear. His wife, with one hand upon the edge of the table and the other at her knee, was regarding him with wide eyes and parted lips as if he were a spectre. She looked to be one who was living in terror, and even the familiar face at the door had thrilled her because it had come suddenly.

Williams broke the tense silence. "Is he all right?" he whispered, waving his eyes toward the inner door. Following his glance timorously, his wife nodded, and in a low tone answered,

"I raikon he's done gone t' sleep."

Williams then slunk noiselessly across his threshold.

He lifted a chair, and with infinite care placed it so that it faced the dreaded inner door. His wife moved slightly, so as to also squarely face it. A silence came upon them in which they seemed to be waiting for a calamity, pealing and deadly.

Williams finally coughed behind his hand. His wife started, and looked upon him in alarm. "'Pears like he done gwine keep quiet ter-night," he breathed. They continually pointed their speech and their looks at the inner door, paying it the homage due to a corpse or a phantom. Another long stillness followed this sentence. Their eyes shone white and wide. A wagon rattled down the distant road. From their chairs they looked at the window, and the effect of the light in the cabin was a presentation of an intensely black and solemn night. The old woman adopted the attitude used always in church at funerals. At times she seemed to be upon the point of breaking out in prayer.

"He mighty quiet ter-night," whispered Williams. "Was he good ter-day?" For answer his wife raised her eyes to the ceiling in the supplication of Job. Williams moved restlessly. Finally he tiptoed to the door. He knelt slowly and without a sound, and placed his ear near the key-hole. Hearing a noise behind him, he turned quickly. His wife was

staring at him aghast. She stood in front of the stove, and her arms were spread out in the natural movement to protect all her sleeping ducklings.

But Williams arose without having touched the door. "I raikon he ersleep," he said, fingering his wool. He debated with himself for some time. During this interval his wife remained, a great fat statue of a mother shielding her children.

It was plain that his mind was swept suddenly by a wave of temerity. With a sounding step he moved toward the door. His fingers were almost upon the knob when he swiftly ducked and dodged away, clapping his hands to the back of his head. It was as if the portal had threatened him. There was a little tumult near the stove, where Mrs. Williams's desperate retreat had involved her feet with the prostrate children.

After the panic Williams bore traces of a feeling of shame. He returned to the charge. He firmly grasped the knob with his left hand, and with his other hand turned the key in the lock. He pushed the door, and as it swung portentously open he sprang nimbly to one side like the fearful slave liberating the lion. Near the stove a group had formed, the terror-stricken mother with her arms stretched, and the aroused children clinging frenziedly to her skirts.

The light streamed after the swinging door, and disclosed a room six feet one way and six feet the other way. It was small enough to enable the radiance to lay it plain. Williams peered warily around the corner made by the door-post.

Suddenly he advanced, retired, and advanced again with a howl. His palsied family had expected him to spring backward, and at his howl they heaped themselves wondrously. But Williams simply stood in the little room emitting his howls before an open window. "He's gone! He's gone! He's gone!" His eye and his hand had speedily proved the fact. He had even thrown open a little cupboard.

Presently he came flying out. He grabbed his hat, and hurled the outer door back upon its hinges. Then he tumbled headlong into the night. He was yelling: "Docteh Trescott! Docteh Trescott!" He ran wildly through the fields, and galloped in the direction of town. He continued to call to Trescott, as if the latter was within easy hearing. It was as if Trescott was poised in the contemplative sky over the running negro, and could heed this reaching voice—"Docteh Trescott!"

In the cabin, Mrs. Williams, supported by relays from the battalion of children, stood quaking watch until the truth of daylight came as a re-enforcement and made them arrogant, strutting, swashbuckler children, and a mother who proclaimed her illimitable courage.

XVI.

Theresa Page was giving a party. It was the outcome of a long series of arguments addressed to her mother, which had been overheard in part by her father. He had at last said five words, "Oh, let her have it." The mother had then gladly capitulated.

Theresa had written nineteen invitations, and distributed them at recess to her schoolmates. Later her mother had composed five large cakes, and still later a vast amount of lemonade.

So the nine little girls and the ten little boys sat quite primly in the dining-room, while Theresa and her mother plied them with cake and lemonade, and also with ice-cream. This primness sat now quite strangely upon them. It was owing to the presence of Mrs. Page. Previously in the parlor alone with their games they had overturned a chair; the boys had let more or less of their hoodlum spirit shine forth. But when circumstances could be possibly magnified to warrant it, the girls made the boys victims of an insufferable pride, snubbing them mercilessly. So in the dining-room they resembled a class at Sunday-school, if it were not for the subterranean smiles, gestures, rebuffs, and poutings which stamped the affair as a children's party.

Two little girls of this subdued gathering were planted in a settle with their backs to the broad window. They were beaming lovingly upon each other with an effect of scorning the boys.

Hearing a noise behind her at the window, one little girl turned to face it. Instantly she screamed and sprang away, covering her face with her hands. "What was it? What was it?" cried every one in a roar. Some slight movement of the eyes of the weeping and shuddering child informed the company that she had been frightened by an appearance at the window. At once they all faced the imperturbable window, and for a moment there



"THE DOOR SWUNG PORTENTOUSLY OPEN."

was a silence. An astute lad made an immediate census of the other lads. The prank of slipping out and looming spectrally at a window was too venerable. But the little boys were all present and astonished.

As they recovered their minds they uttered warlike cries, and through a side-door sallied rapidly out against the terror. They vied with each other in daring.

None wished particularly to encounter a dragon in the darkness of the garden, but there could be no faltering when the fair ones in the dining-room were present. Calling to each other in stern voices, they went dragooning over the lawn, attacking the shadows with ferocity, but still with the caution of reasonable beings. They found, however, nothing new to the peace of the night. Of course there was a lad who told a great lie. He described a grim figure, bending low and slinking off along the fence. He gave a number of details, rendering his lie more splendid by a repetition of certain forms which he recalled from romances. For instance, he insisted that he had heard the creature emit a hollow laugh.

Inside the house the little girl who had raised the alarm was still shuddering and weeping. With the utmost difficulty was she brought to a state approximating calmness by Mrs. Page. Then she wanted to go home at once.

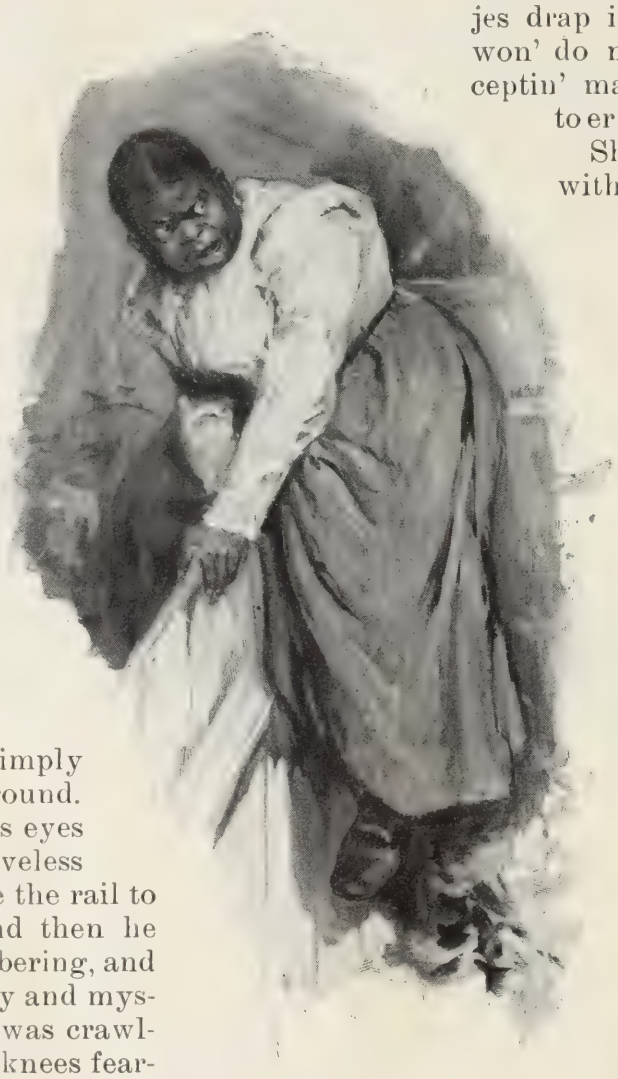
Page entered the house at this time. He had exiled himself until he concluded that this children's party was finished and gone. He was obliged to escort the little girl home because she screamed again when they opened the door and she saw the night.

She was not coherent even to her mother. Was it a man? She didn't know. It was simply a thing, a dreadful thing.

XVII.

In Watermelon Alley the Farraguts were spending their evening as usual on the little rickety porch. Sometimes they howled gossip to other people on other rickety porches. The thin wail of a baby arose from a near house. A man had a terrific altercation with his wife, to which the alley paid no attention at all.

There appeared suddenly before the Farraguts a monster making a low and sweeping bow. There was an instant's pause, and then occurred something that resembled the effect of an upheaval of the earth's surface. The old woman hurled herself backward with a dreadful cry. Young Sim had been perched gracefully on a railing. At sight of the monster he simply fell over it to the ground. He made no sound, his eyes stuck out, his nerveless hands tried to grapple the rail to prevent a tumble, and then he vanished. Bella, blubbering, and with her hair suddenly and mysteriously dishevelled, was crawling on her hands and knees fearsomely up the steps.



MRS. FARRAGUT.

Standing before this wreck of a family gathering, the monster continued to bow. It even raised a deprecatory claw. "Don' make no botheration 'bout me, Miss Fa'gut," it said, politely. "No, 'deed. I jes drap in ter ax if yer well this evenin', Miss Fa'gut. Don' make no botheration. No, 'deed. I gwine ax you to go to er dainee with me, Miss Fa'gut. I ax you if I can have the magnifercent gratitude of you' company on that 'casion, Miss Fa'gut."

The girl cast a miserable glance behind her. She was still crawling away. On the ground beside the porch young Sim raised a strange bleat, which expressed both his fright and his lack of wind. Presently the monster, with a fashionable amble, ascended the steps after the girl.

She grovelled in a corner of the room as the creature took a chair. It seated itself very elegantly on the edge. It held an old cap in both hands. "Don' make no botheration, Miss Fa'gut. Don' make no botherations. No, 'deed. I jes drap in ter ax you if you won' do me the proud of acceptin' ma humble invitation to er dainee, Miss Fa'gut."

She shielded her eyes with her arms and tried to crawl past it, but the genial monster blocked the way. "I jes drap in ter ax you 'bout er dainee, Miss Fa'gut. I ax you if I kin have the magnifercent gratitude of you' company on that 'casion, Miss Fa'gut."

In a last outbreak of despair, the girl, shuddering and wailing, threw herself face downward on the floor, while the monster sat on the edge of the chair gabbling courteous invitations, and holding the old hat daintily to its stomach.

At the back of the house, Mrs. Farragut, who was of enormous weight, and who for eight years had done little more than sit in an arm-chair and describe her various ailments, had with speed and agility scaled a high board fence.

XVIII.

The black mass in the middle of Trescott's property was hardly allowed to cool before the builders were at work on another house. It had sprung upward at a fabulous rate. It was like a magical composition born of the ashes. The doctor's office was the first part to be com-

pleted, and he had already moved in his new books and instruments and medicines.

Trescott sat before his desk when the chief of police arrived. "Well, we found him," said the latter.

"Did you?" cried the doctor. "Where?"

"Shambling around the streets at daylight this morning. I'll be blamed if I can figure on where he passed the night."

"Where is he now?"

"Oh, we jugged him. I didn't know what else to do with him. That's what I want you to tell me. Of course we can't keep him. No charge could be made, you know."

"I'll come down and get him."

The official grinned retrospectively. "Must say he had a fine career while he was out. First thing he did was to break up a children's party at Page's. Then he went to Watermelon Alley. Whoo! He stampeded the whole outfit. Men, women, and children running pell-mell, and yelling. They say one old woman broke her leg, or something, shinning over a fence. Then he went right out on the main street, and an Irish girl threw a fit, and there was a sort of a riot. He began to run, and a big crowd chased him, firing rocks. But he gave them the slip somehow down there by the foundry and in the railroad yard. We looked for him all night, but couldn't find him."

"Was he hurt any? Did anybody hit him with a stone?"

"Guess there isn't much of him to hurt any more, is there? Guess he's been hurt up to the limit. No. They never touched him. Of course nobody really wanted to hit him, but you know how a crowd gets. It's like—it's like—"

"Yes, I know."

For a moment the chief of the police looked reflectively at the floor. Then he spoke hesitatingly. "You know Jake Winter's little girl was the one that he scared at the party. She is pretty sick, they say."

"Is she? Why, they didn't call me. I always attend the Winter family."

"No? Didn't they?" asked the chief, slowly. "Well—you know—Winter is—well, Winter has gone clean crazy over this business. He wanted—he wanted to have you arrested."

"Have me arrested? The idiot! What in the name of wonder could he have me arrested for?"

"Of course. He is a fool. I told him to keep his trap shut. But then you know how he'll go all over town yapping about the thing. I thought I'd better tip you."

"Oh, he is of no consequence; but then, of course, I'm obliged to you, Sam."

"That's all right. Well, you'll be down to-night and take him out, eh? You'll get a good welcome from the jailer. He don't like his job for a cent. He says you can have your man whenever you want him. He's got no use for him."

"But what is this business of Winter's about having me arrested?"

"Oh, it's a lot of chin about your having no right to allow this—this—this man to be at large. But I told him to tend to his own business. Only I thought I'd better let you know. And I might as well say right now, doctor, that there is a good deal of talk about this thing. If I were you, I'd come to the jail pretty late at night, because there is likely to be a crowd around the door, and I'd bring a—er—mask, or some kind of a veil, anyhow."

XIX.

Martha Goodwin was single, and well along into the thin years. She lived with her married sister in Whilomville. She performed nearly all the house-work in exchange for the privilege of existence. Every one tacitly recognized her labor as a form of penance for the early end of her betrothed, who had died of small-pox, which he had not caught from her.

But despite the strenuous and unceasing workaday of her life, she was a woman of great mind. She had adamantine opinions upon the situation in Armenia, the condition of women in China, the flirtation between Mrs. Minster of Niagara Avenue and young Griscom, the conflict in the Bible class of the Baptist Sunday-school, the duty of the United States toward the Cuban insurgents, and many other colossal matters. Her fullest experience of violence was gained on an occasion when she had seen a hound clubbed, but in the plan which she had made for the reform of the world she advocated drastic measures. For instance, she contended that all the Turks should be pushed into the sea and drowned, and that Mrs. Minster and young Griscom should be hanged side by side on twin gallows. In fact, this woman of peace, who had seen only peace, argued constantly for a creed of illimita-

ble ferocity. She was invulnerable on these questions, because eventually she overrode all opponents with a sniff. This sniff was an active force. It was to her antagonists like a bang over the head, and none was known to recover from this expression of exalted contempt. It left them windless and conquered. They never again came forward as candidates for suppression. And Martha walked her kitchen with a stern brow, an invincible being like Napoleon.

Nevertheless her acquaintances, from the pain of their defeats, had been long in secret revolt. It was in no wise a conspiracy, because they did not care to state their open rebellion, but nevertheless it was understood that any woman who could not coincide with one of Martha's contentions was entitled to the support of others in the small circle. It amounted to an arrangement by which all were required to disbelieve any theory for which Martha fought. This, however, did not prevent them from speaking of her mind with profound respect.

Two people bore the brunt of her ability. Her sister Kate was visibly afraid of her, while Carrie Dungen sailed across from her kitchen to sit respectfully at Martha's feet and learn the business of the world. To be sure, afterwards, under another sun, she always laughed at Martha and pretended to deride her ideas, but in the presence of the sovereign she always remained silent or admiring. Kate, the sister, was of no consequence at all. Her principal delusion was that she did all the work in the upstairs rooms of the house, while Martha did it downstairs. The truth was seen only by the husband, who treated Martha with a kindness that was half banter, half deference. Martha herself had no suspicion that she was the only pillar of the domestic edifice. The situation was without definitions. Martha made definitions, but she devoted them entirely to the Armenians and Griscom and the Chinese and other subjects. Her dreams, which in early days had been of love of meadows and the shade of trees, of the face of a man, were now involved otherwise, and they were companioned in the kitchen curiously, Cuba, the hot-water kettle, Armenia, the washing of the dishes, and the whole thing being jumbled. In regard to social misdemeanors, she who was simply the mausoleum of a dead passion was probably the most savage critic in town. This unknown woman, hidden in a kitchen as in a well, was sure to have a considerable effect of the one kind or the other in the life of the town. Every time it moved a yard, she had personally contributed an inch. She could hammer so stoutly upon the door of a proposition that it would break from its hinges and fall upon her, but at any rate it moved. She was an engine, and the fact that she did not know that she was an engine contributed largely to the effect. One reason that she was formidable was that she did not even imagine that she was formidable. She remained a weak, innocent, and pig-headed creature, who alone would defy the universe if she thought the universe merited this proceeding.

One day Carrie Dungen came across from her kitchen with speed. She had a great deal of grist. "Oh," she cried, "Henry Johnson got away from where they was keeping him, and came to town last night, and scared everybody almost to death."

Martha was shining a dish-pan, polishing madly. No reasonable person could see cause for this operation, because the pan already glistened like silver. "Well!" she ejaculated. She imparted to the word a deep meaning. "This, my prophecy, has come to pass." It was a habit.

The overplus of information was choking Carrie. Before she could go on she was obliged to struggle for a moment. "And, oh, little Sadie Winter is awful sick, and they say Jake Winter was around this morning trying to get Doctor Trescott arrested. And poor old Mrs. Farragut sprained her ankle in trying to climb a fence. And there's a crowd around the jail all the time. They put Henry in jail because they didn't know what else to do with him, I guess. They say he is perfectly terrible."

Martha finally released the dish-pan and confronted the headlong speaker. "Well!" she said again, poising a great brown rag. Kate had heard the excited new-comer, and drifted down from the novel in her room. She was a shivery little woman. Her shoulder-blades seemed to be two panes of ice, for she was constantly shrugging and shrugging. "Serves him right if he was to lose all his patients," she said suddenly, in bloodthirsty tones. She snipped her words out as if her lips were scissors.

"Well, he's likely to," shouted Carrie Dungen. "Don't a lot of people say that they won't have him any more? If you're sick and nervous, Doctor Trescott would scare the life out of you, wouldn't he? He would me. I'd keep thinking."

Martha, stalking to and fro, sometimes surveyed the two other women with a contemplative frown.

XX.

After the return from Connecticut, little Jimmie was at first much afraid of the monster who lived in the room over the carriage-house. He could not identify it in any way. Gradually, however, his fear dwindled under the influence of a weird fascination. He sidled into closer and closer relations with it.

One time the monster was seated on a box behind the stable basking in the rays of the afternoon sun. A heavy crêpe veil was swathed about its head.

Little Jimmie and many companions came around the corner of the stable. They were all in what was popularly known as the baby class, and consequently escaped from school a half-hour before the other children. They halted abruptly at sight of the figure on the box. Jimmie waved his hand with the air of a proprietor.

"There he is," he said.

"O-o-o!" murmured all the little boys —"o-o-o!" They shrank back, and grouped according to courage or experience, as at the sound the monster slowly turned its head. Jimmie had remained in the van alone. "Don't be afraid! I won't let him hurt you," he said, delighted.

"Huh!" they replied, contemptuously. "We ain't afraid."

Jimmie seemed to reap all the joys of the owner and exhibitor of one of the world's marvels, while his audience remained at a distance—awed and entranced, fearful and envious.

One of them addressed Jimmie gloomily. "Bet you dassent walk right up to him." He was an older boy than Jimmie, and habitually oppressed him to a small degree. This new social elevation of the smaller lad probably seemed revolutionary to him.

"Huh!" said Jimmie, with deep scorn. "Dassent I? Dassent I, hey? Dassent I?"

The group was immensely excited. It turned its eyes upon the boy that Jimmie addressed. "No, you dassent," he said, stolidly, facing a moral defeat. He could see that Jimmie was resolved. "No, you dassent," he repeated, doggedly.

"Ho!" cried Jimmie. "You just watch!—you just watch!"

Amid a silence he turned and marched toward the monster. But possibly the palpable wariness of his companions had an effect upon him that weighed more than his previous experience, for suddenly, when near to the monster, he halted dubiously. But his playmates immediately uttered a derisive shout, and it seemed to force him forward. He went to the monster and laid his hand delicately on its shoulder. "Hello, Henry," he said, in a voice that trembled a trifle. The monster was crooning a weird line of negro melody that was scarcely more than a thread of sound, and it paid no heed to the boy.

Jimmie strutted back to his companions. They acclaimed him and hooted his opponent. Amidst this clamor the larger boy with difficulty preserved a dignified attitude.

"I dassent, dassent I?" said Jimmie to him. "Now, you're so smart, let's see you do it!"

This challenge brought forth renewed taunts from the others. The larger boy puffed out his cheeks. "Well, I ain't afraid," he explained, sullenly. He had made a mistake in diplomacy, and now his small enemies were tumbling his prestige all about his ears. They crowed like roosters and bleated like lambs, and made many other noises which were supposed to bury him in ridicule and dishonor. "Well, I ain't afraid," he continued to explain through the din.

Jimmie, the hero of the mob, was pitiless. "You ain't afraid, hey?" he sneered. "If you ain't afraid, go do it, then."

"Well, I would if I wanted to," the other retorted. His eyes wore an expression of profound misery, but he preserved steadily other portions of a pot-valiant air. He suddenly faced one of his persecutors. "If you're so smart, why don't you go do it?" This persecutor sank promptly through the group to the rear. The incident gave the badgered one a breathing-spell, and for a moment even turned the derision in another direction. He took advantage of his interval. "I'll do it if anybody else will," he announced, swaggering to and fro.

Candidates for the adventure did not come forward. To defend themselves from this counter-charge, the other boys again set up their crowing and bleating. For a while they would hear nothing from him. Each time he opened his lips their chorus of noises made oratory impossible. But at last he was able to repeat that he would volunteer to dare as much in the affair as any other boy.

"Well, you go first," they shouted.

But Jimmie intervened to once more lead the populace against the large boy. "You're mighty brave, ain't you?" he said to him. "You dared me to do it, and I did—didn't I? Now who's afraid?" The others cheered this view loudly, and they instantly resumed the baiting of the large boy.

He shamefacedly scratched his left shin with his right foot. "Well, I ain't afraid." He cast an eye at the monster. "Well, I ain't afraid." With a glare of hatred at his squalling tormentors, he finally announced a grim intention. "Well, I'll do it, then, since you're so fresh. Now!"

The mob subsided as with a formidable countenance he turned toward the impassive figure on the box. The advance was also a regular progression from high daring to craven hesitation. At last, when some yards from the monster, the lad came to a full halt, as if he had encountered a stone wall. The observant little boys in the distance promptly hooted. Stung again by these cries, the lad sneaked two yards forward. He was crouched like a young cat ready for a backward spring. The crowd at the rear, beginning to respect this display, uttered some encouraging cries. Suddenly the lad gathered himself together, made a white and desperate rush forward, touched the monster's shoulder with a far-outstretched finger, and sped away, while his laughter rang out wild, shrill, and exultant.

The crowd of boys reverenced him at once, and began to throng into his camp, and look at him, and be his admirers. Jimmie was discomfited for a moment, but he and the larger boy, without agreement or word of any kind, seemed to recognize a truce, and they swiftly combined and began to parade before the others.

"Why, it's just as easy as nothing," puffed the larger boy. "Ain't it, Jim?"

"Course," blew Jimmie. "Why, it's as e-e-easy."

They were people of another class. If they had been decorated for courage on twelve battle-fields, they could not have made the other boys more ashamed of the situation.

Meanwhile they condescended to explain the emotions of the excursion, expressing unqualified contempt for any one who could hang back. "Why, it ain't nothin'. He won't do nothin' to you," they told the others, in tones of exasperation.

One of the very smallest boys in the party showed signs of a wistful desire to distinguish himself, and they turned their attention to him, pushing at his shoulders while he swung away from them, and hesitated dreamily. He was eventually induced to make furtive expedition, but it was only for a few yards. Then he paused, motionless, gazing with open mouth. The vociferous entreaties of Jimmie and the large boy had no power over him.

Mrs. Hannigan had come out on her back porch with a pail of water. From this coign she had a view of the secluded portion of the Trescott grounds that was behind the stable. She perceived the group of boys, and the monster on the box. She shaded her eyes with her hand to benefit her vision. She screeched then as if she was being murdered. "Eddie! Eddie! You come home this minute!"

Her son querulously demanded, "Aw, what for?"

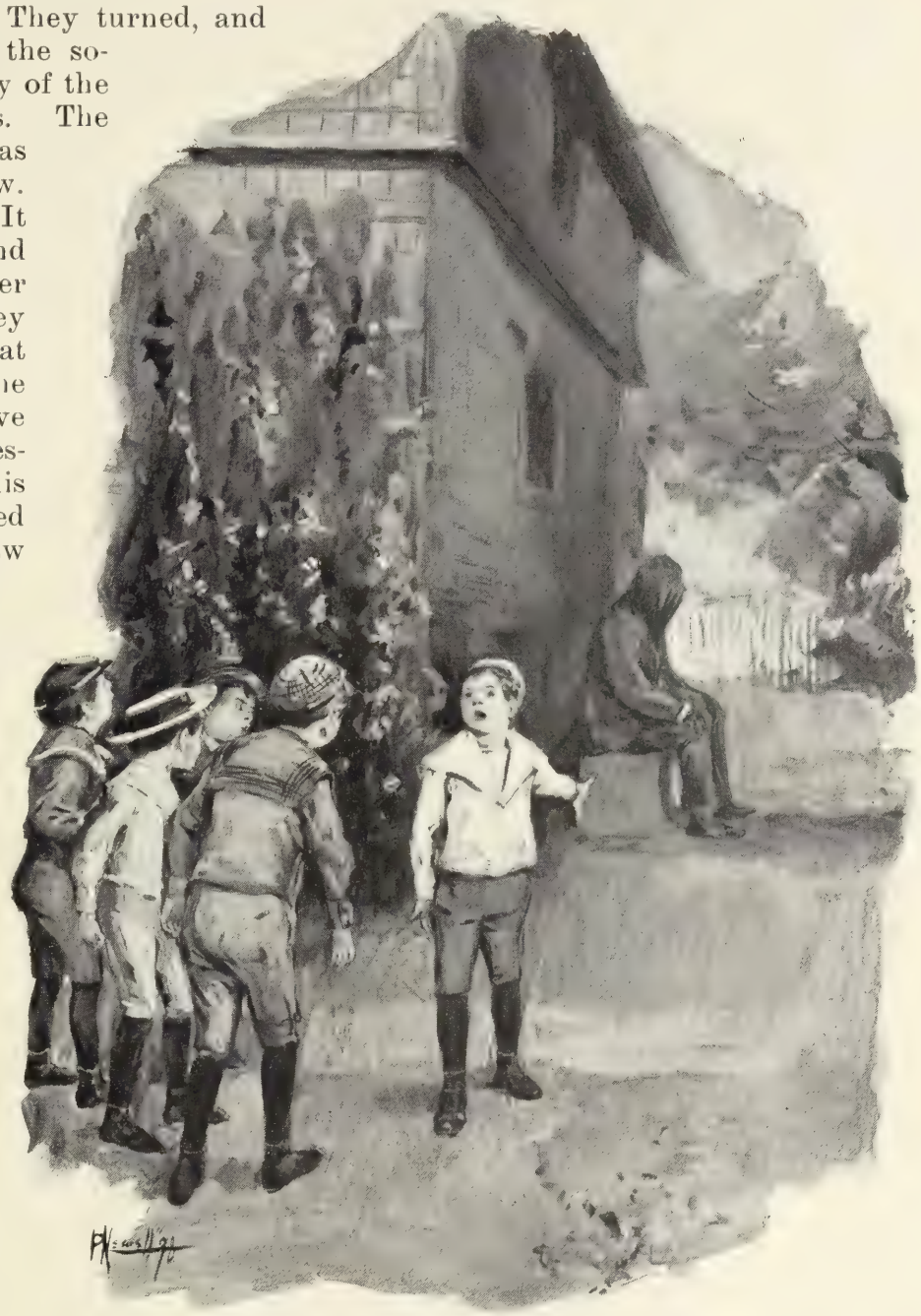
"You come home this minute. Do you hear?"

The other boys seemed to think this visitation upon one of their number required them to preserve for a time the hang-dog air of a collection of culprits, and they remained in guilty silence until the little Hannigan, wrathfully protesting, was pushed through the door of his home. Mrs. Hannigan cast a piercing glance over the group, stared with a bitter face at the Trescott house, as if this new and handsome edifice was insulting her, and then followed her son.

There was wavering in the party. An inroad by one mother always caused them to carefully sweep the horizon to see if there were more coming. "This is my yard," said Jimmie, proudly. "We don't have to go home."

The monster on the box had turned its black crêpe countenance toward the sky, and was waving its arms in time to a

religious chant. "Look at him now," cried a little boy. They turned, and were transfixed by the solemnity and mystery of the indefinable gestures. The wail of the melody was mournful and slow. They drew back. It seemed to spellbind them with the power of a funeral. They were so absorbed that they did not hear the doctor's buggy drive up to the stable. Trescott got out, tied his horse, and approached the group. Jimmie saw him first, and at his look of dismay the others wheeled.



"IF YOU AIN'T AFRAID, GO DO IT THEN."

"What's all this, Jimmie?" asked Trescott, in surprise.

The lad advanced to the front of his companions, halted, and said nothing. Trescott's face gloomed slightly as he scanned the scene.

"What were you doing, Jimmie?"

"We was playin'," answered Jimmie, huskily.

"Playing at what?"

"Just playin'."

Trescott looked gravely at the other boys, and asked them to please go home. They proceeded to the street much in the manner of frustrated and revealed assassins. The crime of trespass on another boy's place was still a crime when they had only accepted the other boy's cordial invitation, and they were used to being sent out of all manner of gardens upon the sudden appearance of a father or a mother. Jimmie had wretchedly watched the departure of his companions. It involved the loss of his position as a lad who controlled the privileges of his father's grounds, but then he knew that in the beginning he had no right to ask so many boys to be his guests.

Once on the sidewalk, however, they speedily forgot their shame as trespassers, and the large boy launched forth in a description of his success in the late trial of courage. As they went rapidly up the street, the little boy who had made the furtive expedition cried out confidently from the rear, "Yes, and I went almost up to him, didn't I, Willie?"

The large boy crushed him in a few words. "Huh!" he scoffed. "You only went a little way. I went clear up to him."

The pace of the other boys was so manly that the tiny thing had to trot, and he remained at the rear, getting entangled in their legs in his attempts to reach the front rank and become of some importance, dodging this way and that way, and always piping out his little claim to glory.

XXI.

"By-the-way, Grace," said Trescott, looking into the dining-room from his office door, "I wish you would send Jimmie to me before school-time."

When Jimmie came, he advanced so quietly that Trescott did not at first note him. "Oh," he said, wheeling from a cabinet, "here you are, young man."

"Yes, sir."

Trescott dropped into his chair and tapped the desk with a thoughtful finger. "Jimmie, what were you doing in the back garden yesterday—you and the other boys—to Henry?"

"We weren't doing anything, pa."

Trescott looked sternly into the raised eyes of his son. "Are you sure you were not annoying him in any way? Now what were you doing, exactly?"

"Why, we — why, we — now — Willie Dalzel said I dassent go right up to him, and I did; and then he did; and then—the other boys were 'fraid; and then—you comed."

Trescott groaned deeply. His countenance was so clouded in sorrow that the lad, bewildered by the mystery of it, burst suddenly forth in dismal lamentations. "There, there. Don't cry, Jim," said Trescott, going round the desk. "Only—" He sat in a great leather reading-chair, and took the boy on his knee. "Only I want to explain to you—"

After Jimmie had gone to school, and as Trescott was about to start on his round of morning calls, a message arrived from Doctor Moser. It set forth that the latter's sister was dying in the old homestead, twenty miles away up the valley, and asked Trescott to care for his patients for the day at least. There was also in the envelope a little history of each case and of what had already been done. Trescott replied to the messenger that he would gladly assent to the arrangement.

He noted that the first name on Moser's list was Winter, but this did not seem to strike him as an important fact. When its turn came, he rang the Winter bell. "Good-morning, Mrs. Winter," he said, cheerfully, as the door was opened. "Doctor Moser has been obliged to leave town to-day, and he has asked me to come in his stead. How is the little girl this morning?"

Mrs. Winter had regarded him in stony surprise. At last she said: "Come in! I'll see my husband." She bolted into the house. Trescott entered the hall, and turned to the left into the sitting-room.

Presently Winter shuffled through the door. His eyes flashed toward Trescott. He did not betray any desire to advance far into the room. "What do you want?" he said.

"What do I want? What do I want?" repeated Trescott, lifting his head suddenly. He had heard an utterly new challenge in the night of the jungle.

"Yes, that's what I want to know," snapped Winter. "What do you want?"

Trescott was silent for a moment. He consulted Moser's memoranda. "I see that your little girl's case is a trifle serious," he remarked. "I would advise you to call a physician soon. I will leave you a copy of Doctor Moser's record to give to any one you may call." He paused to transcribe the record on a page of his note-book. Tearing out the leaf, he extended it to Winter as he moved toward the door. The latter shrunk against the wall. His head was hanging as he reached for the paper. This caused him to grasp air, and so Trescott simply let the paper flutter to the feet of the other man.

"Good-morning," said Trescott from the hall. This placid retreat seemed to suddenly arouse Winter to ferocity. It was as if he had then recalled all the truths which he had formulated to hurl at Trescott. So he followed him into the hall, and down the hall to the door, and through the door to the porch, barking in fiery rage from a respectful distance. As Trescott imperturbably turned the mare's head down the road, Winter stood on the porch, still yelping. He was like a little dog.

XXII.

"Have you heard the news?" cried Carrie Dungen, as she sped toward Martha's kitchen. "Have you heard the news?" Her eyes were shining with delight.

"No," answered Martha's sister Kate, bending forward eagerly. "What was it? What was it?"

Carrie appeared triumphantly in the open door. "Oh, there's been an awful scene between Doctor Trescott and Jake Winter. I never thought that Jake Winter had any pluck at all, but this morning he told the doctor just what he thought of him."

"Well, what did he think of him?" asked Martha.

"Oh, he called him everything. Mrs. Howarth heard it through her front blinds. It was terrible, she says. It's all over town now. Everybody knows it."

"Didn't the doctor answer back?"

"No! Mrs. Howarth—she says he never said a word. He just walked down to his buggy and got in, and drove off as co-o-o-l. But Jake gave him jinks, by all accounts."

"But what did he say?" cried Kate, shrill and excited. She was evidently at some kind of a feast.

"Oh, he told him that Sadie had never been well since that night Henry Johnson frightened her at Theresa Page's party, and he held him responsible, and how dared he cross his threshold—and—and—and—"

"And what?" said Martha.

"Did he swear at him?" said Kate, in fearsome glee.

"No—not much. He did swear at him a little, but not more than a man does anyhow when he is real mad, Mrs. Howarth says."

"O-oh!" breathed Kate. "And did he call him any names?"

Martha, at her work, had been for a time in deep thought. She now interrupted the others. "It don't seem as if Sadie Winter had been sick since that time Henry Johnson got loose. She's been to school almost the whole time since then, hasn't she?"

They combined upon her in immediate indignation. "School? School? I should say not. Don't think for a moment. School!"

Martha wheeled from the sink. She held an iron spoon, and it seemed as if she was going to attack them. "Sadie Winter has passed here many a morning since then carrying her school-bag. Where was she going? To a wedding?"

The others, long accustomed to a mental tyranny, speedily surrendered.

"Did she?" stammered Kate. "I never saw her."

Carrie Dungen made a weak gesture.

"If I had been Doctor Trescott," exclaimed Martha, loudly, "I'd have knocked that miserable Jake Winter's head off."

Kate and Carrie, exchanging glances, made an alliance in the air. "I don't see why you say that, Martha," replied Carrie, with considerable boldness, gaining support and sympathy from Kate's smile. "I don't see how anybody can be blamed for getting angry when their little girl gets almost scared to death and gets sick from it, and all that. Besides, everybody says—"

"Oh, I don't care what everybody says," said Martha.

"Well, you can't go against the whole town," answered Carrie, in sudden sharp defiance.

"No, Martha, you can't go against the whole town," piped Kate, following her leader rapidly.

"'The whole town,'" cried Martha. "I'd like to know what you call 'the whole town.' Do you call these silly people who are scared of Henry Johnson 'the whole town'?"

"Why, Martha," said Carrie, in a reasoning tone, "you talk as if you wouldn't be scared of him!"

"No more would I," retorted Martha.

"O-oh, Martha, how you talk!" said Kate. "Why, the idea! Everybody's afraid of him."

Carrie was grinning. "You've never seen him, have you?" she asked, seductively.

"No," admitted Martha.

"Well, then, how do you know that you wouldn't be scared?"

Martha confronted her. "Have you ever seen him? No? Well, then, how do you know you *would* be scared?"

The allied forces broke out in chorus: "But, Martha, everybody says so. Everybody says so."

"Everybody says what?"

"Everybody that's seen him say they were frightened almost to death. 'Tisn't only women, but it's men too. It's awful."

Martha wagged her head solemnly. "I'd try not to be afraid of him."

"But supposing you could not help it?" said Kate.

"Yes, and look here," cried Carrie. "I'll tell you another thing. The Hannigans are going to move out of the house next door."

"On account of him?" demanded Martha.

Carrie nodded. "Mrs. Hannigan says so herself."

"Well, of all things!" ejaculated Martha. "Going to move, eh? You don't say so! Where they going to move to?"

"Down on Orchard Avenue."

"Well, of all things! Nice house?"

"I don't know about that. I haven't heard. But there's lots of nice houses on Orchard."

"Yes, but they're all taken," said Kate. "There isn't a vacant house on Orchard Avenue."

"Oh yes, there is," said Martha. "The old Hampstead house is vacant."

"Oh, of course," said Kate. "But then I don't believe Mrs. Hannigan would like it there. I wonder where they can be going to move to?"

"I'm sure I don't know," sighed Martha. "It must be to some place we don't know about."

"Well," said Carrie Dungen, after a general reflective silence, "it's easy enough to find out, anyhow."

"Who knows—around here?" asked Kate.

"Why, Mrs. Smith, and there she is in her garden," said Carrie, jumping to her feet. As she dashed out of the door, Kate and Martha crowded at the window. Carrie's voice rang out from near the steps. "Mrs. Smith! Mrs. Smith! Do you know where the Hannigans are going to move to?"

XXIII.

The autumn smote the leaves, and the trees of Whilomville were panoplied in crimson and yellow. The winds grew stronger, and in the melancholy purple of the nights the home shine of a window became a finer thing. The little boys, watching the sear and sorrowful leaves drifting down from the maples, dreamed of the near time when they could heap bushels in the streets and burn them during the abrupt evenings.

Three men walked down the Niagara Avenue. As they approached Judge Hagenthorpe's house he came down his walk to meet them in the manner of one who has been waiting.

"Are you ready, judge?" one said.

"All ready," he answered.

The four then walked to Trescott's house. He received them in his office, where he had been reading. He seemed surprised at this visit of four very active and influential citizens, but he had nothing to say of it.

After they were all seated, Trescott looked expectantly from one face to another. There was a little silence. It was broken by John Twelve, the wholesale grocer, who was worth $400,000, and reported to be worth over a million.

"Well, doctor," he said, with a short laugh, "I suppose we might as well admit at once that we've come to interfere in something which is none of our business."

"Why, what is it?" asked Trescott, again looking from one face to another. He seemed to appeal particularly to Judge Hagenthorpe, but the old man had his chin lowered musingly to his cane, and would not look at him.

"It's about what nobody talks of—much," said Twelve. "It's about Henry Johnson."

Trescott squared himself in his chair. "Yes?" he said.

Having delivered himself of the title, Twelve seemed to become more easy. "Yes," he answered, blandly, "we wanted to talk to you about it."

"Yes?" said Trescott.

Twelve abruptly advanced on the main attack. "Now see here, Trescott, we like you, and we have come to talk right out about this business. It may be none of our affairs and all that, and as for me, I don't mind if you tell me so; but I am not going to keep quiet and see you ruin yourself. And that's how we all feel."

"I am not ruining myself," answered Trescott.

"No, maybe you are not exactly ruining yourself," said Twelve, slowly, "but you are doing yourself a great deal of harm. You have changed from being the leading doctor in town to about the last one. It is mainly because there are always a large number of people who are very thoughtless fools, of course, but then that doesn't change the condition."

A man who had not heretofore spoken said, solemnly, "It's the women."

"Well, what I want to say is this," resumed Twelve: "Even if there are a lot of fools in the world, we can't see any reason why you should ruin yourself by opposing them. You can't teach them anything, you know."

"I am not trying to teach them anything." Trescott smiled wearily. "I—It is a matter of—well—"



"'IT'S ABOUT WHAT NOBODY TALKS OF—MUCH,' SAID TWELVE."

"And there are a good many of us that admire you for it immensely," interrupted Twelve; "but that isn't going to change the minds of all those ninnies."

"It's the women," stated the advocate of this view again.

"Well, what I want to say is this," said Twelve. "We want you to get out of this trouble and strike your old gait again. You are simply killing your practice through your infernal pig-headedness. Now this thing is out of the ordinary, but there must be ways to—to beat the game somehow, you see. So we've talked it over—about a dozen of us—and, as I say, if you want to tell us to mind our own business, why, go ahead; but we've talked it over, and we've come to the conclusion that the only way to do is to get Johnson a place somewhere off up the valley, and—"

Trescott wearily gestured. "You don't

know, my friend. Everybody is so afraid of him, they can't even give him good care. Nobody can attend to him as I do myself."

"But I have a little no-good farm up beyond Clarence Mountain that I was going to give to Henry," cried Twelve, aggrieved. "And if you—and if you—if you — through your house burning down, or anything — why, all the boys were prepared to take him right off your hands, and—and—"

Trescott arose and went to the window. He turned his back upon them. They sat waiting in silence. When he returned he kept his face in the shadow. "No, John Twelve," he said, "it can't be done."

There was another stillness. Suddenly a man stirred on his chair.

"Well, then, a public institution—" he began.

"No," said Trescott; "public institutions are all very good, but he is not going to one."

In the background of the group old Judge Hagenthorpe was thoughtfully smoothing the polished ivory head of his cane.

XXIV.

Trescott loudly stamped the snow from his feet and shook the flakes from his shoulders. When he entered the house he went at once to the dining-room, and then to the sitting-room. Jimmie was there, reading painfully in a large book concerning giraffes and tigers and crocodiles.

"Where is your mother, Jimmie?" asked Trescott.

"I don't know, pa," answered the boy. "I think she is upstairs."

Trescott went to the foot of the stairs and called, but there came no answer. Seeing that the door of the little drawing-room was open, he entered. The room was bathed in the half-light that came from the four dull panes of mica in the front of the great stove. As his eyes grew used to the shadows he saw his wife curled in an arm-chair. He went to her. "Why, Grace," he said, "didn't you hear me calling you?"

She made no answer, and as he bent over the chair he heard her trying to smother a sob in the cushion.

"Grace!" he cried. "You're crying!"

She raised her face. "I've got a headache, a dreadful headache, Ned."

"A headache?" he repeated, in surprise and incredulity.

He pulled a chair close to hers. Later, as he cast his eye over the zone of light shed by the dull red panes, he saw that a low table had been drawn close to the stove, and that it was burdened with many small cups and plates of uncut tea-cake. He remembered that the day was Wednesday, and that his wife received on Wednesdays.

"Who was here to-day, Gracie?" he asked.

From his shoulder there came a mumble, "Mrs. Twelve."

"Was she — um," he said. "Why—didn't Anna Hagenthorpe come over?"

The mumble from his shoulder continued, "She wasn't well enough."

Glancing down at the cups, Trescott mechanically counted them. There were fifteen of them. "There, there," he said. "Don't cry, Grace. Don't cry."

The wind was whining round the house, and the snow beat aslant upon the windows. Sometimes the coal in the stove settled with a crumbling sound, and the four panes of mica flashed a sudden new crimson. As he sat holding her head on his shoulder, Trescott found himself occasionally trying to count the cups. There were fifteen of them.

TO-MORROW.

BY ELIZABETH BARTON PITMAN.

THE sun has set,
So has my heart past hope's horizon fled.
The sun has set—
Yet, on the morrow will it fail ascent?
Hearts out of darkness rise again, I know,
But oh! we dread the night, my heart and I,
We dread the night!

UNDER THE SPELL OF THE GRAND CAÑON



BY
·T·MITCHELL·PRUDDEN·

THERE were ten of us when we started—three white men, one Navajo, two horses, one pony, one bronco, and two mules. We had been busy for several days padding pack-saddles, mending blankets, cleaning guns, and laying in our stock of food—flour, sugar, baking-powder, bacon, rice, oatmeal, and dried fruit.

"Adios!" "Good luck!" and we turned our faces westward. It was the Alamo Ranch at Mancos, in southwestern Colorado, the time July, and we were off for that glorious plateau country through which the great river of the West has cut a series of profound chasms and rough desolate valleys, known to the world as the Cañons of the Colorado.

Most people who go to see the Grand Cañon leave the Santa Fe Railroad at Flagstaff, and after an all-day stage ride over a shoulder of the San Francisco Mountain, across a small corner of the Painted Desert, and through the majestic pines of the Coconino Forest, alight, tired but expectant, in a little camp of tents close upon the brink of the cañon.

He who lingers here in the presence of this stupendous and yet beautiful and alluring episode in world-making sooner or later becomes conscious of a haunting desire to know what sort of a land it is of which he catches fitful glimpses across this bewildering, palpitating space. No sign of a human being ever comes across to you, it is much too far for sound, and you wonder whether the tiny greenish uplifts upon the farther brink can be more than saplings. And where does it come from, that broken streak of water shimmering between the cliffs, and now and then roaring up at you on the wind like the great mad river it really is, a mile beneath? It seems to come out of a red wall ten miles to your right. But over that and across a narrow gleam of desert rises a hazy line of rosy cliffs, with a faint blue mountain dome beyond. Close under this they tell you the great river is coming down, already buried deep between gigantic walls. You follow its course toward the west through a maze of gorgeous temples and pinnacles and towers, until these merge into the illimitable blue of the sky, or are lost in the fading tints of sunset clouds.

This, then, is why our faces are set westward. We want to see where the old Colorado comes from and where it goes. We want to pluck out the heart of its mystery in those hidden hundreds of miles of awesome gorges. We want to wander in the country beyond the river which the pioneers have told about, and where the geologists have conjured from the rocks such impressive secrets of the world's workshop. And we want to



TROUBLE AT DANDY CROSSING.

soak in Arizona sunshine and revel in Arizona skies, and sleep under the stars, which are so bright and clear that they cannot be very far away from Arizona.

The great plateau country lies between the high mountain ranges which run north and south across the State of Colorado and the imposing Wahsatch Range in Utah on the west. It stretches far up into Wyoming on the north, while to the south it broadens out over a large part of the upper half of Arizona and over the northwest corner of New Mexico. The higher of the great plateaus are more

than eleven thousand feet above the sea, vast, level, timbered platforms bordered by winding cliffs.

A multitude of drainage channels traverse the plateaus in broad sweeps of sandy valley, or in complex systems of chasms and cañons cut from a few hundred to five or six thousand feet below the various surfaces. The streams which have worn and swept away the rocks over wide areas, leaving gullied buttes and mesas rising from monotonous stretches of sandy plain, are in these days mostly dry, except as now and then they become the temporary flood channels of the storm-swept uplands.

Obliquely across the northwestern segment of the great plateau runs the Colorado River, slicing off from the rest a long, rough tract which borders the desolate basin country farther west.

The Colorado River is formed by the junction of the Green and Grand in southeastern Utah. Its upper foaming stretch, running in the Cataract Cañon, is about fifty miles long, and from thirteen hundred to twenty-seven hundred feet deep. At the lower end of this the Fremont River comes in from the west. When Powell came down the Colorado in his memorable exploring expedition, his men were not pleased with this tributary, and named it the Dirty Devil, a name which in local parlance clings to it still. Here the walls of the cañon break away on either side, giving access to the Dandy Crossing.

Below this the walls close in again to form the Glen Cañon, one hundred and fifty miles long, but bordered by lower and more broken cliffs. Into this segment of the cañon the San Juan enters close at the base of Navajo Mountain. The Colorado can be crossed at three points along the Glen Cañon—at Hall's Crossing, near the mouth of the Escalante, at the Hole-in-the-Rock Crossing, near by, and at the Crossing of the Fathers—*El Vado de los Padres*—below the entrance of the San Juan.

These crossings are now little used, except by miners who pass here to reach placer beds along the stream.

At its lower end the Glen Cañon pierces the cliffs, the Colorado receives the Paria from the west, and runs for a mile or so sedately in the open. Here is Lee's Ferry, where a large boat carries across the few horsemen and teams which pass this way.

But the walls close in again, and for sixty-five miles the river is closely bordered by cliffs from two to three thousand feet high. This is the Marble Cañon. At its foot the Colorado Chiquito—the Little Colorado—enters from the east.

From this point until it sweeps out upon the desert, more than two hundred and eighteen miles away, the Colorado runs at the bottom of a great valley from four to twelve miles across, sunk from three-quarters of a mile to a mile and a quarter below the surface of the great plateau, and bordered by an endless succession of vast rock amphitheatres, with gorges and cañons reaching far back from the valley, while from its depths and along its sides rise graceful, majestic, tapering buttes in infinite variety. This rock-walled valley of amphitheatres and buttes, wonderful in color beyond all possibility of description, is called the Grand Cañon, or the Grand Chasm, of the Colorado.

Through the long reaches of its upper cañons the Colorado River holds a southwesterly course. But at the head of the Grand Cañon it turns westward in great sweeps, now northwest, then southwest, and again northwest, until it rolls out of its self-wrought prison and enters upon its six hundred miles of placid journey south to the Gulf of California.

We headed, by way of Bluff City on the San Juan River, for the Dandy Crossing.

One day in the saddle in the plateau country is much like another, save for the ever-changing scene and the mild adventures of the way. Before dawn the Indian is off to track and bring in the beasts, which have been turned adrift to forage for themselves through the night.

Now, one by one, jumpled heaps of blankets, scattered on the ground, heave and shift, and at length disclose each a man, who quickly satisfies the modest claims of the toilet, and at once gets to work at the breakfast. A fire is made, the biscuit are baked in an iron pot set upon coals, with a small fire alight upon the lid. The ground is seat and table. There is no dallying with the breakfast. The mules are packed early, for it gets hot right away after sunrise.

So the beasts get their last sip of water, the canteens are filled, and the caravan moves off in single file. The gait is usually a jog-trot or a walk. The distance covered in a day depends upon the

situation of water along the route. The average is from twenty-five to thirty miles.

The march in summer is always strenuous in the Southwest, because of the burning sun. But in the high country refreshing breezes are almost always astir, and the vast sweep of the vision, the great masses of marvellous color in sand and cliff and butte, the matchless sky, and the glorious freedom of the life, banish all thought of hardship, and hide fatigue in the inspiration of a careless holiday.

You skirt the bases of gigantic cliffs, which, seen from near and far below, look like the sides of mountain ranges. You scramble up through rugged gullies to the top, and find that they are level plateaus scantily clad with soil, and broken by shrub and piñon and cedar. The Spanish-bayonet bristles and great scrawny cactuses stare at you as you pass. The eye wanders off to other uplands scored and furrowed by gorges of wildest form, and catches farther still away the shadowy uplift of mountain-peaks—the Henrys, the La Sals, the Blues, and the long dome of old Navajo, faint and tremulous through miles of shimmering space. Away off on the San Juan desert great sand pillars swirl upward on the wind and sway and crumble and fade, while the under surfaces of fleecy cloud banks sailing over its dreadful wastes are lurid from the hot reflection of the sand.

You swing across the plateau and slide and clamber down again. But with the descent of a few hundred feet you are in another world. The vision no longer revels in those upland spaces which raise the spirit into exultant mastery. It may be a desperate labyrinth of gorges along which now you fare, whose grotesque and threatening walls crowd in upon the way in stolid, brutal insistence. It may be a broad valley with dry, level, grassy bottom, and bordered by miles of majestic cliffs stretching away in broad panelled and buttressed sweeps, and beset with alcoves here and there, whose blissful shadows lure you from the way. But there is more than shade in these cool recesses, for it is only when you get well back in shadow, so that the eyes are released from the glare of the sun, that you realize the full richness and beauty of the great masses of simple color which dominate these wastes. Perhaps ahead of you the valley narrows, the buttressed cliffs forming a gigantic colonnade down which you ride, while great rock pillars and colossal obelisks tower here and there above the walls, gleaming in gray or buff or pink or red against the rich blue background of the sky. Or the valley may open out upon a sweep of sandy plain, its buff and yellow stretches beset with billowy masses of the sage, now gray, now lilac-tinted through the shimmering air, with an elusive purple among the shadows of its leaves, which, as you rustle by them, fling a faint aroma on the air. You look across this tremulous stretch of lilac and purple and gold, like a brilliant restless sea struck motionless, with its waves abreak, to the far horizon upon which rise miles of gorgeous buttes—white, yellow, purple, orange, and brown—all alive with the intense shadows which come and go upon their rugged faces.

Now and then the hot quivering air plays strange tricks with the vision as you ride over the sandy reaches of the bottoms. The cliffs shoot up in wavering pinnacles, rock columns rise and hang in swaying, pointed masses above their real selves, then slowly dwindle and fade or draw upward and flash out of sight. A few times I have seen beautiful lakes suddenly appear across the pathway, with foam-tipped waves breaking in silence upon green shores, which glided along the burning sand to vanish in a breath.

From the high uplands you sometimes see scudding clouds shoot down long wavering shower slants, which vanish at the touch of the hot, dry air before they reach the earth. You may see afar, or encounter, brief veil-like showers, which are conjured into being with never a cloud in all the sky.

Although rainfall is infrequent upon the wide expanses of the plateau in summer, thunder-showers of terrific violence sometimes sweep across them. And I know of no more severe test of serenity of spirit than to face one of these in its unmitigated violence. If there were but a rock or tree or bush under which you could secure at least the moral support of a shelter, the strain would be less severe. But you may summon fortitude at last to face the rage and fury of the wind and rain, and even to exult in the flash and roar and clatter of the bolts which fall in quick succession all about you. When the demon of the storm is once in possession you lose all thought of danger, and are

fairly regretful when at last, with a sudden swish, the last pulse of the downpour sweeps by, and the black chaos goes roaring off. But when, as not rarely happens in these violent showers, out of the seething alembic monstrous hailstones are hurled down upon you, neither serenity nor bravado is of much avail. You get black and blue welts upon your back and shoulders just the same, and your horses go wild with the terror and pain of the fiendish bombardment. These hailstones are often from half an inch to an inch in diameter, occasionally as large as a hen's egg. And I have assisted at one of these way-side dramas—my head and shoulders under a saddle which a relenting fate had thrown beside me on the ground—in which the larger missiles measured between three and four inches in their brutal diameters. But they lent enchanting beauty to the scene as, a few minutes later, we crunched our rueful way over them sparkling in the sun.

Here and there you come upon small ruins of the old cliff-dwellers, plastered on the faces of the cliffs, or atop of dizzy pinnacles of rock, or in sags of the hills, where trickling springs may still be found. Broken pottery in places litters the ground about these ruins, and the old burial-places tell in no doubtful fashion, to him who knows how to read the story, the age and populousness of these long-forgotten homes.

Your animals must be well cared for in the long arduous jaunts, no matter how man is neglected. Because, in these dry, desolate countries, to be left afoot is to face such hardships as few care to risk. Your horse is fed first, watered first, and first unburdened for his rest. How he will fare in the night forage is the last thing in your consciousness before you sleep. How he has fared, the first query of the morning. And all day long he is your comrade. Sharing thus the varied fortunes of the way, you fall into terms of intimacy and often affection. The animals of the Southwest country are wonted to long journeys and serious hardship. But that which most relentlessly saps the energy and daunts the spirit is lack of water. A horse or mule may now and then go on for two hot days and a night without it; but this may be his ruin, for he is apt to lose heart and give up if such demands be frequent. The men in a company like ours can carry water enough for themselves in canteens and a small keg for two dry days. But dry camps are not cheerful, and you ought to be mighty certain of water of some sort before dark on the second night.

Now and then you ride forward for a chat with a comrade; you may beguile the way with a song. The Indian strikes up some weird refrain; then one shrieks at the pack-mules as they stray. But the order is mostly single file, and the trail is mostly silent. It is a dreamy, vacuous life which you slip away into as the hot hours pass. You are half conscious of the splendid sky and the lengthening shadows on cliff and plain as you jog on and on, but the vision of memory is often more vivid than the impression of the hour.

So at last you come to the camping-place. There are no tents to pitch, nothing necessary but forage for the horses, water, a little wood, and a few square feet of earth. The horses are turned adrift, supper is materialized, and if the night be at hand, hurriedly and sleepily despatched. Each man pre-empts a little patch of ground, which he levels off as best he can. The blankets are spread early, for the nights are always cool; and as the stars come out you may see here and there the gleam of pipes alight, as, half ensconced in his nest, the smoker wooes the last and sweetest solace of the day before he tastes oblivion. Then sunrise is at hand again. So the days go.

We had ridden steadily down the long reaches of the White Cañon for two days, skirting the brinks of dizzy cliffs, scrambling across gorges, and winding in and out among rocks and buttes and piñons, when a sudden turn of the trail brought us upon the crest of a low bluff, with the Colorado River, our goal for seven days, sweeping on to the south. This was the Dandy Crossing, and the first sign of humanity since we left Bluff City was a rough cabin on the far side of the river, here about one-eighth of a mile across. We drew up the caravan, fired a shot in the air, and waited. Presently three black-clad figures issued from the cabin, filed solemnly around in front, and squatted in a row upon the ground. Then we both waited.

The black row brooded motionless. We fired again. Presently we caught faintly, "What ye want?" "We want to get

across; send over the boat." "They ain't no boat; ye can't git over." This was pleasant. The nearest other available crossing was ninety miles as the crow flies, and full thrice as far as mules must go. At last we gathered amid the roar, "They's a skiff somers upstream, and mebbe ye kin git 'er." So we scrambled for three or four miles along the shelving rocks at the river's brink, the cliffs towering a thousand feet over us, and then stopped, clinging as best we could to the last shelf upon a wall which rose sheer from the water. But we had sighted a miserable hovel on the other side, and presently hailed with joy a blessed woman, clad largely in a sunbonnet. She said, "They is an old boat yar, but I ain't strong enough to git 'er acrost." Night was at hand, so we turned back to a less precipitous place where our stock could forage, made camp, and sat in council.

The river is big, it is broad, it is muddy, it is swift, and even in its quieter places sullen and forbidding. Great smooth swirls come and go upon its surface; it swishes viciously past the rocks and bushes on the brink. And it has a bad reputation. It drowns people and it drowns stock. It often claimed, but fortunately lost, its tribute from Major Powell's plucky little company in 1869. Nothing short of human life appeased it when Colonel Stanton and his men went through the cañons twenty years later. The folks who know it best, the cattlemen and the miners, dread and hate it. "She's a durned, cussed, ugly devil, and ye'd best not monkey with 'er," said one of our native councillors who knew.

But we thought that we would make an attempt anyhow, so one of our number mounted our veteran horse and plunged in. There was splashing and turmoil in the water, horse and man disappeared, and when, in a few seconds, the rider was dragged ashore in grieved surprise, and the horse scrambled up the bank a hundred yards below, trembling and snorting, we were ready to concede that the task before us was not what in the juvenile vocabulary would be called a "cinch." Then we had supper, and slept upon the situation—and the rocks.

In the morning, one of us crawled around the cliff and along the rocks far up the bank, secured a stranded log, and floating and swimming with the current, finally reached the other side. The boat was an old ramshackle, leaky, flat-bottomed, ten-foot skiff, with patched and clumsy oars, but in small loads we got our saddles and packs across, and then, after a careful reconnoissance of the banks on both sides for a safe entering-place and landing, we tackled the stock. None of our animals had been tried in deep and rapid streams before, and it was evident from our first attempts that if we pushed them off into deep water to take their chances, they would either scramble back again or drown. The only thing to do was to tow them over, one by one. This would have been a more agreeable undertaking if the oars had been less nondescript in form and less fragile, if the boat had leaked in fewer places and in less abandoned fashion, and if she hadn't threatened to fall to pieces every time the oarsman pulled unequally upon the sides.

It would make a long list if one were to set down all the surprising things which a horse or a mule will undertake to do when, with a rope around his neck, held in the boat a rod or so off shore, he is suddenly pushed off a steep bank into deep water. He tries to go to the bottom first, but he is too buoyant for success at that; then he tries to get back to the bank, but the rope pulling from the boat and shouting men ashore brandishing clubs discourage that. He surges right and left, he snorts, he splashes, he groans, and when at length he realizes that he can't possibly get ashore again, he concentrates all his hitherto diverse purposes into a fixed intention to get aboard the boat. He has now been hauled close astern, and has lost all notion of the shore. The oarsman meanwhile is pulling madly toward the other bank, the whole circus sweeping every second down the stream. With every lurch upon the rope the joints in the crazy craft open, and the Colorado River seems determined to get aboard along with the horse. Floundering up and down in the struggle to raise his fore feet over the stern, his knees thump against the outside of the boat. He swims first around one side, then around the other, as far as the short rope will let him go. He rolls on his side as a vicious whirl in the water catches him, and seems to lose his bearings. His eyes bulge, his breath grows short, he groans rather than snorts, and at last, when the man sitting astern with the rope raises his nose over

the thwart, with a great sigh he gives up and swims along behind, blowing and puffing and with strained eyes, but quietly and smoothly. The fight is over. In this lull in the panic we secure evident recognition of words of cheer and encouragement with which, even in midstream, we strive to re-establish claims to friendliness and good-will so rudely strained by the deep damnation of that pushing off. Presently the boat begins to slew around. The oarsman cannot keep her on the course headed for a rocky point far down the stream upon which and nowhere else the landing must be made, because of quicksand at every other place. It is evident in an instant that the beast has caught sight of the far shore, and, regardless of the boat, is heading for it. So the rope is payed out and let go, and he bears away gallantly for the point.

It was fortunate that the first horse which we piloted thus across let us drag him nearly all the way, because we secured for him the proper landing, where he and the others, as one by one they joined him, stood as landmarks for those which were to follow. We had a distinct and variegated campaign with each animal, but the lines of the story fall much the same in all. At last we got them safely over, and gratefully returned in one piece the gallant craft which saved the day. We had lost a few illusions about the ease of primitive travel on the frontier, but we had gained a distinct preference for bridges, and we had conquered the Colorado.

Here upon a long sand bar we camp and lie over a day to wash, dry, mend, eat, and brace up for the next stage of our journey. At night we make a huge fire of river drift-wood. And here, if ever, the grim walls looming far up on either side, a clear-cut strip of starry sky between, and the swirl and roar of the river close at hand, is the time and place for a story.

There are so many kinds of story which a camp fire invites that one might hesitate in choice. But the spirit of the situation and the hour leads most directly to a sober tale of world-making which geologists have read out of the stone story-book opened wider in this land of the great plateaus than almost anywhere else on earth.

I have upon my writing-table, holding down a pile of unruly papers, the oldest relic of America which human eyes have ever rested on. It is a rough fragment of rock which I broke off from a long, low granite ridge, a part of which is now called the Laurentian Hills in Canada—the first land to emerge from that universal, shoreless sea which once swept unhindered round the earth. After the appearance of my paper-weight—the avatar of the North American Continent—some scattering rock islets and ridges got their heads also into the sunlight here and there, along the line of the Appalachian chain, among the tips of the Rockies, and over the central and northern regions of the future great republic.

Then these rock islands, and others which the throes of the uneasy earth sent up to join them, and the shallow bottoms here and there, were pounded through ages by resistless seas, and powdered and weathered into bowlder, pebble, sand, and silt. This wreckage filled in the borders of the land, and slowly built up, layer by layer, the bottoms of the interinsular seas. This layered ruin of earlier rock was then baked by plutonic fires into new rock, and again became the sport of the elements, and took new forms and places in the earth's foundation. And so, after never mind how many millions of years, the continent of North America grew into some semblance of its present form. But for a long time the South Atlantic seaboard was under water; Florida was not; and what now we call the Gulf of Mexico sent a deep bay up the Mississippi halfway to the Great Lakes; while a vast inland sea, the Mediterranean of early America, stretched northwestward from the Gulf across the Rocky Mountain country, over the region of our great plateaus, and far on toward the Arctic Ocean.

Just here the sequence of events grows dim as centuries file along. At any rate, the great inland sea was gradually filled by the wash from the shores and by the water-borne wreckage of the hills in the back country. Then it lost its connection with the sea, and became a vast freshwater lake, or chain of lakes, with rather unstable bottoms, whose shores and depths were haunted by strange living creatures. Finally the whole basin got filled up and dry, except for the water pouring down out of the northern hills. Thus a great new drainage area was formed, which headed far in the crumpled mountains to

the north, and stretched off southwestward toward a mighty arm of the sea, of which the Gulf of California is the dwindling relic. This drainage area became in time the plateau country, and the new watercourse, the Colorado River, so noisily in evidence beside our camp, forswore its inherited fealty to the Atlantic, long maintained through the Gulf of Mexico, and henceforth paid loyal tribute to the Pacific. Please remember that I am just telling the story as I have gleaned it from the students of the rocks in book and lecture and in far-off camps among the hills. So if a million years or so should slip away unheeded in my tale, or if the shores of nameless, vanished seas should in my memory break in wider beach-lines, or a little farther inland than in fact they did, I claim the license of way-side narrative.

It is tiresome to try to conceive of the long reaches of time during which this great inland sea was filling up, and it is fortunate that the geologists who deal in such lordly, lavish fashion with the years, handling them in parcels of a few millions or a hundred millions or so, finally lump them together under *ages*—Carboniferous, Permian, Triassic, Jurassic, Cretaceous, etc., names which are not insistent in the suggestion that they were, after all, made up of hours and minutes, which only one by one have slipped away.

But if you go out into the plateau country five hundred miles from any ocean you will not doubt this inland sea. For you may ride for hours along shaly rock escarpments on which the ripples of the ancient shores are as plain and plenty as ever you saw them on the Jersey coast. You can pick up shells, too, which at least suggest clams, stone though they be to-day. In the northern part of the plateau country, now cut off from the rest by the Uintah Mountains, the bones of monkeys and crocodiles, of birds with teeth and three-toed horses, of sea-serpents—honor bright, I appeal to Marsh—and of a motley lot of named and nameless uncouth, ludicrous beasts, are piled pell-mell together in the washes, or half buried in banks and cliffs and weathered buttes which once were the shores and bottoms of our slowly shoaling inland sea.

It is a vivid memory which lingers with the writer, of an undergraduate summer spent in this region under the tutelage of Professor Marsh, who is so wise in the lore of these crumbling hills, and eager still, as the years pass, with the enthusiasm which led him then to share with the boys the toil and hardships of the bone-hunters in the fossil beds upon the northern segment of the great plateau. Most vivid of all, perhaps, is the recollection of a long hot week whose daylight hours were spent alone astride the shelving edge of a low weathered butte, with hammer and stone-chisel, pecking away the rock around the fossil head of a preposterous beast, something like a crocodile, I fancied, which once had floundered about in that old inland sea. Every day, as soon as the click of the chisel began, three huge gray wolves came peering over the edge of the bluff a hundred feet or so above me, and there they stood, alert, but silent and motionless, all through the hot day. A hallo and a sudden wave of the hand would send them scampering off, but presently they were there again, attentive as ever to the strange thing below. It was a far cry back from my contemporaries upon the bluff, who seemed to have very little business of their own on hand, to the old inhabitant at my feet; and though we hadn't much in common, we all got on very well together, and parted friends.

But I have lingered behind my story, for we have seen the old inland sea filled up, and a new great river, which will some day be the Colorado, sweeping down from the northern regions on its way to the Pacific. This stream bore great floods of water, and began to gather enormous quantities of eroded stuff from the lake-beds over which it passed. So that after this great basin, covering an area of considerably more than a hundred thousand square miles, had been filled in, layer by layer, some two or three miles deep, at such an inordinate cost in mountains and at such a reckless expenditure of time, and the stuff had all got nicely packed and settled into good solid earth crust, the whole thing began to wash out again, to make new land somewhere else. I don't know where it all went to, but in the later periods, at least, a vast amount went down the Colorado. But gone much of it is, especially of the upper strata, as you may see for yourself if you go over into southern Utah and northern Arizona, whither to-morrow we shall turn our faces.

We shall get up on top of some of the upper strata of the rock which filled the inland sea, now forming what are known as the High Plateaus of Utah, and then bear off south toward the river again, down a series of gigantic steps hundreds of feet high, each the edge of one of the old upper layers, left exposed in miles of gorgeous, fantastic cliffs by the wear and tear and wash of the centuries. When we get down from the remnants of the top layers we shall have descended over six thousand feet upon the lower level, whose surface has been exposed in huge patches over hundreds of square miles by the erosion of insatiate streams. Even then we shall not have reached the bottom of the inland sea. For we shall make our way southward for forty miles across a rough desert country, on the top of what our learned friends call the Carboniferous strata, until we come to the brink of the cañon at its grandest part, and nearly opposite to the camp of tents. If then we could descend the dizzy mile of Carboniferous cliffs and terraces to the level of the river, we should at last have reached the very bottom of our old inland sea, and gone a thousand feet into the ragged granite ledge beneath, which claims the kinship of age with my paperweight from the Laurentian Hills.

The secret of the great denudation and of this wonderful achievement of the Colorado in carving out of rock a series of cañons about five hundred miles long, and, in one place at least, more than a mile deep, with a multitude of tributary chasms and gorges, is very simple when you know it. *The old lake-bed slowly rose.* At first, the Colorado River and its tributaries, or some nameless monstrous ancestor of these, sweeping over the slowly rising surfaces, planed them down in most relentless fashion, and then began wearing out broad shallow stream-beds. But then the country rose more rapidly, and the water had to cut deeper channels in the rocks in order to get out and away to sea. Owing in part to the wear of the water itself, but more to the ceaseless bombardment of the suspended sand which it bore from the up country, or picked up as it went along, and to the thump of pebbles and bowlders which it swept on in flood-time, the river kept cutting down as the strata rose, until finally, when what was left of our inland sea-bottom got thrust up so that, towering far above its erstwhile rocky shores, it had to be called a plateau, the Colorado and its auxiliaries found themselves at the bottom of a series of colossal cañons and gorges, where they are to-day.

Then, increasing the complexity of things hereabouts, the strata in the rising plateau got overstrained, and bent up in great swells or ridges, forming subsidiary tables or plateaus of great extent. In other places the strata broke in cracks, a hundred miles long sometimes. Along these cracks the rock layers on one side or the other often sank below or were pushed above the general level, forming those abrupt cliffs or escarpments which the wise ones call "faults."

So, thrust up hundreds of feet, over great areas, by resistless plutonic forces, losing large tracts of its upper strata by earlier floods and streams, gouged out by our Colorado and its tributaries, still existing or extinct, and withal crumpled and cracked and displaced in varied fashion when the earth's crust writhed, our old inland sea-bottom certainly has won through much tribulation the right to glory in its stupendous relics.

But, in addition to all the rest, a multitude of volcanoes and lava streams have at one time or another burst up through the tortured strata here and there, some of them not so very long ago, leaving imposing mountains, building cinder cones, and deluging the land with molten rock.

That is my story. Its plot in years is long indeed. It exploits the forces which build and sculpture worlds. And if it lack the human touch which lies at the heart of the best stories, one yet may link the present to the past if he realize that the swift turbid stream beside us, still as sand and silt, is bearing the mountains to the sea; that the click of pebble against pebble where the water rushes over shallows, and the beat of rock on rock along the deeper bottoms, are slowly wearing stone to sand; that the great river is cutting its channel deeper and wider year by year, while the shower gusts and the frost are yet at work shaping this wonderland into those forms of grace and majesty which are the heritage of millenniums. The great inland sea is gone, but the ripples are on its beaches still. The strange beasts have vanished, but their bones cumber the ground. The

earth's crust has ceased to heave and crack, but the crumpled broken strata rise in imposing hills and cliffs. The volcanoes are cold and silent, but the great cinder cones and lava beds even yet are sinister.

So at last we head away westward, up the nearly dry, rough wash of Crescent Creek or Lost Gulch, and are soon out upon the plateau again close under the eastern slope of the Henry Mountains. We skirt the northern spurs of the Henrys, entering the midreaches of the Fremont Valley among outlying Mormon settlements.

Now, day after day, the way leads west and south through great gashes in the ledges of the Water-pocket Fault, across the summits of lofty plateaus, past cliff-girt mountain vales, up the long stretches of the Sevier, until at last we climb the height which divides the waterways leading back to the salt-lake basins of Utah from the summit sources of the Kanab and the Virgen, children of the great Colorado.

As we cross the divide we are between two great tables which rise a thousand feet or more above us to the right and left. These are the Panságunt and the Markágunt plateaus, standing nine and ten thousand feet above the sea. From their southern crests you may look off upon a vast plain six thousand feet below, whither we are bound, and across which the Grand Cañon, now beyond the vision, in majestic winding sweeps, takes its westerly course.

The Kanab Creek has cut a rough winding gorge down through the cliffs and terraces which mark the descent from the high plateaus southward to the great bench of the Colorado. In this we clamber down the marvellous series of terraces, sloping upward to their edges, clearing at a leap ledges which it took a thousand or perhaps a hundred thousand years to build, and as many more, mayhap, to wash away again. How we and our mules flaunted our heels in the face of Time that day! If we were geologists, we should check the ledges off as we descend—Eocene, Cretaceous, Jurassic, Triassic, and out upon the Permian. But being just common folks, they may be for us the Pink Cliffs, White Cliffs, Vermilion Cliffs, Brown Cliffs. I will not try to describe their majesty, nor the weird forms and the gorgeous colors with which in the lower series they are glorified. At last we come down upon the lowest of the terraces, the Vermilion Cliffs sweeping away right and left, and into the little hamlet of Kanab, the last Mormon outpost in southern Utah, close upon the northern line of Arizona.

The Grand and Marble cañons cut the northwestern corner of Arizona completely off from the rest of the Territory. Except by Lee's Ferry, and the long hot road which leads to it, or by a far western route, this corner is inaccessible from the south. It looks small enough on the map, but it is rather larger than the State of Connecticut, and, save for a few scattered cattle-shacks, has no human habitation.

For the next two weeks we wander over this stretch of the plateau which lies along the northern side of the Grand Cañon, under the guidance of one of the Saints, who, as sheep-herder and cow-puncher in summer and winter, has learned every turn and curve of the vast desolate surface, and, what is more to the point, every spring and water-pocket and possible mud puddle.

While from the terraces of the high plateaus this region looks almost flat, it is, in fact, very rough and broken. There are four tables, or subsidiary uplands, rising above the general level, each one a great plateau, and each in its way worthy of visit and description. But we can only name them here. Far to the west lies the Shiwitz Plateau, overlooking the miserable Desert Basin. Next eastward is the Uinkaret, with its volcanic cones and lava beds, Mount Trumbull sloping black and sinister above the rest. Still eastward, across the ancient valley of the Toroweap, is the Kanab Plateau, its southern end forming the northern wall of some twenty miles of the Grand Cañon. Finally, lying along the whole eastern side of the district, and forming a large part of the most imposing segment of the northern wall of the Grand Cañon and the eastern wall of the Marble Cañon esplanade, is the Kaibab Plateau, or Old Buckskin, as hereabouts it is familiarly called. It is the Kaibab which looms up before the tourist on the farther side of the Grand Cañon as he stands upon the brink at the camp of tents. It is from seven to nine thousand feet above sea-level, stretches a hundred miles north and south, and at its widest is somewhat more than thirty miles across.

Over the middle and western portions of this barren northern Colorado bench, where in five thousand square miles there may be a dozen springs and fickle water-pockets, bands of wild horses roam, defying pursuit, worrying more docile stock, and eating grass and drinking water which are none too plenty for cattle and for better-mannered horses. But a fine show these splendid creatures make of it when, from ten to fifty in a bunch, they catch sight of an outfit like ours and line out for a run.

We bear off to the southwest, over the long lava slopes and up the frowning crests of Mount Trumbull, thence southward along a broad shallow valley called the Toroweap; to our right a gloomy line of volcanoes perched upon the Uinkaret, with great black rivers of lava sweeping between them down into the valley close beside the trail, while to the left, marvellously buttressed and alcoved, the western edge of the Kanab Plateau journeys with us. Soon the farther wall of the Great Cañon looms up ahead, across the valley, two thousand feet high, and we ride out upon a broad esplanade opening east and west. The Toroweap, entering the valley of the great Colorado, swings us back among the centuries to a time after the Colorado Plateau had become cleared of its upper strata, and when, as a leisurely stream up in the sunlight, the great river swept down from the mountains, receiving here and there its tributaries, also leisurely and sun-loving, their burrowing capacities in check because the descent was slow and the channels free. Such a tributary to the Colorado River was the Toroweap. But there is no stream in the Toroweap Valley now, and the dry bed ends upon the dry bed of the old Colorado, which we have called its esplanade.



A GLIMPSE DOWN THE BRIGHT ANGEL.

But what of the Colorado River? Has

it too gone dry? Let us see. We leave the animals and saunter on in the direction of the long cliff-line on the opposite side of the esplanade. But not far, for almost before we know it the bottom has fallen away, and we are peering over the edge of a chasm three thousand feet sheer down to a foaming rivulet, for such it seems, at the bottom. This chasm, about as wide as it is deep, stretches away to right and left, nearly in the axis of the esplanade on which we stand. This is the inner gorge of the Colorado.

What has happened to drop the Colorado three thousand feet through solid rock with this mockery of a river gaping down upon it?

The geologists say that this was due to a change of weather, the climate becoming arid while the plateau went on rising. Evidence of such a change is at hand all over this region in the form of shallow, ancient river-courses, dry like the Toroweap, which run toward the Colorado, their bottoms more or less covered now with the wash of the hills about them. These were relatively short streams, their drainage areas small, and including no mountains to wring moisture from the clouds or store the winter snows. But the parent stream, the Colorado, with its chief tributaries, heads in far high mountains, and so has continued to carry a large volume of water. Thus as the whole plateau slowly rose, bearing the dried-up channels upon its surface, the Colorado, narrowing its bed, cut its way deeper and deeper, forming the inner gorge upon whose brink we stand.

From whatever point in the western part of this district you gain an outlook, the eye is drawn to a long dark level uplift which wholly cuts off the world farther east. This is the Kaibab Plateau, and thither now we turn, for everybody has told us that it is a paradise up there in the forest. We struggle for four days across the desert, heading the Kanab Cañon and up the rough trails which lead to the summit. Here you may wander for days in an open forest of noble pines; or along exquisite glades, green-bottomed, where the quaking aspen cheers the eye, and edged with the delicate spires of spruce and fir. Bright flowers bloom in long forest-sequestered parks, and you may even hear water gurgle here and there among the rocks. Deer are plenty and very tame. We chased them among the trees as one might runaway cows. But as we were not out to kill things, we left them mostly to their own devices.

However pleasant it may be, after the hot weeks of strenuous travel in the open, to loiter under the pines and among the glades in the heart of the Kaibab, you cannot long resist those hazy glimpses caught here and there between the trees into far blue depths upon which shadowy outlines of temples and minarets, and nameless dreamy masses in soft rich colors, float and gleam. However deep in the forest or cozy beside your camp fire at the edge of one of those matchless glades, the spell of the great abyss hovers about you and lures you to its side. You ride for a day and crawl over upon a great peninsula of rock — Powell's Plateau, they name it — which looms above the heart of this under-world, and revel in the vision. It was from this commanding point that Thomas Moran caught the inspiration of color and of space which is translated upon his great canvas hanging in the Capitol at Washington. You ride and camp and ride again out and out for miles to the last rock pillar which stands poised on Point Sublime, and linger hour after hour in the thrall of a waking dream.

Then away you go again—for it makes you restless, this mighty thing of transcendent beauty—and after many miles reach a towering promontory around which the river makes a great curve as it emerges from the Marble Cañon and sweeps into the vast chambered space below. This is the vantage-ground, locally known as Greenland Point, infrequently visited by parties of the nearest Mormon villagers for a view of the Grand Cañon. Two projecting cliffs upon this point are known to the geologists as Cape Royal and Cape Final.

When Major Powell and his men came floating down the river they seemed a little remorseful for the mood in which the Dirty Devil had been named, and as they reached the mouth of a gorgeous side cañon a few miles below our Greenland Point, whence issues a sparkling brook, they were inspired to call it the Bright Angel. It was at a little spring close under the edge of the summit ledges in which this happily christened streamlet finds its source that we lingered longest in camp, loath to relinquish the shelter

of the noble forest and lose the glimpses of wonderland down through the glowing corridor of cliffs and towers which the Bright Angel has fashioned in its mad rush to the bosom of the Colorado. But there are hundreds of hot miles between us and home, and so at last, after some days of forest wandering, we turn our faces toward the eastern façade of the Kaibab, heading for Lee's Ferry.

Here we secure a small boat and work our way toilsomely up into the lower boxes of the Glen Cañon, trying to realize, as we drift back again, the toils and dangers and recompense of those who have floated through all the long stretches of the cañons—Powell and Stanton with their parties, and twice in more recent years adventurous persons in rude skiffs, whose names I do not know. From the ferry crossing you look down the upper reaches of the Marble Cañon, its walls steadily rising until they close in perspective over gloomy depths.

It is a thirsty ride of seventy-five miles along the Echo Cliffs from Lee's Ferry to water at the trading-post at Willow Springs, whence the way leads on to the Mormon city of Tuba and to the Pueblo Indian ranches in the valley of the Moencopie.

I have not woven into my way-side narrative the human interests passing in and out through the story of the scarred, insistent earth which so inevitably dominated our waking hours. But we stopped beside forlorn hovels, whose Mormon inmates had memories clear enough of better times in other lands, and hopes pathetic and dim of a brighter day for the chosen. Cattle-men, weeks from the sight of other faces, were glad to leave their cabins under lonesome cliffs and ride for miles beside us to hear our story and to tell their own. Dusky forms, mostly of Pah Utes and Navajos, would dash out upon us or suddenly materialize at our camp fires in the remotest places, and in mutual stares and smokes and pantomime we always won our way to good fellowship and confidence.

From Tuba the way is not far to the eastern fringe of the Coconino Forest, and across the uplands to the camp of tents upon the southern brink of the Grand Cañon, where the stage route from Flagstaff ends. A large tract on both sides of the cañon in this region has been sequestered for a national park.

The Cataract, the Glen, and the Marble cañons, and that portion of the Grand Cañon which lies below the Toroweap, are gorges of overpowering grandeur, but they are perfectly comprehensible. When you have won your way along and across them, and now in sun and now in shadow have studied their sombre walls, you can easily enough describe them and recall better-known cañons and gorges which serve fairly well by comparison to illustrate their extent and majesty. But face to face with this other, comparisons are futile, and figures and estimates seem impertinent. Each change of season, each new day, and every passing hour reveals new elements of grandeur in the cliffs, fresh phases of transcendent beauty in their colors.

The great cañon is shy of the camera, and the marvellous blue haze, now luminous, now faint, now shot with purple as the light falls red upon it at sunset, is always there holding its reserve inviolate. Single cliffs and towers of rare strength and beauty you may secure upon your films, but the cañon never.

The outline panoramas sketched by Holmes for the geological survey recall some very striking forms and grouping of masses, and, simple as they are, convey, I think, better than photographs an impression of space and distance.

The first white men to look upon the Grand Cañon were some old Spaniards, who went out from the Moqui villages in 1541. A few of them scrambled down the cliffs a little way, and took a world of satisfaction, when they got back, in pointing out to their wiser comrades, who had staid above, some pinnacles of rock part way down apparently as large as a man, but which they triumphantly declared were bigger than the great tower of Seville.

Major Powell, who knows the Colorado well, says impressive things, in very charming fashion, about the Grand Cañon. But he finds the task perilously exacting, and at last, yielding to the frenzy of comparison, plucks up Mount Washington by the roots to the level of the sea, and drops it head-first into the abyss, calling you to witness that the waters still flow between the walls. Anon the Blue Ridge is plucked up and even hurled into the cañon; but there is room aplenty still. Mr. Warner, wearying of description, stows away the Yosemite in an inconspicuous

side gorge, and defies you to find it. Then he summons dreams of the Orient, calls Babylon back across the years, fixes his eyes upon a far, aerial heaven which fades at last into visions of the New Jerusalem, and so, altogether, comes off with flying colors from his skilful, lusty tilt with the impossible.

The most wise and sympathetic, as well as learned description of the Grand Cañon and its adjacent country is, I think, that of Captain Dutton, unfortunately buried for most readers in a bulky report —Vol. II.—of the United States Geological Survey.

After all, one may be glad if he can win the conviction that in a world so strenuous with obvious duties and conscientious impulses no man has *got* to describe the Grand Cañon.

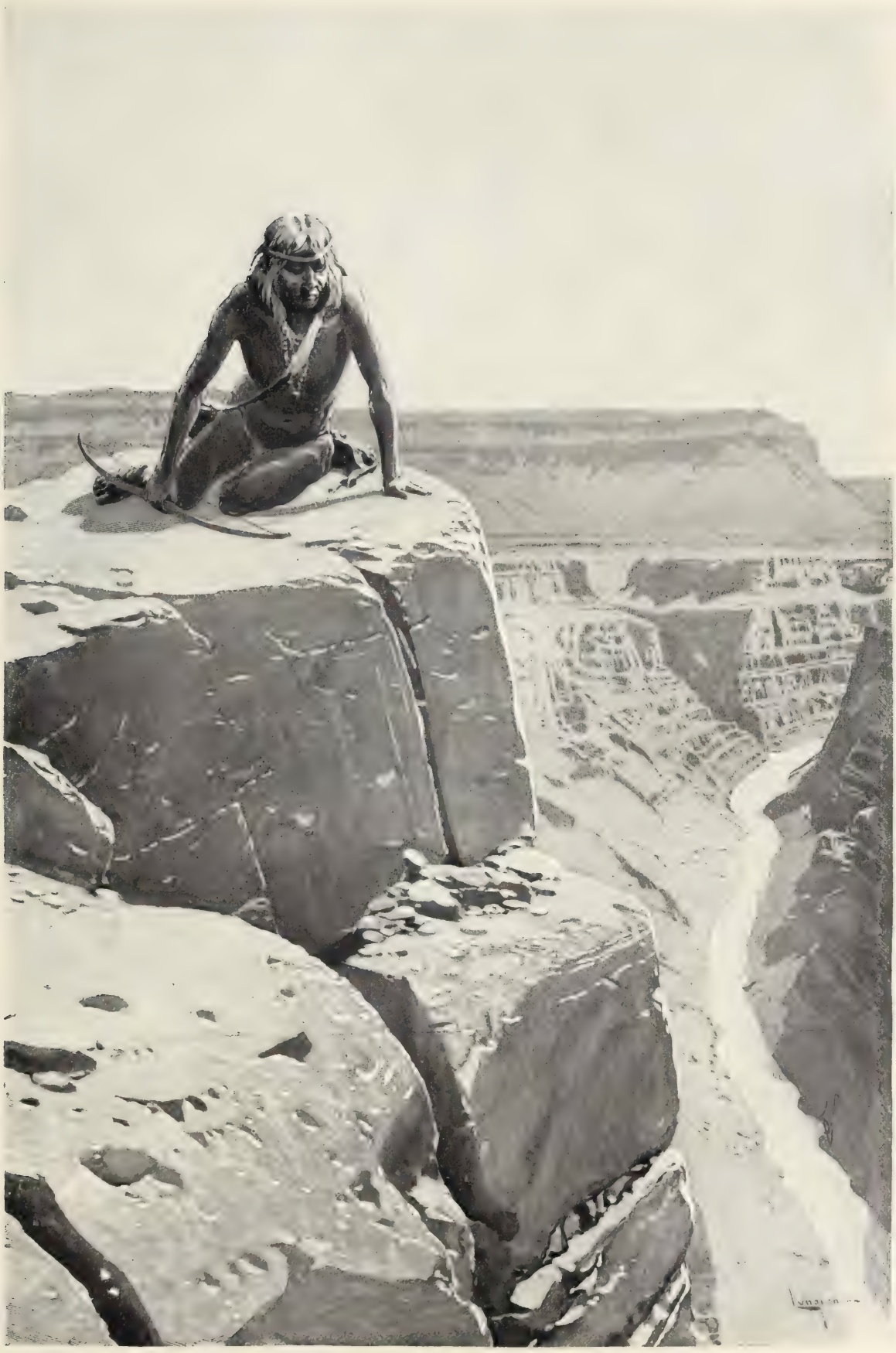
But if you would really know the cañon you must not hasten away. Many interesting journeys along its borders, afoot and ahorse, are feasible from the camp. You may ride northeastward for sixteen miles among the piñons of the Coconino Basin and peer into the shivery depths of the narrow gorge through which the Little Colorado sinks into the arms of its big brother from the scorching sands of the Painted Desert. You may visit a little group of cliff-houses in the gullies which lead from the basin up into the northern fringes of the forest. You can grope your way into limestone caves far down the ledges. You may wander for miles along the brink of the cañon, winding in and out to head the vast amphitheatres which face the abyss, picking up old arrow-heads and fragments of archaic pottery. Here and there small stone ruins of the ancient folk stand upon overhanging pinnacles and spurs; and if you know the Pueblo Indians, the descendants of the cliff-dwellers, you will not doubt that dusky forms have in the old days lingered motionless upon these commanding outlooks, enthralled by the sublime spectacle, and in close commune with those mysterious powers in earth and air which fashioned it. A ride of ninety miles southwestward will bring you to the bottom of the cañon of Cataract Creek, where a dwindling relic of the Supai Indians awaits extinction in poor wickieups among their meagre cornfields and melon-patches.

It is not easy, where every outlook is sublime, to select a single point upon the cañon's brink of which you can say, this is, after all, the best. Altogether, it has seemed to me that of all the places which I have visited on either side of the river the one which is most impressive is a long high spur, forest-clad at the base and bare at the end, on the south side, about forty miles below Hance's Camp. This looms far out over the deeps between two mighty gulfs, and commands a stretch of many miles of the broadest and profoundest sections of the Grand Cañon. It has been called Sentinel Point. There is water upon the plateau near the base of the spur.

Do not go before you have seen the great valley filled to the brim with seething billows of cloud, and watched their fading under the touch of the early sun. You must see a shower march across the vast spaces below, leaving trails of heightened color upon the streaming faces of the cliffs. From above you should see the night close in, and strain the eyes to catch the outline of familiar forms grown faint and far and strange. And when the moonlight falls full into the depths, say if you can that down there it is still a part of the earth you know.

You should scramble down the trails and learn that it is a real river foaming and tossing over the rocks. But you will not win your way to the inmost spirit of the place unless you spend a night alone down in those awesome chambers—as far out of the world as you can get, it seems, and still hold the link intact. The going out of the day from your seclusion and the splendor of the world's night far above you, the unearthly sweep of the moonlight across the faces of the awful cliffs which hem you in, and the coming of the morning, ushered in upon your solitude in mysterious fashion from some invisible source—these and the memory of a hundred weird happenings of the night, which I may not linger to set down, will seal the enchantment when, again stretched in the friendly shade of some gnarled old cedar close upon the brink, you let the hours slip by in dreamy visions which each moment weaves afresh out of the mass and color of cliff and pinnacle and gorge and their veil of ethereal blue.

So at last we have learned where the old Colorado comes from, and have seen it sweeping through dwindling gorges out to the desert of the far Southwest. We



"DUSKY FORMS IN THE OLD DAYS LINGERED MOTIONLESS."

have won from the great plateau a rehearsal of its eventful story. The mystery of the country beyond the river has been merged in pictures of a summer holiday. We know that those tiny uplifts over there upon the farther brink are not the puny twiglets which they seem, but gigantic pines, through whose swaying tops the wind moans and sings. We could even prove, "an we would," out of its miles of splendid cliffs, that the Grand Cañon is, indeed, the masterpiece of world sculpture. But when the last is said, the spirit, as at the first, is swayed most of all by its elusive, unearthly beauty. Perhaps Mr. Warner, after all, was wise to drop halting phrases and turn to visions of the New Jerusalem.

Our way homeward leads past the Moqui villages, where we linger through the weird ceremonial of the snake-dance at Walpi. Thence the hot trails lead us for eight days over the wide stretches of the Navajo reservation, through a forest ruin turned to stone, around the western spur of the Carriso Mountains, across the San Juan River into the Montezuma Valley, past the long foot of the Sierra El Late, along the western front of the Mesa Verde, in whose recesses the great cliff-dwellings are concealed. And so we straggle into the ranch. There still are ten of us, but it is in part another ten. For of the six sturdy, willing beasts which started on the way, only two have weathered the privations and hardships of the thirteen hundred arid, toilsome miles which make up the record of our summer wandering.

The hardships of the way are soon forgotten, but in the lulls of busy life the memory is fain to conjure back the spell of those serene deeps, which woven once, nor time nor space shall ever break.

DESTINY.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

The Angel said:

"ALL places are to thee this threshing-floor;
Vainly before thee stands its open door.

Here shalt thou dwell, nor ever mayst thou quail;
Here stand, and swing the never-resting flail.

Here out of empty chaff thresh thou full grain
To wave triumphant under sun and rain,

Nay, out of sands of waiting see thou beat
With tireless stroke, Hope's golden-tossing wheat.

Thresh thou humiliation's bitter seed
To lofty pride sufficient for thy need;

And fear and terror beat thou out, O soul,
To courage high that dares to face the whole.

Then from the pain tossed all about thy feet
Thresh strong content, and peace, and joy complete.

Count thou enough thy faith of yesterday
Until to-morrow's find its tardy way,

Nor dream thou that thy lot thou canst evade;
Stand firm! Swing sure!" the low-voiced Angel said;

Then spread his wings, high poised in steady flight
Where all the stars were shining in the night.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF RICHARD RYDER, OTHERWISE GALLOPING DICK, SOMETIME GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

THERE was many an adventure befell me in a pretty broad circuit of life that tickled my ribs to a proper tune; and I have cackled over some escapades with a wider mouth than ever I sat out the most roaring comedy of the play-houses. Not but what there were some high-stepping pieces to my taste in the town—well enough to clap eyes on, no doubt, but cockatrices mighty greedy of the gullet, as you could spy at a glance. And, after all, a wench is no food for humor, but for another purpose altogether. I pin no faith upon 'em at the best. But of all the chances that I encountered, what most rarely served my palate was this unexpected meeting in the West Country, which, I will admit at the outset, and ere I saw clearly the shape of my predicament, set my heart a-bobbing fast enough. It fell in this way.

'Twas on a Monday in the late summer of that year of grace 1685 that I rode up from the valleys of the North in the company of Tony Flack, and we came to a pause upon the hind quarters of Exeter town. Tony himself was for caution, and would have us turn away to a little road-side tavern that we both knew for a safe resting-place, with a stanch innkeeper to boot. But I was for Exeter itself, for, to say the truth, my stomach was sour with those rank swipes of the country-side, and 'twas some days since I had champed my teeth about a town. The facts argued with Tony, chicken-hearted as he was, and I will not deny it; for there right before us lay the argument, in the shape of a rumbling, muddy, parti-colored chaise that was creeping up the hill. Now it had so fallen out, more by way of a jest than by any material design, that we had scarified the occupant of this same carriage some ten miles back in the thick of a waste moorland that afternoon. 'Twas a mere idle freak, taken out of wantonness and upon a merry dinner, and by no means for the sake of the guinea or two that we found in his pockets. Tony gives the nag a slap of his sword, and off she goes a-spinning down the highway for dear life, with the coachman all asweat with terror, and the melancholy visage of a gentleman in his red periwig hanging out of the window; while there we stood, the two of us, laughing a broadside. The nag had a piebald front to her, and the chaise, as I have said, was in several colors; and thus it happened that, the lights falling suddenly on 'em in that tail of the day, as we came out upon the back of Exeter, Tony drew up and shoved his paw forward, with a mighty blank face.

"See there, Dick!" says he. "And what d'ye make of that?"

'Twas plain enough what I made of it, but I only laughed.

"I make a chaise and the half," says I, "and I'll warrant to make two by the time we reach Exeter," for, to be sure, swipes or no swipes, we had, each of us, a good warm lining to the stomach.

Tony cast me a surly glance. "Rot you!" said he, "an' if the liquor spoil your wits, I'll be damned if it shall mine. Nor I won't run my neck into the noose for you nor any like you."

"You're a white-livered sort of cur, you are, Tony," said I, with another laugh. "And I suppose the traps will be waiting for us in a posse outside the White Hart. And I shouldn't wonder if the topsman himself was to snatch off his hat to us as we passed by."

"Sink me!" growled Tony, "you forget 'twas broad daylight when we took 'em."

"Well," says I, "I have a notion to sleep in Exeter, and I mind me of a very dainty belly under my belt."

With that we brought up in a disputation, and being in a merry mood, what with the wine and the sight of the windows twinkling in the town above me, I gave him a pretty salvo of wit, which sent him presently into a sullen temper.

"As you will," said he at last, "but I am no fool, and none knows better than you, Dick Ryder, that I am no coward. And I will be hanged for a common cut-

purse if I go forth again upon any such mad business with a tipsy braggart."

"Braggart!" I cried, starting aflame, and twisting Calypso round against his horse's rump. But Tony saw in a flash that he had gone too far, and he turned very mild again.

"I mean no offence," said he; "we have been good comrades together, Dick Ryder. But I will warrant these daredevil humors will fetch us both up in Newgate erelong, and that's what I'm looking at," says he.

I laughed. "You would prove a better tobyman, Tony," said I, "if you would think less of your neck." And then, looking at him, I roared, "But, zounds, I don't wonder at your fears!" for his neck was like a cygnet's, only discolored to a rusty iron.



"'TIS A PRIVATE ROOM, AND NOT FOR STRANGERS."

But Tony was still in a sour enough mood, and though he jogged his horse to my summons, he spoke no word as we went up the hill. The chaise had vanished, but for all that I could see his thoughts were twittering about it. And in this way we rode up into the town, sprinkled with growing lights, and 'twas not until we came abreast of the White Hart that Tony opened his mouth.

"If I was you, and was of your kidney," says he, with a sneer, "I should think shame to dine upon a sanded floor and drink out of ale-jugs. Nothing short of the White Hart would suit me; no, not if I was to swing for it—if I was you, Dick Ryder."

"Damme," says I, suddenly, and reining in, "that same thought was in my own noddle! And, sure, the White Hart it shall be." With that I turned the

mare's nose and was pointing for the door, when Tony stopped me.

"What the devil would you do?" he cried in his alarm. "You will fetch the noose over us!"

"Faith," said I, "but you may go to the devil for me. I am weary of your clacking, and I have a mind to dine in good company."

He fell back with a curse, and Calypso moved on. But turning back, I saw him staring with a sulky sneer upon his face, and I could perceive from his attitude that he took my words for an empty piece of boasting. Then there was that term "braggart" stuck in my gullet; and in a second, and upon the impulse, I pulled the mare's nose against the doorway and bawled for the ostler. Tony was still visible, standing agape in the centre of the road; but I paid him no heed, merely handing the bridle to the ostler, and then leaping from the saddle, I walked through the doorway as bold as you please. Now within the doorway there was a space of hall, very bare and plain, and upon two sides there opened doors into the further parts of the house; but the third was filled with a screen of windows, separating a little privy corner, in which sat the innkeeper, very greasy and affable of look. I threw down a guinea and he fetched out a pint of wine; the which drunken, I turned on my heel and clattered up to a great door set with brass knobs. But the little fat landlord was on my heels in a moment.

"You cannot enter there," says he, in a great taking. "'Tis a private room, and not for strangers."

But with the wine newly bubbling in my head, I made little of him. "The devil!" said I. "I will have what I pay for, and I will enter where I list."

"But, indeed," he gasped, "'tis a place privily set apart, and for an occasion."

"'Tis good news," I answered, with a cackle, "for that is what my heart is set upon."

He clasped my arm. "Sir! sir!" he cried, "indeed this will be most vexatious to his lordship, and will lose me his custom."

I started round on him sharply. "If I want a door with brass knobs," says I, angrily, "I will have you know that I will have a door with brass knobs, ye little louse, ye!" And throwing off his hand, I opened the door.

Now 'tis certain enough that had I conserved my wits more properly, and that dismal juice was not so fluent in my blood, I would never have risked this piece of devilry. Not but what Dick Ryder wears a better face on him in the nick of peril than most, but this, as you will see, was scarce the occasion for a wanton adventure, and I will confess that Tony's counsels were wiser than my own. But I was heated with the drink and the long ride, and I would bear no gainsaying. And so back I flung the door. The same instant a cackle of laughter saluted my ears and a stream of light flashed in my eyes. What I made out was a long table, very elegantly prepared, and a dozen or more of gentle-folk seated at the board, and plying their knives like good trenchermen. There was a fire roaring on the hearth, and altogether the scene was very merry and presented a comfortable face. And what with that appearance of warmth and the smell of the viands tickling my nostrils, I hesitated no longer upon the threshold where I stood, but pulling to the door, I strode across the room and shot my eyes about the table. Just then there came another flood of laughter, and in the noise of it I stood surveying the company, by this time in something of a confusion, and wondering in my fuddled wits what the devil I was at; when suddenly there gets up a gentleman from his seat near by, and very civilly offers me a chair. "Oh, well," thinks I, "as I am gone so far, I may as well flesh my nose in the victuals;" and with a word of grace in answer to his courtesy, down I popped upon my prats, and fell upon the viands with a will.

The room was buzzing with sound, and the warmth and the fare pleased me very well. But where the devil I was gotten, and who the devil these cullies might be, and why in God's name I was thus politely admitted to the board—these were the enigmas that floated about in my head. Not that I was in any embarrassment; for it was enough for me if I was to be entertained thus royally, waited upon with the best, and conjoined with a high company, such as was scattered about me—and all without so much as a single trespass upon the pocket. But by-and-by my civil neighbor turns to me.

"You are late," he says. "I suppose you were held at the court; or do you ride from town?"

"Well," says I, very careful, for I am not the man to trip myself over a word, "in a manner you may say yes," I says; and I took a draught of the tankard afore me.

"Ah!" he said, and seemed to puzzle his wits over the rejoinder; but I conceive he was in no very active condition of mind, and it is like enough that what I said seemed from some corners of aspect to contain a sensible answer. So he followed after my example, and sipped his wine meditatively.

"His lordship," says he, soon again, "is in high feather this evening."

"You may say that," said I, delivering a glance towards the head of the table, where sat a long-faced, handsome-looking fellow, whom, to say sooth, I had not as yet minded in the satisfaction of my appetite. "He is filling a paunch, I warrant," I said, with a laugh.

"Hush!" whispered he, with a scared look on his face, and glancing about him, "you will be overheard."

"Overheard!" I said. "Am I a wench that must walk mim-mouthed through her wine, and not deal in the King's plain English? I permit no man to dictate to me upon my language—not I."

The fellow stared at me for a time, and then, "You have a bold tongue," said he, with what I could perceive was a hint of the ironic. "I have no doubt you ply it well. What is your court?" says he.

Aye, there was the rub—what was my court? And what the devil was I when you came to the kernel? I had made out nothing as yet, being taken up with the food and the attentions of this gaping oaf. But I was not to be confounded by him, not if I knew my own temper; and court or no court, I made answer bluff as you please. "The same as yours," says I.

"Oh!" says he, breaking into a smile. "I wear my professions very discernible, then?"

"Yes, you do," said I, bluntly.

"I am glad I have met you," he went on, pleasantly, "and I shall make it my duty to pursue our acquaintance. It is odd, indeed. And what think you, sir, of the Fassett business?"

He spoke with the air of hanging on my words, and I was convinced that, whatever this d——d matter was, 'twas something of which I must needs be cognizant. So in I plunged.

"Ah, you may well ask," says I, nodding my head. "Gad! and I see you are agreed with me. The circumstances stand so plain that there is no denial. By God! you are right; I'll warrant that; and I myself am game to prove it with the point," says I, slapping my sword.

The gentleman drew away, looking at me with some amazement, and presently his face took on an expression of confusion, and says he,

"Quite so!" says he. "Oh yes, I am of your party;" and in truth I believe the fool took what I said for a reply to his interrogation. But by this I was now sobered enough to discover the responsibilities among which I was thrown, and that I must keep a strong observation open if I was not to run my head into danger. And the first, I must enlighten myself upon this company in which I found myself; for which purpose, leaning forward, I set my eyes upon the man at the end of the table and examined him diligently. He was, I judged, somewhere about thirty-five, of a fine oval face, very justly proportioned, a sallow brown in habit, and crowned above his rich brown eyes with a great brown wig, which sat awry upon his head, and added an effeminate look to the profligate softness of his lower face. His features were very finely marked, his nose long and straight and delicately fleshed, as were his curved and smiling lips; and his eyes, which were large within the sockets, gleamed like agates between the narrow curtains of his eyelids, and sprang very quickly into one simulation or another. Altogether his was a remarkable face to look on, and attracted strongly, for all the saturnine changes of his color. He was laughing, flushed to the sombre eyes. I had finished my scrutiny, and I took off my gaze from him, and was for letting it fall back on my neighbor to interrogate him upon the identity of this fine cock, when in its passage along the opposite side of the table I discovered, not very far from his lordship himself, no other than the prim-faced gentleman of the parti-colored chaise that Tony and I had ransacked that same afternoon upon the moors.

The discovery struck me with dismay, as you will imagine; but there was worse to tread upon its heels, for the man was bowing with a delicate and sickly smile to one that toasted him from t'other side, and in putting down his glass, and with

the grin still upon his lips, his eyes lighted upon mine and we exchanged glances.

The cully turned a trifle pale, and winced, moving in his seat. Then he frowned, and seemed mightily taken up with his plate, after which he lifted his head again and directed a look on me. I met him very bold and square, and his eyes gave way before me, surrendering, so to say, to my discharge; for I warrant I gave him a heavy broadside. But all the time I kept seeking in my brain for some way out of this damnable predicament. Presently he catches up a piece of paper, and ripping out a quill, makes some writing, and calling to a lackey, hands him the document. "What's he up to now?" thinks I. But I was soon to learn, for the footboy walked up to the head of the table, and with a bow offered the paper to his lordship—whoever the devil *he* might be.

"Well," says I to myself, "I am committed to it now; and it's my bearing against his, and the best credentials." And with that, feeling that the matter was passed out of my hands, I turned on my neighbor, and says I to him, but still keeping an eye on the pale-faced booby, "Who may his lordship be?" I says.

Now 'twas folly in me to have put the query so direct, and indeed I would not have ventured on the simplicity had not my wits been disturbed by the incident I have related. But, in point of fact, it mattered very little to the issue of the misadventure, though my friend started very suddenly, and gazed at me in a gaping fashion.

"You are jesting," he says. "His lordship?"

"Well," says I, a trifle grimly, for I saw the same lordship casting his eyes upon the paper. "And maybe you can put a name on him, if I can't."

"But—but," he stammered, and then "who may you be?" he asked, with some suspicion, and in another manner.

"Damn you!" said I, "I've put you a question, and a gentleman should need no reminder of his necessary civilities," for by this I saw his lordship's soft and shining eyes directed on us. "What's the cully's name?" I asked.

He looked up, following my glance, and we both stared at the man who was staring at us.

"'Tis my lord Jeffreys," he says, in a bare whisper. You will believe me, and I make no shame to admit it, that my legs took a tremor at the words; but I can keep a face upon me with any, and so I stared at that sinister and smiling butcher, and he stared at me, for the space of some seconds; and then I took a draught of wine.

"Thank'ee," says I, calmly, to my neighbor. "'Tis well. I have some business with his lordship."

I spoke very calmly, as I say, but you will believe me my heart was sunk into my boots on this news. There was no man at that time but held the name of Bloody Jeffreys in a horror. He lumped so large in the popular fear that he was taken for an emblem and ensign of Satan himself, so diabolic and so ensanguined was his practice. I have seen many formidable persons in my time, and exchanged passadoes with several of them, but there it was—the fact and figure of that murdering, black-hearted, handsome rake, almost of an age with myself, seated there in his chair, crept over me like the pest, and discharged my wits abroad like a spray of sand scattered afore the wind. I cast my eye again on him, for, indeed, I could not keep it away, and a faint sardonic grin touched his face as he met my glance. He summoned to him a lackey and spoke in his ear with an imperious gesture, whereat the fellow, seeming very much frightened, hurried out of the room, and I doubted not that he was gone for the officers. His lordship then turns to the gentleman near him and, still with his stealthy and terrible smile, whispers under his breath. The whole company, meanwhile, which had all along hung upon his looks and conversation like a pack of craven dogs on their master, was fallen into sudden silence; but this communication was spread from mouth to mouth like a running fire, and in a moment the whole room was agape and directing on me surprised and startled glances. But this pulled me together, and 'twas high time too.

"Well," thinks I, "an I must lay my back against a wall, I must; but they shall learn that Dick Ryder is not to be browbeat by a lot of scurvy lawyers" (for so I supposed 'em), "whatever fate be in store for him."

And so, turning to my next-door neighbor, I began very loudly, and as if resuming a conversation with him:

"Nay, nay; but I am at odds with you,

sir. Faith, I disagree with you entirely! Upon my soul, I have never seen his lordship in a better condition and better plumed for service! A worm in his head, say you? Godsakes, I'll never believe it! His wits wear to a knife edge with practice."

Now this was spoke, as I have said, in a clamant voice, which, resounding on the unnatural silence that had fallen on the room, reaches me the ears of all this company, as I had desired, and more particularly those of his lordship, for whom I had designed the speech. Jeffreys turned of a sudden a darker red under his brown, and his woman's eyes shot anger.

"And who is this that dares pass questions on his lordship?" he cries, in a sharp, clear tone. "Come, I should like to look on him attentively," he says, "that I might know him again. He must be a fellow worth acquaintance if for his future only. I promise you that shall be secured to him, and that he shall know very soon."

But at this ugly exhibition of temper, and more especially at the malicious menace it conveyed, my poor neighbor fell into a fluster, and ran white and red in turns, opening his mouth, and trembling and stuttering, and gasping like a dying fish. "My lord, I—I said nothing. 'Tis false," he stammered.

The poor wretch was in so pitiable a way that I found it in my heart to be sorry for him; and, after all, he had served me very kindly at the start, so I spoke up, rising in my seat and bowing.

"My lord," I said, "the gentleman says well. Though 'twas to him that my remarks in praise of yourself were addressed, I was mistook. 'Twas not on you that his comment was directed."

"That is a very likely tale," said his lordship, with a frown; and then appearing to recover himself, as he was used to do, quite rapidly, he stared at me with another expression.

"I am in your debt, sir," he said, "for your defence of me. You do well. I warrant Jeffreys has still his wits about him. He has an eye for a rogue, sir. You will do him the justice to acknowledge that, I hope, on our better acquaintance." And he laughed somewhat harshly, and eyed the board as if inviting a round of acclamation. The miserable time-servers cackled their loudest, and his lordship, turning again to me, "I should know your face," says he, and offers a kind of wink to the company.

"'Tis no wonder, my lord," I answered, pat as you will; "'tis almost as well known as your lordship's, and almost as favorably received."

At that a young fellow across the table from me broke into a stutter of laughter. But all the rest were silent. Jeffreys looked at him savagely. "I will remember you, Charteris," he said, simply, and I saw the light flaming in the eyes he directed on me. "That's well," he said, "and I make no doubt that you are, like myself, a dispenser of justice. You hold the scales."

"Indeed, my lord," said I, for I was not in a mood to be thus baited whilst waiting on the officers, "there is more resemblance between you and me, perchance, than your lordship will acknowledge."

"Ha!" he cried, with his cold and bitter laugh. "I knew not that I was unawares entertaining a rival. A learned man in the law is this gentleman, no doubt. Well, sir, I will be greedy of your advice while I may. Look you. There was a man tried afore me this day that had rum-padded a civil and innocent gentleman upon the king's highway, and faith the rascal was rash enough to venture into the company of his victim to dinner. What d'ye say to that? What sort of sentence would ye deliver on the wretch?"

"How was he took?" said I.

"Well," says his lordship, after a pause, and smiling towards the door, "I fancy the sheriff's officers were summoned upon him."

"Nay," said I. "Then, had I been justice, since he was took, I would ha' hanged him, for 'twas a poor wit that served him no surer than to be so took."

"Fie!" says Jeffreys. "What interpreter of the law is here!"

"'Twould not be the first time that the law was twisted by its dispenser, my lord," said I, boldly.

His lordship's smile stole farther up his face, and opened his lips so that the white teeth shone, and he smiled in an ugly fashion to the fellow next him.

"You hear that, my lord?" says he, in his sneering way. "Faith, they will presently be saying that we did not deal justice to Dame Alice Lisle."

The man that he addressed winced and smiled uneasily, for 'twas well known that the popular feeling ran high upon the scandalous trial, which was but newly concluded, though I wondered to hear the prime engine of that infamous conviction jest so wantonly upon it. But that was Jeffreys's way, to offer a bold face and play the bully when he was in power; but when he was down, there was no coward to whine like him, as events proved subsequently. But Jeffreys turns to me again, content enough with his sally.

"Sirrah," he said, "you have a signal charter for your tongue, I can perceive. It is a righteous conscience keeps you in countenance. You are bold upon your virtues. I have met your kidney before, and if I must hang a knave, I prefer to hang one with an insolent front to him that snivels. I would disembowel t'other in the pillory. There is too much softness in this modern justice."

"My lord," says I, "you speak my feelings like a book. Faith, I would griddle the canting rogue with these two hands."

His lordship smiled very diabolic, and then finished his wine with the air of one that has tired of the play, at the same time nodding to the lackey that stood near by him exceedingly respectful. But he went out of the room.

"Gad!" says the young man that was called Charteris, in a whisper to his neighbor, "'tis a pity to go further. Faith, I think he hath earned his pardon for the steady face he keeps."

But you must suppose that all this time I was not idle in my mind, but kept casting my wits about the predicament, with a mighty sharp eye upon any chances that emerged. Well, the case was turning very black by now, seeing I knew well enough for what the signal of his lordship was intended, and I had as yet gotten no very clear notion in my head. Yet at the next opening of the door, and when the first noise of heavy feet sounded on the threshold, my thoughts spouted forth in a clear stream, and there sat I as taut and cool as you please, for all the world as though 'twas a private party to which Jeffreys had invited me for a guest. His lordship rose as the officers entered, and was turning away indifferently without ever a sign or a word, when he suddenly stopped again.

"'Twould be strange to learn, sirrah," said he, addressing me, "out of a natural curiosity, what robbed thee of thy senses to fetch thee here. 'Tis an odd new policy for the hare to lie down with the fox."

With that I got to my feet. "My lord," said I, very boldly and in a public voice, "I ha' come here uninvited, 'tis true, and I proffer you my apologies for the trespass; but I have come upon a pressing private business with your lordship."

His lordship stared at me with a sour look in his eye. "Indeed?" says he, harshly. "I am not used to have any business but the one with your kidney, and that not private," he says.

"My lord," said I, "'tis the most urgent message, and needeth instant delivery."

I saw in his eye that he still meditated to refuse me, but I set my gaze upon him very intently, and what he thought he saw there made him waver.

"Well," said he, in his tyrannical fashion, "I hope we shall hear good of this message; for I swear, if I do not, I will have thee hanged the higher," and he motioned to me to draw nearer, at the same time that the other gentlemen of the King's counsel withdrew to the bottom of the room, conversing together. But the officers approached, and stood a little way off by Jeffreys's signal, but keeping out of earshot.

"Who are you, fellow, and what pretences are these you make?" asked his lordship, roughly, as soon as we were alone, but examining me with curiosity.

"My lord," said I, "I make no pretences, as I shall assure you; and as for myself, believe me that I play a truer part than does appear."

I looked at him meaningly.

"Let us come to plain speech," said he, sharply. "I cannot dawdle with your riddles."

"I ask no better, my lord," I cried. "I bear a message from the Prince."

He started, and stared at me under his brows in suspicion. "What Prince?" he asked, brusquely.

"There is but one," said I, boldly, "and one that shall rest so no longer by God's grace and the trusty arms of England."

"You mean the Prince of Orange?" he asked, in a lower voice. I nodded. For a while he looked me in the eyes, and then, turning to the sheriff's officers, or-

dered them to withdraw a little; after which he came back to me, surveying me with his cold and savage eyes, but with something of anxiety.

"You are a bold man," he said, "to bring me this message."

"I would do that and more than that for the good cause," said I.

Jeffreys was silent, and then, "Come, what is this message, then?" he inquired, with a sardonic glance.

For the life of me I could not have determined if he were taken with the bait, but I swore to hook him, as, indeed, it was the only course left to me.

"Your lordship has not heard the news from the coast?" says I, looking round very cautiously.

"Proceed," he commanded, watching me with his beautiful and horrid eyes.

"Events have been stirring in the Low Country," said I, "as your lordship will be aware. The whole of the North is disaffected against his Majesty. It needs but to land," I said, "and your lordship knows what might happen."

"I think, sir, we were to come to quarters," said Jeffreys, in a low voice, but still in his imperious way.

Well, if he would take it, he was to have it then and there. "The Prince," says I, whispering, "is already landed."

He started before my eyes, but recovering himself, "I have had runners from Plymouth this afternoon," he said, "and there was no news of import."

"Nay," said I, "'tis not from Plymouth I come, my lord."

"If I were to ask you whence—" he began, after a pause.

"You would remember, my lord, ere you did so, that I have not yet delivered my message, and thus have had no reply," I said.

"You remind me of my duty," he exclaimed, sternly. "Deliver this message, for I can tarry no longer."

"My lord," said I, "I would ha' come to it sooner were it not for your distrust. I am charged by the Prince himself, no less. I have ridden all day upon a circuit. Three noblemen were named, and your lordship also. The Prince lies on English soil to-night, and would confer with these four faithful subjects."

Jeffreys stood awhile in thought, his delicate face changing with a dozen emotions. Then he spoke very harshly.

"This is very well, sirrah. You make an excellent liar," he said. "You would come here and offer me a cock-and-bull tale, thinking me a lack-wit to see you so impudently stand in your lie."

"My lord," said I, as warm as may be, "see in what my position stands. I am come here, penetrating to your very fireside. I stake my head upon the risk. 'Tis in your office to sound a word, and these fellows will take me forth upon a capital charge of treason. I have cast my die for the good cause. Yet my death, which would be an evil to me in that case, would profit you nothing, my lord—nay, less than nothing in the coming trouble."

Again he paused. "The Chief Justice of this realm does not parley with treason," said he.

But I had a glimpse of the man now; I saw what fear ran in his blood; he would not have kept me haggling there if he had it not in his heart to coquet with fortune.

"My lord," I said, "and who would credit that a poor highwayman talked of state politics with the Lord Chief Justice? Why, a gallows and the topsman would serve his turn."

He heaved a little sigh, fidgeting with his fingers. "Who the devil are you?" he asked. "You are taken for a padsman."

"My lord," said I, "'tis strange company a man may keep for a purpose. I will not deny that I know your suspicions, and whence they spring. Indeed, it was the gentleman's natural conclusion. I was pressed to carry my mission. Sure I have been worse accompanied than by a tobyman. But as for my name, your lordship has given me no answer. Call me Ryder. I am for the Prince."

He heard me out, and 'twas the little touch of braggadocio I think that converted him, as much as anything. "What do you propose?" he asked, in another tone.

"I would ride back to-night," I said, "unless your lordship decide that I must lodge in jail."

"As to that," he exclaimed, "Mr. Ryder, I fear that we must lodge you there in the mean time. What hour would you start?"

"The sooner the better," said I. "But nine will serve."

He regarded me with an urgent face of enquiry. "This may be a trap," he said, suspiciously.

"Your lordship may guard against that," said I, suavely. "As large an escort of horse as you will, and none to know our destination save us two."

"Nay, none save yourself, Mr. Ryder, it appears," he said, grimly. "But you say well. I will be with you at nine."

Thereupon he motioned me away with a gesture of impatience, and calling on the sheriff, pointed at me. The next moment I was surrounded and in their arms; but I played my part like a play-actor, crying upon his lordship to hear me, and making a piteous struggle with the officers.

A little later, and you might see me settled in the compter, hugging myself the one minute, and the next perplexed upon a further step; for, by what I saw of Jeffreys, I reckoned upon my punctual deliverance. The fact is that he was afeared of what would issue from this promised trouble of the Dutchman, and 'twas reported that such was the state of most of those about the Court, who were in the mind to play two parts, and neither with any stomach. Yet as the time drew on and I had ample leisure to digest the various aspects of the adventure, I confess I was assailed by a fear lest Jeffreys should ha' been disporting himself with me, or should have cocked the white feather, and that I was still to rest and rot in that pestiferous dungeon. So that when at last the door swung wide and one of the turnkeys appeared, I was like to have cried out in my glee. 'Twas the signal, sure enough, for I was taken forthright out of my cell, and commanded into the presence of the governor. I do not know by what trickery the affair was managed, but if there was ever any dark intrigue to the point, you might trust Bloody Jeffreys for that; all I know is that 'twas but a few minutes ere I was out of the gates of the compter, under the pale face of the moon, and with my heels in the flanks of Calypso, gently ambling in a silent company towards the Plymouth road.

His lordship had taken me at my word, and there were six or more in the band that surrounded me; but we rode in a deep quiet, and for a long while I offered no address to the horseman by me, whom I supposed to be the Chief Justice himself. But presently, and when our faces were well set upon the Plymouth highway, and there was less chance that the cavalcade would invite curiosity owing to the sparseness of the wayfarers, he turned to me and spoke up for himself. It was Jeffreys, sure enough, and he wore a mighty look of worry, as I could perceive at the first glance.

"You have not informed me, Mr. Ryder," says he, "to what destination we are bound?"

Now this was pretty much to the point, for Bloody Jeffreys was not the man to waste useless words; but, Lord love you, I had as much notion of whither we were set for as he had himself. 'Twas for a chance I was playing, and now that I had my two legs across Calypso once more, it would go badly with the whole half-dozen of 'em if I did not show a clean pair of heels somewhere and some time. But of course I had thought upon the question in my prison, and says I, "You will understand, your lordship, that it's not in my authority to commit nothing to words. I am bound by the Prince's orders."

"That is very well," he retorted, in his arrogant way. "But it appears that I must commit myself, and no one else. 'Tis a one-sided bargain I am not used to make."

"My lord," said I, very earnestly, "I will not deny but there is reason in your argument—and, for myself, I would at once admit you to my plans. But I am the custodian of the Prince's secret. 'Tis none of my own I guard."

"Well, well," he cried, with impatience, "I suppose that I am to arrive somewhere."

"And where that somewhere is your lordship shall learn," said I, "with the permission and from the lips of his gracious Majesty King William."

He started at the words, and eyed me askance for a space, a dubious expression of irresolution crossing his features. "You are a bold man, Mr. Ryder," he exclaimed, with something of a sneer. "I may remind you that there surround you five stalwart men-at-arms that own allegiance to his Majesty James II."

"And you would have added, my lord," said I, "that James Stuart's trusted servant is conversing with me. I am sensible of the peril in which I stand. But I am no Facing-Both-Ways. I hold by my conscience, i' faith."

"Sir," he rapped out, harsh and sudden, "I have laid you by the heels with-

in the precincts of the compter once, and there I will lay you again, an you brandish your impudence before me."

"In the which case, my lord," quoth I, coldly, "you will be nothing bettered, and King William would have a loyal servant to avenge."

He said nothing, angrily considering me.

"Come, come, my lord," I said, "we are in a kind of silly balance one against t'other, and, to put no veil upon the situation, we scarce dare trust each other. I walk in a great public peril, sure, with your hands upon me, but consider upon what risks you yourself also move. I am familiar to the Prince; my errand is known about his Court. Turn about your horse, fetch me in chains to justice, and how will you appear? 'Tis a summary way with a royal herald. I ask you with what eyes the King will view this act, and with what penalties he will reward it?"

Jeffreys said nothing for a time, and then, speaking slowly, "You have," he said, in a quieter voice, "a strong persuasion of the Prince's triumph."

"My lord," said I, "you yourself shall be the judge. What cries are these that issue from the town these many months? With what voices was the Duke of Monmouth welcomed but yesterday? Nay, the people of this very country-side, newly trodden and trampled by King James's dragoons, scarred and lacerated by your own ensanguined hands, my lord—with what a face do they regard James Stuart, and what a welcome think you they would give ye for yourself?"

His lordship whitened under the moonlight, and his face betrayed an emotion of terror. 'Twas plain that he had entertained these same thoughts, and that my design had given him several unhappy hours. But he made me no answer, and rode on, digesting these considerations with what stomach he might.

Now all this time we were getting further into the rude country parts of the shire, and more than once I had turned the party upon a byway, so that by this we were come out by the devil knows where. Moreover, it was gotten very late, and a shrewd wind from the south came snapping about our faces. And thus it grew upon me that I must bring this topsy-turvy adventure to some close, with what wit I might; the more particularly as by his lordship's contrivance (I make no doubt) I rode in the midst of a circle, and was evidently to consider myself a fast prisoner in the mean time. Now I had bred in my mind a very tolerable design by which I might have given 'em the slip, but by this time I was too nearly watched for that, and the bare appearance of the little inn of Wolcombe, which I was contemplating, would ha' served to start suspicions, if not certainty, in Jeffreys's noddle. So thinks I to myself that 'tis ever a bold course that runs the least risk, as, indeed, I have always attributed my own security to my never shirking a hazard in the passage of fortune. Upon which suggestion comes another — that the present would serve as well as another opportunity, and better too, seeing that his lordship's eyes were beginning to lower on me at this undue delay. Wherefore what do I at this juncture, and when jogging along the way in the full face of old Oliver, but rein the nag to one side, and reaching down, open a huge gate that stood a little aback from the road.

"What is this?" asked Jeffreys, in surprise.

"This is the place, my lord," said I, in a whisper. "If you will march with me a little in the fore of these men, I will instruct you further as we ride up."

There was a moment's pause on his part, but then I suppose he considered the probabilities, and he saw that the road was clearly an approach to some great house. At any rate, he issued an order to his escort, and the party wheeled up after me through the gateway and up the avenue.

"I take it, sir," he said at once, "that the Prince lies here?"

"That is so, my lord," said I, though, to say sooth, I was all the time wondering what the devil might lie at the end of this long passage, and what should be my next turn in the game. But Jeffreys seemed quite satisfied, and he even displayed a ruffle of eagerness at this juncture; and so once more in deep silence we rode on, and came out soon upon a great terrace of gravel surrounded by an amphitheatre of trees, with the long house lying black and high upon one side. The whole troop came to a halt here, and his lordship turned to me as who should ask, "What must be done now?" It was manifest on the instant that my only



"I PLAYED MY PART LIKE A PLAY-ACTOR."

course lay in some prompt act, seeing that there was no opportunity to show my heels; and so, beckoning him with a quiet motion, I jogged on towards the house, Calypso's heels making a devilish noise trampling on the stones. Somewhere within the house shone a faint light, though 'twas long past midnight, and it seemed, therefore, that some one was astir within. His lordship's eyes met mine anxiously, and he moistened his lips. He was greatly agitated, for certain, and the sight strung my nerves. Off I leaped, and rapped loudly upon the knocker before the big door. Now I swear to you that when I laid my fingers to the knocker I had never a thought in my head as to the course I should pursue. But on that instant, and while the echoes rang still in my ears, I took a quick notion. Leaning forward to Jeffreys, I said, whispering:

"My lord, I will prepare your way. Keep ye here, and ye shall be fetched presently."

He stared at me suspiciously and in some bewilderment; but ere he could say anything the door swung gently back. With a spring I was across the threshold —and click goes the lock behind me in the very face of the astonished janitor. But he fell a-trembling.

"Who are you?" he said, while the light he carried shook in his hands.

"Hush!" says I, warningly; "make no noise. Your lives hang on it. There is a pack of dirty cut-throats on my heels," I says.

"Oh Lord!" he groaned, and retired hurriedly from the door. I followed him, but he drew back, very suspicious.

"My good man," said I, judging him by his looks to be the butler, "pray use me with no suspicion. I am come to warn you. See, I bear no arms, but am a private and peaceful citizen like yourself."

"How come you here?" he asked, being somewhat reassured.

"I became privy to their designs by accident at the Wolcombe Inn, the scurvy rogues," said I, very pat and indignant, "and I have rode on to warn your master in the nick of time. Where may he be?"

"His lordship is abed, sir," he says.

"Oh, well," said I, "hale him forth."

"Nay, but I dare not," says he.

"Oh, very well," said I. "Then you shall have your throats cut, every man."

His jaw fell; then, "I have a blunderbuss," says he, brightening of a sudden.

"Blunderbuss!" says I, with a sneer. "Why, 'tis a veritable band of roaring satans, that lives on blunderbusses."

"Oh, Lord deliver us!" he cried, and wrung his hands. "What shall we do?"

Now, in point of fact, as you may see, 'twas in my power without more ado to play on my poor butler's fears, and so, skipping out of a back door, to leave Jeffreys and his crew to cool their heels on the terrace. But I was by this time infused with a certain zest of the adventure; I entertained it with a gusto; and so, drawing him gravely to a window near by that looked upon the front,

"See you," said I, pointing out the escort where they lay in waiting, "there's a monstrous set of rascals for ye, all a-hungering for blood, they are, all a-spitting on their hands to flirt their hangers, with which to slit the throats of poor civil citizens like me and you."

"Lord save us!" he said, with his teeth going. And just at that moment a thin voice sounded from somewhere above, and a tall lean old gentleman, wrapped in a night-rail and looking choleric of face, peered over the stairway at us.

"What the devil are you at, Jenkins?" he says, peevishly.

"Oh, my lord," cried Jenkins (if that was the fool's name), "'tis a gentleman that has come to warn us—and there is a pack of highwaymen without, and our throats shall all be cut! Heaven help us!"

"Silence, sirrah! I will have none of this noise," cries the old gentleman, in a peppery voice. "You have disturbed my rest!" he says, angrily.

"But, my lord," cried poor Jenkins, "the highwaymen—"

"Well, well," says he, shrilly, "send 'em away. You must get rid of 'em," and he looked testily at the butler.

But by this time with the noise of our talking the whole house was awake, and there came the sound of doors opening, and forth from dark passages broke lights, and faces peeped over balustrades.

"My lord," said I, for 'twas time for me to think of old Jeffreys outside, "'tis true there's highwaymen without, but I can think of a way to trap 'em."

"'Tis well some one has his wits," says he, pettishly. "Well, what would you do?"

"I would let the captain in," said I, "when he knocks on the door, and shutting him off from his fellows, fall upon him and take him."

"What then?" said he.

"Why," says I, "you may then make your terms with the gang, having him for a hostage."

"Why did you not think of that, Jenkins?" said the old gentleman, querulously. "Jenkins, you shall capture the captain as this gentleman advises."

But Jenkins's face fell, and he fidgeted with his fingers: 'twas plain the mission was not to his taste. There was no time to spend upon such tremors, for indeed I knew that Jeffreys would be getting suspicious in his mind, and I was now resolute to put a score upon him for his ugly behavior. So said I: "There is no need, my lord, to entrust the matter to Jenkins here, seeing that all may bear a hand. I make no doubt that there be weapons of a kind, and if Mr. Jenkins, may be, will jump on the villain's back when he is down—"

"Faith, that will I," said Jenkins, stoutly, and armed himself forthwith with a warming-pan that hung upon the walls.

And that act setting the note, the company broke away in a commotion, each securing some form of a missile wherewith to assail the miscreant. And with that, as if the affair was already at an end, the old gentleman pulls his wrapper close around him and returns very coolly to his bed. But I had no time for these observations, for now was come the occasion upon which my scheme depended, and,

"There he knocks," says I, suddenly.

But they were all so cluttered with their fears and their excitement that not one of them but believed I spoke the truth.

"Lord, how savage he knocks!" says a wench, with a shiver, and lays hold of a lackey's arm.

I went down to the door, and upon the first lifting of the latch they popped away like rabbits in a warren. There, sure enough, was his lordship, in a mighty trepidation and with an ugly scowl.

"Come in," says I, in a whisper; "the Prince was abed, but will see you at once, my lord."

He came over the threshold, and—clap—I shut the door behind him; and when that was done I breathed more freely, for I knew that I was secure in my game. The Chief Justice, looking very fine and stately, advanced down the solitary hall, emerging under the dim light; and then, all of a sudden, a hassock came rustling through the air and took him in the belly. Over he went with a little gasp, and measured his length upon the floor. Upon that leaps out my friend Jenkins with his warming-pan, and bestriding his lordship's back, sets to belaboring for dear life. Immediately after, and encouraged by this, others of the lackeys sprang forth and fell to maltreating the poor cully where he lay.

"Take that, you lousy knave, you?" says one fat wench, and turns over him a kitchen utensil of some kind.

"Let me scratch his eyes!" cries another; and Lord love you, what with their exclamations and the screaming, to say nothing of the noise of Jenkins's warming-pan and his lordship's angry oaths, you would have thought that bedlam was broke loose.

But in the midst of it all I caught suddenly a sound of horses' hoofs upon the gravel, and on the top of that came a hammering at the door. I am no fool to outstay my welcome, and so thinks I that the time is come, and seizing a light that stood near by I made straight through the midst of that uproar and plunged into the nether darkness of the house. Here, by picking my way through divers passages, I presently came forth by a side door, and passed out into the night. A shrill whistle in the old way fetched Calypso to me whinnying, and as I put my hand upon her bridle I turned back and listened. There was that pandemonium still within the hall, reaching me faintly through the open doorway, and the escort was still hammering on the hall door. Then I leaped into the saddle and turned the mare's nose down a side track in the park, and the last I heard as I rode off, chuckling to myself, was the noise of the escort pounding on the door.



Old Chester Tales.

By MARGARET DELAND.

THE CHILD'S MOTHER.

I.

THE winter of the "long frost" has never been forgotten in Old Chester. The river was frozen over solidly from the frightfully cold Sunday, just after Christmas, when Dr. Lavendar staid at home and Sam Wright read the service, until the February thaw. Not that the thermometer was unreasonable; once in a while, to be sure, it did drop below zero, but for the greater part of the time there was only a dark, persistent cold, with high bleak winds; it was too cold for the soft silencing of snow-storms, though the flakes came sometimes, reluctantly, in little hard pellets, which were blown from the frozen ruts of the roads in whirls of icy dust. It was a deadly sort of cold that got into the bones, the old people said. Anyhow it got on to the nerves; certainly there never was a winter in Old Chester when so many things went wrong. There were happenings among his people that bowed Dr. Lavendar's heart down with sorrow and pain. The "poor Smiths'" eldest son brought final disgrace upon their honest name by fleeing his country with money that was not his own. Brave, high-minded, quick-tempered old James Shields died. The Todds

quarrelled violently while that black cold held; and the eldest Miss Ferris was very, very ill. Mrs. Drayton, a little, foolish hypochondriac with a bad temper, became unusually anxious about her spiritual condition, and felt it necessary to see her clergyman several times a week. To be sure, her solicitude for her soul was checked by Dr. Lavendar's calling her "woman," and telling her that it was more important to be amiable in her family than to make her peace with God.

"He has no spirituality," Mrs. Drayton said, weeping angrily; and did not send for him again for a fortnight.

It was early in that February that old Mrs. King died, and though that meant that her daughter Rachel might draw a free breath after years of most wearing attendance, it meant also the grief of the poor daughter, whose occupation was gone.

Yes, it was a hard, dreary winter, and the old minister's heart was often heavy in his breast; and when one day there came to him a sorrow and a sin that did not concern any of his own people, he had a curious sense of relief in dealing with it.

"It doesn't touch any of 'em, thank the Lord!" he said to himself. Yet there was a puzzle in it that was to grow until it did touch—and very near home, too. But Dr. Lavendar did not see that at the beginning, fortunately.

It was one Monday. Dr. Lavendar never had "blue Mondays"—perhaps because he preached old sermons; perhaps because he was so dogmatically sure that the earth was the Lord's, and so were all the perplexities in it, and all the sorrows, too. On this particular Monday, just after dinner, he sat down by the fire (he had been out all the morning in the sleet and snow, so he felt he had earned a rest); he put on his preposterous old flowered cashmere dressing-gown, and sat down by the fire, and lighted his pipe, and began to read *Robinson Crusoe*. Dr. Lavendar had long since lost count of the number of times he had read this immortal book, but that never interfered with his enjoyment of it; he had lost count of the number of times he had smoked his pipe, if one comes to counting things up. He had a way of sniffing and chuckling as he read, and he was oblivious to everything about him—even to the fire going out sometimes, or his little grizzly dog climbing up into the chair beside him, or the door opening and shutting. The door opened and shut now, and he never heard it; only, after a while he felt an uncomfortable sense of being watched, and looked up with a start that made Danny squeak and scramble down to the floor. A girl was sitting opposite him, her heavy eyes fixed on his face.

"Why—when did you come in?" he said, sharply. "Who are you?"

"I'm Mary Dean, sir. I come in a few minutes ago. I didn't want to disturb you, sir." She said it all heavily, with her miserable eyes looking past him, out of the window into the falling sleet. It was plain what was her trouble, poor child! The old man looked at her keenly, in silence; then he said, cheerfully:

"Come, come, we must have a better fire than this. You are cold, my dear. Suppose you drink a cup of tea, and then we will talk."

"I don't want no tea, sir, thank you," she answered. "I thought you might help me. I came from Upper Chester," she went on, vaguely. She looked about her as she spoke, and a little interest crept into her flat, impersonal voice. "Why are them swords hangin' over the mantel?" she asked; and then added, sighing, "I'm in trouble."

"How did you come down from the upper village in such weather?" Dr. Lavendar asked her, gently, after a minute's pause.

"I walked, sir."

He exclaimed, looking at her anxiously, "You must have dry clothing on, my child, and some food, before you say another word!"

The girl protested, weakly: "I ain't cold; I ain't hungry. I only thought you'd tell me what to do."

But of course she had to be taken care of. If his Mary had not had thirty years' experience of his "perfectly obsolete methods," as the new people expressed it, she might have been surprised to find herself waiting on this poor fallen creature, while Dr. Lavendar urged her to eat and drink, and showed her how Danny begged for bread with one paw on his nose and one outstretched. Afterwards, when the young woman, fed and clothed, was comforted enough to cry, the old man listened to her story. It was not a new one. When one hears it, one knows the heads under which it divides itself—van-

ity first; love (so called) next; weakness in the end. It is so pitiful and foolish that to call it by the awful name of sin is almost to dignify it. The girl, as she told it, brightened up; she began to enjoy what was to her a dramatic situation; she told him that she "had always been real respectable, but she had been deceived"; that she hadn't a friend in the world—"nobody to take no interest in her," as she put it—for her father and mother were dead; and, oh, she was that unhappy! "I 'ain't slept a wink for 'most a month. I cry all night," she burst out. "I just do nothing at all but cry, and cry!"

"Well, I guess it's the best thing you can do," he answered, quietly.

Mary looked disappointed, and tossed her head a little. Then she said that of course she hadn't let on to anybody in Upper Chester what was wrong with her, because all her lady and gentlemen friends had always respected her. "That's why I came down here; I didn't want anybody at home to know," she explained, rocking back and forth miserably.

And then, perhaps because his face was so grave, she said, with a little resentment, that, anyway, it was her first misstep; "there's lots of girls worse than me;—and he's a *gentleman*," she added, lifting her head airily. Her glimmer of pride was like the sparkle of a scrap of tinsel in an ash heap. He would have married her, she went on, defending herself, only he was married already, so he really couldn't, she supposed.

Dr. Lavendar did not ask her the man's name, nor suggest any appeal to him for money; he had certain old-fashioned ideas about minding his own business in regard to the first matter, and certain other ideas concerning the injury to any lingering self-respect in the woman if the man bought his way out of his responsibility. He let her wander on in her vague, shallow talk. It was hard to see what was romance and what was truth. She had so far recovered herself as to laugh a little, foolishly, and say once more she "had made a mistake, of course," but if Dr. Lavendar would just help her, it should never happen again. "This time I'll keep my promise," she said, beginning to cry.

"*This* time?" said Dr. Lavendar to himself. "Ho!"

"What shall I do?" she said. "If my mother was to hear it, I suppose she'd kill me—"

"Your mother?" he repeated. "You said—"

But she did not notice her slip.

"Oh dear! I don't know what's going to become of me, anyhow. And I haven't a cent of money!"

With shaking fingers she opened her flat thin pocket-book, and disclosed a few cents. This, at least, seemed to be true. "I'd die before any of my friends should know about it!" she sobbed.

Dr. Lavendar let her cry. He looked at her once or twice gravely, but he did not speak; he was wondering what woman in the parish he could call upon to help him. He was not stern with her, and he was not repelled or shocked by her depravity, as a younger man might have been in his place. He was old, and he was acquainted with grief, and he knew that this poor creature's wretchedness had in it, as yet, no understanding of sin; she was only inconvenienced by the consequences of wrong-doing. But the old man believed that the whip of shame and pain could drive her, as the Lord means it shall, into an appreciation of the expediency of morality—that first low step up to the full realization of the beauty of holiness. Being old, he knew all this, and was patient and tender with the poor fool, and did not look for anything so high, so awful, so deep, as what is called repentance. And then, beside the knowledge of life, which of itself makes the intellect patient, the situation was one which appealed profoundly to this old man who had never known the deep experience of paternity. The woman—so inextricably deep in the mire, the soul of her killed, almost before it had been born, the chances of her moral nature torn out of helpless, childless hands that did not know enough to protect them—a kitten drowned before its eyes were open! And the child—the baby, unborn, undesired, weighted with what an inheritance! There was no baseness in this poor cheap flimsy creature that could arouse a trace of scorn in him. He let her cry for a while, and then he said, mildly,

"Where is your other child?" She started, and looked over her shoulder in a half-frightened way, and said:

"Why! how did you know? Oh, well, my soul! I won't deceive you: I—I left it in Albany with my sister. She's supporting it."

Dr. Lavendar sighed. "It's a pity you

can't be truthful, Mary. I could help you better, you know. However, I won't ask you to tell the truth. I'll only ask you not to tell me any lies. That's easier, I guess. Come, now promise me you won't tell me any more lies."

Of course she promised, sobbing a little, and fingering her poor empty pocket-book. After all, that was the important thing. What was he going to do for her? She had no money, and she could not get any work; and if this minister wouldn't look after her, she would have to go to the poorhouse. But he was going to look after her: that was Dr. Lavendar's way. For, it must be admitted, Dr. Lavendar did not understand many things; he was only a little, feeble, behind-the-times old clergyman. Out of his scanty salary he was half supporting one shiftless woman with an enormous family, and a paralytic old man, and a consumptive girl. He did not stop to reflect that he was inviting mothers to burden society with their offspring, and encouraging old men to become paralytics, and offering a premium to consumption. No; he fed the hungry and clothed the naked, and never turned his face from the face of any poor man. He was not scientific; he was only human. He hoped and he believed that salvation was possible for every one—and so for this poor fallen woman with the empty pocket-book, whom he was going to look after. But he had to think about it a little while; so he bade her wait, while he went and fumbled among his papers and memoranda, and found the address of a worthy woman in Upper Chester who would take her to board and give her the care and attendance that she was going to need. Then he made a little calculation in his own mind that had reference to a certain old book that he meant to buy, and then thrust out his lip and said, "Foolishness, foolishness!" under his breath, and brought a little roll of money and put it into her hand.

"You can go back on the stage to Upper Chester, and then you are to go to this street and number, and give this note to the kind woman who lives there. She will take you in, my child, and I will come and see you in a few days."

II.

If Susan Carr had been in Old Chester that winter, Dr. Lavendar would have handed Mary Dean over to her, but she was paying a long visit in Mercer, and there seemed to be nobody to look after the young woman but himself. Certainly he could not ask Miss Maria Welwood; she would have been most anxiously, tremulously kind, but her consciousness of the impropriety of the situation would have made her useless. Mrs. Dale was too stern; Mrs. Wright's large family took up all her time; Rachel King—well, yes, there was Rachel King. But her mother had just died, and Rachel needed a little time to breathe without any duty.

"Bless her heart!" he said to himself, "Rachel sha'n't have any more work to do for a while, anyhow."

There was Annie Shields; but she was as busy as she could be, and on the whole—no, it was not that kind of interested, sentimental, bustling touch that this poor waif needed. So he put the girl into Mrs. Wiley's charge at Upper Chester, and took the long stage ride twice a week to visit her, and paid her board, and begged baby clothing for her, and watched over her in his queer, kind, dogmatic way.

"He's awful fond of fussin'," the girl said, wearily.

Mrs. Wiley had always a string of complaints ready for him: Mary was such a dreadful liar! She was that ungrateful, Mrs. Wiley had never seen the like of it! She hadn't any decent feelings, anyhow, for she made eyes at the baker's boy till Mrs. Wiley said she'd put her out on the sidewalk if she didn't behave!

"Wait; wait," he would say. "She'll love the child, and she'll be a better girl."

"It don't follow," said Mrs. Wiley, with a significant toss of her head. "She allows she left her first child in New York with an aunt, and I can't see as it reformed her any."

However, neither Mrs. Wiley's deductions nor the conflict in poor Mary's stories prevented Dr. Lavendar from hoping. After the baby was born, he was eager to see the mother, peering into her face with anxious eyes, as though he thought that the benediction of a baby's hand must have blotted out shiftiness and sensuality and meanness. But Mary only came out of the experience of birth with her smooth, shallow face prettier than ever. Then Dr. Lavendar bade Mrs. Wiley wait yet a little longer. "Wait until she begins to love it, and then we'll see!" he said.

"Oh, she loves it enough," Mrs. Wiley conceded, grudgingly. "I don't deny she loves it. When I take it up, she looks at me just like our old cat does when I touch her kittens. Yes, she loves it fast enough; but she's a bad girl, that's what she is, Dr. Lavendar!"

As for Dr. Lavendar himself, he was immensely entertained by the baby, though somewhat afraid of it. He used to hold it cautiously on his knee, chuckling to himself at its little, pink, clawlike hands, which grasped vaguely at him, and at its funny, nodding, bald head, and its tiny, bubbling lips. Mary would watch him languidly, and would laugh too, as though it was all an excellent joke.

"If it was a boy, I'd name it after you," she said, with coy facetiousness. At which Dr. Lavendar came out of his sunny mood, and said "Ho!" gruffly, and put the baby down. The girl was so utterly devoid of any understanding of the situation that, in spite of his hopefulness, she shocked him again and again. However, he kept on "looking after her."

The child was baptized Anna, though Mary had suggested Evelina. "Mary," Dr. Lavendar said, solemnly, "was your mother a good woman?"

"My mother?" the girl said, wincing. "She's—dead. She *was* good. My land! if she'd lived I wouldn't 'a' been here!" For once the easy tears had not risen; she looked at him sullenly, as though she hated him for some glaring contrast that came into her thoughts. "That's honest," she added, simply.

"Then we will name the baby after her, because she was good," he said; and "Anna," was accordingly "grafted into the body of Christ's church."

After that he found a place for Mary to work, where she might have the baby with her. "The child and good honest work will save her," he would say to himself; but he used to shake his head over her when he sat smoking his pipe and thinking about his little world. "And that poor baby!" he would say, looking, perhaps, at his wrinkled forefinger, and thinking how the baby had clutched it.

Once he told Rachel King about it all, and how pretty the child was—that was when it was five months old, and the red and clawing stage was past, and the small bald head was covered with shining, silken rings of hair, and its eyes, no longer hid in creases of soft baby flesh, were blue and smiling, and its little mouth cooed for kisses.

"Oh," cried Rachel King, "to think that such a creature should have it!"

Not that Rachel King was hard, or that she had the shrinking that good Miss Maria Welwood would have had; but her whole heart rose at the mention of a baby. "The little darling," she said; and the color came up into her face, and her eyes gleamed. "I don't believe she loves it a bit."

"Oh yes, she does," said Dr. Lavendar, with a sigh—"yes, she does—in her way. And, Rachel, the baby may save her, you know. Yes, I believe she loves it."

"I don't," said Rachel King, stoutly; "not if this last story of her 'keeping company' with somebody is true. Why doesn't she devote herself to the baby?"

Rachel was sitting out in the garden with Dr. Lavendar; he had been smoking and watching the bees, and she had dropped in to gossip awhile. She was a large, maternal-looking woman of thirty-five. Silent and placid, with soft, light-brown hair parted in the middle and drawn smoothly down and back from a wide forehead, under which shone mild and brooding gray eyes—the eyes of a woman who was essentially, and always, and deeply, a mother; that look that can only come from experience.

But what had Rachel mothered in the last nineteen years!

When she was sixteen years old, Mrs. King fell ill; it was one of those illnesses from which we turn away our eyes, shuddering and humbled. Oh, our poor human nature! the pity of it, the shame of it, yet the helplessness and innocence of it! Rachel's mother gradually but swiftly came to be a child—in everything but years. She had lost a baby, and the grief had shaken the foundations of life. They first suspected how things were with the poor mind by the way she pored over the little clothes the dead child had worn, folding them and unfolding them, and talking to them, with little foolish laughter. It was then that some one whispered to some one else that Ellen King was not herself. So it went on, little by little;—at first knowing, and rebelling with horror and with disgust; then, after a while, passively, she sank down into the bog of the merely animal. When Rachel was eighteen the last glim-

mer of the woman died out; there was left an eating, breathing, whimpering thing. She had her doll by that time, and Rachel used to tuck a bib under the poor shaking chin and feed her, and push down the naughty hands that tried to grasp the spoon, and wipe the milky lips, and kiss her, and—honor her. This was her baby, her duty, her passionately tender occupation—but it was her *mother;* and Rachel King's days ought to be long in the land! When she was about twenty-one a lover appeared, but she sent him away. "I can't leave mother. Father can't take care of her, you know, and Willie will be getting married some day. But it wouldn't be right that you should have to live with her," she said, wistfully. The lover protested; but she heard the weak note behind the affectionate words, and after that she was quite firm. "No; it can't be. I see that it couldn't possibly be." When he had gone, she went up to her mother's room and put her arms around her, and hid her eyes on her breast. "Oh, mother, mother!" she said, "can't you speak to me—just once?"

Mrs. King stroked the soft straight hair for a moment, and then plucked at it angrily, and cried and screamed, and said she wanted her dolly.... That had been Rachel's life for nineteen years; for Mrs. King had lived, and lived, and lived. All around her in the anxious, heavy-laden world sweet and buoyant and vital souls were sucked down into death; but the imbecile old woman went on living. Mr. King died in the early part of his wife's illness; and about eight years before the end came, William, the only son who lived at home, married, and went to a house of his own. He married a Mercer girl, who commended herself to him by her great good sense. Old Chester was not quite pleased that Willie should leave his mother and Rachel all alone, though it said, approvingly, that Martha Hayes would make the doctor a good wife. But what could the young man do? The sensible Mercer girl said, frankly, that she was very fond of Willie, but she simply *would not* live in the same house with his mother. Indeed, such was her Mercer sense (it certainly was not of Old Chester) that she said, during the latter part of her engagement, that she did not think it was quite prudent for a young married lady to live in the same house with such a frightful old creature!

So Rachel was left all alone with her child. It was a busy life, in its constant attendance; yet somehow it is the busy people who can always do a little more. If there was sickness in a neighbor's family, Rachel King took possession in a tranquil, sensible way; when there was death, her large, gentle hands were ready with those sacred touches that are so often left to hirelings; when there was sorrow, her soft breast was a most comforting pillow. So year by year went by, until the final flicker of her mother's life dropped into mere breathing—into silence—into death. And year by year the lines of maternity deepened in the daughter's face, until she was all mother.

Then, she was childless.

Oh, after such shame, how humanity raises itself in glorious death! Even Rachel, mourning and bewildered by the loss of occupation, felt it dumbly—the dignity, the mercy, the graciousness, of death! And to the poor soul, fettered in gross flesh, stumbling, stifling, struggling, what must it have been to emerge into the clean spaces of the stars!

After that, of course, Rachel could live her own life. But there was no question of a lover now; he had a wife and five children in another State. She could not go and live with Willie; her sensible sister-in-law (against this day) had for years been saying how foolish it was to live in other people's families; and Rachel had taken the hint. There were no nephews and nieces to love — nobody, indeed, to whom she was a necessity. Of all the bitter and heavy things in this sorry old world, the not being necessary is the bitterest and heaviest. With a deep, simple nature, a nature of brooding love, Rachel King had nothing in her life but the crumbs that fell from richer tables—the friendly acceptance of those services she was so happy to give. But she had nothing of her very own.

"To think that that creature has a baby!" she said, pressing her lips into a hard line.

"Well, well; we'll hope it will save her," Dr. Lavendar repeated.

"But think of the baby," Rachel insisted. "What kind of a bringing-up will it have?" She sighed as she spoke, not knowing that the necessity of her own empty arms and wide lap and deep soft bosom dictated the words.

"Well, Rachel, if we took the infants away from all the unworthy mothers, we'd have a pretty large orphan-asylum," Dr. Lavendar said, chuckling, "and it wouldn't be only the Mary Deans who would have to give 'em up, either. No, no; I believe the Lord understands this matter better than we do. The baby will make a woman of Mary yet!"

"Suppose she teaches it to tell lies?" Rachel King suggested.

"Ho! Suppose it teaches her to tell the truth?" he demanded. "No, Rachel. That baby is a missionary, a 'domestic missionary,' as you might say. I've great hopes for Mary—great hopes."

III.

But Dr. Lavendar's hopes were greatly tried. In spite of the saving grace of a baby, bad reports came from the family for whom Mary Dean worked—she was an inveterate liar; she was untidy, and coarse in mind and body; she was dishonest—not in any large way, but rather in small meannesses.

"The only good thing about her is she *is* fond of that blessed baby," her exasperated mistress said once. "She kisses it sometimes as if she were possessed. But then, again, she'll slap it real hard if it slops its dress, or, maybe, pulls her hair when it's playing. It's a great baby to play," the good woman said, softening as she spoke.

However, Dr. Lavendar kept on hoping. Then came a time when he could hope no longer. It was one night in August—his Mary's night out, as it chanced. Dr. Lavendar came home from Wednesday evening lecture, plodding along in the darkness, a lantern swinging in one hand and his stick in the other. He was humming over to himself, with husky clearings of his voice at the end of each line, the last hymn:—

"The spa—cious fir—mament o-on hi-gh,
And a-all the blue—ethereal sky—"

Then he fumbled for his latch-key and came up to his own door-step, where was lying a little heap that moved and said, "Goo—oo—oo."

Dr. Lavendar stood still for a moment, and felt very cold. Then he stooped down and held the lantern over the baby's face. At that there was an unmistakable wail of fright, that sharp "*A-a-ach!*" that pierces the unaccustomed ear with such curious dismay. One wonders why, to the unbabied adult, that cry is so piercing and so unpleasant; fathers and mothers bear it with equanimity, and even seem to find it a cause for pride. Perhaps it is because, being a reminder of one's own remote past, it is a shock to one's vanity. "Did I ever squirm and screech and claw like that? *I?* Impossible!" It is a humiliating reflection, and half of us don't believe it. Dr. Lavendar did not explain his pained surprise at the baby's cry, but he certainly shrunk a little; then he lifted it up and carried it into the study; he put it down in his arm-chair, and stumbled about for matches to light the lamp; in his anxiety he did not even take off his flapping felt hat, which encircled his face like a black nimbus. Holding the lamp in his hand, he came and stood over the bundle in his chair; the baby stopped crying and sucked in its lower lip, and returned his gaze. It was Mary's child. He recognized it at once, and did not need the dirty scrap of paper pinned on its breast:

"*Mr. Lavendar i cant do for baby no longer it cries nights and do keep me awake and i got to do my work next day all the same and i cant stand it no longer and i cant do for it no longer i am sorrie i pittie poor baby to be left alone and i love my baby just as much as if i was married but i have to put it away i will never come back any more so get it a home and please excuse no more at present from your friend Miss Mary Dean P S i have decided to name it Evelina.*"

He read it, and then he looked at the baby blinking at the lamp-light, in his arm-chair. "If you'll just wait a minute," he said, in an agitated voice, "I'll—I'll—I'll get a woman!"

The baby yawned; he saw the roof of its small pink mouth, like a kitten's. "I'll return immediately," he assured it, nervously; and hurried, almost running, out to the kitchen. But his maid-servant was not there. "What shall I do?" he said. "Very likely it ought to be fed, or something. Perhaps it wants to be held. I'll get Rachel."

It was easy to get Rachel King, as she lived but a stone's-throw away; she was locking her front door when, half-way down the street, he called her and waved his lantern; and Rachel, in her placid mind, foresaw a sudden illness some-

where, and a night's watching before her. His breathless explanation sent her hurrying faster than he could walk back to the parsonage. When he got there she had the baby on her knee, and was taking off the faded shawl that the mother had wrapped around it, and mumbling her lips over the little dimpled arm.

"There's a pin somewhere that has scratched her," she said. "There, you little darling. Oh, dear me, Dr. Lavendar, that shawl is so dirty! And look at this scratch on her little hand. There—there—there. Why, her little feet are as cold as stones!" She gathered the small feet into her hand, and cuddled the child up against her breast. "I feel her shiver!" she said, angrily. "I believe that wretched girl has given her her death of cold leaving her on that stone step. There, dear; there—there. Dear baby, bless your little heart! She says she 'was frightened all alone in the dark; frightened most to death,' she says. Yes, darling, yes. 'I was scared,' she says, 'and I was drefful cold.' There, now, are your little feet warm?"

Dr. Lavendar stood looking down at her, greatly relieved.

"What am I going to do with it to-night?" he said, anxiously.

"Oh, I am going to take her home, sir. Dr. Lavendar, *give her to me?*"

"Oh, well, Rachel, I hope the mother will come back, you know. And, in fact, I suppose our first duty is to get hold of her and make her take it."

"What!" she interrupted, "when she deserted her? Give a child back to such a mother? No! she doesn't deserve it!"

"But, perhaps," he ventured, "the work really was too hard? There's her letter. You see what she says. I certainly ought to try to get a different kind of place for her, where she won't have so much to do. It is hard to be kept awake at night and then have to work, you know. We must try to make it possible for her to keep it, poor girl."

"Dr. Lavendar, any woman who could write such a letter ought not to be allowed to have a baby," Rachel said. "But I don't believe we'll ever hear from her again. Anyhow, I'm going to take her home with me to-night."

"I wish you would, my dear, I wish you would," Dr. Lavendar said, "and to-morrow we can decide what we ought to do."

Rachel smiled, her eyes narrowing a little, but she said nothing. She wrapped the child up in her skirt. "I won't have that shawl touch her," she said, decidedly.

"Won't it cry if you take it out in the dark?" Dr. Lavendar inquired, meekly.

Rachel laughed.

"'It'!" she said. "*She* won't cry in my arms."

That night was a wonderful one to Rachel King. The washing of the soft, uncared-for baby flesh; the feeding of the warmed and comforted little body; then the putting the child to sleep, sitting in a low chair, and rocking slowly back and forth, back and forth, crooning, crooning, crooning, her shadow dipping and rising across the ceiling of the faintly lighted room. When the baby was asleep Rachel looked over the rough, grimy clothing, shaking her head, and touching the little petticoats with disgusted fingers.

"Ach—dirty!" she said. "They sha'n't touch her again; she's as clean as a flower now."

And then she took her candle and went up through the silent house to the garret. Whenever Rachel came up here under the rafters of the old house, she thought what a place it would be for children to play on rainy days. Well, now, perhaps a little child should play here; a little girl might use that old doll-house set back against the big brick chimney. Rachel's breath quickened as this thought leaped up in her heart. She put the candle down on a chest, and, from under the eaves, pulled out an old horse-hair trunk; when she opened it a scent of dried roses and sweet clover came from the clean old baby linen that had been lying there some twenty years. Poor Mrs. King, staggering from reason to imbecility, had put the little clothes away; and every spring, for her sake, Rachel took them out, and aired them, and put them back again.

On top of the baby clothes lay a battered old doll; when she lifted it Rachel drew in her breath as though something hurt her. Then she began to sort out the things she needed for the little rosy child of dishonor and sin. The candle flickered in the draught from the open door, and cast her great shadow across the ceiling as, gently, she took up one little garment after another. As she shook out the knitted shirts and brushed some rose leaves from the folds of the yellowing slips, a sense of providing for her own came

warmly to her breast. Her baby! She took her candle and went down stairs again, the pile of clothing on her arm.

The baby slept, warm and quiet, on Rachel's bed; she bent over it to feel its soft breath on her cheek; then she gathered its feet into her hand to be sure that they were warm, and lifted the arm which was thrown up over its head and put it under the cover. It seemed as though she could not take her eyes away from the child, even that she might undress and lie down beside it. And when she did it was not to sleep; a dozen times she raised herself on her elbow to look down at the little figure beside her, and listen for its breathing, and lift its small relaxed hand to her lips. Sometimes she thought of the woman who had deserted it; but never as if any of her shame were connected with the child's personality. Only with indignation—and thankfulness!

It was a night of birth to this childless woman.

In those first days she did not ask Dr. Lavendar whether he was taking any steps to find the baby's mother, but she lived breathlessly. "I'll *buy* her, if that creature comes back," she said to herself, over and over. But the creature did not come back, though Dr. Lavendar tried his best to find some trace of her, to urge upon her the duty of caring for her child. And after a while Rachel's plan and plea seemed to the old minister the only way out of the matter: Rachel wanted the baby; and its own mother evidently did not; so it had best remain with Rachel. Certainly for the child there could be no question as to which lot in life was best for it.

But it was several months before Rachel King felt assured possession. "The mother may come back for it," Dr. Lavendar reminded her many times, "so don't let's be in a hurry." But in the end it was settled as Rachel wished. The mother drifted off into the world; and the little waif, which had drifted into a home, grew into a flowerlike child, pretty and happy and good.

IV.

It was a most peaceable Old Chester childhood that came to little Anna, for Rachel preserved the traditions of the town in bringing her up—and that meant love and obedience, and the sweet, attendant grace of reverence, of which, alas, childhood is so often robbed in these emancipated days. In Old Chester the bringing up of their children occupied the women in a way at once religious and intellectual. Practically they had no other interest; individualism and the sense of social responsibility, those two characteristics of the modern woman, were not even guessed at—indeed, they would have been thought exceedingly unladylike. But the care of the individual child and the sense of responsibility for its morals made the interest and excitement and occupation of the mothers' lives. The great fear was that children might be "spoiled"; hence it was a subject for prayer that no sinful human instinct, no mere maternal feeling, should be allowed to interfere with discipline. Infants were punished, children were trained, youth was admonished, with religious devotion. It was a matter of pious pride that Mrs. Dale's first baby had cried himself into a spasm on being forced to drink the skin on scalded milk. It was perhaps unfortunate that Mrs. Dale should have tried to make the child take the crinkling skum in the first place; but having tried, having called in several serious mothers to advise and wrestle with the ten months' baby, having forced teaspoons between small wet lips, and held little fighting, struggling hands, it was imperative that she should succeed. She succeeded. To be sure, later on, young Eben Dale quarrelled with his mother, and sowed enough wild oats to feed the Augean stables; but he reformed in time to die at thirty in the odor of sanctity—his conversion being, Mrs. Dale believed, due to that rigid discipline of his youth (and the mercy of God). Old Chester children were prayed for, and agonized over, and sent supperless to bed, with a chapter in the Bible to be committed to memory by the light of one uncertain candle shining through their hungry tears. And most of them are grateful for it now.

As for Rachel King, she observed these traditions in the way in which she cared for Anna; but it was always with tenderness. And Anna was a dear and happy little child. She never knew that her aunt, as she called Rachel, thought, and planned, and fairly lived in her life. It would have been contrary to Rachel's principles to allow the child to feel herself important; but nothing escaped the kind eyes, the far-seeing love, that pun-

ished and praised with that calm justice which children so keenly appreciate. The little girl's physical well-being was of absorbing interest to Rachel, but her spiritual well-being was a religion to the quiet, matter-of-fact woman, who did not look any more capable of spiritual passion than did some gentle, ruminative cow lying under a big tree in a sunny meadow. Anna's possible inheritance was a horror to Rachel, and when the child told her first lie her foster-mother was nearly sick with dismay and anxiety. It was only one of the romancing lies as common to childhood as playing. Anna recited a long tale of how she went to Dr. Lavendar's and rung the bell, and then tried to reach up to the knocker, and tumbled down, and saw a large toad looking at her from beside the front steps, and how she was so frightened she ran every step of the way home. Rachel, when she found this was pure invention, nearly broke her heart. Alarmed and stern, she carried the story to Dr. Lavendar, who chuckled over it, and blinked his eyes, and said:

"And she never left the yard, you say, the whole afternoon? Well, well! what an imagination!"

"But, Dr. Lavendar, it was a lie," Rachel said, staring at him with dismay.

"My dear, you can't say a child of four is a liar. Did you mean to punish her?"

Rachel nodded, and sighed.

"Don't you do it! Laugh at her. That's all she needs. Tell her it's foolish to say things happened that didn't happen. Time enough to punish her when she does it to gain an end. Don't you see it was a tale to the child?"

"But her—the woman who deserted her lied so!"

"Her mother?"

Rachel winced. "Yes, that—that woman."

"That's true; poor Mary didn't seem able to tell the truth. Well, I suppose it's natural for you, Rachel, to be afraid of the inheritance from her earthly mother; but mind you don't forget her inheritance from her Heavenly Father, my dear."

Rachel bent her head, solemnly, listening and comforted.

"Dear me, dear me!" Dr. Lavendar ruminated. "How He has provided for one of the least of His little ones: the deserted child of a woman who was a sinner! Rachel, I wonder where she is? Suppose she were to come back?"

Rachel King had gotten up to go, comforted and smiling, though the tears were near the surface; her face hardened instantly. "She won't come back; if she did, it would be nothing to me."

"She might want to know about the child—where she is, and all that."

"You wouldn't tell her?" Rachel said, with a gasp.

Dr. Lavendar put his pipe down, and stuck out his lips in a way he had when he was puzzled. "I've never spoken of it to you, Rachel, but I've wondered about it. Not that I think we'll ever hear from her, poor creature—"

"'*Poor*' creature?" Rachel interrupted, violently. "Lost creature! wretch! fiend!" It was like the sudden show of teeth and claws the way in which the face of this slow, mild woman flamed with rage. "I hope she is dead!"

Dr. Lavendar looked up at her, open-mouthed.

"Well, now, Rachel, aren't you a little—harsh, maybe? As for Anna, she is that poor sinner's child—"

"No, no!" Rachel King broke in. "No, Dr. Lavendar, I can't hear you say that; I *can't!* She is my child."

"Now, my dear, you know that is really foolish," he said, shaking his head. "That girl who gave her birth is her mother; ye can't get around that, Rachel."

"That—woman, is only the mother of—of her body," Rachel King said, in a low voice. "I am her mother, Dr. Lavendar. Anna is mine. No; that—creature will never come back; but if she did, it would make no difference; it would make no more difference to me than it would to Mrs. Wright and her Lydia, or—or any mother. My child is *mine.*"

"I wonder what the law would say?" Dr. Lavendar ventured, meekly.

"The law?" Rachel said. "What do I care for the law? That's man's word. God gave me that child, and only God shall take her from me!"

"But, Rachel," he protested, "a mother has a natural right; if she wanted her child (supposing she could feed it and take proper care of it), I think anybody would agree that she ought to have it."

Rachel King turned on him, panting; her hands were trembling, and her large face a dull, angry red. "Is food the only thing she needs, Dr. Lavendar? I would

rather Anna was dead, I would sooner kill her with my own hands, than have her go to that—creature!" Without another word she turned and walked away from him.

As for Dr. Lavendar, he sat still, perfectly confounded by her violence.

"How people do surprise you!" he said to himself at last. "Well, it appears Solomon knew what he was talking about. It was the real mother who said, 'in no wise slay it.' Curious how nature can always be relied on to tell the truth. But how Rachel did surprise me!"

However, Rachel did not surprise him in this way again; indeed, though she came to see him on this matter or on that, things were not quite the same between them. A deep resentment and distrust grew up in her mind. Dr. Lavendar had, to her way of thinking, showed an unfriendly and unfeeling disposition which she had never suspected in him. She did not speak of this resentment, of course; but it burned and smouldered, and never quite went out. The anger of slow, mild, loving people has a lasting quality that mere bad-tempered folk cannot understand. Rachel used to reproach herself for the hardness of her heart, and say that she must remember that Dr. Lavendar was getting old, and could not understand things;—"or else he would know that God gave Anna to me," she would say, over and over, her simple creed permitting the idea that her Creator had made a depraved mother commit the sin of abandoning her child so that another woman might have a child to love and care for. But she never again let the maternal passion burst out in such fierce words of possession.

Dr. Lavendar, however, pondered those words in his heart. He used to sit blinking at the fire, and rubbing Danny's ears, and thinking about it: after all, to whom did Anna really belong? Over and over he discussed it with himself, but only as an abstract proposition that interested him as any philosophical, impersonal question might. The first mother, so to speak, was gone, having resigned the baby to the chance of kindness; the second mother had taken her empty place, and was doing those neglected duties; thanks to her, little Anna was being brought up as a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven. But to whom did she really belong?

He pottered about over this question with the same mild intellectual enjoyment with which in his salad days he had discussed (and disposed of) the errors of the Socinians and the Pelagians. And by-and-by he made up his mind, and decided, in his dogmatic way, that "there was no question about it":

By the inalienable claim of nature Anna belonged to the woman who had brought her into the world.

So little Anna grew into a pleasant child. She was looked after a little more strictly than other children, and perhaps punished more; but it seemed as though she were loved more too. She had a very happy childhood: sewing, on a hassock at Rachel's feet, her hair parted smoothly over her round, pure forehead, and her bright eyes eager as any other child's to be through with her task and get out to play; romping in the garden with other little girls; playing with her doll—an old doll given her by Rachel, whose eyes, when she put it into Anna's hands, were wet, and who stroked the dolly's head as if she loved it; learning to read at Rachel's knee out of a brown book with two fat gilt cherubs on the cover, called *Reading Without Tears*. However, Anna's childhood had its tears, fortunately. Rachel's love was not of that poor fibre that spares the wholesome salt of tears in the bread of life. So little Anna laughed and cried and played, and grew into a dear, good child.

And when she was ten years old, all this was weighed in a balance against the "inalienable claim of nature."

V.

It was on Saturday, and the children were straggling up the street to the rectory for their catechism and collect class. Dr. Lavendar had had this class for forty years; the preceding generation had sat on the little hard benches in the dining-room, and learned that a collect was divided into three parts, the invocation, the petition, and the conclusion, just as this generation was learning it. Fathers and mothers, thirty years before, had recited in concert that their sponsors in baptism had renounced for them the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; and now they were permitting their children

to be reminded, once a week, that a like futile renunciation had been made for them.

On this particular Saturday it was raining, and was cold and blustery. But Old Chester children were brought up to believe that they were neither sugar nor salt; and so, when it was time to start, they trudged along through the rain and mud to the rectory. They were a sturdy, rosy set, very shy, quite clumsy, and stupidly, stolidly silent—unless they were spoken to. The class met in the dining-room, the table being pushed over in one corner, and some benches placed into two rows in front of a blackboard; there was always a dish of apples on a side-table (or jumbles, if it was summer); and the five or six boys and seven or eight girls kept an eye on it, to cheer them through the half-hour of the old minister's talk. Dear me! how that dish kept up a sinking heart when its owner was asked (no one ever knew where the lightning was going to strike, so there was no such thing as cramming beforehand), "*What is thy duty towards thy neighbor?*" When collect class was over, the apples or jumbles were handed around, and each child took one, and said, "Thank you, sir"; and then Danny was brought in and put through his tricks; and sometimes, if everything had gone very well, and "What desirest thou of God in this prayer," and "What is thy duty to thy neighbor?" had been answered without a mistake, and Dr. Lavendar was especially good-natured, they were taken into the study and shown the lathe, and the little boxes of garnets and topazes and amethysts; and perhaps — oh, *very* rarely, maybe three times a year—one boy and one girl were chosen, turn about, to put a foot upon the treadle and start the lathe. And then how the collect class stood about, gaping with interest and awe!

This class met at two, and was such an institution of Old Chester that nobody ever thought of calling, or getting married, or being buried, at two o'clock of a Saturday afternoon. But on this rainy January Saturday, a little before two, a carriage drove up to the rectory gate, and a fat, sleepy-looking man helped a very pretty young woman to alight. He held an umbrella over her in a stupid, uncertain way as they walked up the garden path, and she scolded him sharply, and told him to look out and not let it drip on her hat.

"What's the odds?" he said, good-naturedly. "I'll get you all the hats you want, Mamie."

"Here's the house," the young woman said. "Now, Gus, you sit out in the hall, and I'll talk to the old man."

"Why can't I come in too?"

"Oh, well, I'd rather see him alone," she said.

"All right," he responded, with a foolish grin.

Dr. Lavendar was in the dining-room, fussing over the arrangement of the little low benches, and printing the collect on the blackboard. The "O Lord" and the "Amen" were always written in very large letters, and the question, "What does Amen mean?" was always asked of the youngest Todd child, who was, poor boy, "wanting," and could only remember that one answer, which he recited as "*Sobeet.*"

"There's a man and woman to see you, sir," Mary said. "I believe they're strangers. I guess they want to be married."

"Ho! What do they mean by coming at this hour?" said Dr. Lavendar.

"I told 'em you had the children coming," Mary defended herself—Mary was always defending herself; it is a characteristic of her class—"but they allowed they had to get back to Mercer to get a train for Australia, and they couldn't wait."

"If they go by rail to Australia, they'll do well," said Dr. Lavendar. "Well, I guess I can marry 'em in ten minutes. Just be ready to come in, Mary, will you?"

Then he went shuffling out into the hall, where the man was sitting, holding his hat on his knees.

"No, sir; it's not me; it's my wife wants to see you. She's in beyont."

So they didn't want to get married. Dr. Lavendar saw Neddy Todd coming, rolling and stumbling and grinning, along the street, and he made haste to go into his study. Neddy's early arrival was one of those inflictions that belong to clergymen.

Of course, as soon as he entered his study, Dr. Lavendar knew the woman. She had grown a little heavier; she was very well dressed, and perhaps prettier than ten years before. It was the same face—mean and shallow and simpering;

but there was a hungry look in it that he did not understand.

"I don't know as you recognize me," she began, airily. "I was—"

"I recognize you. You are Mary Dean."

"Well, I *was*. I'm Mrs. Gus Larkin now. I'm married." She laughed a little as she spoke, with a coquettish toss of her head. "That's him out in the hall. We're going to live in Australia. We sail on Tuesday. He's a mechanical engineer, and he gets real good wages. Well, he says I can take baby. So I come to get her." Her face, as she spoke, changed and grew anxious, and her breath came quickly. "She's well?" she said. "She's—alive? Why don't you say something?" she ended, shrilly. "My baby ain't—dead, is she?"

"No; oh no; no," he said, feebly. Then he sat down and looked at her. Two umbrellas, bobbing against each other, came up the path. Two more children. He wondered who they were.

Mary was instantly relieved and happy. "Of course it's a long time since I've seen her," she began; "but there! there hasn't been a day I 'ain't thought of her. Is she pretty? Well, about two months ago he married me, and as soon as I got a home of my own I just thought I'd have baby. That was my first thought, though of course I was real glad to be respectable. But I'll have baby, I says to myself. Well, he's real kind; I'll say that for him. And he said I could have her. So I've come to get her. We're going back to Mercer to-night, because we've got to start to-morrow morning. And Tuesday we get on the ship. Baby—well, there! She ain't a baby now; I suppose she's grown a big girl? She'll be real interested in seein' a ship. I am myself. I never seen a ship, or an ocean. Oh, well, sir, you don't know what it is to me to get my baby back again!"

Her face moved suddenly, with tears, but she smiled. Dr. Lavendar felt a curious faintness; the suddenness of the thing—an abstraction violently materialized, so to speak—gave him a physical as well as a moral shock. The real mother, a married woman, "respectable," as she said, was asking, naturally, simply, for her child. And of course she must have it.

"I do not think," he said, slowly, his voice deep and trembling, "that you really love your child: ten years of indifference to her fate does not show much love!" He began to get his breath, and sat up straight in his chair, glowering at her under stern brows.

"Well," she defended herself, "of course I see how it looks to you. But—there! I couldn't have her with me. Why, how could I? and me—the way I was? Why, I *wouldn't*. I loved her, though, all the time. I don't know as you'll believe me?"

Dr. Lavendar said to himself that he did not believe her, but deep down in his heart, in a frightened way, he knew that she was speaking the truth. "How long have you been married?" he said. She told him, and added that "he" was perfectly respectable.

"What do you call respectable?" Dr. Lavendar said; and even in his alarm and confusion he knew, with shame, that there was contempt in his voice—"what do *you* call respectable?"

"Well, Gus never was took up, and he never kept company with them that was took up," she said, proudly; "and he gets good wages. Before we broke up to go to his place in Australia we had a Brussels carpet on our parlor floor, and a piano—(we were getting it on instalments, but then it's all the same; it was standing right in our bow-window). Baby 'll have a good home. He had twenty-two dollars a week, and he's going to have forty dollars in Melbourne. I'll dress her pretty, I can tell you!"

Respectability: "not to have been arrested!" Well! well! Anna, ten years old, trained in every sweet old-fashioned delicacy of thought and speech, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, was to be thrown into such "respectability"!

"Mary," he said, clearing his throat, but speaking huskily and with a shaking voice, "you gave your child away. Why do you want her now? She is in a good home, and has good friends. Why don't you leave her there?"

She listened to him in amazement, and then burst out laughing. "Leave her? Well, I guess I won't! I'm willing to pay the folks for her board, if they ask it. But a child don't eat much, and I guess they've made her work; a bound-out child works her passage every time. Still, I'll pay. As for leavin' her—why, I married him more to get her a good home than anything else!"

The room darkened with a splash of



"MARY TURNED WHITE; THEN SHE DROPPED DOWN AT HIS FEET."

rain against the window. Some more children came up through the garden, their umbrellas huddled together, and their little feet crunching the wet gravel of the path. He could hear the murmur of their chatter, and caught Theophilus Morrison's shrill inquiry, "Say, Lydia, 'what is required of persons to be baptisted?'" They came clattering into the hall; and then the house was silent again, except that the man waiting outside coughed and moved about restlessly.

"I never signed papers to adopt her out—did I? Well, then, the law'd give her to me. I'm her mother."

Her mother! Sacred and invincible word! There came keenly to his mind a phrase Rachel had used—"*only the mother of her body.*" Of course Rachel was wrong; but why hadn't she adopted Anna? for in the security of years, foolishly enough, the question of legal adoption had not been raised.

"Mary," he said, "think—think what you are doing!—to take her away from a good home. I'm sorry for you with all my heart; but I—I hope you won't do it."

She shook her head violently. "You needn't talk to me about good homes; I've got a good home for her. And I'm respectable."

"Oh, do give it up, Mary," he said, his voice shaking with agitation—"do consider her welfare! Mary, let me put it to your husband. He is kind, as you say, to be willing to take her; but let me tell him—"

"No." She went and stood in front of the door, with a frightened look. "No!"

"Let me tell him how it is," he insisted. He had it in mind to offer these people money.

Mary caught him by the wrist. "No, you—you mustn't. He—I told him it was my sister's child. He—don't know."

Dr. Lavendar fell back, but his face cleared. "A lie!" he said. "Mary, you're not worthy of her. What do I care if you gave her birth? You are nothing but her mother! She shall stay where she is!"

Mary turned white; then she dropped down at his feet. "Give me my baby," she said. "Oh, Mr. Lavendar, give me my baby!" She put her arms about his knees and looked up at him, her voice hoarse and whispering. "I must have her—I must have her!" She dropped her face on the floor, moaning like an animal. He looked down at her, the difficult tears of age standing in his eyes.

"Mary," he said, trying to lift her, "stop—stop and think of An—of the child's best good. And, besides, you have another child; why not get it?"

"Dead," she said, brokenly; "dead."

"I believe," he said, solemnly, "it is better dead than with you. Alas that I must say so! And as for this child, that you deserted ten years ago, when I say she must stay where she is, I am not thinking of—of the people she is living with, who would be heart-broken to part with her; I'm thinking of her future—"

"Well, but," she interrupted, passionately, "what about me? Haven't I any future? You've got to give her to me!"

But he knew from her confession that her husband was ignorant of her past, and that he held the situation in his hand; she could not force him to give Anna up unless she betrayed herself; and that, it was plain, she would not do.

"I tell you," she insisted, "I'll give her as good a home as anybody. Oh, my little, little baby! I want my baby! Oh, you haven't a heart in you, to kill me like this! My baby—" Again she broke off, gasping and sobbing. It was horrible and heart-breaking. A timid knock at the door came like a crash into their ears.

"Mamie?"

Mary leaped to her feet, brushing her hand over her eyes, and panting, but holding herself rigid.

("Don't tell him," she said, rapidly;) and then laughed, in a silly, breathless way. "Go 'way, Gus; I ain't through yet."

"I thought I heard you takin' on," he said, peering suspiciously into the room.

"Oh, get out with you!" she answered. "No; I was talking. Go back. I'll be out in a minute." The man withdrew, meekly.

Dr. Lavendar stood looking at her; he had no doubts now. "Not that which is natural, but that which is spiritual," he thought to himself. He wondered if the children had all come; he wondered if Anna was sitting on one of the little hard benches, saying her catechism over to some other child. Mary talked on, passionately, but in a low voice. She urged every conceivable reason for the custody of her child, ending by saying, in sudden

anger—for Dr. Lavendar only answered her by a slow, silent shake of the head—

"Well, I shouldn't think, if I'm so bad I can't have her, that the folks that has her would want a child with such bad blood in her!" She was trembling again, and ready for another wild burst of tears.

But as she spoke, Gus knocked again. "Say, Mame, we've *got* to go; we'll miss the train."

"Shut the door," she said. Then looked full into Dr. Lavendar's face. "*Will you give me my child?*"

"No," he said, pityingly.

She stared at him a moment, her eyes narrowing, hate and fear and misery in her face. "Then—I'll go to hell!" she said; and turned and left him, shutting the door behind her softly.

"Come on," she told the meek husband.

Gus followed her out into the rain.

"Are you goin' after the young one now?" he said.

"No. He won't let me get her. He says she'd ought to stay with the folks that took her when my sister died."

Gus opened the carriage door for her, and chuckled. "Well, now, Mame, it would be quite a change for her. We're strangers to her, and she might be homesick. I didn't let on to you, but I thought of that. I don't know but what the old gentleman is right. And, you know, maybe—" He whispered something, looking at her out of his stupid, kindly eyes, his loose, weak mouth dropping into its meaningless smile.

Dr. Lavendar went to a little closet in the chimney breast, and took out a chunky black bottle and a glass. His hands shook so that the bottle and glass clinked together. He had to sit down a few minutes and get his breath and strength; the struggle had profoundly exhausted him; he looked very old as he sat there and swallowed his thimbleful of brandy.

"Solomon didn't know everything," he said to himself; "but may God forgive me if I've done wrong!"

In the dining-room the children were yawning and squabbling and hearing each other repeat the Collect and the "duty to your neighbor." It was nearly three. Theophilus Morrison had instituted a game of leapfrog over the little low benches, but the girls felt that such levity was sacrilegious.

"There's prayer-books here," Anna King said, "so it's just the same as church."

"A prayer-book," returned Theophilus, scornfully, "isn't anything but a book; it's the prayers out of it that makes church, and—" But his voice trailed off into quick subsidence as Dr. Lavendar came in.

"Well, children," he said, "you've had to wait. I'm sorry. I think, though, as it's so late, we won't have any lesson—"

("Bully!" said Theophilus, under his breath.)

"—but we'll repeat the Collect, all together, and then you may go home."

"Aren't we going to have our apples?" remonstrated Theophilus.

"Oh, dear me, yes. Yes, yes. Come, Anna, my child, and kneel down here beside me. Children, let us pray:

"*O Lord, we beseech Thee mercifully to receive the prayers of Thy people who call upon Thee; and grant that they may both perceive and know what things they ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

"*Amen!*" said Dr. Lavendar.

DAYBREAK.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

WHILE low before the Throne of Pearl there bend
Acclaiming Seraphs in majestic throng,
And whirlwinds of *Laudates* without end
Shake God's far shining citadels with song,—

Against the half-veiled lattice of the morn
A truant Cherub, peeping through the dark,
Perturbed with straggling night and stars outworn,
Strains his pink ear to hear the rising lark.

THE FISH-WARDEN OF MADRID.

BY BLISS PERRY.

I.

IT was universally remarked in Madrid—Madrid, Vermont—that the death of Beriah Tate was a loss to the town. Even the time of his departure was inconvenient, being only a week after the March meeting in which, for the tenth year in succession, he had been elected first selectman, road-master, overseer of the poor, and constable. In order to fill these various positions it was necessary to call a special town meeting. The orthodox church, likewise, was forced to choose a deacon in Beriah's stead, and a new representative on the committee of the County Bible Society. Of all the offices in church and state which the departed had filled so acceptably, there was but one that now went begging. It was that of fish-warden.

The fish and game laws had never been taken very seriously by the natives of Madrid. Beriah had been induced to accept the post simply because the Tate place lay upon the hill-top above the junction of the East and West Branches, and the fish-commissioner argued that the city fellows who came up on Sundays and out of season to catch four-inch trout would be frightened off if they knew that the deacon was a warden. And so they were, but the warden let his own summer boarders fish as they liked, without asking them any questions for conscience' sake. He nailed a synopsis of the fish and game laws, printed on white cotton cloth, to the horse-barn door, next to the advertisement of Bowker's fertilizers; and his personal responsibility for his boarders ended here. It was because of Beriah Tate's long experience with human nature that he was such a loss to the town.

A month after his death one of the fish-commissioners drove into the yard of the Tate place. Alonzo Robbins, the hired man, was raking up the chips left from the winter's wood-pile, under the close supervision of Beriah's widow.

"Expecting your boarders soon, Mis' Tate?" inquired the commissioner.

"Not till July," replied the widow, plaintively. "But he was always slow about having the yard cleaned up, and so I thought that this year I'd be a little forehanded. You left a chip there, Alonzo."

"Beriah's a great loss," volunteered the commissioner.

"He was kind of handy to talk to the boarders after supper," assented Mrs. Tate, "and to keep 'em feeling good right along. I don't know what we're going to do without him."

"Mis' Tate, that cake ought to come out of the oven!" called a clear young voice from the kitchen window.

"You'll have to excuse me," exclaimed the widow. "Won't you come in?"

The commissioner shook his head, and the kitchen door slammed behind Beriah's sad-voiced but efficient relict.

The hired man glanced up at the commissioner. An indolent deviltry lurked in his black eyes, but his olive face was otherwise expressionless and rather stupid. The commissioner coughed queerly, and the two men grinned.

"Guess you'll have to take it this summer," commented the commissioner. "When's your year up?"

"Next January," said Alonzo.

The commissioner scrutinized his broad, easy-hung shoulders, and the slouching, tireless fashion in which he was pushing the rake.

"I suppose we've got to have another fish-warden," he said, abruptly, "and it ought to be somebody in this district. Will you try it, 'Lonzo?"

The hired man reflected. "*He* didn't make out much with it," he drawled. "Just *was* fish-warden. It didn't amount to nothin'."

"You can make it amount to something, if you want to."

Alonzo pushed the rake a trifle more deliberately. "I ain't office-seekin', I guess."

"How about hog-reeve?" suggested the commissioner.

The shot told. "Well," said Alonzo, defiantly, "I s'pose they elected me hog-reeve at March meetin' just because they thought it would be smart, along toward the end of the afternoon. They think that the Robbinses ain't clever enough for

that, not scarcely. Just let any of Alf Raymond's pigs get through the fence this summer, and I'll show 'em, my gorry!"

"That's right!" cried the commissioner.

Alonzo kicked vindictively at a deeply buried chip. "There ain't any money in bein' fish-warden, is there?"

"You get half the fine if you catch anybody violating the law. Still, if you don't want it—"

"What do you do with 'em if you do catch 'em?"

"Why, arrest them. Then you drive the fellow over to Warwick to the justice of the peace, and he collects the fine. That part of it is easy enough. I'll give you a little book that explains everything. Still, if you don't want to try it, I don't know but Alf Raymond *would* take it." It was the commissioner's trump card, but he played it with a fine carelessness.

"I might think it over for a few days," drawled the hired man. "I dun'no' but I'll take it, and then again I dun'no' *as* I will."

"Oh, well," said the commissioner, picking up his reins, "I can't come 'way over here again. I guess that's Alf coming now, ain't it?" He chirruped to the horse.

"My gorry! I've got half a mind to *try* it," asseverated Alonzo.

"Very well, then," said the commissioner, promptly thrusting the landing-net, as it were, under his captive. "I'll have the papers made out right away. Got a middle name?"

"T."

"T.?" queried the commissioner.

"Alonzo Turnham Robbins," explained the hired man, stiffly, beginning to rake again.

"Oh!" said the commissioner. The Turnhams were considered "mean blood" in Madrid; at least half of them were "on the town." He cramped his buggy. "Henrietta going to stay along this summer?" he inquired, casually, nodding toward Mrs. Tate's kitchen.

"Yes, I guess she's goin' to stay along," repeated the hired man, indifferently.

"Makes a nice girl for Mis' Tate," said the commissioner. "Well, Beriah was a great loss. G'long!"

II.

After supper the hired man seated himself upon the chopping-block, facing the door of the horse-barn, and began to spell out the fine print upon the Fish and Game League's poster. The seriousness of his mental attitude was indicated by the fact that he was smoking a Pittsburg stogy, a rite which he ordinarily performed only on Sunday afternoons. The April dusk was closing in, and down by the brook the frogs were calling. The scent of coming spring was in the air.

"'*Fish, when not to be taken,*'" Alonzo repeated, slowly.

"'*Black Bass—Between Jan.* 1*st and June* 15*th—Penalty,* $5 *each.*

"'*Wall-eyed Pike, or Pike-Perch, White Perch, or Muskallonge*'"—some of these words were hard reading—"'*Between April* 15*th and June* 15*th*—$5 *each.*

"'*Trout, Land-locked Salmon, Salmon-Trout, or Longe—Between Sept.* 1*st and May* 1*st—not more than* $10 *each.*

"'*Trout, Land-locked Salmon, and Salmon-Trout, when taken less than six inches in length, must be immediately returned, with least possible injury, to waters from which taken—not more than* $10 *each.*'"

"That's it!" murmured the hired man, solemnly. "That's the law—my gorry! '*When taken less than six inches in length, must be—immediately--returned—with—least—possible—injury—to waters from which taken.*' You can't get around that."

"Reading the Bible out here, 'Lonzo?" inquired a cool, chaffing voice at his shoulder. "I thought it must be Sunday, from that cigar. Phew!"

He turned, shamefacedly, but pulled obstinately at the stogy. "Don't you like it, Henrietta?" he said, with a foolish smile.

Henrietta ignored him. She had been bending over the sink, doing up the supper dishes, and now she patted her disarranged curls into place again, with lithe, coquettish movements of her bare, rosy arms, as if the door of the horse-barn were a mirror. He watched her, his black eyes glistening. There was something provoking in the girl's slight, delicious figure, faint color, and the blue eyes that commonly glanced at him with dainty contempt. She was eighteen; "hired help" for the time being, but still the niece of a member of the Legislature and cousin to a home missionary. She looked down upon Alonzo as a dullard, as related to those Turnhams who were al-



"I MIGHT THINK IT OVER FOR A FEW DAYS."

ways coming upon the town. In spite of the intimacy forced upon them as members of the same household, she was secretly afraid of him. She thought his eyes were wicked; she grew restless when he stared at her in stupid admiration; and she would not have let him know it for the world.

"Don't you like it, Henrietta?" he repeated, stolidly, balancing the stogy between his fingers.

She bent toward him suddenly and snatched it, tossing it over the barn-yard fence before he recovered from his surprise. Then she pretended she had burned her hand. He leaped up to examine it, whereupon she hid her bare arms behind her back with a gesture infinitely challenging. But she knew beforehand that he would not dare. Confused, admiring, helpless, he stared at her. She faced him like a triumphant goddess, serenely taunting.

"What on earth *are* you doing?" she demanded.

"I *was* settin' here mindin' my own business," he drawled.

"What business have you with the game laws? Going fishing?" And she began to run over some of the unfamiliar names upon the poster — *Muskallonge—Longe*—and lower down, *Capercailzie—Black Game — Ptarmigan.* She had missed a spelling prize once on that last word.

"Maybe I'm goin' fishin'. And then, again, maybe not."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I know who'll clean 'em, if you do."

"You won't, eh? Well, maybe I ain't goin'," he confided, cunningly.

"Don't be smart," she advised.

"Maybe I'll let the other fellows catch the fish, and I'll catch *them*, my gorry!"

"What?"

"Fish-warden," he confessed, with an embarrassed smile.

She laughed in his face. "You a fish-warden? You can't catch anybody. You don't move fast enough."

"I don't?" he cried, provoked to unwonted daring, and he lunged toward her with outstretched arms. His fingers touched her waist, but she dodged him and stood panting.

"No, you don't, 'Lonzo Robbins," she said, coolly. "Don't you wish you could?"

He breathed heavily too, but made no answer. The croaking of the frogs down by the East Branch seemed of a sudden strangely loud to the girl.

"I guess I must go in," she remarked, in a quieter voice. But she kept her eyes on him.

"Don't tell Mis' Tate," he entreated.

"Tell what?"

"'Bout my bein' fish-warden."

"Oh!"

"She might not like it, 'long as 'twas one of his offices, you know. And she might think I wa'n't 'tendin' to business. You won't, will you?"

"Not if you behave yourself, Alonzo Robbins," she replied, meaningly. He did not answer, and they sauntered toward the house, side by side, in the falling dusk.

The hired man did not again betray any open interest in the synopsis of the fish and game laws. But when a fresh poster was sent him the following week, together with his papers as fish-warden, he carried the weather-beaten one up to his chamber under the eaves of the kitchen roof, and studied it doggedly, night after night, until he knew its provisions by heart.

III.

There was high water in all the Madrid brooks that spring, and the fishing was late. The men who had formerly driven into town Sunday mornings, leaving their buggies hitched among the willows at the bridge, appeared but rarely, and never staid long enough to allow Alonzo a look at their baskets. The early boarders at the Tate place were mostly maiden ladies with literary proclivities, and the only fisherman that appeared among them was an expert with the fly, who scorned to bring home anything less than quarter-pounders. June passed and July came, and still the hired man had had no opportunity to prove his efficiency as an officer of the law. Henrietta had kept his secret, though her ambiguous remarks to him in Mrs. Tate's presence had been upon the point of exposing him a dozen times. Whenever they happened to be alone together, she rallied him upon his lack of official energy, until he was thoroughly piqued.

"My gorry," he used to say to himself at night, as the tattered poster caught his black Turnham eyes—"my *gorry*, I'll show her!" And it stuck in his head that it would be a fine revenge upon her to take her down to Warwick to hear a band concert, or perhaps to the cattle show in September—provided she would go with him—upon the money that he proposed to get as his share of the fines.

One morning in the second week of July Mrs. Tate received a telegram from Hartford, signed Benj. F. Dupree, requesting her to reserve a room for him, and to send some one to meet him at the Madrid station at four-thirty that afternoon. The telegraph office was three miles away, and the delivery of the message cost Mrs. Tate a dollar and a half, which she thoughtfully added to the price of the room that was set in order for the stranger. It was in the height of the haying season, and Henrietta, the only person who could be spared in mid-afternoon, put the mare into the Concord wagon and drove down to meet Mr. Dupree.

Alonzo happened to be in the yard, unloading hay, when she returned, just as, doubtless, Mrs. Tate happened to be looking through her bedroom blinds, and all the boarders happened to be grouped upon the front piazza.

As the mare swung around into the shadow of the maples, Alonzo's eye was the first to detect that Henrietta was not driving. She was sitting on the extreme end of the seat, watching, apparently, the trail of the front wheel upon the dusty road. The moment the wagon halted she sprang out without a word, and marched, red-faced and straight-shouldered, toward the kitchen door, leaving the hired man to do the honors of the Tate place for the new arrival.

Mr. Benj. F. Dupree tossed the reins to him, and leisurely descended; then scrutinized the mare's fore legs a moment, passed one hand judiciously over the off knee—it had been slightly sprained the summer before—and uttered just one word of Green Mountain freemasonry.

"Ham'letonian?"

"Yes, sir," drawled the delighted hired man. "Straight as a string. Dr. Johnson out of Lem Payson's Susie."



"HER AMBIGUOUS REMARKS HAD BEEN UPON THE POINT OF EXPOSING HIM."

The new-comer nodded, respectfully, and stood by in silence, while Alonzo pulled his suit-case from under the seat of the wagon. He was anywhere from twenty-five to forty, slight of stature, smooth-shaven and merry-eyed, and the youthfulness of his appearance was increased by the latest fashion in colored shirt and white collar, and a marked-down golf suit.

"Look out for that rod," he said, briskly, as Alonzo lifted a bundle made up of walking-stick, umbrella, and rod-case, whereupon the fish-warden laid the bundle very cautiously upon the grass.

Mrs. Beriah appeared at this juncture, and plaintively presented herself, Mr. Dupree attending her to the front door and up stairs to his room with elaborate ceremonial. He came to supper in his golf suit, shortly thereafter, and his conversation with the maiden ladies was commendably versatile. He was a broker, they learned, and was just removing from Hartford to New York. They quite counted upon him to enliven their after-supper session upon the front piazza, but after a few moments of desultory admiration of the view, Mr. Dupree disappointed them by filling a bull-dog pipe and sauntering around the corner of the house. He found Alonzo seated on the kitchen porch, whistling to the tame crow. Henrietta had been there too, but she disappeared promptly when she saw the broker approaching. The hired man refused a proffered cigar—principally because he was too surprised to accept it—but Mr. Dupree proved himself companionable, and it was quite dark when their exchange of views upon Vermont horses and Connecticut leaf tobacco and the pleasures of country life was terminated.

As Alonzo went up to bed, he paused

a moment in the kitchen, where Henrietta sat alone over the county paper.

"Real smart feller," volunteered the hired man, with a nod of his head toward the front of the house.

Henrietta read on in silence.

"Guess he's something of a fisherman," persisted Alonzo. "Wants me to try the West Branch with him to-morrow, if it's too wet to mow."

"He's an awful fool," said Henrietta, curtly.

The hired man stared. Then his slow wits recalled the fact that she had seemed out of temper when she drove in with the stranger from the depot.

"Why, what *you* got against him, Henrietta?" He had that foolish smile which the girl detested.

"Oh, he's horrid!" she burst out, with feminine conclusiveness. Whereupon she folded the paper with unnecessary precision, and proceeded to wind the kitchen clock noisily.

The baffled hired man, quite used, alas! to being ignored, shook his head and grinned, and tiptoed up the creaking back stairs to his tiny room. Before he undressed he put his head out of the window for one more guess at the weather probabilities, and then, impelled by some vagrant fancy, he pulled the weather-beaten poster of the fish and game laws out of his pocket, and read it through again.

IV.

The next morning, however, dawned bright and hot, and Alonzo spent the day upon the seat of the mowing-machine. In the middle of the forenoon, Mr. Dupree strolled down through the meadow, rod in hand, and carrying a new fish-basket.

"I suppose it's rather too clear for good fishing," he remarked, cheerfully, as Alonzo reined in his horses.

"Well, it's consid'able clear," Alonzo admitted.

"Will you tell me once more how to get to that Porter brook?"

Alonzo repeated his directions, and watched with some envy the alert figure of the broker striding away over the meadow. Mr. Dupree had slung his basket around his neck in a curious fashion, but the hired man supposed it was the latest style. He clucked regretfully to the horses, gave a pull at the handle-bar, and the machine clattered forward again upon its monotonous round.

Dupree did not return to dinner, but late in the afternoon the hired man saw him tramping home through the upper pasture.

"Did that feller from Hartford get any trout?" he inquired, carelessly, of Mis' Beriah, as he was washing up for supper by the back door.

"Seems to me he did get a few," replied the widow. "Henrietta thought they were most too small to clean."

The fish-warden dried his face thoughtfully.

After supper he seated himself upon the side porch, and lighting a stogy, so as not to seem dependent upon Mr. Dupree, he awaited the latter's coming. But the broker lingered upon the front piazza. A niece of one of the maiden ladies had arrived that afternoon from Kansas City, and Mr. Dupree was occupied with the congenial task of pointing out to her those very charms of the evening landscape which twenty-four hours before he had himself forsaken for a pipe. The girl from Kansas City seemed to have a large fund of sympathetic appreciation.

The hired man, therefore, was left to his solitary smoke. By-and-by Henrietta came out, bringing a rocking-chair from the sitting-room. Apparently she was intending to stay there.

"Ain't you kind o' fixed up?" demanded Alonzo, admiringly, gazing at her freshly starched shirt-waist and jaunty white tie.

"I don't know," she replied, in a tone calculated to discourage conversation.

Alonzo waited tranquilly and then tried again: "Got a new boarder, 'ain't we? What does she look like?"

"She's dreadful citified," said the country beauty. "And she's making a fool of herself out there with that Hartford man this very minute. But then I don't care if she does," she added, smoothing out her skirts.

Alonzo thought this lofty indifference to the foibles of the Kansas City girl very becoming; but it was too complex a subject for his conversational powers.

He attempted something easier. "Where's Mis' Beriah?"

"Out there," Henrietta sighed, scornfully, with a toss of her head towards the front of the house. "If city boarders want to see us, they know where to find us quick enough, without our traipsing round after them."

"That's so," approved Alonzo. "I



"THEY DON'T ENFORCE THAT SIX-INCH LAW UP HERE, DO THEY?"

kind o' thought Mr. Dupree 'd be round here again to-night, to tell me what luck he had fishin'."

"He ain't any fisherman," declared the girl. "I don't believe he ever saw a trout before, to hear him talk about 'em."

"Wa'n't they good ones?" asked the warden, cunningly.

"'Bout so long," she said, contemptuously, marking off some three inches upon her pink forefinger.

"Lemme see," and Alonzo laid his big brown finger against hers. To his surprise, she did not withdraw her hand, and he measured with painstaking deliberation.

"I don't suppose you'd want to swear to that, would you, Henrietta?" he ventured, with a suppressed excitement that betrayed itself only in his eyes. They were shining in the twilight.

She caught their expression, and snatched her finger from his grasp. "I don't know whether I would or not," she declared, putting her hands behind her head, and beginning to rock vigorously.

"'*Sh!*" warned Alonzo.

A procession of boarders, headed by

Dupree and the Kansas City maiden, streamed volubly around the corner of the house and across the back yard, halting at last by the pasture bars to watch the moon rise over Bald Head. The discovery of this interesting method of killing time on summer evenings was due to the genius of the lamented Beriah. Nobody paid any attention to the hired man and hired girl upon the side porch.

The procession irritated Henrietta. She still resented Mr. Dupree's playful familiarity toward her when he took away the reins while she was driving him from the depot; she resented the fact that to-night, when she felt quite able to hold her own with him, he was giving her no opportunity to exhibit her resentment; half unconsciously, also, she resented his golf suit and his shiny collars and cuffs, while her own stupid admirer sat here at her feet in sour workaday clothes—and she knew she hated the girl from Kansas City. An unreasoning antagonism to these "city folks" took possession of her.

"Why wouldn't you swear to it?" persisted Alonzo.

"Catch him yourself!" she said, low-voiced. "It ain't any of my business."

He giggled foolishly.

"You'll never catch him by sitting here and laughing," she broke in, bitterly. "And you ain't quick enough, anyway. These city fellows are too smart for *you*, 'Lonzo. They're too smart for any of us, I guess!"

"If I'll catch him," proposed Alonzo, "will you go down to Warwick to a band concert with me, on the money?"

"In a minute!" exclaimed the girl, recklessly. Then her conscience misgave her, and she tried to hedge. "Come to think, though, it don't seem quite right to take advantage of one of our own boarders. And, anyway, I don't believe Mis' Tate would want to have me go to Warwick, and—"

But, to her amazement, the hired man had leaped to his feet, and was crossing the yard to intercept the returning procession of boarders.

"Good-evenin', Mr. Dupree," she heard him drawl. "You don't want to go fishin' to-morrow mornin', do you?"

V.

There was a delicious morning coolness in the shadow of the alders along the tiny brook that crept drowsily through the home meadow of the Tate place. The dew was heavy on the rank grass, and Dupree's golf hose were drenched to the knee. But he was happy in the sportsmanlike sensation, and busy, besides, for the brook had been posted for a couple of years, and was full of fierce little fingerlings. Alonzo stood a trifle back of the broker, advising him how to bait his hook, to shorten his line, to keep out of sight, and various other brotherly admonitions. Dupree was over-anxious, but naturally light-handed, and trout after trout became his prey. Once, upon basketing a particularly small one, he glanced questioningly at Alonzo, but the hired man made no comment. The next fish was even smaller—a wriggling, red-bellied wretch some three inches and a half long. Dupree unhooked it, laid it across the palm of his hand hesitatingly, and then let it slide irretrievably into the basket.

"They don't enforce that six-inch law up here, do they?"

"Not generally," said Alonzo, with so little exhibition of interest that the good-natured broker thought he was getting bored.

"You needn't stay, Alonzo," he suggested, "if you don't want to. I'm all right now. I wish you had brought a rod too."

"I might just as well stay, I guess," was the laconic reply.

"It's more exciting than mowing grass, anyway!" assented Dupree, in a buoyant whisper. And he jerked a tiny trout thirty or forty feet into the meadow, and went on to the next hole, while the warden considerately tramped through the grass after the flapping fish.

In this brotherly fashion did the two men traverse the entire meadow, until they reached the swamp. "I don't know whether to push on or not," said the broker. "I've got enough to amount to something already."

"They'll amount to somethin' consid'able," remarked the hired man, cordially. "I wouldn't go any further, if I was you. Why not count 'em?"

Mr. Dupree emptied the basket on the grass, lined the bottom artistically with ferns, and put back the trout affectionately, one by one, while the warden kept faithful tally. There were twenty-three, and precisely fourteen of them, as Alonzo reckoned, rendered Mr. Dupree liable to a

fine, "not to exceed ten dollars apiece." It was time to act.

The warden coughed slightly, and opened his mouth to pronounce the fateful sentence. Then he remembered something in his yellow-covered book of instructions about the unlawfulness of taking a basket while it was on the fisherman's person, and the advantage of having a witness. Perhaps, too, his conscience pricked him for the contemplated disloyalty to a boarder. At any rate, the words merely bubbled in his throat.

"What did you say?" asked Dupree, busy in tying up his rod.

"I 'ain't said anything," exclaimed Alonzo, hastily.

"I'm under the greatest obligations to you," remarked the broker.

"Oh, I dun'no' 'bout that," replied Alonzo, deprecatingly.

The two men tramped back to the house in silence. The warden's heart pounded against his ribs; to arrest a man took more courage than he had thought, for all his twenty-three years and his bull strength. They entered the kitchen side by side. Mrs. Tate had driven a boarder to the early train, and Henrietta was alone, struggling impatiently with the breakfast dishes, and wondering whether Alonzo would really dare to arrest the broker. She turned her head as the men entered, and flushed a trifle, drying her pink arms with the dish-towel.

"See what I've caught!" cried Dupree, jubilantly, unslinging the basket from his shoulder and depositing it upon the table. His triumphant air was assurance enough that the warden had held his peace. The girl stole a glance at Alonzo; he could not tell whether it was amusement or contempt or fright that made her blue eyes dilate, but at that look he took the bit in his teeth.

"Take notice, Henrietta, that he admits havin' catched the trout!" he broke out. "They ain't on his person any longer, and fourteen of 'em are under the law. Mr. Dupree, I've got to arrest you, in the name of the State of Vermont."

The amazed broker faced around. "*You* arrest *me!*" he exclaimed.

"Certain; I'm the fish-warden of this town, and I've got to see that the law is enforced."

Henrietta's face was white. "Don't have any trouble," she moaned.

"Why, you took me down to the brook yourself!" cried Dupree. "You stood by and encouraged me right along—" and he stopped, aghast at the thought of his companion's duplicity.

"That wa'n't official," explained Alonzo, stolidly. "It wa'n't any of my business if you chose to break the law, but I've got to take official notice of it now."

"What do you want of me?" demanded the broker, with as much show of dignity as he could muster.

"I want you to drive over to Warwick with me to a justice of the peace."

"Suppose I don't choose to go?"

The hired man gazed at Dupree's diminutive figure, bristling as it was with impotent fury. He burst into a big contemptuous laugh.

"My gorry," he cried, stretching out his tanned thumb and forefinger, "I'd squash you like a potato-bug if you acted foolish! But I guess you'll go along without any fuss, won't you?"

"Don't, don't!" sobbed Henrietta. "It's my fault." But neither of the men heeded her.

"You dirty country loafer," began Dupree, in concentrated passion; and then, with the volubility of a weak nature, he gave way to a torrent of expletives—not the ingenious euphemisms which occasionally pass for profanity in rural districts, but genuine objurgations which would have done credit to any English-speaking seaport in the world. Henrietta ran out of the room in terror, and one of the maiden-lady boarders, coming innocently to the kitchen for a drink of water, returned to the front piazza with a tale that wounded the broker's reputation beyond surgery.

VI.

Ten minutes later, the warden and his captive drove out of the yard. Dupree had agreed to go without any "foolishness," and had stood quietly by while Alonzo hitched the colt on to the buckboard. In vain, however, did the hired man call up the back stairs for his witness. Henrietta had disappeared, and Alonzo was forced to go without her. The six-mile drive to Warwick—the one village in Madrid township—was passed in unbroken silence, except for a single episode. As the warden let the colt breathe for a moment at the top of the longest hill, Dupree turned to him with a rather ineffective laugh.



THE WOUNDING OF THE BROKER'S REPUTATION.

"Look here," said he; "you've got me, I guess, and we won't say anything now about the squareness of it. You've gone into this thing for the money in it, of course. May I make you a proposition?"

"Propositions don't cost nothin'," drawled Alonzo.

"I'll give you twenty dollars to turn the colt around."

"Git ap!" called the warden, virtuously. The colt sprang forward, and not another word was spoken on either side.

The justice of the peace was alone in his tiny white-painted office, adjoining the general store. He was tipped back comfortably in his chair, his feet resting upon some legislative reports, leisurely digging a sliver out of his finger with a jack-knife. He looked up amiably as Alonzo entered, the confiscated fish-basket in hand, followed by the broker. Dupree took off his hat as he came in.

"What is it, 'Lonzo?" coughed the justice, from the depths of his huge chest.

"This feller's been violatin' the fish 'n' game laws," began the warden. "He's catched fourteen trout that are under length. I see him catch 'em, but I've got a witness besides, only she ran up stairs, and, gorry! I didn't know how to get hold on her."

"That'll do for now," remarked the justice, shutting up his jack-knife. "You admit the facts, Mr.—?"

"In one sense, yes," said the broker; "but there are extenuating circumstances—"

"What's that?"

"Extenuating circumstances," repeated Dupree, very distinctly.

"Oh!" said the justice. "Well, there has to be a complaint sworn to before the grand-juror first. Henry!"

There was a door from the back of the justice's office into the store, and in response to the summons the grand-juror of the township, who was wrapping up a cake of soap for a child, made his appearance.

"Fish case," explained the justice, succinctly. "Tell Orville to come in, if he's got the mail distributed. You'd just as lief wait a few minutes if he hain't?"

The broker assented.

"Lemme see those fish," remarked the justice; and he poked them gravely with his forefinger, while the clerk of the court finished distributing the mail.

"Fish with a worm?" he inquired, in cavernous tones.

Dupree nodded. That seemed to make his guilt all the deeper.

The grand-juror and clerk of the court made their official entrance at this point,

and the trial began. It was less spectacular than Dupree expected—mainly a filling out of papers, and a lifting of Alonzo's brawny right hand in response to certain mumbled formulæ, and the hateful story of the morning's fishing narrated in detail. Then came Dupree's turn. His gentlemanly bearing, his plea that it was a first offence, and Alonzo's manifest trickiness, were evidently in his favor. When he had finished his remarks, the grand-juror and clerk of the court exchanged approving nods. But the justice turned over the pages of the Revised Statutes imperturbably.

There was a long silence, save for the rustle of the slowly turned leaves. Alonzo mopped his face. This was harder work than mowing.

"Twenty dollars," pronounced the justice at last, "taking into consideration the externeratin' circumstances of the case. Half the fine goes to the warden, don't it, Orville?"

The clerk nodded. A smothered exclamation of disappointment escaped from Alonzo. Had it not been for his official integrity, he could have made more money than this by turning the colt around on the top of that last hill.

"Your Honor," said Mr. Dupree, "if that fine seems just to you, I have nothing more to say. But we left Mrs. Tate's in such unseemly haste that I find I have only a couple of dollars of change with me. What can I do?"

The justice seemed nonplussed.

But the grand-juror, fertile in resources, whispered to the clerk of the court. "How about a check?" he suggested.

Dupree turned to him gratefully. "Why, of course!" he said. "Thank you. I think I must have a blank check somewhere." And he began to search his pocket-book. "Good enough!" he exclaimed, pulling out a tiny oblong of buff paper.

"Well, see here," coughed the justice, "you're boarding up to Tate's, and it's all right, of course, only 'Lonzo's name had better go on there too, to identify you."

"Certainly," agreed Dupree, and he drew a check for twenty dollars on the Asbestos Bank of Hartford, to the order of Alonzo T. Robbins, which the hired man clumsily endorsed, and passed over to the clerk of the court, who gave him in return a ten-dollar bill.

"That completes the transaction, I infer?" inquired Dupree.

"Guess that's all there is to it," replied the justice, genially, pulling out his jackknife and beginning to examine his finger once more.

"Will you have some bottled soda, gentlemen?" asked the grand-juror; and the five men stalked into the general store and drank their soda from the original packages. Dupree had framed some choice sentences expressive of his opinion of Vermont law and Vermont courts and Vermonters in general, which he had expected to deliver on the sidewalk. But the generosity of the grand-juror quite disarmed him, and he even went through the pretence of shaking hands all around —except with the warden — before stepping into the buckboard by Alonzo's side.

On the way back to Madrid, however, he made up for his temporary abstinence. He told Alonzo exactly what he thought of him, painting with hot adjectives his ancestry, his career to the present hour, the probable fortunes of his posterity, and the sure fate that awaited him hereafter. It was a masterpiece of imprecatory eloquence, but the only effect it produced upon the stolid hired man was to bring to his face that expressionless grin which had proved so irritating to Henrietta.

"I've got the ten dollars," reflected Alonzo; "I can afford to let him do a little talkin'."

When they drove into the yard of the Tate place the boarders were at dinner, but Mrs. Tate, arrayed in her best black mohair, was pacing nervously back and forth upon the piazza. The buckboard halted there, and Dupree sprang out. But the widow had the first word.

"Mr. Dupree," she declared, with shaking voice, "you'll find some dinner up in your room. This is an awful thing that's come upon us. I've kep' boarders for seventeen years last June, and never had a profane swearer in my house before. *'Sh!* Now I don't want one word from you. The stage will be along here in half an hour, and it's going to stop to take you to the depot. I sha'n't charge you a penny for your board for these three days—not one penny—though if you want to pay me the dollar and a half on that telegram, you can. *'Sh!* I know all about it. If it wa'n't right in the middle of the haying, I'd send Alonzo

off for playing a trick on a boarder; but it's dreadful hard to get hired help, and I'll have to let him stay. But I'll stop the fish-warden business right away. 'Lonzo Robbins, you drive that colt over to the horse-barn! If Beriah hadn't up and died last spring, this wouldn't have happened. Mercy me!"

And putting her fingers in her ears, to shut out any contaminating sounds that might escape the broker's lips, she retreated to her bedroom. Nor did she reappear even to claim the dollar and fifty cents when Mr. Benj. F. Dupree, suitcase and rod in hand, climbed aboard the stage and lifted his hat in grim farewell to the Kansas City girl, who was the only boarder with moral courage enough to appear upon the front piazza.

VII.

For a whole week thereafter the arrest and departure of the unfortunate broker was the sole topic of conversation at Beriah Tate's. Alonzo found himself in disgrace. The boarders looked the other way when they saw him coming, and after supper he had no one to talk to except the tame crow. Henrietta, his temptress to the deed which had discredited him, treated him with ostentatious contempt. Once he barred her way as she was hurrying through the wood-shed.

"You said you'd go to the band concert with me, Henrietta," he pleaded.

"Did I say *when*, Alonzo Robbins?" she demanded, scornfully; and he was forced to let fall his arms and allow her to pass. Day after day went by, but she did not relax, and he began to realize how deeply he had sinned against the unwritten laws of hospitality. In her revolt from him, Henrietta even went so far as to strike up a belated friendship with Miss Formand, the girl from Kansas City.

One evening, as Alonzo sat alone on the side porch, chirruping dejectedly to the broken-winged crow, a team from Warwick trotted sharply into the yard. His late acquaintance the grand-juror was driving, and the corpulent justice of the peace filled out the remainder of the seat.

"Has that fellow gone?" coughed the justice, almost before the horses were brought to a stand-still.

"He's gone," replied Alonzo, sulkily.

The justice looked around at the grand-juror.

"He didn't leave any address?" inquired the latter.

"Not as I know of," said Alonzo. "He went pretty quick, towards the last."

"Humph!" exclaimed the justice, comprehensively.

The grand-juror looked at Alonzo with a peculiar expression that roused the hired man's sluggish curiosity.

"What did you want of him?" he drawled.

The grand-juror nudged the justice.

"Well, Alonzo," began the latter, "come to collect that check, it wa'n't good for nothin'. The Asbestos Bank of Hartford broke down, it seems, more'n a year ago. Seems to me I remember reading about it in some newspaper or other at the time. This fellow was kind o' mad, I guess, and happened to have that blank check in his pocket, and filled it out. Little too smart for us, I guess."

"If we could only *git* him," put in the grand-juror, confidently.

"Yes, but how *to* git him, Henry," complained the justice. "He's out of the State long afore this, and the Montpelier Bank is making a fuss about that twenty dollars. The fact is, Alonzo, it looks as if that twenty dollars would have to come out of you, as long as you endorsed the fellow's check for him."

"My gorry!" cried Alonzo, stubbornly, "how do you make that out?"

They made it out for him, first in one way and then in another, until he was thoroughly frightened.

"I've got the ten dollars you gave me," he owned at last. "I was goin' to break it last Saturday night down to the band concert, but—I didn't go down. I'll go up stairs and get that for you, but I can't raise another cent, not if I have to go to jail for it!"

Tears of chagrin were in his eyes as he stumbled up the back stairs to his room. On the landing he met Henrietta.

"Here," she whispered, hurriedly. "I was up in Miss Formand's room, and we heard every word. She's lent me five dollars, and here's five that I had. You take it, and you can pay me by-and-by. You've *got* to take it, Alonzo Robbins. I put you up to it, in the first place, out of wickedness. And I might have known that Mr. Dupree would do something horrid. Miss Formand thinks about him just as I do now. Go right along!"

He went down and paid over the money like a man, and like a man he came back to the narrow, dimly lighted landing. The girl had been of a dozen minds about running away, but she was still there.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said, remorsefully, "that I got you into trouble."

"That's all right," declared Alonzo. "I was kind o' set on that trip to the concert, but I don't suppose you'd want to go now?"

Henrietta was silent. Her hand was upon the door of her own room.

"I sha'n't have any money till the end of next month," he said, gloomily.

His contrition touched the girl. "About going to Warwick," she ventured, "hearing the band is the main thing, and that don't cost anything. You don't have to have ice-cream."

"Then you would go?" he cried. The clumsiness slipped from his powerful figure for the moment, and the girl caught the eagerness in his black eyes.

"I—might," she owned, half pleased, half startled.

He stole a step nearer in the dusk.

"Perhaps Miss Formand would like to go too," she added, hastily.

"That wouldn't be quite the same thing," said the poor fellow. "But I'll take her if you want to have her along."

The girl opened the door of her room with an affectation of carelessness, but without taking her eyes from him. "Come to think," she said, with indifference, "I don't know but that buckboard seat would be rather narrow for three."

And before he could show his transport she closed the door lazily, sleepily, behind her.

THE TREASURE OF THE TEARS.

BY LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.

Thou tellest my wanderings: put my tears into thy bottle: are not these things noted in thy book?—PSALM LVI., 8.

"SEAL Thy bottle, good my Lord!
That holds so many tears:
The treasure-trove by sorrow stored
Through all our suffering years.
Seal it now, lest, overfilled,
It betray our trust;
Let no precious drop be spilled
In oblivion's dust!"

He heard it in the market-place
As in the lonely field;
What way soe'er he set his face
One vision was revealed:
A leathern bottle, brimming o'er,
Yet ever filled again,—
Like pools upon a wave-swept shore,—
With salt sad tears of men!

Oh heavy was that weight of tears!
He bore it on his heart:
The tears that over funeral biers
Down pallid faces start;

The aching tears of trampled love;
  The hidden tears of shame;
Those tears—the pearls all price above—
  Whereby repentance came;

The hot bright tears of grieving youth;
  The slow sad tears of age;
The drops that oft, in tragic truth,
  Dim e'en dear childhood's page;
The tears of all the travailing earth!
  It pierced him like a sword,
That cry: "*Thou knowest well their worth;*
  Count well our tears, O Lord!"

"Thou," he cried—to madness stung—
  "Who treasurest through the years
These drops from sorrow's wine-press wrung,
  Why savest Thou their tears?
Fond and foolish sons of men!
  Though His book contain
All your griefs—what will He then?
  Recompense your pain?"

"*God's hand is kind; God's hand is strong;*
  We can but hope, or die.
The days of God are very long;
  Who knows what mystery
The Spirit which, brooding o'er the deep,
  A world from nothing brought,
On this wide waste of tears we weep,
  In silence may have wrought?

"*So the heart to hope aspires—*
  That these at least may win
To quench some poor soul's penal fires,
  Wash white some scarlet sin;
Or, when by living streams we rest
  And slake the thirst of years,
God shall whisper, 'Had you guessed
  These were once your tears?'"

He bowed his head and owned his wrong;
  While faintly to his ear
Another strain was borne along
  He stilled his soul to hear:—

"*Is it only on thy heart*
  That leaden load hath lain?
I, who weep alone, apart,
  Seeing these, would fain
Shed My heart's own blood to turn
  Their water into wine.
O sons of Earth! o'er whom I yearn,
  Who counts, who gathers Mine?"

RODEN'S CORNER.*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A LESSON.

"Whom the gods mean to destroy, they blind."

MRS. VANSITTART had passed that age when a young person respects love for its own sake, and would rather be admired by, well, a swain who is not quite a gentleman, than not be admired at all. Fond mammas, it would appear, teach their daughters that dress and deportment are important, but that which domestic servants so tersely call a "follower" is *de rigueur*. No self-respecting girl should dispense with this. And the results of such teaching are those periods of mental aberration which supervene in all circles, from Mayfair to the most select suburbs, and which complacent mothers call a "regular epidemic of engagements." This epidemic really arises from the fact that sweetest Amy is not going to be left, as it were, on the shelf by darling Edith, who has just become affianced to a military officer seven years younger than herself. Amy therefore picks up anything she can get in the locality. Thus, if a younger sister only sets the ball rolling, whole families of girls are seen to go off, so to speak, in a year. And there is much marrying in haste and more repenting at leisure.

Mrs. Vansittart, however, had not the incentive of a healthy competition. She had not that more dangerous incentive of middle-aged vanity, which draws the finger of derision so often in the direction of widows. And yet she took a certain pleasure in playing a half-careless and wholly cynical Juliet to Percy Roden's gauche Romeo. She had no intention of marrying him, and yet she continued to encourage him even now that open war was declared between Cornish and the Malgamite-makers. Cornish had, indeed, thanked Mrs. Vansittart for her assistance in the past in such a manner as to convey to her that she could hardly be of use to him in the future. He had magnified her good offices, and had warned her to beware of arousing Von Holzen's anger. Indeed, her use of Percy Roden was at an end, and yet she would not let him go. Cornish was puzzled, and so was Dorothy. Percy Roden was gratified, and read the riddle by the light of his own vanity. Mrs. Vansittart was not perhaps the first woman to puzzle her neighbors by refusing to relinquish that which she did not want. She was not the first, perhaps, to nurse a subtle desire to play some part in the world rather than be left idle in the wings. So she played the part that came first and easiest to her hand—a woman's natural part, of stirring up strife between men.

She was therefore gratified when Von Holzen made his way slowly towards her through the crowd on the Kursaal terrace one afternoon on the occasion of a Thursday concert. She was sitting alone in a far corner of the terrace, protected by a glass screen from the wind which ever blows at Scheveningen. She never mingled with the summer visitors at this popular Dutch resort—indeed, knew none of them. Von Holzen seemed to be similarly situated; but Mrs. Vansittart knew that he did not seek her out on that account. He was not a man to do anything — much less be sociable — out of idleness. He only dealt with his fellow-beings when he had a use for them.

She returned his grave bow with an almost imperceptible movement of the head, and for a moment they looked hard at each other.

"Madame still lingers at the Hague," he said.

"As you see."

"And is the game worth the candle?"

He laid his hand tentatively on a chair, and looked towards her with an interrogative glance. He would not, it appeared, sit down without her permission. And, womanlike, she gave it, with a shrug of one shoulder. A woman rarely refuses a challenge.

"And is the game worth the candle?" he repeated.

"One can only tell when it is played out," was the reply; and Herr von Holzen

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glanced quickly at the lady who made it. He turned away and listened to the music. An occasional concert was the one diversion he allowed himself at this time from his most absorbing occupation of making a fortune. He had probably a real love of music, which is not by any means given to the good only, or the virtuous. Indeed, it is the art most commonly allied to vice.

"By-the-way," said Von Holzen, after a pause, "that paper which it pleased madame's fantasy to possess at one time —is destroyed. Its teaching exists only in my unworthy brain."

He turned and looked at her with his slow smile, his measuring eyes.

"Ah!"

"Yes—so madame need give the question no more thought, and turn her full attention to her new—fancy."

Mrs. Vansittart was studying her programme, and did not look up or display the slightest interest in what he was saying.

"Every event seems but to serve to strengthen our position," went on Von Holzen, still half listening to the music. "Even the untimely death of Lord Ferriby—which might at first have appeared a *contre-temps.* Cornish takes home the coffin by to-night's mail, I understand. Men may come, madame, and men may go—but we go on forever. We are still prosperous—despite our friends. And Cornish is nonplussed. He does not know what to do next—and fate seems to be against him. He has no luck. We are manufacturing—day and night."

"You are interested in Mr. Cornish," observed Mrs. Vansittart, coolly; and she saw a sudden gleam in Von Holzen's eyes. After all, the man had a passion over which his control was insecure—the last, the longest of the passions—hatred. He shrugged his shoulders.

"He has forced himself upon our notice —unnecessarily, as the result has proved —only to find out that there is no stopping us." He could scarcely control his voice as he spoke of Cornish, and looked away as if fearing to show the expression of his eyes.

Mrs. Vansittart watched him with a cool little smile. Von Holzen had not come here to talk of Cornish. He had come on purpose to say something which he had not succeeded in saying yet, and she was not ignorant of this. She was going to make it as difficult as possible for him, so that when he at last said what he had come to say, she should know it, and perhaps divine his motives.

"Even now," he continued, "we have succeeded beyond our expectations. We are rich men, so that madame—need delay no longer." He turned and looked her straight in the eyes.

"I"—she inquired, with raised eyebrows—"need delay no longer—in what?"

"In consummating the happiness of my partner, Percy Roden," he was clever enough to say without being impertinent. "He—or his banking account—is really worth the attention of any lady."

Mrs. Vansittart laughed, and, before answering, acknowledged stiffly the stiff salutation of a passer. "Then it is suggested that I am waiting for Mr. Roden to be rich enough in order to marry him?"

"It is the talk of gossips and servants."

Mrs. Vansittart looked at him with an amused smile. Did he really know so little of the world as to take his information from gossips and servants?

"Ah," she said, and that was all. She rose and made a little signal with her parasol to her coachman, who was waiting in the shadow of the Kursaal. As she drove home she wondered why Von Holzen was afraid that she should marry Percy Roden, who, as it happened, was coming to tea in Park Straat that evening. Mrs. Vansittart had not exactly invited him—not, at all events, that he was aware of. He was under the impression that he had himself proposed the visit.

She remembered that he was coming, but gave no further thought to him. All her mind was, indeed, absorbed with thoughts of Von Holzen, whom she hated with the dull and deadly hatred of the helpless. The sight of him, the sound of his voice, stirred something within her that vibrated for hours, so that she could think of nothing else—could not even give her attention to the little incidents of daily life. She pretended to herself that she sought retribution—that she wished on principle to check a scoundrel in his successful career. The heart, however, knows no principles; for these are created by and belong to the mind. Which explains why many women seem to have no principles, and many virtuous persons no heart.

Mrs. Vansittart went home to make a careful toilet pending the arrival of Percy Roden. She came down to the drawing-room, and stood idly at the window. "The talk of gossips and servants," she repeated bitterly to herself. One of Von Holzen's shafts, at all events, had gone home. And Percy Roden came into the room a few minutes afterwards. His manner had more assurance than when he had first made Mrs. Vansittart's acquaintance. He had, perhaps, a trifle less respect for the room and its occupant. Mrs. Vansittart had allowed him to come nearer to her; and when a woman allows a man of whom she has a low opinion to come near to her, she trifles with her own self-respect, and does harm which, perhaps, may never be repaired.

"I was too busy to go to the concert this afternoon," he said, sitting down in his loose-limbed way. His assumption that his absence had been noticed rather nettled his hearer.

"Ah! Were you not there?" she inquired.

He turned and looked at her with his curt laugh. "If I had been there, you would have known it," he said. It was just one of those remarks—delivered in the half-mocking voice assumed in self-protection—which Mrs. Vansittart had hitherto allowed to pass unchallenged. And now, quite suddenly, she resented the manner and the speech.

"Indeed," she said, with a subtle inflection of tone which should have warned him. But he was engaged in drawing down his cuffs. Many young men would know more of the world if they had no cuffs or collars to distract them.

"Yes," answered Roden; "if I had gone to the concert, it would not have been for the music."

Percy Roden's method of making love was essentially modern. He threw to Mrs. Vansittart certain scraps of patronage and admiration, which she could pick up seriously and keep if she cared to. But he was not going to risk a wound to his vanity by taking the initiative too earnestly. Mrs. Vansittart, who was busy at the tea-table, set down a cup, and crossed the room towards him.

"What do you mean, Mr. Roden?" she asked, slowly.

He looked up with wavering eyes, and visibly lost color under her gaze. "What do I mean?"

"Yes. What do you mean when you say that if you had gone to the concert it would not have been for the music; that if you had been there I should have known of your presence, and a hundred other—impertinences?"

At first Roden thought that the way was being made easy for him as it is in books, as, indeed, it sometimes is in life, when it happens to be a way that is not worth the treading; but the last word stung him like a lash—as it was meant to sting. It was perhaps that one word that made him rise from his chair.

"If you meant to object to anything that I may say, you should have done so long ago," he said. "Who was the first to speak at the hotel when I first came to the Hague? Which of us was it that kept the friendship up and cultivated it? I am not blind. I could hardly be anything else, if I had failed to see what you have meant all along."

"What have I meant all along?" she asked, with a strange little smile.

"Why, you have meant me to say such things as I have said, and perhaps more."

"More—what can you mean?"

She looked at him still with a smile, which he did not understand. And like many men he allowed his vanity to explain things which his comprehension failed to elucidate.

"Well," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "will you marry me?—there!"

"No, Mr. Roden, I will not," she answered promptly; and then suddenly her eyes flashed, at some recollection perhaps—at some thought connected with her happy past contrasted with this sordid, ignoble present.

"You?" she cried. "Marry you?"

"Why?" he asked, with a bitter little laugh. "What is there wrong with me?"

"I do not know what there is wrong with you. And I am not interested to inquire. But, so far as I am concerned, there is nothing right."

A woman's answer after all—and one of those reasons which are no reasons, and yet rule the world.

Roden looked at her, completely puzzled. In a flash of thought he recalled Dorothy's warning, and her incomprehensible foresight.

"Then," he said, lapsing in his haste into the terse language of his every-day life and thought, "what on earth have you been driving at all along?"

"I have been driving at Herr von Holzen and the Malgamite scheme. I have been helping Tony Cornish," she answered.

So Percy Roden quitted the house at the corner of Park Straat a wiser man, and perhaps he left a wiser woman in it.

"My dear," said Mrs. Vansittart to Marguerite Wade, long afterwards, when a friendship had sprung up and ripened between them—"my dear, never let a man ask you to marry him unless you mean to say yes. It will do neither of you any good."

And Marguerite, who never allowed another the last word, gave a shrewd little nod before she answered, "I always say no—before they ask me."

CHAPTER XXX.

ON THE QUEEN'S CANAL.

"There's not a crime—
But takes its proper change still out in crime
If once rung on the counter of this world."

CORNISH went back to the Hague immediately after Lord Ferriby's funeral, because it has been decreed that for all men this large world shall sooner or later narrow down to one city, perhaps, or one village, or a single house. For a man's life is always centred round a memory or a hope, and neither of those requires much space wherein to live. Tony Cornish's world had narrowed to the Villa des Dunes on the sand hills of Scheveningen, and his mind's eye was always turned in that direction. His one thought at this time was to protect Dorothy—to keep, if possible, the name she bore from harm and ill fame. Each day that passed meant death to the Malgamite-workers. He could not delay. He dared not hurry. He wrote again to Percy Roden from London, amid the hurried preparations for the funeral, and begged him to sever his connection with Von Holzen.

"You will not have time," he wrote, "to answer this before I leave for the Hague. I shall stay on the Toornoifeld as usual, and hope to arrive about nine o'clock to-morrow evening. I shall leave the hotel about a quarter past nine and walk down the right-hand bank of the Koninginne Gracht, and should like to meet you by the canal, where we can have a talk. I have many reasons to submit to your consideration why it will be expedient for you to come over to my side in this difference now, which I cannot well set down on paper. And remember, that between men of the world, such as I suppose we may take ourselves to be, there is no question of one of us judging the other. Let me beg of you to consider your position in regard to the Malgamite scheme—and meet me to-morrow night between the Malie Veld and the Achter Weg about half past nine. I cannot see you at the works, and it would be better for you not to come to my hotel."

The letter was addressed to the Villa des Dunes, where Roden received it the next morning. Dorothy saw it, and guessed from whom it was, though she hardly knew her lover's writing. He had adhered firmly to his resolution to keep himself in the background until he had finished the work he had undertaken. He had not written to her; had scarcely seen her. Roden read the letter, and put it in his pocket without a word. It had touched his vanity. He had had few dealings with men of the standing and position of Cornish, and here was this peer's nephew and peer's grandson appealing to him as to a friend, classing him together with himself as a man of the world. No man has so little discretion as a vain man. It is almost impossible for him to keep silence when speech will make for his glorification.

Roden arrived at the works well pleased with himself, and found Von Holzen in their little office, put out, ill at ease, domineering. It was unfortunate, if you will. Percy Roden was always ready to perceive his own ill fortune, and looked back later to this as one of his most untoward hours. Life, however, should surely consist of seizing the fortunate and fighting through the ill moments—else why should men have heart and nerve?

In such humors as they found themselves it did not take long for these two men to find a question upon which to differ. It was a mere matter of detail connected with the money at that time passing through their hands.

"Of course," said Roden, in the course of a useless and trivial dispute—"of course you think you know best, but you know nothing of finance—remember that. Everybody knows that it is I who have run that part of the business. Ask old Charles Wade, or White—or Cornish."

The argument had, in truth, been rather one-sided. For Roden had done all the



"'YOU!' SHE CRIED. 'MARRY YOU?'"

talking, while Von Holzen looked at him with a quiet eye and a silent contempt that made him talk all the more. Von Holzen did not answer now, though his eye lighted at the mention of Cornish's name. He merely looked at Roden with a smile, which conveyed as clearly as words Von Holzen's suggestion that none of the three men named would be prepared to give Roden a very good character.

"I had a letter, by-the-way, from Cornish this morning," said Roden, lapsing into his grander manner, which Von Holzen knew how to turn to account.

"Ah—bah!" he exclaimed, sceptically. And that lurking vanity of the inferior to lessen his own inferiority in the eyes of one who is his better did the rest.

"If you don't believe me—there you are," said Roden, throwing the letter upon the table—not ill pleased, in the heat of the moment, to show that he was a more important person than his companion seemed to think.

Von Holzen read the letter slowly and thoughtfully. The fact that it was evidently intended for Roden's private eye did not seem to affect one or the other of these two men, who had travelled with difficulty along the road to fortune, only reaching their bourn at last with a light stock of scruples and a shattered code of honor. Then he folded it and handed it back. He was not likely to forget a word of it.

"I suppose you will go," he said. "It will be interesting to hear what he has to say. That letter is a confession of weakness."

In making which statement Von Holzen showed his own weak point. For, like many clever men, he utterly failed to give to women their place—the leading place—in the world's history, as in the little histories of our daily lives. He never detected Dorothy between every line of Cornish's letter, and thought that it had only been dictated by inability to meet the present situation.

"I cannot very well refuse to go, since the fellow asks me," said Roden, grandly. He might as well have displayed his grandeur to a statue. If love is blind, self-love is surely half-witted as well; for it never sees nor understands that the world is fooling it. Roden failed to heed the significant fact that Von Holzen did not even ask him what line of conduct he intended to follow with regard to Cornish, nor seek in his autocratic way to instruct him on that point, but turned instead to other matters, and did not again refer to Cornish or the letter he had written.

So the day wore on while Cornish impatiently walked the deck of the steamer, ploughing its way across the North Sea, through showers and thunder-storms and those gray squalls that flit to and fro on the German Ocean. And some tons of Malgamite were made, while a manufacturer or two of the grim product laid aside his tools forever, while the money flowed in, and Otto von Holzen thought out his deep silent plans over his vats and tanks and crucibles. And all the while those who write in the book of fate had penned the last decree.

Cornish arrived punctually at the Hague. He drove to the hotel where he was known, where, indeed, he had never relinquished his room. There was no letter for him—no message from Percy Roden. But Von Holzen had unobtrusively noted his arrival at the station from the crowded retreat of the second-class waiting-room.

The day had been a very hot one, and from canal and dike arose that strange sedgy odor which comes with the cool of night in all Holland. It is hardly disagreeable, and conveys no sense of unhealthiness. It seems merely to be the breath of still waters, and, in hot weather, suggests very pleasantly the relief of Northern night. The Hague has two dominant smells. In winter, when the canals are frozen, the reek of burning peat is on the air, and in the summer the odor of slow waters. Cornish knew them both. He knew everything about this Old-World city, where the turning-point of his life had been fixed. It was deserted now. The great houses, the theatre—the show-places—were closed. The Toornoifeld was empty.

The hotel porter, aroused by the advent of the traveller from an after-dinner nap in his little glass box, spread out his hands with a gesture of surprise.

"The season is over," he said. "We are empty. Why you come to the Hague now?"

Even the sentries at the end of the Korte Vorhout wore a holiday air of laxness and swung their rifles idly. Cornish noticed that only half of the lamps were lighted.

The banks of the Queen's Canal are heavily shaded by trees, which, indeed, throw out their branches to meet above the weed-sown water. There is a broad thoroughfare on either side of the canal, though little traffic passes that way. These are two of the many streets of the Hague which seem to speak of a bygone day, when Holland played a greater part in the world's history than she does at present, for the houses are bigger than the occupants must need, and the streets are too wide for the traffic passing through them. In the middle, the canal—a gloomy corridor beneath the trees—creeps noiselessly towards the sea.

Cornish was before the appointed hour, and walked leisurely by the pathway between the trees and the canal. Soon the houses were left behind, and he passed the great open space called the Malie Veld. He had met no one since leaving the guard-house. It was a dark night, with no moon, but the stars were peeping through the riven clouds.

"Unless he stands under a lamp, I shall not see him," he said to himself, and lighted a cigar to indicate his whereabouts to Roden, should he elect to keep his appointment. When he had gone a few paces farther he saw some one coming towards him. There was a lamp half-way between them, and, as he approached the light, Cornish recognized Roden. There was no mistaking the long loose stride.

"I wonder," said Cornish, "if this is going to be the end of Roden's Corner?"

And he went forward to meet the financier.

"I was afraid you would not come," he said, in a voice that was friendly enough; for he was a man of the world, and in that which is called Society (with a capital letter) had rubbed elbows all his life with many who had no better reputation than Percy Roden, and some who deserved a worse.

"Oh, I don't mind coming," answered

Roden, "because I did not want to keep you waiting here in the dark. But it is no good, I tell you that at the outset."

"And nothing I can say will alter your decision?"

"Nothing. A man does not get two such chances as this in his lifetime. I am not going to throw this one away for the sake of a sentiment."

"Sentiment hardly describes the case," said Cornish, thoughtfully. "Do you mean to tell me that you do not care about all these deaths—about these poor devils of Malgamiters?"

And he looked hard at his companion beneath the lamp.

"Not a d——n," answered Roden. "I have been poor—you haven't. Why, man, I have starved inside a good coat. You don't know what that means."

Cornish looked at him, and said nothing. There was no mistaking the man's sincerity—nor the manner in which his voice suddenly broke when he spoke of hunger.

"Then there are only two things left for me to do," said Cornish, after a moment's reflection. "Ask your sister to marry me first, and smash you up afterwards."

Roden, who was smoking, threw his cigarette away.

"You mean to do both these things?"

"Both."

Roden looked at him. He opened his lips to speak, but suddenly leapt back.

"Look out!" he cried, and had barely time to point over Cornish's shoulder.

Cornish swung round on his heel. He belonged to a school and generation which, with all its faults, has, at all events, the redeeming quality of courage. He had long learnt to say the right thing, which effectually teaches men to do the right thing also. He saw some one running towards him, noiselessly, in rubber shoes. He had no time to think, and scarce a moment in which to act, for the man was but two steps away with an upraised arm, and in the lamp-light there flashed the gleam of steel.

Cornish concentrated his attention on the upraised arm, seizing it with both hands and actually swinging his assailant off his legs. He knew in an instant who it was, without needing to recognize the smell of Malgamite. This was Otto von Holzen, who had not hesitated to state his opinion—that it is often worth a man's while to kill another.

While his feet were still off the ground Cornish let him go, and he staggered away into the darkness of the trees. Cornish, who was lithe and quick, rather than of great physical force, recovered his balance in a moment, and turned to face the trees. He knew that Von Holzen would come back. He distinctly hoped that he would. For man is essentially the first of the "game" animals, and beneath fine clothes there nearly always beats a heart ready, quite suddenly, to snatch the fearful joy of battle.

Von Holzen did not disappoint him, but came flying on silent feet, like some beast of prey, from the darkness. Cornish had played half-back for his school not so many years before. He collared Von Holzen low, and let him go, with a cruel skill, heavily on his head and shoulder. Not a word had been spoken, and, in the stillness of the summer night, each could hear the other breathing.

Roden stood quite still. He could scarcely distinguish the antagonists. His own breath came whistling through his teeth. His white face was ghastly and twitching. His sleepy eyes were awake now, and staring.

Each charge had left Cornish nearer to the canal. He was standing now quite at the edge. He could smell, but he could not see the water, and dared not turn his head to look. There is no railing here, as there is nearer the town.

In a moment Von Holzen was on his feet again. In the dark, mere inches are much equalized between men—but Von Holzen had a knife. Cornish, who held nothing in his hands, knew that he was at a fatal disadvantage.

Again Von Holzen ran at him with his arm outstretched for a swinging stab. Cornish, in a flash of thought, recognized that he could not meet this. He stepped neatly aside. Von Holzen attempted to stop—stumbled—half-recovered himself, and fell headlong into the canal.

In a moment Cornish and Roden were at the edge, peering into the darkness. Cornish gave a breathless laugh.

"We shall have to fish him out," he said.

And he knelt down, ready to give a hand to Von Holzen. But the water, smooth again now, was not stirred by so much as a ripple.

"Suppose he can swim?" muttered Roden, uneasily.

And they waited in a breathless silence. There was something horrifying in the single splash and then the stillness.

"Gad!" whispered Cornish. "Where is he?"

Roden struck a match, and held it inside his hat so as to form a sort of lantern, though the air was still enough. Cornish did the same, and they held the lights out over the water, throwing the feeble rays right across the canal.

"He cannot have swum away," he said.

"Von Holzen," he cried out, cautiously, after another pause. "Von Holzen —where are you?"

But there was no answer.

The surface of the canal was quite still and glassy in those parts that were not covered by the close-lying duck-weed. The water crept stealthily, slimily, towards the sea.

The two men held their breath and waited. Cornish was kneeling at the edge of the water, peering over.

"Where is he?" he repeated. "Gad! Roden, where is he?"

And Roden, in a hoarse voice, answered at length, "He is in the mud at the bottom—head downwards."

CHAPTER XXXI.

AT THE CORNER.

L'homme s'agite et Dieu le mene.

THE two men on the edge of the canal waited and listened again. It seemed still possible that Von Holzen had swum away in the darkness—had perhaps landed safely and unperceived on the other side.

"This," said Cornish at length, "is a police affair. Will you wait here while I go and fetch them?"

But Roden made no answer, and in the sudden silence Cornish heard the eerie sound of chattering teeth. Percy Roden had morally collapsed. His mind had long been at a great tension, and this shock had unstrung him. Cornish seized him by the arm, and held him while he shook like a leaf and swayed heavily.

"Come, man," said Cornish, kindly— "come, pull yourself together."

He held him steadily and patiently until the shaking ceased.

"I'll go," said Roden at length. "I couldn't stay here alone."

And he staggered away towards the Hague. It seemed hours before he came back. A carriage rattled past Cornish while he waited there, and two foot-passengers paused for a moment to look at him with some suspicion.

At last Roden returned, accompanied by a police official—a phlegmatic Dutchman who listened to the story in silence. He shook his head at Cornish's suggestion, made in halting Dutch mingled with German, that Von Holzen had swum away in the darkness.

"No," said the officer; "I know these canals—and this above all others. They will find him, planted in the mud at the bottom, head downward like a tulip. The head goes in and the hands are powerless, for they only grasp soft mud like a fresh junket." He drew his short sword from its sheath and scratched a deep mark in the gravel. Then he turned to the nearest tree and made a notch on the bark with the blade. "There is nothing to be done to-night," he said, philosophically. "There are men engaged in dredging the canal. I will set them to work at dawn before the world is astir. In the mean time"—he paused to return his sword to its scabbard—"in the mean time I must have the names and residence of these gentlemen. It is not for me to believe or disbelieve their story."

"Can you go home alone? Are you all right now?" Cornish asked Roden, as he walked away with him towards the Villa des Dunes.

"Yes, I can go home alone," he answered, and walked on by himself, unsteadily. Cornish watched him, and, before he had gone twenty yards, Roden stopped.

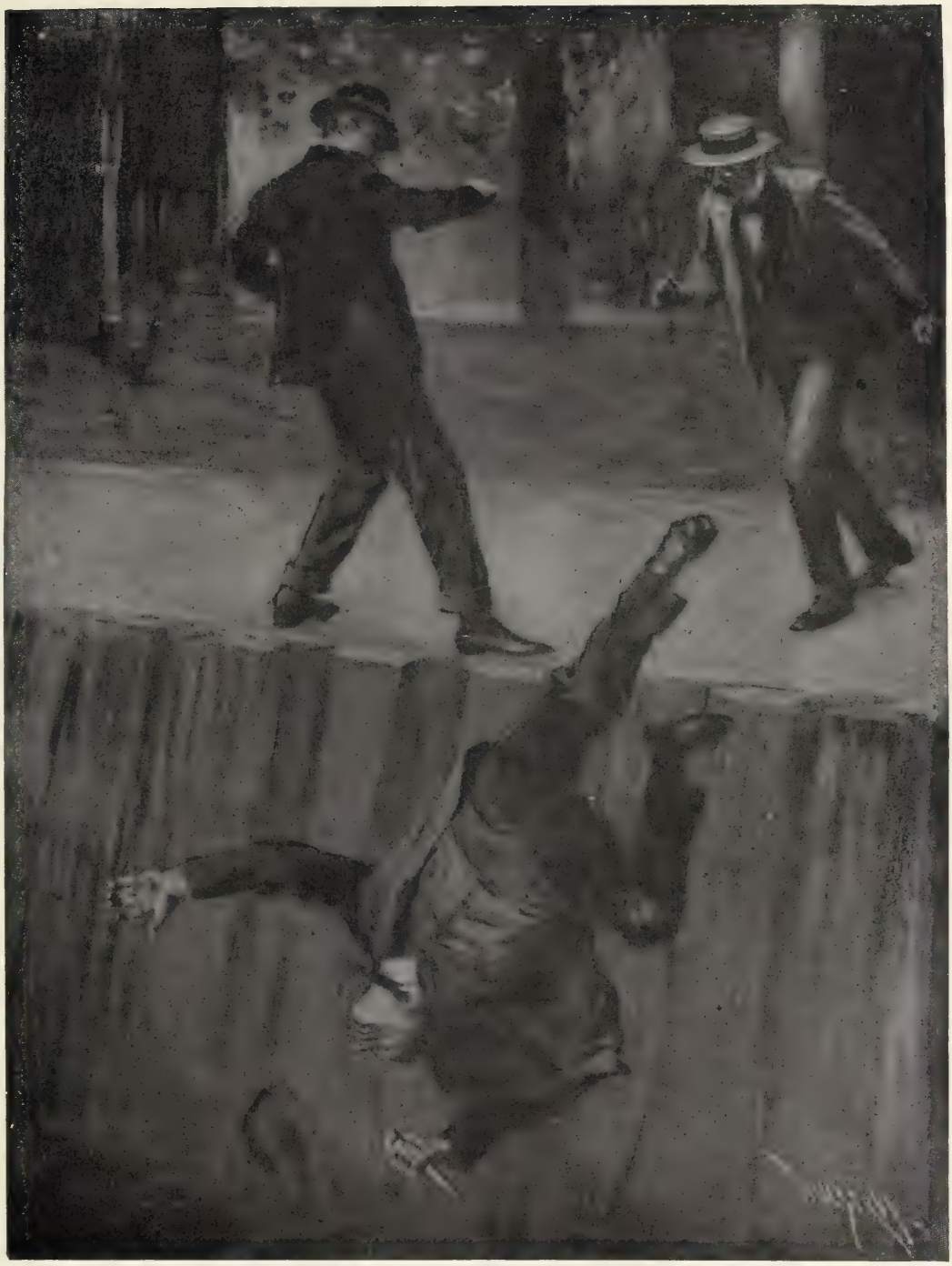
"Cornish!" he shouted.

"Yes." And they walked towards each other.

"I did not know that Von Holzen was there. You will believe that?"

"Yes, I will believe that," answered Cornish.

And they parted a second time. Cornish walked slowly back to the hotel. He limped a little, for Von Holzen had in the struggle kicked him on the ankle. He suddenly felt very tired, but was not shaken. On the contrary, he felt relieved, as if that which he had been attempting so long had been suddenly taken from his hands and consummated by a higher power with whom all responsibility rested. He went to bed with a me-



"IN A MOMENT CORNISH AND RODEN WERE AT THE EDGE."

chanical deliberation, and slept instantly. The daylight was streaming into the window when he awoke. No one sleeps very heavily at the Hague—no one knows why—and Cornish awoke with all his senses about him at the opening of his bedroom door. Roden had come in and was standing by the bedside. His eyes had a sleepless look. He looked, indeed, as if he had been up all night and had just had a bath.

"I say," he said, in his hollow voice—"I say, get up. They have found him—and we are wanted. We have to go and identify him—and all that."

While Cornish was dressing, Roden sat heavily down on a chair near the window.

"Hope you'll stick by me," he said, and pausing, stretched out his hand to the washing-stand to pour himself out a glass of water—"I hope you'll stick by me. I'm so confoundedly shaky. Don't know what it is—look at my hand." He held out his hand, which shook like a drunkard's.

"That is only nerves," said Cornish, who was ever optimistic and cheerful. He was too wise to weigh carefully his

reasons for looking at the best side of events. "That is nothing. You have not slept, I expect."

"No; I've been thinking. I say, Cornish—you must stick by me—I have been thinking. What am I to do with the Malgamiters? I cannot manage the devils as Von Holzen did. I'm—I'm a bit afraid of them, Cornish."

"Oh, that will be all right. Why, we have Wade, and can send for White if we want him. Do not worry yourself about that. What you want is breakfast. Have you had any?"

"No. I left the house before Dorothy was awake or the servants were down. She knows nothing. Dorothy and I have not hit it off lately."

Cornish made no answer. He was ringing the bell, and ordered coffee when the waiter came. "Haven't met any incident in life yet," he said, cheerfully, "that seemed to justify missing meals."

The incident that awaited them was not, however, a pleasant one, though the magistrate in attendance afforded a courteous assistance in the observance of necessary formalities. Both men made a deposition before him.

"I know something," he said to Cornish, "of this Malgamite business. We have had our eye upon Von Holzen for some time—if only on account of the death-rate of the city."

They breathed more freely when they were out in the street. Cornish made some unimportant remark, which the other did not answer. So they walked on in silence. Presently Cornish glanced at his companion, and was startled at the sight of his face—which was gray, and glazed all over with perspiration, as an actor's face may sometimes be at the end of a great act. Then he remembered that Roden had not spoken for a long time.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Didn't you see?" gasped Roden.

"See what?"

"The things they had laid on the table beside him. The things they found in his hands and his pockets."

"The knife, you mean," said Cornish, whose nerves were worthy of the blood that flowed in his veins, "and some letters?"

"Yes; the knife was mine. Everybody knows it. It is an old dagger that has always lain on a table in the drawing-room at the Villa des Dunes."

"I have never been in the drawing-room at the Villa des Dunes except once by lamp-light," said Cornish, indifferently.

Roden turned and looked at him, with eyes still dull with fear. "And among the letters was the one you wrote to me, making the appointment. He must have stolen it from the pocket of my office-coat, which I never wear while I am working."

Cornish was nodding his head slowly. "I see," he said at length—"I see. It was a pretty 'coup.' To kill me and fix the crime on you—and hang you?"

"Yes," said Roden, with a sudden laugh, which neither forgot to his dying day.

They walked on in silence. For there are times in nearly every man's life when events seem suddenly to outpace thought, and we can only act as seems best at the moment; times when the babbler is still and the busybody at rest; times when the cleverest of us must recognize that the long and short of it all is that man agitates himself and God leads him. At the corner of the Vyverberg they parted—Cornish to return to his hotel, Roden to go back to the works. His carriage was awaiting him in a shady corner of the Binnenhof. For Roden had his carriage now, and, like many possessing suddenly such a vehicle, spent much time and thought in getting his money's worth out of it.

"If you want me, send for me, or come to the hotel," were Cornish's last words, as he shut the successful financier into his brougham.

At the hotel Cornish found Mr. Wade and Marguerite lingering over a late breakfast.

"You look," said Marguerite, "as if you had been up to something." She glanced at him shrewdly, with her light laugh. "Have you smashed Roden's Corner?" she asked, suddenly.

"Yes," answered Cornish, turning to Mr. Wade, "and if you will come out into the garden, I will tell you how it has been done. Monsieur Creil said that the paper-makers could begin supplying themselves with Malgamite at a day's notice. We must give them that notice this morning."

Mr. Wade, who was never hurried and never late, paused at the open window to light his cigar before following Margue-

rite. "Ah," he said, placidly, "then fortune must have favored you, or something has happened to Von Holzen."

Cornish knew that it was useless to attempt to conceal anything whatsoever from the discerning Marguerite, so—in the quiet garden of the hotel, where the doves murmur sleepily on the tiles and the breeze only stirs the flowers and shrubs sufficiently to disseminate their scents—he told father and daughter the end of Roden's Corner.

They were still in the garden, an hour later, writing letters and telegrams, and making arrangements to meet this new turn in events, when Dorothy Roden came down the iron steps from the veranda.

She hurried towards them, and shook hands, without explaining her sudden arrival.

"Is Percy here?" she asked Cornish. "Have you seen him this morning?"

"He is not here, but I parted from him a couple of hours ago on the Vyverberg. He was going down to the works."



"WHAT AM I TO DO WITH THE MALGAMITERS?"

"Then he never got there," said Dorothy. "I have had nearly all the Malgamiters at the Villa des Dunes. They are in open rebellion, and if Percy had been there they would have killed him. They have heard a report that Herr von Holzen is dead—is it true?"

"Yes. Von Holzen is dead."

"And they broke into the office. They got at the books. They found out the profits that have been made, and they are perfectly wild with fury. They

would have wrecked the Villa des Dunes, but—"

"—But they were afraid of you, my dear," said Mr. Wade, filling in the blank that Dorothy left.

"Yes," she admitted.

"Well played!" muttered Marguerite, with shining eyes.

Cornish had risen, and was folding away his papers.

"I will go down to the works," he said.

"But you cannot go there alone," put in Dorothy, quickly.

"He will not need to do that," said Mr. Wade, throwing the end of his cigar into the bushes and rising heavily from his chair.

Marguerite looked at her father with a little upward jerk of the head and a light in her eyes. It was quite evident that she approved of the old gentleman.

"He's a game old thing," she said, aside to Dorothy, while her father collected his papers.

"Your brother has probably been warned in time, and will not go near the works," said Cornish to Dorothy. "He was more than prepared for such an emergency; for he told me himself that he was half afraid of the men. He is almost sure to come to me here—in fact, he promised to do so if he wanted help."

Dorothy looked at him, and said nothing. The world would be a simpler dwelling-place if those who, for one reason or another, cannot say exactly what they mean would but keep silence.

Cornish told her hurriedly what had happened twelve hours ago on the bank of the Queen's Canal, and the thought of the misspent, crooked life that had ended in the black waters of that sluggish tideway made them all silent for a while. For death is in itself dignified, and demands respect for all with whom he has dealings. Many attain the distinction of vice in life, while more only reach the mere mediocrity of foolishness; but in death all are equally dignified. We may, indeed, assume that we shall, by dying, at last command the respect of even our nearest relations and dearest friends—for a week or two, until they forget us.

"He was a clever man," commented Mr. Wade, shutting up his gold pencil-case and putting it in the pocket of his comfortable waistcoat. "But clever men are rarely happy—"

"And clever women—never," added Marguerite—that shrewd seeker after the last word.

While they were still speaking, Percy Roden came hurriedly down the steps. He was pale and tired, but his eye had a light of resolution in it. He held his head up and looked at Cornish with a steady glance. It seemed that the vague danger which he had anticipated so nervously had come at last, and that he stood like a man in the presence of it.

"It is all up," he said. "They have found the books; they have understood them; and they are wrecking the place."

"They are quite welcome to do that," said Cornish.

Mr. Wade, who was always businesslike, had reopened his writing-case when he saw Roden, and now came forward to hand him a written paper.

"That is a copy," he said, "of the telegram we have sent to Creil. He can come here and select what men he wants—the steady ones and the skilled workmen. With each man we will hand him a check in trust. The others can take their money—and go."

"And drink themselves to death as expeditiously as they think fit," added Cornish, the philanthropist—the fashionable drawing-room champion of the masses.

"I got back here through the Wood," said Percy Roden, who was still breathless, as if he had been hurrying. "One of them, a Swede, came to warn me. They are looking for me in the town—a hundred and twenty of them, and not one who cares that"—he paused, and gave a snap of the fingers—"for his life or the law. Both railway stations are watched, and all the steamboat stations on the canals; they will kill me if they catch me."

His eyes wavered, for there is nothing more terrifying than the avowed hostility of a mass of men, and no law grimmer than lynch-law. Yet he held up his head with a queer pride in his danger—some touch of that subtle sense of personal distinction which seems to reach the heart of the victim of an accident, or of a prisoner in the dock.

"If I had not met that Swede I should have gone on to the works, and they would have pulled me to pieces there," continued Roden. "I do not know how I am to get away from the Hague, or where I shall be safe in the whole world; but the money

is at Hamburg and Antwerp. The money is safe enough."

He gave a laugh and threw back his head. His hearers looked at him in a sort of wonder, and Mr. Wade alone understood his thoughts. For the banker had dealt with money-makers all his life, and knew that to many men money is a god, and the mere possession of it dearer to them than life itself.

"If you stay here, in my room upstairs," said Cornish, "I will go down to the works now. And this evening I will try and get you away from the Hague—and from Europe."

"And I will go to the Villa des Dunes again," added Dorothy, "and pack your things."

Marguerite had risen also, and was moving towards the steps.

"Where are you going?" asked her father.

"To the Villa des Dunes," she replied, and turning to Dorothy, added, "I will take some clothes and stay with you there until things straighten themselves out a bit."

"Why?"

"Because I cannot let you go there alone."

"Why not?" asked Dorothy.

"Because—I am not that sort," said Marguerite, and turning, she ascended the iron steps.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ROUND THE CORNER.

"Les heureux ne rient pas; ils sourient."

Soon after Mr. Wade and Cornish had quitted their carriage, on that which is known as the New Scheveningen Road, and were walking across the dunes to the Malgamite works, they met a policeman running towards them.

"It is," he answered, breathlessly, to their inquiries—"it is the English chemical works on the dunes, which have caught fire. I am hurrying to the artillery station to telegraph for the fire-engines; but it will be useless. It will all be over in half an hour—by this wind and after so much dry weather; see the black smoke, Excellencies."

And the man pointed towards a column of smoke, blown out over the sand hills by the strong wind characteristic of these flat coasts. Then, with a hurried salutation, he ran on.

Cornish and Mr. Wade proceeded more leisurely on their way; for the banker was not of a build to hurry even to a fire. Before they had gone far they perceived another man coming across the dunes towards the Hague. As he approached, Cornish recognized the man known as Uncle Ben. He was shambling along on unsteady legs, and carried his earthly belongings in a canvas sack of doubtful cleanliness. The recognition was apparently mutual; for Uncle Ben deviated from his path to come and speak to them.

"It's me, mister," he said to Cornish, not disrespectfully. "And I don't mind tellin' yer that I'm makin' myself scarce. That place is gettin' a bit too hot for me. They're just pulling it down and makin' a bonfire of it. And if you or Mr. Roden goes there they'll just take and chuck yer on top of it—and that's God's truth. They're a rough lot, some of them, and they don't distinguish 'tween you and Mr. Roden like as I do. Soddim and Gomorrer, I say. Soddim and Gomorrer! There won't be nothin' left of yer in half an hour." And he turned and shook a dirty fist towards the rising smoke, which was all that remained of the Malgamite works. He hurried on a few paces, then stopped and laid down his bag. He ran back, calling out "Mister!" as he neared Cornish and Mr. Wade. "I don't mind telling yer," he said to Cornish, with a ludicrous precautionary look round the deserted dunes, to make sure that he would not be overheard; for he was sober, and consequently stupid—"I don't mind telling yer—seeing as I'm makin' myself scarce, and for the sake o' Miss Roden, who has always been a good friend to me—as there's a hundred and twenty of 'em looking for Mr. Roden at this minute, meanin' to twist his neck; and what's worse, there's others—men of eddication like myself—who has gone to the authorities to get a warrant out against him for false pretences, or murder, or something. And they'll get it, too, with the story they've got to tell, and them poor devils planted thick as taters in the cheap corner of the cemetry. I've warned yer, mister." Uncle Ben expectorated with much emphasis, looked towards the Malgamite works with a dubious shake of the head, and went on his way, muttering, "Soddim and Gomorrer."

His hearers walked on over the sand

hills towards the smoke, of which the pungent odor, still faintly suggestive of sealing-wax, reached their nostrils. At the top of a high dune, surmounted with considerable difficulty, Mr. Wade stopped. Cornish stood beside him, and from that point of vantage they saw the last of the Malgamite works. Amid the flames and smoke the forms of men flitted hither and thither, adding fuel to the fire.

"They are, at all events, doing the business thoroughly," said the banker. "And there is nothing to be gained by our disturbing them at it — and a good deal to be lost—namely, our lives. There is nothing heroic about me, Tony. Let us go back."

But Mr. Wade returned to the Hague alone; for Cornish had matters of importance requiring his attention. It was now doubly necessary to get Roden safely away from Holland, and with the necessity increased the difficulty. For Holland is a small country, well watched, highly civilized. Cornish knew that it would be next to impossible for Roden to leave the country by rail or road. There remained, therefore, the sea. Cornish had, during his sojourn at the humble "Swan," at Scheveningen, made certain friends there. And it was to the old village under the dunes, little known to visitors, and a place apart from the fashionable bathing resort, that he went in his difficulty. He spent nearly the whole day in these narrow streets; indeed, he lunched at the "Swan" in company of a seafaring gentleman clad in soft blue flannel, and addicted to the mediæval coiffure still affected in certain parts of Zeeland.

From this quiet retreat Cornish also wrote a note to Dorothy at the Villa des Dunes, informing her of Roden's new danger, and warning her not to attempt to communicate with her brother, or even send him his baggage. In the afternoon Cornish made a few purchases, which he duly packed in a sailor's kit-bag, and at nightfall Roden arrived on foot.

The weather was squally, as it often is in August on these coasts; indeed, the summer seemed to have come to an end before its time.

"It is raining like the deuce," said Roden, "and I am wet through, though I came under the trees of the Oude Weg."

He spoke with his usual suggestion of a grievance, which made Cornish answer him rather curtly.

"We shall be wetter before we get on board."

It was raining when they quitted the modest "Swan," and hurried through the sparsely lighted, winding streets. Cornish had borrowed two oil-skin coats and caps, which at once disguised them and protected them from the rain. Any passer-by would have taken them for a couple of fishermen going about their business. But there were few in the streets.

"Why are you doing all this for me?" asked Roden, suddenly.

"To avoid a scandal," replied Cornish, truthfully enough; for he had been brought up in a school where the longevity of scandal is thoroughly understood.

The wide stretch of sand was entirely deserted when they emerged from the narrow streets and gained the summit of the sea-wall. A thunder-storm was growling in the distance, and every moment a flash of thin summer lightning shimmered on the horizon. The wind was strong, as it nearly always is here, and a shallow white surf stretched seaward across the flats. The sea roared continuously, without that rise and fall of the breakers which marks a deeper coast, and from the face of the water there arose a filmy mist—part foam, part phosphorescence.

As Roden and Cornish passed the little light-house two policemen emerged from the shadow of the wall and watched them, half suspiciously.

"Good-evening," said one of them.

"Good-evening," answered Cornish, mimicking the singsong accent of the Scheveningen streets.

They walked on in silence.

"Gad!" ejaculated Roden, when the danger seemed to be past, and they could breathe again.

They went down a flight of steps to the beach, and stumbled across the soft sand towards the sea. One or two boats were lying out in the surf—heavy Dutch fishing-boats, known technically as "pinks," flat-bottomed, round-prowed, keelless—heavy and ungainly vessels, but strong as wood and iron and good workmanship could make them. Some seemed to be afloat, others bumped heavily and continuously, while a few lay stolidly

on the ground with the waves breaking right over them as over rocks.

The noise of the sea was so great that Cornish touched his companion's arm and pointed, without speaking, to one of the vessels where a light twinkled feebly through the spray breaking over her. It seemed to be the only vessel preparing to go to sea on the high tide, and, in truth, the weather looked anything but encouraging.

"How are we going to get on board?" shouted Roden, amid the roar of the waves.

"Walk," answered Cornish, and he led the way into the sea. Hampered as they were by their heavy oil-skins, their progress was slow, although the water barely reached their knees. The *Three Brothers* was bumping when they reached her and clambered on board over the bluff sides, sticky with salt water and tar.

"She'll be afloat in ten minutes," said a man in oil-skins, who helped them over the low bulwarks. He spoke good English, and seemed to have learned some of the taciturnity of the seafaring portion of that nation with their language; for he went aft to the tiller without more words, and took his station there.

Roden seated himself on the rail and looked back towards Scheveningen. Cornish stood beside him in silence. The spray broke over them continuously, and the boat rolled and bumped in such a manner that it was impossible to stand or even sit without holding on to the clumsy rigging.

The lights of Scheveningen were stretched out in a line before them; the light-house winked a glaring eye that seemed to stare over their heads far out to sea. The summer lightning showed the sands to be bare and deserted. There were no unusual lights on the sea-wall. The Kurhaus and the hotels were illuminated and gay. The shore took no heed of the sea to-night.

"We've succeeded," said Roden, curtly; and quite suddenly he rolled over in a faint at Cornish's feet.

The next morning Dorothy received a letter at the Villa des Dunes, posted the evening before by Cornish at Scheveningen.

"We hope to get away to-night," he wrote, "in the 'pink' the *Three Brothers*. Our intention is to knock about the North Sea until we find a suitable vessel—either a sailing-ship trading between Norway and Spain on its way south, or a steamer going direct from Hamburg to South America. When I have seen your brother safely on board one of these vessels, I shall return in the *Three Brothers* to Scheveningen. She is a small boat and has a large white patch of new canvas at the top of her mainsail. So if you see her coming in, or waiting for the tide, you may conclude that your brother is in safety."

Later in the day Mr. Wade called, having driven from the Hague very comfortably in an open carriage with a large cigar.

"The house," he said, placidly, "is still watched, but I have no doubt that Tony has outwitted them all. Creil arrived last night, and seems a capable man. He tells me that half of the Malgamiters are in jail at the Hague for intoxication and uproariousness last night. He is selecting those he wants, and the rest he will send to their homes. So we are balancing our affairs very comfortably—and if there is anything I can do for you, Miss Roden, I am at your command."

"Oh, Dorothy is all right," said Marguerite, rather hurriedly; and when her father took his leave, she slipped her hand within his solid arm and walked with him across the sand towards the carriage.

"Haven't you seen," she asked—"you old stupid!—that Dorothy is all right? Tony is in love with her."

"No," replied the banker, rather humbly. "No, my dear. I am afraid I had not noticed it."

Marguerite pressed his arm, not unkindly. "You can't help it," she explained. "You are only a man, you know."

The following days were quiet enough at the Villa des Dunes, and it is in quiet days that a friendship ripens best. The two girls left there scarcely expected to hear of Cornish's return for some days; but they fell into the habit of walking towards the sea whenever they went out-of-doors, and spent many afternoon hours on the dunes. During these hours Dorothy had many confidential and lively conversations with her new-found friend. Indeed, confidence and gayety were so bewilderingly mingled that Dorothy did not always understand her.

One afternoon, three days after the departure of Percy Roden, when Von Holzen was buried, and the authorities had

expressed themselves content with the verdict that he had come accidentally by his death, Marguerite took occasion to congratulate herself, and all concerned, on the fact that what she vaguely called "things" were beginning to straighten themselves out.

"We are round the corner," she said, decisively. "And now papa and I shall go home again, and Miss Williams will come back. Miss Williams — oh, lor! She is one of those women who have a poker inside them instead of a heart. You know the sort, Dorothy. They live for moral appearances — presumably because all other appearances have longed ceased to live for them. And papa will trot out his young men—likely young men from the city. Papa married the bank, you know. And he wants me to marry another bank, and live gorgeously ever afterwards. Poor old dear!"

"I think he would rather you were happy than gorgeous," said Dorothy, with a laugh, who had seen some of the honest banker's perplexity with regard to this most delicate financial affair.

"Perhaps he would. At all events, he does his best—his level best. He has tried at least fifty of these gentle swains since I came back from Dresden—red hair and a temper, black hair and an excellent opinion of one's self, fair hair and stupidity. But they wouldn't do — they wouldn't do, Dorothy!"

Marguerite paused, and made a series of holes in the sand with her walking-stick.

"There was only one," she said, quietly, at length. "I suppose there is always — only one—for women, eh, Dorothy?"

"I suppose so," answered Dorothy, looking straight in front of her.

Marguerite was silent for a while, looking out to sea with a queer little twist of the lips that made her look older—almost a woman. One could imagine what she would be like when she was middle-aged, or quite old perhaps.

"He would have done," she said. "Quite easily, hands down. He was a million times cleverer than the rest—a million times... well, he was quite different, I don't know how. But he was paternal. He thought he was much too old, so he didn't try—"

She broke off with a light laugh, and her confidential manner was gone in a flash. She stuck her stick firmly into the ground, and threw herself back on the soft sand.

"So!" she cried, gayly. "Vogue la galère! It's all for the best. That is the right thing to say when it cannot be helped and it obviously isn't for the best. But everybody says it, and it is always wise to pass in with the crowd and be conventional—if you swing for it."

She broke off suddenly, looking at her companion's face. A few boats had been leisurely making for the shore all the afternoon before a light wind, and Dorothy had been watching them. They were coming closer now.

"Dorothy, do you see the *Three Brothers*?"

"That is the *Three Brothers*," answered Dorothy, pointing with her walking-stick.

For a time they were silent, until, indeed, the boat with the patched sail had taken the ground gently, a few yards from the shore. A number of men landed from her, some of them carrying baskets of fish. One, walking apart, made for the dunes, in the direction of the New Scheveningen Road.

"And that is Tony," said Marguerite. "I should know his walk—if I saw him coming out of the Ark, which, by-the-way, must have been rather like the *Three Brothers* to look at. He has taken your brother safely away, and now he is coming—to take you."

"He may remember that I am Percy's sister," suggested Dorothy.

"It doesn't matter whose sister you are," was the decisive reply. "Nothing matters—" Marguerite rose slowly, and shook the sand from her dress. "Nothing matters — except one thing, and that appears to be a matter of absolute chance."

She climbed slowly to the summit of the dune under which they had been sitting, and there, pausing, she looked back. She nodded gayly down at Dorothy. Then suddenly she held out her hands before her, and Cornish, looking up, saw her slim young form poised against the sky in a mock attitude of benediction.

"Bless you, my dears!" she cried, and with a light laugh turned and walked towards the Villa des Dunes.

THE END.



"BLESS YOU, MY DEARS!" SHE CRIED."

IF THE QUEEN HAD ABDICATED



Castle of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes.

DETAILED reports were circulated throughout Europe and America in the early part of 1897 to the effect that Queen Victoria would mark the completion of the sixtieth year of her reign by stepping down from the loneliest and loftiest seat ever occupied by a woman, and handing over to her eldest son the honors and burdens of the English crown.

It is said by those in a position to know the facts that the Queen herself was then not only ready but anxious to renounce in favor of the Prince of Wales the burdens of her throne. There are, in fact, grounds for believing that the question of abdication actually came before the cabinet in one shape or another, that a serious examination was made into the merits and demerits of the proposal, and that, as each individual cabinet minister was strenuously opposed to the idea of the Queen's abdication, it was unanimously rejected. Considerations were presented which determined the government to advise her Majesty to remain, "as long as life shall last," Queen of England. Some of these considerations are by no means so well-known as they deserve. Constitutional in all things, and especially in regard to advice from her ministers on grave matters touching the welfare of Britain, Queen Victoria accordingly entered the seventh decade of her reign with the announcement of a resolve that until her last sleep nothing should part her from her beloved people. That resolve was communicated to the nation in a letter which went straight to the hearts of loyal Britons all over the world. No king could have written that letter, because it is not given to any man to sweep the chords of feeling with the sure hand of a good and loving woman, whether she be the greatest of queens or of humble station. Kings may appeal to national pride, to ambition, and to duty. Our Queen can do more. She can touch the heart of a great people at her will.

Even the letter in which the Queen told her people that she would continue to fulfil her duties "as long as life shall last" did not finally get rid of the rumor

of abdication. Specific statements continue to be made in responsible quarters that the abdication was about to take place, that the coronation robes of King Edward VII. were being made, partly in Paris and partly in London, and that the details for inaugurating the new reign were actually worked out. There is not a word of truth in those reports. The Queen will not abdicate. The Prince of Wales remains a subject during the life of his mother. Any one who considers the problem as it presented itself to the British cabinet could see for himself some of the graver reasons for this decision.

In the first place, both historical precedents and constitutional convenience are against abdication. In England no monarch can abdicate without consent of Parliament. In Great Britain there has been no case of voluntary abdication. Edward II. and James II. were forcibly driven from the throne for the best of reasons, and John Balliol, just six hundred years ago, was forced by Edward I. to abdicate the throne of Scotland. The British cabinet, therefore, was obliged to resort to foreign, and for the most part to ancient, history to obtain precedents for the voluntary abdication of a reigning sovereign.

Of these foreign precedents there are just half a dozen. In 79 B.C. Sulla abdicated the dictatorship of Rome. In 305 A.D. Diocletian abdicated the imperial throne. In 1555 Charles V. of Spain abdicated. Then there are the abdications of Christina of Sweden in 1654, Philip V. of Spain in 1724, and Louis Bonaparte of Holland in 1810. Not one of them throws any light on the case of Queen Victoria, or presents a parallel to the situation that is worth serious consideration.

If historic precedents refused to throw light on the subject, ministers were beleaguered with constitutional difficulties of a kind almost insuperable, preventing them, even had they been willing, from tendering to their sovereign advice that she should renounce her throne. It seems ungracious and almost sordid to refer to mere pecuniary obstacles, but undoubtedly the settlement of a new civil list in the Queen's lifetime would raise Parliamentary questions on grave constitutional points of the most delicate nature, which no minister would raise if he could help it. The settlement of the civil list



THE ROYAL YACHT "OSBORNE."

(that is, the salary of the Queen), at an annual allowance of $1,925,000, lapses with her death. What is to happen if the Queen ceases to reign, but does not cease to live, is not provided for in any of the acts of Parliament relating to the crown, its succession, or the administration of the crown lands which were surrendered at the time of the Queen's accession. Furthermore, provision for the dignity of the new sovereign on the demise of the crown from whatever cause must be the subject of a new arrangement between Parliament and the crown, as the present arrangement is specially restricted to the lifetime of the Queen. Parliamentary intervention would have been indispensable, since her Majesty enjoys no power of hypothecation over the revenues provided by the nation for her dignity and use. With the exception of an annual sum of $300,000 granted on account of the privy purse, every dollar of the crown revenues is now allocated by Parliament to its specific purpose, and cannot be alienated from that purpose for any reason whatsoever unless with Parliamentary sanction, and expressed in an enabling act.

In order to make the foregoing clear I should explain that in 1837, the year of the Queen's accession, a bargain between the sovereign and Parliament was made by which the former renounced the hereditary revenues of the crown enjoyed by her royal predecessors in consideration of a civil list granted during the Queen's lifetime and occupancy of the throne. In 1837 this was an excellent bargain for the country. To-day, owing to the fall in values, the nation annually pays some $20,000 more to the crown than it receives from the hereditary revenues relinquished by her Majesty in 1837. The cabinet was thus confronted with a grave and complex problem. If the Queen were advised to abdicate, the whole question of the crown lands would come up in an inconveniently intractable form. By the 1 and 2 Vict. cap. ii. 1837 it is expressly provided that after the demise of the crown the *hereditary revenues surrendered by the Queen are payable to her successors* (c. ii). By clause XVII. it is enacted "that this Act shall continue in force for six months after the death of Her most Excellent Majesty (whom may God preserve), unless the heir or successor of Her said Majesty shall sooner signify to both Houses of Parliament His or Her Royal will and pleasure to resume the possession of the several Hereditary Rates Duties Payments and Revenues hereby surrendered by Her Majesty."

The meaning of this clause is that, assuming for the moment that the same conditions would hold good on the sovereign's abdication as on the demise of the crown from natural causes, the Prince of Wales for six months would be free to exercise an option to resume possession of the hereditary revenues of the crown, and to make such disposition of or charges on them as might seem good to his Royal Highness. It is notorious that for many years the provision made by Parliament for the Prince of Wales and his family is miserably inadequate to the obligations publicly imposed on him. Practically, the more costly social and public duties of monarchy have devolved almost entirely on the Prince of Wales, together with enormous charges for entertainment, hospitality, and charitable subscriptions compulsorily entailed on the leader of English society by the Queen's practical retirement from the public eye. For more than a generation the Prince has borne the larger part of the social and pecuniary burdens that naturally fall on the sovereign, and has sustained them on a modest Parliamentary grant of smaller proportions than the income of many Americans and Englishmen of private station. These things being so, it is obvious that when the time comes for the Prince of Wales to succeed the Queen (whom may God preserve!) the ministry in office at the time will be equitably bound to take into consideration the burden of obligations met and discharged by the Prince of Wales in the course of his difficult, prolonged, and patriotic services to his country. To raise this thorny Parliamentary question during the lifetime of the Queen is practically out of the question, and no cabinet would be likely to anticipate for itself the complex difficulties inseparable from a resettlement of the civil list and the question of crown lands. Unless, however, this matter were satisfactorily settled, which would probably include a permanent arrangement as to the ownership of crown lands, no question of the abdication of the Queen could enter the arena of practical politics.

Such are some of the pecuniary and



THE PRINCE OF WALES.

By express permission of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, after a photograph by J. F. Langhans, court photographer, Prague and Marienbad.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
After a photograph by W. and D. Downey, London.

constitutional difficulties in the way of abdication. The Queen, however, is not only Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, she is also Empress of India, reigning sovereign over more Moslems than the Grand Turk, and of more Africans and Asiatics than any other civilized monarch. Abdication would be misunderstood by most, misrepresented by some, and resented by all of them. Death they know; a living ruler they understand. What is abdication to the border tribes of the Hindoo-Koosh, to the lake-dwellers of Nyassaland, Uganda, or the fierce tribesmen of the Soudan? From an imperial stand-point a sceptre dropped from the hand of the Great White Queen can be borne aloft in her lifetime by no successor. In many parts of the world the British *raj* is personified in the little lady who, sixty years ago, said to those who told her that she was a Queen—"I will be good." In some parts of India she is actually worshipped as a goddess. In her lifetime the native races of the empire will either look to the Queen as their ruler, or they will assume that something has happened that saps and neutralizes British power. These imperial considerations as to the effect on Asiatics and Africans were also in the minds of the ministers when they unanimously refused to

advise the Queen to rest from the crushing burden of the crown.

There is more that cannot be publicly said as to the reasons against the Queen's retirement which governed Lord Salisbury and his colleagues in their decision. Still, it is not only interesting, but profitable, and not unseemly, frankly to examine some of the probable results of the Prince of Wales's accession to the throne of England. It is certain that an important section of public opinion was distinctly in favor of the step referred to in the foregoing pages. For more than a generation the Queen has remained in close retirement. Irish soil during the whole of that period has not been touched by the sovereign's foot. London is visited by her Majesty at long intervals, and then only for a day, or, at most, two days at a time. The Queen dislikes London. Her health suffers from the murky atmosphere. Royal pageant and pomp, unless under most exceptional circumstances, that stimulate the imagination of democratic masses, with whom monarchy is an abstraction, have long been renounced, owing to the Queen's advancing years, widowhood, and seclusion. A few Scottish peasants, the inhabitants of Cowes, and of half a dozen Berkshire villages, are the only Britons who occasionally enjoy a sight of the Queen of England. State visits to theatres and operas have long been abandoned by the Court of St. James, although occasional patronage of leading companies of players has recently prevented an entire rupture between the sovereign and the drama. The same may be said about music, art, literature, and the navy. Even during the recent Jubilee celebrations the Queen was compelled to deny herself the pleasure of reviewing her fleet at Spithead, and delegated the pleasant and historic task of inspecting the war-ships at Spithead to the heir-apparent. Notwithstanding the Jubilee celebrations, and the splendid tribute of passionate loyalty from far and near, candor compels me to declare that, although the republican question no longer exists as a political issue, and is not likely to show its head in the present reign, traders and wage-earners complain bitterly of the effects of the seclusion enforced on her Majesty by her desolate position and her advanced age. More than one hundred and eleven million dollars have been granted to her Majesty by her faithful people, and workingmen ask themselves and each other, more often than is generally supposed, what are the advantages accruing to them from a court that is both costly and invisible? The question is, In what way would the accession of



ADMIRAL SIR NOWELL SALMON, V.C.



ADMIRAL SIR HENRY KEPPEL.

the Prince of Wales affect the nation and the empire?

The Prince of Wales is placed by fate in the most difficult position of any English subject. Libelled incessantly, continuously, and malignantly, silence is imposed on him by reasons of state. If he patronizes the drama, for the neglect of which the Queen is persistently blamed, the Prince is depicted as a trifler, who finds in the society of mummers relief from the tedium of a wasted life; if he encourages our national sports, he is a profligate, and is compared with royal predecessors, whose conduct would certainly not commend itself today even to the stanchest supporters of monarchy; if he does not lavish money he does not possess, he is said to be stingy; if he makes an outlay on a church at Sandringham, or a ball at Marlborough House, he is a spendthrift. Unworthy friendships are attributed to him with men upon whom he has never set eyes, or with whom he may perhaps have exchanged a casual word; if he plays a game of cards, he is a gambler. Fierce as is the light that beats upon a throne, the cruel and searching illumination of the Prince's life inflicts on him the disabilities and responsibilities, while denying him either the power of the throne or the privileges of a private station.

The publicity forced on the Prince is like the lime-light turned on a *prima donna assoluta* when she occupies the stage. Still, it rarely succeeds in exposing his many deeds of manly and unselfish goodness, involving not merely generosity, but self-sacrifice, exertion, and very unusual ability.

Here is an instance that came within my personal knowledge. A few years ago an attempt was made by certain philanthropists to influence the sovereign of a Continental nation in favor of a certain class of his people who were suffering from ill treatment, which was not known —so it was believed—to the sovereign in question. Circumstances so complicated the matter that the mere study of the facts, so as to grasp the situation, was no mean test of any man's abilities. The Prince sent for the person concerned in the negotiations, and listened attentively—

but without taking a note—to a long statement bristling with technicalities and side issues. Shortly afterwards his Royal Highness again sent for his informant, and read to him a lengthy letter, of at least a dozen pages, addressed to the Princess of Wales, who happened at the time to be staying at a court where the sovereign concerned was also a guest. This letter was a masterly description of the whole situation without omitting one essential point or including an irrelevancy, and was, in short, a document that indicated an endowment of memory and intellect given to few professional lawyers or statesmen. When the special request involved was granted, no one knew that to the Prince of Wales was due the gratitude of those he had secretly helped. It may be added that this episode took place at Homburg, where the Prince is not generally believed to devote himself to secret and laborious philanthropy. The incident is only one of a number.

It is therefore with no courtierlike exaggeration that the Prince may be described as possessing a powerful intellect, developed by contact for a generation with the best authorities on all subjects, not only above the average of professional men, but even ludicrously above the standard of mental ability with which his Royal Highness is sometimes credited. Probably many people who know the facts refrain from proclaiming the intellectual ability of the Prince of Wales because they fear the charge of sycophancy; others, because they have failed in society, or are malicious. Still, the Prince is one of the ablest men of his time, as the world will recognize when he comes to the throne.

A few years ago a writer on social questions publicly arraigned the Prince of Wales for not sacrificing a few racing and theatrical enjoyments in order to supply the leisure for a study of the conditions under which the poor live.

> In America (he said) the tone of society is hostile to idle lives and to those who spangle a trivial existence with a net-work of amusement. In England the drift of public opinion is not so distinctly opposed to a life of apparent amusement. The head of society is the Prince of Wales; where he leads others follow. Day by day, when in London, some of his doings are chronicled by the Court Newsman, and form, therefore, a legitimate subject for respectful comment. . . . I have before me a list of the Prince of Wales's occupations as reported in the papers from the 1st of January to the 30th of September, 1890. It is for the most part a list of the engagements of a man of pleasure. Every one unites in lauding the Prince of Wales for the admirable manner in which he fills his position. He is deservedly popular with the racing community. Twenty-eight race meetings were honored with his Royal Highness's presence. Thirty times he went to the theatre. Forty-three times he went to dinner parties, banquets, balls, garden parties, and concerts. Eleven attendances at the House of Lords; and the official and charitable engagements, together amounting to forty-five occasions, practically complete the record of the public life of the Prince of Wales while in London during the year 1890.

Facts came to the writer's knowledge which convinced him that injustice had been done to the Prince; that the latter not only knows a great deal more of how the poorer classes live than many of those who cry him down, but that his Royal Highness is deeply and sincerely penetrated with earnest desire to help them, and is constantly engaged in doing so. Upon this the writer publicly withdrew what he had written, and wrote to the Prince's secretary to say what he had done. I cannot think that an indiscretion will be committed if I venture to record one passage from the letter received in reply:

> He (the Prince of Wales) cannot help feeling that you are a little hard and unjust upon him in your book: he says unjust, because you evidently wrote about him without knowing his real character. There are many things which he is obliged to do, which the outside world would call pleasures and amusements. They are, however, often anything but a source of amusement to him, though his position demands that he should every year go through a certain round of social duties which constantly bore him to death. But while duly recording those social "pleasures," you pass over very lightly all the more serious occupations of his life, and I may mention, as a proof of what he does, that during the last week of —— he opened or laid the first stone of three polytechnics, and opened the —— at ——. I much doubt whether many of the Social Republicans who are so fond of crying him down would much care to do this.

This letter was a moderate statement of facts which are far too lightly ignored by the majority of my countrymen.

The character, capacity, and habits of thought of the Prince of Wales are very different from what those who know him not believe or affect to believe. When

the Prince of Wales is King (may God preserve her Majesty!), the world will find out the truth. He is a true Briton and a true Irishman, proud of his kingdom country, gifted with extraordinary tact, understanding the many-sidedness of his countrymen as few living Englishmen can understand them. I for one cannot doubt that with the accession of Edward VII. —which would be the most popular title with which he could ascend the throne —the Irish question would enter upon a new phase. Had the Prince of Wales had his will, Dublin Castle would have been a royal residence thirty years ago, and Dublin would have seen a royal court before the breach between the two countries culminated in Parnellism and crime. England owes historic reparation to Ireland for the effect of a selfish free trade on a purely agricultural country; and as King of England, the Prince would have inaugurated a new era of sympathy and respect for Ireland and Irishmen, which has too long been absent from the iron-clad administration of rival political parties. The Prince knows and understands the practical value of sentiment in national life.

Trade would receive the encouragement it sorely needs if the occupant of the throne were to resume participation in the life of the nation. Art, music, literature, and the drama would receive fresh life, and we may fairly look forward to a crop of new talent when the sunshine of a living, sympathetic, and active King warms the soil in which they grow. Elizabethan encouragement of Shakespeare and the drama had much to do with the literary glories of her spacious days.

In foreign policy no great change need be looked for, but the coldness notoriously existing between the Kaiser and his uncle the Prince of Wales, which is the result of the German Emperor's studious discourtesies when a guest of the Queen, simply and accurately reflects the prevalent antipathy of the English towards the German Emperor. The German tendencies of the Queen are natural. Married to a German she adored, her sympathies are German. But they have never been popular. I doubt whether the Kaiser himself is more energetic than the Prince of Wales, while the good judgment and bonhomie of the latter will make him the most popular of English kings.

France has the sympathies of the Prince of Wales, and Frenchmen have been heard, laughingly, to invite his Royal Highness to accept the post of President of the French Republic. Social if not political *rapprochement* with France by the Court of St. James may be confidently expected as one result of the accession to the throne of the heir-apparent. Good relations with the United States would be a cardinal point in his aims. His Royal Highness is known to be partial to the society of Americans, and to entertain very large views as to the future of the English-speaking people.

On the labor questions, which begin to rive society to its foundations, it is known that the Prince holds liberal and progressive opinions. The hollow unreality of a "freedom" that gives the poor sweated worker protected by no trade union the right to choose between starvation and starvation's wages, no one knows better than the Prince. He has sat on the Commission on the Housing of the Poor, and, incognito, like Haroun-al-Raschid, has visited the most squalid haunts in London. He is not ignorant of the value to the nation of trades unions when performing their proper functions, and the immense boon to workmen which the system of collective bargaining has proved to us. One prominent trades unionist, Mr. Broadhurst, was invited to Sandringham, and only refused because he lacked the evening garment usually donned at country houses.

Legitimate sport would find in King Edward VII. the best of friends, and all the more because more serious subjects will occupy, as they long have occupied, the better portion of his time.

Since Lord Granville ("Pussy") and Laurence Oliphant died the Prince has made few intimate friends. Thousands of acquaintances are his. Loneliness, however, is his lot, as it must be the lot of all who have greatness thrust upon them.

The Prince of Wales's estimate of the royal navy is shown by the fact that both his sons were trained in the service. No better discipline for a coming king can be conceived than the self-control, instant and implicit obedience, and cheery stoicism instilled by the traditions of the royal navy into the characters of bluejackets and officers alike. An interesting trace of the Prince's intimacy with the navy is to be discerned in the general signal made by Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., at

the close of the memorable review at Spithead. "I am commanded by the Prince of Wales," he wrote, "as representing the Queen, to express his entire satisfaction with the magnificent naval display at Spithead, and the perfect manner in which all the arrangements were carried out; and, at his request, I order *the main-brace to be spliced.*" It need scarcely be explained that to "splice the main-brace" is an order to serve out a glass of grog all round. Intemperate abstainers were dreadfully shocked at the idea of the Prince of Wales encouraging the consumption of intoxicating liquor, but the 38,577 officers and men who had been on duty all day long honestly felt that by six bells (11 P.M.) the order was timely and welcome. No one can imagine the "consecrated person" of the Kaiser ordering a glass of grog all round. The Prince of Wales is very fond of stirring tales of British pluck and daring, and is thoroughly well versed in them. His pride in them is quiet and intense, and is shown by the manner in which he surrounds himself with men of mark in the annals of war.

There is, for example, no more frequent guest at Sandringham, or on board the *Osborne* in the Cowes week, than Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, whose prompt and manly courage in the China seas is still the talk of the service wherever two or three naval men are gathered together. General Sir Dighton Probyn, V. C., is now getting on in years, but the traditions of Probyn of Probyn's Horse still linger in the smartest Indian cavalry regiments. Other equerries of the Prince are no mere carpet knights. General Sir Arthur Ellis, General Sir Stanley Clarke, Captain Holford, and Commander the Honorable Seymour Fortescue, R.N., are all of them men of distinguished careers, and are no less notable for achievements in camp than conspicuous for their discharge of difficult duties at court. Admiral Sir Henry Stephenson was for a long time an equerry to the Prince. He is now in command of the Channel Squadron, one of the most difficult and responsible of naval appointments in the world. By keeping in close touch with soldiers and sailors the Prince of Wales has obtained a thorough knowledge of the defensive forces of the crown, and when King it will be found that his knowledge is of the greatest value to the nation.

Of late years the more important Foreign Office papers and despatches have been sent to the Prince of Wales by command of the Queen. A close student of contemporary history, and personally acquainted with all the ambassadors and chief colonial Governors, the Prince's knowledge of imperial politics and secret influences that govern the world's history is excelled by that of no Englishman. His mind is extraordinarily quick in seeing and seizing a point, and it is a question with those whose intimacy with all three enabled them to judge whether the Prince of Wales, the late Lord Randolph Churchill, or the Earl of Rosebery possessed the nimblest intellect. One example of the Prince's diplomatic skill may be mentioned: I refer to the relations established between the Tsar and the Prince of Wales, first at Livadia and afterwards at St. Petersburg, on the occasion of the death of Alexander III. No ambassador could have placed the relations between the two countries on the footing that has prevailed ever since the Tsar Nicholas came to the throne; and England will continue to reap the benefit of them in long years to come.

Glancing at the field of activities in which English sovereigns can advantageously engage, there seems to be no reason to doubt that King Edward VII. will be not merely popular and respected, but beloved. In diplomacy the King will be as frankly for his own country as the Kaiser or the Tsar for his; but since the policy of Britain is to hold the seas free as a wide common for all mankind, and to exact from territory conquered or acquired nothing that is not equally shared with the United States and all other friendly powers, British relations with foreign nations will undergo no change under a new reign. Imperial sympathies will be fostered and quickened by a King who likes, understands, and trusts democracy. Art, letters, music, and the drama may acquire fresh impulses from the first King of England who has ever shown himself conspicuously sympathetic with the beauty and refinement of life. The Prince of Wales is one of the few who are really disturbed by the interruption of music by talk. The wants of the friendless, the suffering, and the destitute are not likely to be forgotten by the man whose single-handed and whole-hearted efforts have just given to the voluntary hospitals of London a new lease of life.

THE BUTTERFLY.

A READING OF GRIEG'S "PAPILLON."

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

FLUTTERING, springing,
Poising, and flinging
Wings of black and of brown and yellow,
In shade and gloom,
In the sunshine mellow,
On blossom and bloom,
Now here, now there,
On earth, in air,
Wildly lost in delirious motion,
Changeful as ocean;
Drunk with the frightful,
Subtly delightful spirit of life;
Laughing in strife
Of tiniest muscles with zephyr and swirl
Of warm sweet air—
And the roses above and below in a whirl
Of roses everywhere.

Oh, the rapture of it all!
The breezes under and over,
And the honey-reeking clover,
And the bees' narcotic call.
For lies there some keen nerve
In a butterfly's vibrant wing
That thrills to everything—
That bends to the faintest swerve
Of the outermost current of air
Flowing through untold space
To his infinitesimal place
That he might rejoice in it there—
Steering his cradled craft
By the selfsame gales that waft
The mammoth of ocean barks.

Oh happiest, happiest time,
So blissful, so unseeing,
Buoyant with pride of prime
And guileless joy of being,—
Now mounting high with the larks,
Now dipping with merry swallows
Through eddying curves and hollows
Of a swift and blinding flight
That turns, and leads, and follows
With never an end in sight—
Till warm antennæ and wing
Tire of satisfied will,
Weary of flash and fling,
And the summit of joy and power,
The apex of the hour,
Is reached,—and the wind grows chill. . . .

Is there a prescient spark
Even in the fragrant dark
Of a butterfly's flower-full soul?
Where cease the waves that roll
Through the psychical universe,
From the worm to the man of lore,
The lesson to rehearse
Of Death and the Nevermore,
Of Life and the Evermore?

For now, behold, he sinks
From the high and dizzy brinks
Of the heights of atmosphere—
Swaying and leaning
With a dazed and languid fear,
Trembling, careening,
The brightness all receding,
And dimness intervening,
And a shadow over the sun,—
No worth in prayer or pleading,
But down, down, down,
Till the harmless wing is stilled,
And the Law has been fulfilled.

WHEN THE CLOUDS FELL DOWN.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE two most unhappy young persons in London, one November day, were hurrying toward happiness without knowing it—toward united happiness, without one suspecting that the other was on the same hemisphere; toward joy, which could only be attained by the quickest, hardest work, in the face of great difficulty, and by the help of what we call "all the chances"—nearly every one of which happened to be against them.

Helen Woolland was walking down the street called St. Mary Abbott's Terrace, in Kensington, with her face toward Knightsbridge. She was moving very slowly, and so nearly aimlessly, at first, that a very little thing might have turned her steps in quite another direction—the sight of a former schoolmate or servant, for instance.

This was because her face was swollen and a trifle purple about the eyes from crying, and because her brain felt numb and her spirit limp from the intense and prolonged excitement under which she had labored. You never would have guessed how pretty a girl—she was eighteen—she had been a week before, or would be a day hence.

"Mr. Staple will be there to-night," she said, talking to herself, as we do, without speaking. "If I should marry him, I should not have to go to Aunt Hannah's in Australia. By the terms of the will I could live here; but I would rather die than marry him, and I would rather die than go to my aunt's. Die? Is there anything else left for me? Was ever girl so miserable?"

A little farther along the street she asked herself where she was walking, and why. She had believed that but five hours of liberty remained to her in this life—before the reading of her father's will made her a captive to her aunt—that odious will whose contents she knew too well. "I must have air," she had said to Miss Jollitt at the boarding-school where she had ceased to be a pupil but remained as a boarder. "I must be out in the air, and I must walk at least four of my last five hours." Miss Jollitt had said, "Promise not to do anything rash; to come back; not to run away." And

Helen had replied, "Dear Miss Jollitt, I am too cowardly to kill myself, and there is nowhere to run to, so I must come back."

Nevertheless she half suspected that the walk might turn into running away, never to come back—as, indeed, it proved in the end. But whichever it should be, she determined that, walking or running away, she would go Piccadilly way, just to have a last look at the old shops, from one to another of which she had so often dawdled with Harry Ledyard in the happy days when her heart swelled with merely being by his side, and when, in its innermost recesses, she regarded him as her beau, as all the girls did, as everybody did, except Harry himself.

And now it was four and a half hours from eight o'clock, when the reading of the will would take place, and it would be declared that, being unmarried, she must accept as her guardian her uncle and aunt, and as her home theirs in Sydney. Mr. Staple, brother to her aunt's first husband, and the idol of the old lady's life, would attend the reading, and would take her and her aunt to Australia. He would press his tireless suit for her hand during every day of that long voyage. She never would yield — not she. Yet the hateful journey would leave her no better off at its end. There, in Sydney, the stiff, forbidding, repellent home of her only relative, Aunt Hannah, would be her living tomb. That cold, stern, unsympathetic old lady would once again order her young life into the same narrow, icy channels into which she had forced it in London years ago, before kindly fate had sent her aunt to Australia and herself to Miss Jollitt's school.

"Oh," she wailed, almost aloud, "in what corner of the earth is Harry? He did not care even a little for me—and I love him yet, oh, so much! Is he engaged, or—married, or—dead?" Alas! he had vanished as she might by a mere spring from Battersea Bridge. And why should she not? But in the mean time she would once more walk past the shops in Knightsbridge before which she and Harry had taken every one of the few walks they had enjoyed together, as boy and girl, six or seven years ago. A bit of one of his caps—a square of blue flannel with the cross of his school worked on it in silver thread—was in her purse at that moment.

"I'd feel some little comfort if I pinned it to my dress again, as I did when he gave it to me," she thought; and with the thought she pinned the little blue square to her dress before her heart.

The weather was such as could only be enjoyed by the English, who love nature in its every guise, and the open air always, no matter what its quality. The day was of the worst kind that comes in November — London's worst month. A fog of the color of weak chocolate and milk hung before every window, every eye. The people within-doors groped in smoky air, as if their houses were afire. In the shops the gas-jets, already lit, seemed to light only themselves, as diamonds do. The 'buses, carts, and people in the streets, at fifty feet away, were enlarged and spectral, like the spirits or the shadows of themselves, exaggerated. The still air was chilly and penetrating, and sulphurous. If London's millions had been Americans newly arrived, not one could have kept his teeth from chattering, except those who were bakers at work or soldiers swaddled and on parade. But the English keep warm by exercise, and by the method the Chinese have of heaping on thick clothing. Of Americans we have none to deal with, though Harry Ledyard had arrived on that day from New York.

As we come to consider Mr. Ledyard and Miss Woolland we shall gradually form the opinion that the clouds that were dragged down by their load of soft-coal smoke, and were pressing upon the houses, parks, and streets, were also imprisoning all the sprites of the upper air. We shall begin soon to fancy that, as they could not rise or escape, they turned and vented their spite, their mischief, and their benefactions upon humankind according to their elfish natures rather than the deserts of their victims.

Harry Ledyard had been a sheep-raiser in Montana, having gone into that pursuit blindly, as so many young Englishmen plunge into financial ruin in our West, but with better fortune than most of them. When he began the work it was the fashion to ridicule "sheep-men," but it chanced that just then another fashion came in — that of eating mutton—and another—that of exporting mutton. At the last he had found civilization cramping the free ranges, and had come out of Montana with an amount of wealth such as few

men in the once luckier pursuits of raising horses and steers had recently amassed. He had landed only that morning, and, stopping at the office of his lawyer, had listened to the gossip of a clerk, who told him the news that the sweetheart of his boyhood was now rich in her own right, made so by the death of her father. "But the will declared," said this gossip, "that her father's town and country houses were to be rented for her advantage unless she was married when the will was read, and, if she was unmarried, her aunt in Australia was to be her guardian until such time as she should marry and return to England."

"Ah, hum!" said the clerk. "They say that she has vowed she will never go to her aunt, whom she detests, and as her aunt's favorite, young Mr. Staple, was at once telegraphed for and is in love with her, they are probably married by this time, and she is enjoying life in London."

It did not become Mr. Ledyard to gossip with the clerk or to repose confidences in him. He was so much troubled by what he had been told, however, that he set out to expend his excitement by physical exercise, and so he also was walking as Miss Helen was doing. And he was walking toward her, bound for the same row of shops in Knightsbridge which had been the objective point of the strolls he and she had taken years before—the great shopping-stores at Sloane Street for her delight, the curio and silver shops for the delectation of both. Every day since those walks he had treasured them in his memory, and so, we know, had she. But neither suspected this of the other.

"Heavens! how I did love her—and do!" he said to himself. "But she cannot have cared much for me, or why did she leave my letter unanswered? When I used to visit Aunt Jollitt, where Helen went to school, the plot which has now culminated was being deliberately planned. It is all plain to see now. Staple and I were both frequent callers there, but the field was left to him, and I was sent away because aunt said she had been warned by Helen's people that if anything came of our acquaintance it would appear that she had manipulated the match by unfair means, and her school would lose its place in the good-will of its patrons. She scented financial ruin, and I broke off my visits and went to America. Had Helen's father been in London, instead of living, God knows how or why, on a hunting trip ten years prolonged, in Central Asia, I should have gone to him and begged his sanction of a formal suit for Helen's hand. I never dreamed that Staple would succeed. Helen was always cold to him, and vowed she had a repugnance for him. And so now she is his bride! Poor girl! she must have been driven to take the step. And I, who came hoping what seemed the most reasonable, as they certainly were the sweetest hopes, am stunned and dazed, and my heart has turned to marble."

He was so completely oblivious of his surroundings that had the wooden roadway of Piccadilly turned into a trail, and the Albert Gate Mansions before him suddenly become a Montana mountain-peak, he would not have been surprised; indeed, I doubt if he would have noticed it.

The blind elf Hazard was guiding his steps and hers toward the good fortune of a meeting, but a less amiable imp, called Misrule, had laid a finger on the foreheads and lips of both of them, as we shall see.

Ledyard came to the queer little shop at the point of the wedge of buildings which force themselves between a part of Hyde Park and Piccadilly—a shop of the size of a hall bedroom, occupied by a dealer in antique china and glass. Everybody knows the place, with its single little window always full of constantly changing treasures in bric-à-brac. Here the old-time strolls of Helen and Harry had always ended. Harry almost unconsciously stopped and turned to face the window, seeing nothing at first, but gradually realizing that this was indeed a landmark in his dream of love. A tall, slender young woman in black was there before him, looking at an image of Mr. and Mrs. Caudle in their porcelain bed, at a riveted Nanking dish, a cracked bowl of singsong ware, and all the rest. She had seen all she wished, and stepped back to turn and walk away, but one of her heels fell with considerable force directly upon one of Ledyard's boots. Swiftly then she turned to beg his pardon. Her words caught fast between her lips, and she looked again at him, so searchingly that he now stared at her. All he saw was a very tall young blonde, straight as an arrow, and with a strange blending of girlishness and womanliness, of departing diffidence and new budding gravity, in her oval face, with its skin that was like

polished ivory reflecting the hue of light red roses. He did not afterwards remember to have noticed how swollen were the lids of her tender blue eyes.

"Harry!—Mr.—" she exclaimed.

"Miss!—Mrs.!—Helen! is it you?" he almost shouted.

She put out a hand, then both hands, and tottered forward, falling in a dead swoon in his arms.

It was more than half an hour later—it was after half past four o'clock—when, revived by the joint exertions of Harry and the shopman, she rose unsteadily from the chair in the little shop of the curio-dealer, and they walked together, arm in arm, into Hyde Park. Strength came quickly with the strain of her new and joyous excitement, and they walked on and on to Kensington Gardens, and to a bench under the great trees in an almost deserted corner of the old royal park. The badge of Henry's school-days was on her left side—the side farthest from him—where the edge of her jacket half hid it so that he had not noticed it.

They had talked of her father's death, and now he was answering her eager questions about himself and his experiences in the American West. They were losing time, precious time, and there was not a second to spare. But how were they to know that?

"Your aunt came to England. Is she still here?"

"Yes; she came to attend the reading of father's will. She was advised that it would be necessary."

"And Mr. Staple. Was not he the brother of her first husband?"

"He is."

"I beg pardon; *is*, of course. Will he live in London, I was going to ask?"

"Nothing is yet settled," Helen replied; "but I suppose it will be as before—half the time here, and half the time with aunt."

"Helen, you have been crying."

"I have been very unhappy."

"Unhappy? Good heavens! How?" But he stopped himself, for he remembered he had no right to ask a married woman why she was unhappy, or even to hear why, if, as he suspected, her marriage made her so.

"Unhappy is a weak word for what I have been till this great pleasure of meeting so old and precious a friend befell me. And I shall be as miserable again to-morrow. But let us not talk of—my little troubles."

"I am dreadfully sorry," said he.

There was a pause, and the perverse moments sped.

"May I talk of my one great trouble?—for it has been a great one, Helen—forgive me for calling you so. I mean—"

"Oh, do call me so! Don't deny me the least bit of this magical revival of the sweet past," said she. "That would be cruel indeed. I shall call you Harry while I live, if I may."

"God bless you!—I mean, I thank you so much," said he. "I was going to speak of my single yet very great trouble. Why have I never heard from you in all these years? Why did you let me leave England without a word?"

"Oh, how can you ask that?" she exclaimed. "How could I write to you, or even send you a word?"

"And why not?"

The moments kept swelling to minutes, and flying away.

"After the way you broke with me—without even a good-by."

"I was boyish, foolish; I could not trust myself to speak the word farewell. I feared to do so lest more than 'good-by' might follow; I was so fond of you—may I say that, now that all is over?"

At these three last words Helen's heart stopped beating, and she feared it would never beat again, at the same time dreading the thought that perhaps it might return to its work, for whether "all is over" meant that he was married, or only that he was cured of his love by time, what did it matter, so long as the fact remained?

"I do not understand you," said she, hoping for light upon his words.

"It was as I wrote you," said Ledyard. "Aunt Jollitt had been warned by your uncle, or step-uncle, that if my visits had any serious consequences it might be said that the dear old lady used her school to make matches for her relatives. She forbade my ever seeing you again while you were at her school; indeed, she exacted a promise that I would not do so."

"You—you—liked me, you say, and yet you could be made to promise to violate common politeness by leaving without even a 'good-by'—without a word of explanation?"

"A word of explanation?" he exclaimed. And the minutes sped on and on.



IN THE CURIO-DEALER'S SHOP.

"I wrote you eight pages of explanation. Oh, why should we revive such bitter memories, Helen? I ceased calling at the school from a sense of duty and affection toward my aunt, but I wrote you a letter showing you how by a single word, if only 'yes,' or 'wait,' you could hold me—as God knows you have held me—by my heart-strings. I told you the slightest word of encouragement would bind me to you forever. And you did not answer even a word. Staple filled your time and thoughts. Of course it is not for me to blame or criticise you, though why you treated me so is all plain now."

"For shame, Harry! Mr. Staple never saw me once, except for five minutes on two occasions when he was leaving England, and in the presence of your aunt. But I will not defend myself until you have answered me. How did you write, and when? By what means did you send the letter?"

"You never got it, Helen?"

"Oh, Harry, need I swear it? You know I never did. We were but boy and girl; we had not talked of serious things, of our affection, not even lightly; but you were my idol, my hero, and you dare to think I got a farewell letter from you and did not answer it!"

Here she hid her face in her hands and sobbed—while the minutes sped.

"I sent you a fancy pasteboard box of stationery—"

"Yes."

"The letter was in the box."

"Oh, Harry!" she said, excitedly. "I have the box yet. I have kept it exactly as I got it. The ribbons and bow-knots have never been untied. I have looked at it and caressed it a thousand times, but have never even taken out the paper and packets of envelopes. Then the letter must be there yet!"

"For gracious' sake, did you think I would send you all that blank paper and not one sheet of writing? Did you not know the silly box was merely a means of conveying something more important to you?"

"Of course, of course. I see it now, though it never occurred to me before. Of what use were my senses if they could not lead me to that letter?"

"Well, please send it back to me now, when you find it, to the Cadogan Hotel. Can you remember, or shall I write it?"

"Send it to you? Indeed I shall not! Perhaps you will ask me to send you back this badge as well?"

She showed him the bit of his old blue cloth cap, with the school emblem embroidered upon it.

"Helen," said he, puzzled and a trifle scandalized, "you will not send me back a love-letter? And you are wearing that badge? Am I insane—or are you? Does Mr. Staple—"

"Oh, bother Mr. Staple! Why so constantly drag him in? I never dreamed you could be jealous."

"Jealous? Drag Mr. Staple in?" Harry repeated.

"Yes," Helen answered. "What on earth is Mr. Staple to me?"

"Only your husband, I hear."

"My husband!" She stared at him, then burst into the first fit of laughter that had come to her relief in a month. "I believe he is due in London to-night. I am warned that he comes to propose to me. He was expected to reach here yesterday and to marry me last evening, if he could, so that—God forgive me!—so that he could at once enjoy my property, which must certainly be the only thing about me that attracts him. Father's will reads that I was to enter into possession and occupation of the estate at once if I was married at the time the will was read. Dear father, without meaning so, or dreaming of Aunt Hannah's plot to force me to marry her step-brother—father made a will which gives her complete control of me unless I am married to-day, which I am not. Ah me! I scarcely know whether to say 'alas!' or 'thank Heaven!'"

It was now five o'clock.

"When is the will to be read?" Ledyard asked.

"To-night at eight o'clock, at the house of a connection of my aunt's in Oakley Street, Chelsea."

"Good heavens! What is all this you are telling me?" Ledyard exclaimed. "The will to be read to-night? The aunt with whom you used to be so unhappy now to become your guardian unless you are married—one might say—within the next few minutes? And Staple coming too late to avert this fate?"

"Mr. Staple never could have helped or marred any fate of mine," Helen said, with emphasis, "and you are cruel to pretend to think he ever could."

There was a pause. The moments still were speeding. The heartless elf Hazard had summoned his gentler sister Fortune to his side, and together they had driven off the imp Misrule, though, alas, only for a time. The fog hung lower and more heavily, yet it almost seemed to Helen and Harry as if the sun were shining.

"Why, Helen!" he exclaimed, as the beautiful glow of new hope flooded his understanding.

"What, Harry, dear?" she asked—though she well knew what joyous thoughts possessed him.

"What were you doing out to-day?"

"Enjoying my last few minutes of liberty."

"But at the curio-dealer's window? Why there?"

"Oh, I don't know. What were you doing there?"

"I thought I went there to think of you, but perhaps—perhaps Heaven sent me there."

"I am sure of it," said Helen. "Heaven sent me, I know. Why do you doubt it?"

"I shall be sure of it, Helen, if you say one certain word. Little woman, I have loved you steadily, more and more and more, every day for seven years—as long as Jacob courted Rachel."

"Rachel loved Jacob all that time, didn't she, Harry? Why does no one ever give Rachel a share of credit for the same constancy, I wonder?"

"Helen, kiss me!" he exclaimed; but it was he who kissed her, while she swept the park with a hurried glance to see whether anything more observant than the spectral trees perceived him.

"Now run for your life," said he, "or I shall kiss you a thousand times, publicly, here in this park. I shall kiss you all away, every inch of you."

"Please, may I keep my boy lover's little school badge?" she asked; "for you may kiss away all but that. But no, you shall do as you please with me always, for all time; so now begin."

"But, Helen, there is not an instant to lose. The license, the clergyman, the witnesses—all must be got ready at once; and the Town Hall closes at—goodness! it may be closed now! Will you be ready in an hour, dear heart?"

"I don't seem to be consulted at all," Helen pouted. "Your assurance passes all bounds—"

"Yes, it does, but there is not time to mind about that now. I must take a hansom to the Town Hall, and then to the church. What do you say to that little chapel just off Earl's Court Road? We went there once, do you remember? Dear me, a man ought to know everything, but how can he know about marriage if he has never done it before? I do not even know how to get a license."

"I do," Helen said. "I went with Kitty Burleigh, who was to wait there for her *fiancé*, and he did not come on time, and they asked her a few questions, and before she knew what they were about they handed her a license all made out. I can do as much as Kitty did."

"But would you like to, darling?"

"Not wholly, but I will do it. We must both hurry. Oh, Harry, if I had not loved you with my whole heart for years, I should love you now. Do you know, I was running away when I met you. Yes, you need not be surprised. At least, I think I was running away. I was so miserable. It seemed to me I must commit suicide, or leave home and start anew somewhere. I was too arrant a coward to kill myself, but don't despise me, for I was too brave to endure the torture of exile and companionship with my aunt. I never meant to hear father's will read."

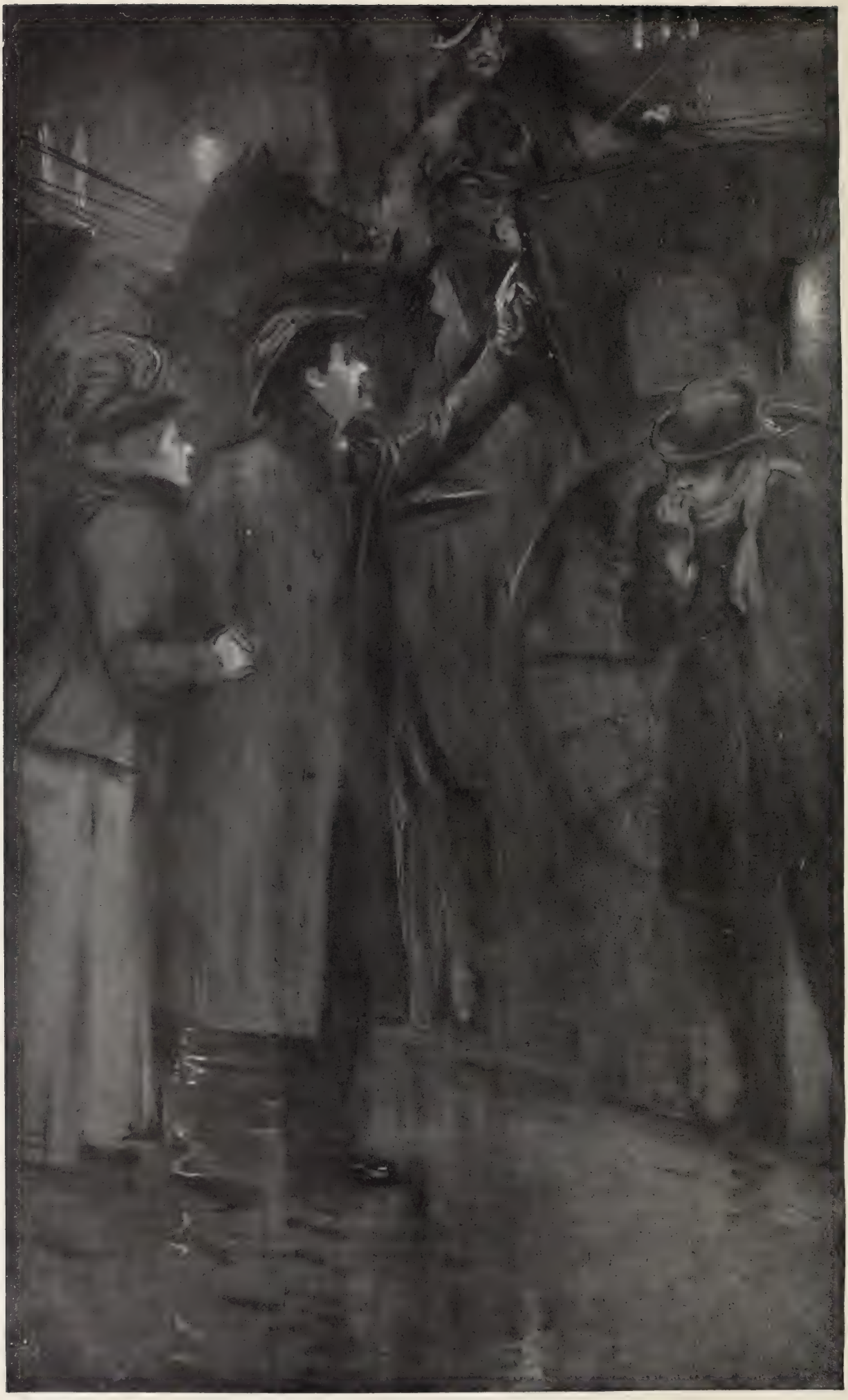
"Poor, poor Helen! But keep all this till a little later," said Harry. "Here, we will jump in a cab and go together to the Hall, where I will leave you and go on to the chapel. Please be on the steps of the Hall in half an hour. There I will pick you up, and we shall be married an hour before the will is read."

When the minister's servant opened the door of the house to let Harry out, with all his preliminary work quickly done, and nothing left but to join Helen, the dark substance like thick chocolate held in solution in the air pushed its way into the passage as smoke rolls over the ground or the sea after the discharge of a monster cannon.

"Mercy!" the maid exclaimed. "A black fog has fallen. Whatever will you do?"

It was so indeed. The imp Misrule was again enthroned over Harry's destiny, and Helen's. A black fog, the terror peculiar to London winters, and not too frequently seen, else London would be uninhabitable, had stormed and taken the metropolis. It had fallen and gathered in London's millions as a circus tent, losing its supports, might fall and envelop a lesser multitude. As far as the life of London and its famed lights were concerned, it acted like a snuffer upon a burning candle. There was nothing visible to Harry as he stood on the minister's steps unless he looked straight above him, and then he only thought he could faintly see the glimmer of the greatest planets. The maid had banged the door the instant he was beyond it, to keep out the fog, which was now oozing in around every loose window and door of every carriage and 'bus and house and shop in town. Not knowing which way to turn toward the High Street, he turned the wrong way, and lost almost half an hour groping contrarily in the darkness; but in that twenty-five or thirty minutes he collided with as many invisible foot-passengers, who were as completely shrouded to his vision as if they had been spirits or he had been blind. He could not even see a street lamp until he was close to it, and then it appeared a vague, nebulous ball of yellow haze, like a will-o'-the-wisp moving in a cloud of steam. At last, by asking his way of a woman whom he had all but knocked down, he was started in the right direction, and groped along more confidently—in the gutter, for safety's sake—until he came upon a roaring turbulent spot in the black night, and felt sure he had found the High Street. With two more steps he reached its pavement, and found it swarming with silent working-folk, moving slowly, hesitatingly ahead beside the hubbub of an unseen jam of vehicles in the roadway. A few nebulous blurs of yellow indicated nearby shops, and some moving yellow spots before him suggested the presence of omnibus and cab lights. A thousand vehicles were caught in a blockade, and from them and their drivers he heard a muffled tumult of crashing noises as wagons collided, of oaths and screams and shouted commands, and, of course, it being London, frequent volleys of good-natured chaffing, guying, and repartee.

He had been kept longer at the parsonage than he had counted upon, and now he had lost another half-hour. The long band of light made by the windows of an omnibus was distinguishable close by, and he made his way to it—or to the



IN THE BLACK FOG.

conductor, who walked ahead, leading the sweating team by the light of a lantern in a glass box. From him he learned that the 'bus was going toward the Town Hall, otherwise he could not have known whither it tended.

"'Op aboard, if you like," said the conductor. "You'll be the only fare on any 'bus, if you do. A few minutes ago we all 'ad loads inside and out, but when the fog shut down the people got frightened of what might 'appen, and now you can 'ave any 'bus in the street all to yourself, at the hordinary fare. And, oh, I say," he called back, "Gord knows when you'll get to the 'All. I've been crawling to this 'ere turning and apast it for full arf an hour. What street might that be—d'you know?"

Ledyard mounted to the roof, and, looking down from it, could only faintly see the horses between the lights of his 'bus and those of the one ahead. In the same uncertain way he could make out the sombre bulk of whatever wagon was closest this side of the 'bus, but he could not see the horses that were before it. The 'bus kept crawling a few steps onward and meeting vehicles and veering out of its course until, as the driver remarked between his set teeth, "I'm blooming sure of one thing, and that is I dun'no' where I am."

The police, seeing no better than any one else, had failed to keep apart the upstream and the downstream of traffic, and so the two currents had blended and tangled. Hundreds of wheels were locked, and all might have been in a vehicular eddy and going round and round for aught any man could say. Ledyard felt that he knew one thing more than the driver, and that was that if he were ever to try to describe a just conception of the abode of eternal torment he would give an account of his experience on that 'bus in that black fog—of the babel of voices, the crash of collisions, the mysterious, fearsome strain upon his nerves, the blindness and the impotence that were combined in that situation. To hear the air beaten all around him by shrieks, catcalls, shouts, and idle jokes, and to see no single being from whom a sound proceeded, was as close to a hellish sensation as he ever wanted to approach.

He pulled out his watch and struck a match to see its face. It was a quarter past six o'clock. Helen had been waiting an hour and a half. Perspiration had broken out all over him long before, and now his damp body was chilled to the marrow. Imagination had opportunity to run riot, and he wondered all things. What if the crowd should be assailed by rowdies? What if a fire-engine should come dashing along? What if a horse should run away? But these things he knew were impossible. He thought of what a mercy it was that a calamity such as the falling of a black fog never befell Paris, where the most terrible creatures in Christendom would rise in great swarms, as out of the earth, to rob and garrote and riot under cover of that sooty blanket. And in the midst of this thought the fog was caught up, or dried up, or soaked into the earth, and there he was, close to Allen Street, and not two blocks from Helen. He heard the sigh of relief of thousands of men and women, like the letting off of steam. He saw the mighty tangle of 'buses, cabs, carriages, and vans, the pale faces of the frightened women in the barouches and hansoms, the swarm of humanity on the pavements, the police still at their posts in the middle of the road. He leaped down the 'bus steps, dashed into the thick of the tangle of wheels, dodged this way and that under horses' heads and wagon-poles, and was within fifty feet of the Vestry Hall, when—the fog shut down again, like the screen of a camera, and blotted out everything, leaving Ledyard in an atmosphere muddier and denser than before.

Against the crowd on the pavement he could not make the headway of a tortoise. A man carrying a blazing torch of resinous wood, such as the South Sea Islanders use, passed him, and he wondered how such a torch could be got in London, and so quickly. When it was too late it occurred to him that he should have bought it. A minute or two later there approached him a lamp—an ordinary household kerosene-burning lamp, carried in a soap-box. Behind it stood an invisible boy, holding it above his head. Ledyard bought the lamp and box for five shillings, and by its help gained much time in picking his way through the dense, silent, ghostly crowd. On the steps of the Hall, in its doorway, stood Helen Woolland.

"Oh, thank God! thank God!" said Ledyard. "I have died a thousand deaths in an hour for fear you would not be here."

"I should have staid here if it had been till daylight," said she. "Have you any way of knowing the time?"

By holding his watch up to the lamp he saw that it was close upon seven o'clock.

"Have you the license?" he whispered.

"Yes; and you?" she replied.

"Everything is arranged," said he. "We were to have been at the chapel by this time. They will not wait above half an hour. But, dear Helen, I could not guarantee to go to St. Mary Abbott's, only one turning from here, in that time."

"Oh, what shall we do?" she moaned.

"We shall succeed," said he. "Though all the imps of Erebus, who have brought on this darkness simply to delay us, and who made us stand talking at cross-purposes almost an hour in the park, and who managed to make a clerk in the city misinform me about you when I arrived this morning—though all of them combine, yet we shall succeed."

"We shall! we shall!" Helen almost shouted. "I was all downcast, Harry, but your splendid courage picks me up again."

They groped their way across the street and stopped a hansom going in the wrong direction, so that it could turn out of the tangle without having to cross the road, which would have been impossible. An offer of a half-sovereign interested the cabby, and presently they were moving again, by fits and starts. All the 'bus conductors now carried lanterns or boxed lamps and walked in the road, and every cabby, their own included, had left his box and was leading his horse. Nothing was visible except near-by steam-like moons of yellow where the nearest lights were moving. The impatient couple noticed that every horse which came into view for an instant was wet with perspiration, and was dropping thick white flecks along the road. The poor beasts, on whom the drivers depended, were more nervous than the men, for they knew what reliance was placed upon them. The cab ran against something, was lifted lurchingly, and fell back with a thud. The driver had fallen prone over the same obstacle—a prostrate lamp-post.

"Good job we 'aven't run on the pavement," said the cabby.

"You're jolly well on it now," some one shouted. Then there were heard women's screams, the clashing of a horse's shoes on the pavement, and, finally, a violent jolt of the wheels against the curb. There were a score of such incidents. Only think! the street lights, though incandescent lamps, could only be sighted at ten-feet distance, and then they looked like the effect of an arrested oar-stroke in phosphorescent water. An omnibus, which is usually like a brilliant lantern on fair nights, now disappeared in fifteen feet.

Helen clung to Ledyard. "I am so frightened," said she; "it seems like the end of the world—only more terrible than any sort of ending I ever imagined. And the air is so clammy and cold and suffocating. It is like the breath of Death himself."

She had never been out in such a fog before. But all things must end, and in time a turning was found, and their route lay along quiet streets the rest of the way. The driver led his horse. Harry walked ahead, carrying the box and lamp. Fair progress without mishap was made, but he was so late and impatient that his watch was almost constantly in his hand. At the chapel the cabby was easily tempted to wait until the agitated young couple returned, to be taken to Oakley Street.

"It is ten minutes to eight o'clock," said Ledyard, looking at his watch by match-light, and speaking as one who read his death-sentence in the face of his time-piece.

"Then—then it has all been for nothing. It is useless to go on, isn't it?" Helen asked. Her nerves had suffered more than even she imagined, and her courage was now all but gone.

"Helen, you must decide what to do now," said Ledyard, checking her in the porch before the chapel door, which was outlined with a thin frame of welcoming light. "Let us think a moment before it is too late. Enemies and evil folk may say that this has been a race into which I have led you that I may gain your houses and your money—"

"Oh, Harry, don't! I will not hear such talk even from you."

"But wait. I *am* selfish—very. I *have* raced for something—for you—for the right to call you mine. I am honest, you see. But you must decide. It is now evident that unless the fog lifts we cannot reach the house in Chelsea by eight o'clock. It is impossible."

"But we can be married before eight o'clock," said she, changing her attitude to what had been his. "That is all we

have been trying to do. You are as excited as I, I really believe. Come, there is not a minute to lose."

"But the ceremony cannot possibly be performed in the seven or eight minutes that remain."

"Come, come, Harry," Helen argued. "Don't let us turn back now."

He was glad to have her lead him. He had lost the impetus of his first ardent emotion, and now, in cool sobriety, did not wish to dominate this most important act of both their lives. But she was leading him now as he had been minded to lead her, and he followed willingly.

They were man and wife when they were in the hansom again, limp and dejected, at twenty minutes past eight o'clock. The fog had thwarted them. They had not been pronounced husband and wife until after the clock in the church tower had struck. It had struck against their bare hearts, they fancied, so woful was the sound. They sat in the hansom hand in hand, she cast down by their ill success and almost exhausted by the emotional conflicts of the day, he grimly playing his part in the drama to its end. The fog was now thicker than ever. The imp called Misrule was lording it over all London, even though his purpose was, as these lovers thought, merely to thwart the too often equally mischievous will of his fellow-sprite Cupid.

"We have made a mess of everything," said he.

"What?" she asked. "Are we not married?"

"Thank God, yes. You know I did not mean that. That much we never will regret."

The lid in the roof of the hansom lifted, and the driver called down: "It's so beastly thick here I think we're by the river." At that instant the horse that drew them cluttered upon an asphalt pavement, and a lantern shot up out of nowhere, and was swung in the face of the trembling animal. By its light the couple in the cab saw a fence, an opening in it, and the beginning of a steep flight of steps.

"Are you bound to hell, or where are you driving?" a voice called out.

"Well, if it's hell, you ought to know," cabby called from his perch.

"You're on Albert Bridge, you blooming fat-head, that's where y'are. And in another minute your 'orse 'd 'ave been falling down sixty-odd steps into the Thames."

"Oh, Harry, I can't stand this! I shall go mad!" Helen cried, and leaped from the hansom to the roadway. Ledyard bade her stand still, and quickly joined her. Paying the cabman, he took his bride's hand, and they went into the fog and were lost in it.

"Forgive me for what I said about making a mess of everything. Bless you for reminding me that we are married," he said. "It is better fortune than I have dreamed of for many years."

She only squeezed his arm.

He led her toward a faint lamp, then toward another, and so by degrees across the first transverse street to a third lamp. Under it stood a policeman, only dimly visible when they were about to lurch into him.

"We must get to 301 quickly, Bobby," said Ledyard.

"I'm afraid our hurry is over," Helen whispered.

"Take 'old of my sleeve, then, one of you," said the good-natured constable, "and we'll grope for it."

He led and they followed, trailing along in a crablike way, the policeman passing his disengaged hand along the house railings, and at every third or fourth opening lighting a match and dodging up the steps to read the number of the house. On their way they ran into many persons, and one, an old woman of respectable appearance, clung to the constable and would not be shaken off.

"Please take me with you. No matter where you are going, let me be with you," she moaned. "I am lost, and I am so frightened."

"Stand there," said the policeman, leading her into the space before a flight of steps, "and I'll be back directly and take care of you."

"'Ere's yer 'ouse," he said, presently, and, accepting a fee of a few pence with hearty thanks, he left them.

Ledyard rang the bell, and when the door opened a great wall of fog rolled in and all but blotted out the maid in an instant.

"Shut that door, quickly," was shouted in a voice at which Helen shuddered as she recognized it as her aunt's. "Do you want the fog in-doors as well as out? It's you, is it, Helen? You are the first to come, except the servants."

"Thank Heaven, then, we have not made a mess of anything!" Ledyard muttered.

"Who's with you?" the old lady asked.

"Mr. Ledyard brought me here, aunt."

"Humph! Well, you've done more than all the rest. Mr. Staple has telegraphed that he is safe in town, so prepare to welcome him at any moment."

The voice came nearer, accompanied by the heavy footsteps of the speaker, and presently the very stout, extremely hard and sour faced lady had reached the hall floor and had bowed stiffly to Mr. Ledyard.

"Bid Mr. Ledyard good-night, Helen," she said. "He will have no interest in the family matters which we are to discuss when the others arrive."

"I was hoping he would stay, dear aunt," Helen said, meekly.

"Stay? Child, you don't understand these things," said her aunt. "Mr. Ledyard must see the impropriety of his remaining."

"It shall be entirely as Mrs. Ledyard says, madam," Harry replied, mischievously.

"As Mrs. Ledyard says?" the old lady echoed. "Your mother—do you mean?"

"No, aunt; he means me. I'm Mrs. Ledyard."

MR. GLADSTONE.

REMINISCENCES, ANECDOTES, AND AN ESTIMATE.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

I.

THESE articles were written in great part while Mr. Gladstone was living, for publication after his death. Voltaire said:

"On doit des égards aux vivants; on ne doit aux morts que la vérité."

But though on some points I have spoken freely, I hope I have not at any time forgotten what is due to a great name. What I have to say of Mr. Gladstone's character in general will be found in the concluding paper.

It was Lord Rosebery who said that Mr. Gladstone's life could only be written by a limited liability company. I am not a limited liability company, and I have no ambition to write his life. Whoever knows much about him will agree with Lord Rosebery, who probably knew him better than anybody else, that a complete account of him is beyond the scope of any single biographer. Churchman before all things was this extraordinary being, and you must be a Churchman to do him justice on the ecclesiastical side of his life. The common saying paints him—that he would really rather have been Archbishop of Canterbury than anything else. I should almost add, unless he could have been Pope. He would have been an ideal Pope. What he has written against the Roman Catholic Church—his pamphlet on "Vaticanism," and the rest—deep as was the offence he gave, was not vital. He valued almost as much as anything the historical side of Christianity and of the Church of Christ, and on the historical side Rome is stronger than any other Church. In order to keep his beliefs from all possibility of disturbance, Mr. Gladstone, who read almost everything, refrained from mastering the modern Biblical criticism, which is an essential outfit for anybody who would now take part in Biblical controversy. Such a power as that, the power of closing his mind to inconvenient knowledge, was one of the qualities which proved his singular fitness for the papacy.

His intellectual jesuitry was another. I do not use the word jesuitry offensively—it implies no conscious obliquity of mental vision, nor, necessarily, any intellectual dishonesty. The Jesuits themselves are proud of their name and of their tenets. What I mean in Mr. Gladstone's case is that with him the end often sanctified the means. He had a mind of singular complexity. His power of discriminating between two propositions which to most minds seemed identical had no known limits. His public career

abounds with examples, as when he told the House of Commons, "No, we are not at war; we are conducting military operations." He was a theologian in politics and a politician in theology. Could there be a better definition of an ideal Pope? Nor can it be offensive to say that Mr. Gladstone was

> "a great critic
> Profoundly skilled in Analytic."

The lines which follow are too familiar to quote, and perhaps too descriptive. But in the capacity of distinguishing the indistinguishable and of dividing that which is incapable of division, Mr. Gladstone surpassed all men of his own time and race. He had the subtlety of the Italian. He was, moreover, an opportunist. The word came into vogue with Gambetta. The thing — opportunism — has been the stock in trade of almost every bishop who has succeeded St. Peter. The Popes who had it not were not good Popes.

If I were to continue this enumeration of qualities and gifts which a good Pope ought to have, and which Mr. Gladstone had, it would carry me too far. But a single anecdote will illustrate him better than much analysis. We were once discussing Renan. "His *Vie de Jésus* is a dull book," said Mr. Gladstone. The remark fairly astounded those who heard it. Of all the criticisms on that book, none like this had ever before been known. It may be anything else—irreligious, infidel, impious, what you will—but the man who could find it dull must be a man to whom all literature is dull, and Mr. Gladstone is certainly not that man. But he declared that he had tried to read it, and could not. The same thought came into the minds of all of us. He dared not finish it. He shrunk from the chance of finding fixed beliefs unsettled—religious beliefs perhaps, historical beliefs certainly. But he saw he had gone too far. In conversation, as in oratory, he expected to carry his audience with him, and he could measure the effect of his words just as accurately about a dinner table as from a platform. He took one of those sharp curves which long practice made easy to him.

"I don't mean to say that Renan is always dull, or that he has not great merits. His works on the Semitic philology have a high value."

We kept as grave faces as we could. Mr. Gladstone's sense of humor was never very strong. But even Mr. Gladstone, had anybody but himself said it, might have been expected to perceive an incongruity in the view to which the Life of Jesus was dull, and the *Histoire Générale des Langues Sémitiques* an entertaining volume. Mr. Gladstone had, at any rate, the instinct of justice, and he tried to be fair to Renan. If he took from him what belonged to him, he would reimburse him with what did not.

Intolerance was in Mr. Gladstone a much stronger and more frequent note than is sometimes supposed. He covered it up in civil phrases. Renan used to begin his retorts in conversation, "Vous avez mille fois raison, monsieur," and then proceed to contradict him on every point, and demolish him root and branch. Mr. Gladstone's method was often similar; often, also, his impetuosity carried him past his polite phrases, and landed him in a blunt denial of the statement from which he dissented. He had fixed prejudices. They were to him, of course, fixed principles. He had them in religion, in politics, in literature. In religion they were strongest of all, or, if not in religion, in matters appertaining to the Church of England. It will be found, if his life and the history of his personal relations are scanned, that he admitted to his intimacy few men who were not members of the Church of England. The chief exception was Mr. John Morley, for a reason which I will mention presently. Mr. Bright was not an exception. The relation between Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone was one of loyal affection on the part of that great orator and tribune of the people, and on Mr. Gladstone's one of passive acceptance of the homage he thought his due. Of other non-conformists or dissenters or agnostics the same is true. Mr. Gladstone's political relations with them might be close; his personal relations were never those of unrestrained confidence. He was indebted to the non-conformist electors of Great Britain for a great part of his political support. He was obliged to defer to their opinions, to consider their wishes, to consult with and act with their leaders. He stood, none the less, aloof from them in feeling and sympathy. He abhorred non-conformity and dissent, and every form of religious belief on which the

Church had not set its seal was distasteful to him, and the men who held it were distasteful. Various were the forms in which his intolerance expressed itself. His writings are saturated with it. His life was full of it. He allowed it to affect, at times, even his policy, and even—which was perhaps more—his political salvation.

Gordon is a very striking instance. He hated Gordon. I never knew why—nor do I think he knew why—unless it were Gordon's religious mysticism and entire religious independence. I speak of early times, before Mr. Gladstone had, as he thought, cause to hate him—before Gordon told the world what he thought of his abandonment in Khartoum by the government of which Mr. Gladstone was the responsible head. I will come to that later. I speak now of the beginning of General Gordon's mission, and I propose to give part of the private history—unpublished and generally unknown—of a momentous period.

The Egyptian policy of the English government during 1882 and 1883, and especially that part of it which concerned the Soudan, had brought deep discredit on its authors—more especially on its one author, who was Mr. Gladstone. In November, 1883, Hicks's army had been destroyed, and this defeat had been followed by a general rising. The Mahdi was almost supreme in Upper Egypt and the Soudan. Khartoum held out, but was in straits. Mr. Gladstone was strongly urged, in the press and otherwise, to send General Gordon to the Soudan. He resisted, but he saw his prestige and power daily diminishing on account of the distress in Egypt, for which England rightly held him to account, and at last he gave way.

On the 17th of January, 1884, Lord Granville, then Foreign Minister, telegraphed to General Gordon, then at Brussels, to ask whether he would accept a mission to Egypt. Nominally, he was to inquire and report. Really, he was to go as Governor-General of the Soudan—an appointment conferred on him a week later by the Khedive—and to attempt the relief of Khartoum. General Gordon at that time was under engagement to the King of the Belgians to go to the Congo. At his request, and under pressure from the English government, the King released him; and he telegraphed Lord Granville that he would accept, would come to London for his instructions, and start for Egypt the next day. He took the first train, arrived in London on the night of the 18th, and saw Lord Granville. But he knew as well as anybody that Lord Granville's was not the deciding mind in these matters, and he wished to see Mr. Gladstone.

Now Mr. Gladstone, be it remembered, was committing his own fortunes and the fortunes of his government to General Gordon. On the success of his enterprise depended both. It was of almost equal moment, both to Mr. Gladstone and General Gordon, that they should exchange views, and that there should be a full understanding between them. Mr. Gladstone, in answer to a message, sent word that he was unable to see General Gordon that evening. Gordon, all impatience as he was to be off, waited twenty-four hours; but during all these four-and-twenty hours there was not one which the Prime Minister found himself able to give his envoy.

In plain words, he refused to see General Gordon; and Gordon left on the evening of the 19th, having had no interview with Mr. Gladstone, and no communication from or with him except through a third person. The discourtesy to Gordon was something; but what of the policy? Did Mr. Gladstone mean to leave himself in a position to disavow Gordon? It is a hard supposition, but, in view of what followed, is it unjust? There is but one other—that his repugnance to meeting the man whose help he was not too proud to accept was unconquerable. We all know what followed.

If this story seems incredible, I can only say that I have it from Mr. Gladstone's own lips that he never saw Gordon. The rest of the facts can be verified otherwise.

His statement was made in striking circumstances. Gordon had reached Khartoum; there had been a great deal of fighting there and elsewhere. Osman Digna was besieging Kassala; a British square had been broken—Mr. Kipling has since told us how—at Tamanieb; Khartoum was known to be closely invested; there was anxiety and alarm in England; and the fate of Mr. Gladstone's government hung in the balance. Mr. Gladstone was staying in the country with one of his friends. So gloomy was the situation

that, by common consent, Egypt was avoided as a topic of conversation—in point of fact, it had not been mentioned the first evening during dinner. After we had gone into the drawing-room, Mr. Gladstone himself suddenly began talking about Egypt, and went on, as he often did, for some minutes. When he ended there was a pause. Nobody cared to continue a conversation on that subject. Finally one of those present, by way of putting what he thought a safe question, asked, "What did Gordon look like?"

Mr. Gladstone answered, "I never saw him."

It was appalling. To everybody came the same reflection—Gordon was in London and Mr. Gladstone would not see him. We asked each other why. We sought, each for himself, some explanation, but explanation there was none, except the one suggested above.

It is a pleasure to be able to contradict a story far more discreditable to Mr. Gladstone than this, long current in London, and still believed by those who like to believe the worst. It was said that Mr. Gladstone had gone to the theatre on the very evening when the news of Gordon's death had reached him. There were people who alleged that he went because of the news—that he wanted to celebrate the event, and testify his joy at the final disappearance of a man whom he detested, by a public display of his dislike to him. His demeanor in the theatre, they said, was so marked that everybody noticed it; it was one of indecent exultation. Neither story is true. It is true, however, that Mr. Gladstone was at the theatre that evening, and it happened in this way:

Among Mr. Gladstone's near friends were the Earl and Countess of Dalhousie, both of them now dead. They lived at that time in Hereford Gardens. Mr. Gladstone was in the habit of proposing himself to dine there. In the afternoon of this day he had sent a note to Lady Dalhousie, asking if he might dine that evening at quarter past eight o'clock. She answered it by the messenger who brought it, saying, "Come, by all means, but come at half past seven, and go with us to the Criterion Theatre, where we have a box." He came accordingly, Mrs. Gladstone, I think, with him. They dined, and drove to the theatre, which they reached about half past eight.

Down to that time the news of Gordon's death had not reached London. It arrived the same evening about nine o'clock, and appeared in a *Globe* extra. It is the fashion in London to issue what are called "contents bills," and the newsboys who sell the papers display these bills to the passers-by to attract their custom. Such a bill was, in fact, displayed, and the extras containing the news of Gordon's death were, in fact, sold that evening in front of the Criterion Theatre, but not till after Mr. Gladstone had passed in.

My authority for this narrative is Lady Dalhousie. I asked her whether she was certain that as they left the carriage and entered the theatre—which is close to Piccadilly Circus—these papers were not on sale.

"Perfectly positive," was her answer. "We must have seen and heard the newsboys if they had been there, and we must have said something about it to each other in the box. But nothing was said, and no one of us knew of Gordon's death till we left the theatre."

This may seem a long account of a trivial incident, but I suppose no calumny ever did Mr. Gladstone more harm than this, or was ever more widely believed. No denial was credited, and this circumstantial account of events as they actually happened was known only to such friends as heard it from Lady Dalhousie herself.

With one other incident, which preceded this, I will pass from the subject of Gordon. In the autumn of 1884 Mr. Gladstone was making that progress through Scotland—which he began by an elaborate apology for his ministry and his policy to his Midlothian constituents—and continued as far north as Aberdeenshire. At no time, nor in any of the many speeches he made during this progress, did he say much about Egypt.

It was, I think, on the 20th of September that, on his return southward, he arrived at Brechin Castle as Lord Dalhousie's guest. He remained there three days. The morning after his arrival was one long to be remembered—as, indeed, are all the times and scenes with which memories of Mr. Gladstone connect themselves. The castle is in itself interesting. Lord Dalhousie was one of the simplest

and most genuine characters of his time. Lady Dalhousie for years had been a reigning beauty. Both were among the intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. The company gathered at the castle to meet the Prime Minister consisted, for the most part, of intimate friends, or of men in public life whose eminence made their coming desirable. Autumn was in its early glow and splendor—a Scottish autumn, less magnificent in infinite variety of gorgeous color than an American fall, but softer, more delicate in its gradation of tint, and with an atmosphere nothing less than intoxicating in its freshness. The castle, of red sandstone, sat steadfast on its cliff, where the older part of it had sat for centuries. The birds sang in the trees; the stream which flowed beneath the ancient castle walls sang and rippled and murmured. The park lay in all the beauty of sunshine and shadow, hill and vale. Nature was all peaceful and lovely.

If I dwell on this scene of external peace and beauty it is for the sake of contrast, because it forms a brilliant background against which the thunder-cloud that was to gather becomes the darker. For it was on this morning that the memorable despatch from Gordon, describing Mr. Gladstone's conduct as an "indelible disgrace," was published. The first paper which reached Brechin Castle was the Dundee *Advertiser*, which had been laid on the library table about ten o'clock. Mr. Gladstone had breakfasted in his room, come into the library, and was writing letters at a table in the corner, facing the window through which "streamed the red autumn sun." I opened the paper, and on the page opposite the editorial page Gordon's despatch, head-lined and double-leaded, blazed out.

I read it, and looked over to Mr. Gladstone. He was writing tranquilly, and his face wore his ordinary expression. Plainly, he had not seen the despatch. It was not a despatch one could take pleasure in handing him, but was, of course, one he ought to see, and see at once. After hesitating a moment, I folded the paper with this telegram outside, walked across the room, laid the *Advertiser* on the table, telegram uppermost, and said: "The *Advertiser* has just come in, Mr. Gladstone. Perhaps you have not seen it." Without lifting his eyes, he thanked me, and went on writing: it was characteristic of him to finish the business he had in hand before turning to any other.

A moment later he took up the paper, his eye instantly fell on the telegram, and he read it through. As he read, his face hardened and whitened, the eyes burned as I have seen them once or twice in the House of Commons when he was angered—burned with a deep fire, as if they would have consumed the sheet on which Gordon's message was printed, or as if Gordon's words had burnt into his soul, which was looking out in wrath and flame. He said not a word. For perhaps two or three minutes he sat still, his face all the while like the face you may read of in Milton — like none other I ever saw. Then he rose, still without a word, left the room, and was seen no more that morning.

It may perhaps seem to the reader who maintains his independence of judgment that the whole story of the relations between Mr. Gladstone and Gordon is not very creditable to Mr. Gladstone. Possibly not. But it illustrates a side of his character which, in many circumstances of life, was marked. He was never at a loss for a reason against liking a man who either stood in his path, or crossed his purpose, or absorbed too much out of the general stock of popularity, or filled too large a space in the public eye. Not one of these reasons would seem to him the true one.

Most men who have risen to great place, and administered great affairs for a long time, have achieved much of their success by good judgment of men. They have known how to choose, and to choose in time, the men who could do the work which had to be done—the work which, alike in public and private business, when transacted on a great scale, no man can himself attempt in its totality. But this judgment of men has never been one of Mr. Gladstone's strong points. He has had, of course, in each of his four administrations, very distinguished colleagues. His cabinets have been made up, in part, of able and suitable colleagues. But to a great extent these cabinet colleagues have been chosen for him.

As Mr. Bagehot says, the legislature chooses for its main committee, which is the cabinet, the men in whom it has most confidence. "It does not, it is true,

choose them directly; but it is nearly omnipotent in choosing them indirectly." Any Prime Minister who undertook to select for himself, and to disregard the implicit selection of the House of Commons, would soon find himself in a minority, or find himself, as has every now and then happened to a would-be Prime Minister, wholly unable to form a cabinet or government at all. Without election, without any ballot secret or open, without formalities or express action of any kind, the House indicates clearly its judgment upon its own members who are or may be candidates for cabinet office. Within this group a Prime Minister has some liberty of selection; outside of it he can hardly go.

Mr. Gladstone did sometimes go outside it, and in every instance with consequences injurious to himself and his government. So conservative was he that there was for a good while a whole list of men whom he regarded as having a prescriptive right to office—old Whigs and old party hacks out of sympathy with the House—not in the movement, as the French would say—outworn so far as their political usefulness was concerned. Yet they appeared regularly in cabinet after cabinet. Their experience, their departmental training, their connections, overbalanced in Mr. Gladstone's mind all considerations of fitness. They had not the respect of the departments they were called upon to rule. They had not the ear of the House. In the country they were regarded as fossils; they belonged to a paleontological period of politics. But to Mr. Gladstone they were necessary men, and it took a long succession of mishaps and misadventures to convince him that they were not only worthless but mischievous.

Naturally, he was slow to recognize rising merit; the young men in the House remained, as a rule, almost unknown to him. If he thought of them at all, either there or in the House of Lords, he thought of them as youngsters who perhaps had in them the material for subordinate posts. I have avoided mentioning names, but will mention Lord Rosebery, because neither to Mr. Gladstone nor to him need the mention be offensive. The two men had long been friends, so that the elder had had ample opportunity to know what the younger was good for. He thought him, in 1881, good enough for the Under-Secretaryship of the Home Office, and when, in 1883, after two years' experience, Lord Rosebery resigned that post, Mr. Gladstone was content to dispense with his services until the end of 1884, when he invited him into his cabinet as First Commissioner of Works and Lord Privy Seal. It was not till 1886 that Mr. Gladstone offered him the Secretaryship of State for Foreign Affairs—a post for which public opinion had long before designated him, and one in which he showed a very high order of diplomatic capacity. Lord Rosebery's career in the Foreign Office during that administration of 1886, and afterward, from 1892 to the end of Mr. Gladstone's fourth Premiership, is the best comment on the reluctant perception of his chief.

Mr. John Morley supplies an illustration of a different kind. It was to Mr. Morley that I referred as the one chief exception to Mr. Gladstone's rule of admitting nobody to his confidence who was not of the Church of England. He chose, or accepted, Mr. Morley as his chief adviser on the question of home-rule for Ireland. He could not have had a worse. Mr. John Morley's brilliant abilities were all of a kind which made him, on that question, the least safe of the many counsellors among whom Mr. Gladstone might have sought help. That is to say, home-rule was, from first to last—from the cradle to the hearse, as Grattan said—before all things a matter of sentiment. To form a judgment upon it—a judgment on which it was prudent for a statesman to act—you needed to have no sentiment, nothing but a knowledge of the facts and cool common-sense. But Mr. John Morley was ever a man of sentiment. Not as to home-rule only, but on other great questions, he allowed himself to be swayed by feeling, and even by passion. "Hysterical passion," said Matthew Arnold, "is the besetting danger of men of letters on the platform and in Parliament."

Yet Mr. Gladstone chose Mr. Morley not only to advise him about Ireland, but to govern Ireland. He made him Chief Secretary for Ireland at the most critical period of the home-rule struggle. I don't think I need enlarge on that. For you may agree with Mr. Gladstone about home-rule, or you may disagree with him, but at least you will consider that the question was one which ought to have been determined on imperial grounds by a

statesmanship which put hysterics far on one side, which would have nothing to say to the literary or feminine view, which would remain deaf to appeals based on mere sympathy—a statesmanship of which reason and clear political sense were the guiding influences.

A great deal of history has yet to be written on that subject. When the truth comes out, when the true motives of the chief home-rulers become known, when Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell and Mr. John Morley are seen in the relation they really held to each other, history will have something to say of much interest to the world. The facts will put Mr. Gladstone in a position he might not like; he may be left with a fiercer light beating on him than he could bear. But the truth will be known, and one element of the truth, and of Mr. Gladstone's failure, will be his incapacity to judge of men, and to select instruments for the policy he wished to carry out.

The Midlothian campaigns were turning-points in Mr. Gladstone's career. I have described them elsewhere at such length that I will not now go over them, but I may say that the second, if not, in fact, also the first, is probably one cause of his subsequent plunge into home-rule for Ireland. What was called his progress through Scotland was enough to turn any man's head. I think it convinced Mr. Gladstone that Scotland certainly, and probably England, would follow him in any new political adventure upon which he should think fit to enter. There was something regal in his attitude. He was ever, like Agamemnon, a king among men, save on those occasions when he abdicated his sovereignty for the moment and rendered again to his subjects the homage which they had bestowed upon him.

It was not only from the people, from the multitude, that he learned to regard himself as one apart. He was crowned in drawing-rooms as well as in the street. The laws of etiquette were broken through, much to his discomfort at first, and until it was explained to him why it was done on this Scottish occasion. One of his hosts, who no more than himself liked to depart from accepted usages, said that he looked upon Mr. Gladstone in Scotland, and at this period, as entitled to a precedence not elsewhere or at other times his due. He was not only Prime Minister. He came to Scotland as the elect of Scotland; it was Scotland which had lifted him to the political throne he then occupied, and was doing her best to keep him there.

"In England, I should treat him as other Prime Ministers are treated, his only social precedence deriving from his Privy-Councillorship. In Scotland I treat him as the first personage in this ancient kingdom."

And so he walked in to dinner with his hostess, and great peers followed comfortably after this greater commoner. Wherever he went, rules relaxed before him, and the surge of the multitude about him was incessant. An Emperor, perhaps a President, perhaps some great popular hero like Garibaldi, may have drunk as long and as deep these dangerous draughts of popular idolatry. They are few, at any rate; and alone among all merely political leaders, I think, has Mr. Gladstone been acclaimed and worshipped day after day and week after week by a people which, like the Hebrews of old and also the Hebrews of to-day, thinks itself a chosen people.

The intoxication of all this lasted. Mr. Gladstone was never a man to set great store by the opposition of other men, nor by any opinion not his own. He had a deep faith in his own infallibility. When, therefore, he had to choose between relinquishing power and retaining it by the destruction, or at least the division, of the United Kingdom over which he ruled, he elected to retain it. The voice of Scotland rang still in his ears.

Now Scotland holds, with respect to itself and its place in the political system of which it is a part, much the same opinion which New England holds. It is a nursery of ideas. What Scotland thinks to-day, England will think next week, say the people north of the Tweed. Mr. Gladstone is one of them. He knows the toughness of mind which distinguishes the Scot. He might well say to himself, "If I have bent them to my will, I can bend anybody." Whatever he said, it was less than two years after he had made his royal progress through that portion of his dominions that he resolved on the first of those three measures, each one of which, in succession, was devised to confer a different form of political independence on Ireland. The failure of the first never shook his faith in the soundness

of the second. He believed in the third with equal fervor; and there is, I apprehend, no doubt that in something or other called home-rule for Ireland the old man believed to the end as strongly as he did in the winter of 1885 and the winter and spring of 1886.

II.

The year 1883 was known as the dynamite year. Then it was that the Irish conspiracy against England culminated in an attempt to terrorize the English people. It was only one more proof how wide apart are the minds and natures of the two races. Anybody who understands the English understands that the surest way to harden their hearts is to try to frighten them. But the attempts on London clubs and bridges and railway stations, and the threats against English statesmen, had to be met. All the leading members of the cabinet were protected. I met one day, in a shop in Bond Street, Mr. Trevelyan—he had not then succeeded to the title he now bears—Chief Secretary for Ireland, his hair fast whitening under the agony of his awful responsibilities. We walked away together, and as we left the shop Trevelyan said, with a kind of queer shyness, "I hope you don't mind these men." "These men" were two detectives in plain clothes from Scotland Yard, who hung about the doorway, looked sharply at me as we passed, and followed us close till we reached Piccadilly and there parted. I met Trevelyan not long after at dinner. After the ladies had gone up stairs, the talk turned on dynamite and murder, and somebody said to him, "I suppose you are well looked after and go armed?" For answer, he took a revolver from the breast pocket of his dress-coat, and said to his host, "I am very sorry, but I was not allowed to come here without this and the men you saw in the hall."

No doubt Mr. Gladstone's life was then in some danger. No man was safe. Mr. Gladstone, however, was not supposed to run so much risk as some of his ministers, especially Sir William Harcourt, then Home Secretary, and as such a shining mark for Irish assassins, since the Home Secretary is head of the police. Sir William, I think, was never without a guard. His great stature and bulk made him an easy target for a shot, had any ruffian ever found the right moment to fire it with safety to himself—the latter a consideration which these gentlemen never neglected. But Mr. Gladstone's somewhat erratic habits and defiant temper made it difficult to keep him under surveillance. I believe he refused to be shadowed, and the men who looked after him had to do it as best they could without his knowledge. Often he gave them the slip altogether. I will say something presently of his wanderings in the street by night, but I come now to an incident about which I happened to know.

It was the night on which the Queen's birthday was celebrated. The Queen was born on the 24th of May, but her birthday is officially kept on the Saturday following when the 24th is not a Saturday—sometimes perhaps on some other day of the week. This year the official dinners were of course given as usual, and Lady Granville's party had crowded the Foreign Office, just as if no whisper of assassination had ever reached anybody's ears or disturbed the tranquillity of London. The Prince of Wales had dined with the Prime Minister. The dinner and party over, Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. Gladstone were to go down to the Durdans, Lord Rosebery's place, near Epsom, for the Sunday. I was to go down by the same train, and was asked to be at the station in good time, and to take my revolver with me. I thought it a needless precaution, but I obeyed. The train was to leave Waterloo Station at midnight.

Mr. Gladstone's movements were not advertised beforehand, and nobody was supposed to know that he was to travel by this train. At quarter to twelve the station was rather more crowded than usual at such an hour, but this was easily explained by the holiday traffic. I found an inspector, and, without mentioning Mr. Gladstone's name, but saying that we were a party going to the Durdans, easily had a compartment reserved. Ten minutes passed, and no Mr. Gladstone. The crowd seemed rather to thicken than diminish, but had no air of waiting for anybody in particular.

A moment later Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone appeared, walking rapidly, as he always did. Instantly there came a rush of people—a compact mass bearing straight down upon him. The station was dimly lighted, a great part of it in shadow. I

could not see anything that looked like police, or even any railway official but a porter, and the suddenness of the movement suggested that mischief might be meant. In a few seconds the crowd had reached Mr. Gladstone, surrounded him, and were cheering. They were not assassins at all, but admirers, who had recognized him from afar and gave him their usual greeting. They escorted him to the railway carriage, saw him safely in, tarried till the train moved off, gave him a final hurrah and "God bless you!" and so departed. Mrs. Gladstone looked a little pale. The rush had startled her. They had driven from the Foreign Office quite by themselves—no police in attendance, none at the station, because no one knew where they were going.

That was but one of a hundred occasions when the Irish who believed in murder as a political instrument might have worked their will on the then hated Prime Minister. Mr. Gladstone seemed wholly unaware that he had been in danger, nor do I suppose he ran any risk at Waterloo. The danger, if any, was in and about the Foreign Office, crossing from his house on the other side of Downing Street, or returning there after the party; and there was little chance of any that night, because Downing Street swarmed with police.

The railway journey from Waterloo to Epsom by an ordinary express is half an hour, and from Epsom to Lord Rosebery's place is ten minutes' drive. But the Southwestern Railway was never in those days equal to an emergency, or capable of handling the extra traffic brought by a holiday. So it was half past one Sunday morning when we reached Epsom. Not a word was said in the train by anybody about what had happened at Waterloo. I half wished it had occurred to Mr. Gladstone that some mischief had been possible. Whatever else he had or had not, he had courage, and to see the face light up and the eyes glow in the presence of peril would have been much. He talked of everything else—of past and present politics, of his own career, especially of the free-trade part of it, and even asked a question or two about America. A very interesting hour and a half, of which I should like to say more.

Near the end of the long gallery of the Durdans, when we arrived, a tea table was laid. "Tea has been waiting for you more than an hour," said our hostess; "but there will be fresh tea in a moment." Mr. Gladstone said, no, he would like it as it was. A cup was poured out for him, perfectly black—a fine specimen of what in England is sometimes called footman's tea — tea which has been made in the pantry according to the notions there prevailing, then brought up to stand till anybody chooses to drink it; a lukewarm, poisonous decoction.

"Do you expect to sleep after a cup of tea as strong as that?" Mr. Gladstone was asked.

"Sleep? Certainly. Why not?" he answered.

And Mrs. Gladstone added, "Oh, nothing ever keeps William awake!"

So he drank his black, Stygian draught and went to bed, and reappeared next morning rather late, as his habit was, for he read letters and cleared off a quantity of work and had breakfast in his room before coming down.

"Did you sleep well?"

"Eight hours without a break," was the answer.

He had no nerves, or nothing of what in these modern days passes for nerves. That iron frame was not to be affected by a dish of tea more or less.

It does not follow that he did not take care of himself, or that Mrs. Gladstone, whose vigilance was unsleeping, did not look after him. It is only that he knew what he could do. Sleep was a thing he could not do without. Seven and a half or eight hours, that was his rule. General Butler used to say that if he were not asleep within five minutes after his head touched the pillow, he sent for a doctor. Wakefulness meant illness. The points of likeness between Mr. Gladstone and the rather too celebrated ex-general and ex-Governor of Massachusetts are not very numerous, but they had in common this belief in the medical efficacy of sleep. If Mr. Gladstone had one mental characteristic more distinctly marked than another, it was his power of absolutely excluding any given subject from his mind, and concentrating his whole intellectual energy on some other subject. Always, whatever it was, one at a time. In the same way he could and would exclude all subjects when the time came for rest.

On the other hand, mental inactivity

was impossible to him when awake. He had an accident one winter. Going up the icy steps leading from Downing Street into St. James's Park, he slipped, fell, and struck the top of his head on the step above with some violence. The head was badly cut. He was kept in bed for ten days. Soon after I met him at a party, and asked about the accident and his recovery. To the last there was always a youthful buoyancy in him which at times seemed almost boyish. Down he went on his knees, crying out, "You can see the scar now." And there it was, an ugly-looking scar enough, though the wound had healed, as a wound can heal only when the flesh is perfectly healthy.

"But the cut was nothing," he went on. "I suppose Clark was afraid there might be a slight concussion of the brain. He has kept me in bed all these ten days. That I could endure; but he forbade me to read, he forbade me to talk, he forbade me to think; I was to be a mere animal till he gave me leave to be myself. They are the worst ten days of my life. Never before was I asked to force my brain to be torpid while I was awake. And for ten days! Think of ten days! I have not forgiven Sir Andrew. There are ten days gone out of my life—and the number of my days is counted."

The allusion to his age was one that by this time had become frequent with him, both in public and in private. I have probably quoted before elsewhere, but it is so striking a remark that I will quote again what Sir Andrew Clark said of him when well past seventy years of age:

"There is no physiological reason, so far as I can see, why Mr. Gladstone should not live to be a hundred and twenty." This immunity from physical decay did not come to him without care. He had never been reckless, as, for example, Prince Bismarck has been reckless, about diet and drink. I don't know that any of the hygienic crotcheteers could allege Mr. Gladstone in aid of any particular hygienic whim. He was never a vegetarian nor a teetotaler, nor ever, in the medical sense of the word, dieted. He let things alone which did not suit him: that seemed to be his main rule. An odd illustration came under my eyes once. A dish of cutlets had been handed about at a small dinner—there were but six people at the round table—which he had refused. Mrs. Gladstone said, "You had better take one, William; they are excellent."

So the dish went back to him; he ate his cutlet and called for another; then came a question how they were cooked. "With *pâté de foie gras*," said the hostess.

Mrs. Gladstone held up her hands in horror. "It is one of the things he cannot eat. But are you sure they were cooked with *foie gras?*"

A difference of opinion arose; there was a discussion; finally our hostess sent for the *chef*. He arrived in all the glory of his white clothes and white cap and grand manner. "*Oui, Madame la Comtesse; c'est bien du foie gras que j'y ai mis.*"

It was an anxious moment, but Mr. Gladstone laughed, and declared he had discovered that *foie gras* was what suited him best since he had grown old. And next morning he was blithe as ever, and the cutlets had no evil consequences of any kind.

In the general election of 1868, when Mr. Gladstone was beaten in South Lancashire, he found a refuge in the waterside borough of Greenwich. He sat for that rather odd constituency for twelve years. I doubt whether he did not feel that such a position was unworthy of him. He sat, said an opponent, rather bitterly, as junior colleague to a gin-distiller. But it was a safe seat, and the value of a safe seat is very great to a man in Mr. Gladstone's position—to any man in public life who may have to take office under the crown which he can only hold as a member of the House of Commons. It is not merely that on accepting office he must resign his seat and may fail of re-election. He may chance not to be returned at the general election itself, and so find himself outside the House at the moment when otherwise he might be called on to form a ministry. It is for such emergencies that safe boroughs exist. If there be none vacant, a vacancy may be created. Some faithful follower accepts the Chiltern Hundreds, which is supposed to be an office under the crown, and the expectant Prime Minister is returned in his stead by an obedient constituency, which, indeed, is often willing and proud to discharge this rather menial duty of finding a seat for the great man.

During his sixty-three years of Parliamentary service Mr. Gladstone represented but five constituencies. The first was Newark, at first a pocket borough of the Duke of Newcastle, who presented Mr. Gladstone to it, or it to Mr. Gladstone, as he would have presented to him that church living for which the great politician would have been equally fit. He sat for Newark from 1832 to 1846. Next for the University of Oxford, from 1847 to 1865—the place he cared most for, since it came to him primarily not as politician, but as scholar and Churchman. When Oxford would have no more of him, he migrated to South Lancashire, a division of the great county in which he was born, and that lasted three years more. Then came Greenwich; and then Midlothian, from 1880 till his withdrawal from Parliamentary life in 1894.

Custom requires a member of Parliament to pay public visits from time to time to his constituents. Sometimes they are visits of compliment; sometimes to render an account of his stewardship. I went twice to hear and see Mr. Gladstone on such occasions. The first occasion was when he spoke at Woolwich, since erected into a separate borough. I drove down from London with the late Mr. Ashton Dilke, a Radical whose Radicalism was of a type too extreme to permit him to be a supporter of Mr. Gladstone as Mr. Gladstone then was. We sat together while the orator spoke, and returned together. As we left the hall I asked Dilke what he thought of the speech.

"You know," he answered, "that I am no friend of Mr. Gladstone, and am out of all political sympathy with him. But so long as he spoke I was his disciple. If he had told us to go out and set fire to the town, I should have gone."

I always thought that a good example of Mr. Gladstone's authority over his hearers. Ashton Dilke was a man of intelligence, sincerity, strong convictions, and with much force of character. Yet such a man was as clay in this oratorical potter's hands.

On the platform, Mr. Gladstone had often great dignity and sometimes distinction of manner. So had he in private life. But there were times when his demeanor left something to desire. One of his Greenwich appearances was at a luncheon given at the Ship Hotel, where some two hundred people sat down. The committee so arranged matters that the great body of those present were seated before Mr. Gladstone's arrival. The room was nearly square, and the door by which he came in was in the middle. He had therefore to walk up half one side and half the length of the other side to his place in the centre of the table at the top. As he entered he was, of course, cheered, and the cheering continued till he had made his way to his place. I have seen Disraeli in a similar position, when he held himself straight and walked straight on till he reached his appointed chair; then he acknowledged with a grave bow the salutation of the company.

Mr. Gladstone's way was different. He bowed from the beginning of his progress to the end. As he moved at right angles to the audience, he could only face them by turning, and as he could not very well walk sideways, he screwed his head round over his right shoulder, and went on bowing and grimacing, till he seemed one of the sort of men whose visages, as Gratiano says, do cream and mantle like a standing pond. The attitude was constrained, and made dignity impossible. He was too much pleased with the tremendous greeting given him, and showed that he was too much pleased. The muscles of his face seemed no longer under his control; his walk presently became crablike; he bowed low and ever lower; the humility was too extreme to be quite genuine; his authority had departed; he seemed to recognize in this group chosen out of his electors his masters, and he bent before them with every mark of homage, while they, on their part, were rendering homage to him, and no more than was due. The spectacle was painful; it was as if the great man had suddenly become less great; he almost cringed before men who held, in a sense, his immediate political fate in their hands.

This was far from being the only time when Mr. Gladstone's bearing to a multitude grieved his most fervent admirers, of whom I was always one. It was never pleasant to see him leaning out of the window of a railway saloon carriage to acknowledge the greetings of a dozen loafers who had gathered at a lonely station in Scotland in order to see him pass. In later years he had grown, like actors on a different stage, so used to applause

that he could not do without it. He accepted it from anybody. He was giddy with the ever-shifting fashions of democracy. On really great occasions, like his public appearances in the streets of Edinburgh in the various Midlothian campaigns, he was more himself. Even then he bowed too low and too often, and his face betrayed too plainly his intoxication with the applause that greeted him. His self-consciousness belittled him, as if, at the moment, he had nothing to think of but himself—that same self of whom others were thinking, the hero whom the world was hero-worshipping. When he spoke he had to concentrate his attention on his subject, not on himself, and the natural nobility of the man showed itself — a pre-eminently intellectual nobility.

This abasement grew upon him with years, and it was perhaps more the fault of those about him than of himself. Almost everybody gave way to him; most people flattered him, either directly or by that indirection which is implied in the deference to his opinion which he came to expect, and did almost always receive. A dissenting opinion affected him as a kind of personal disrespect. He was accustomed to lay down the law, and not to have his rulings questioned.

There was a man, now dead, who for many years was very closely associated with Mr. Gladstone politically and personally. He came to have much influence over his superior, and especially over his relations with the outer world, since it depended in great degree on the will of this friend whether he should see those who applied to see him, or not. I asked one who knew them both well what was the secret of A's influence over Mr. Gladstone. "Unlimited adulation," was the answer. It is a cynical explanation, not true altogether, but true enough to indicate the power by which Mr. Gladstone's simplicity of character came to be affected.

Far otherwise was Mr. Gladstone, as I said, when at his best. He was to be seen at his best at the opening of the Law Courts in 1882—an occasion of great splendor and ceremony, the Queen herself present, and Mr. Gladstone in robes of black silk and gold as Chancellor of the Exchequer, out of which rose the wonderful head, borne with a stateliness for which august was not too high a word. He had no other part in the pageant than to be one of the procession which moved up the great Gothic Hall and took place in the gallery at the further end. This, therefore, I take it, was a true expression of character, without any help from those intellectual processes which, as he spoke from a platform or from the front bench in the House of Commons, elevated and ennobled him.

Never anywhere, as a rule, was he so fine as in the House, whether in manner or in oratory. There he had an ascendency which was undisputed, save by two or three men—by Disraeli while he remained a member of the Lower House, and after him by Lord Randolph Churchill, and by hardly any third person whomsoever. He moved on these heights as if the upper air were natural to him; there was he most at home and most often his best self. Yet even there it was never very hard to ruffle him. Disraeli could make him white with anger, and Lord Randolph could always draw him, and to many lesser men it was given to disturb his Olympian serenity.

"Why did you show such deference to Manning?" Tennyson was asked.

He answered, "Because Manning is the distinguished head of a great Church."

A similar question might have been asked of Mr. Gladstone, and his deportment in presence of a great Church dignitary might almost be described as Seward described Dr. Johnson's when presented to the Archbishop of York—"such a studied elaboration of homage, such an extension of limb, such a flexion of body, as have seldom or never been equalled." He carried his ecclesiasticism into purely social relations; his piety expressed itself in a bow.

But he had not less deference to royalty. It did not suffice to win the liking of the Queen. Seldom was his welcome at court very cordial, and when it was, it seemed so unusual as to elicit expressions of delight from those about him. "We dined and slept at the Castle," said a member of his family, "and the Queen was as nice as she could be." It was pleasant to be able to record an exception to the rule.

One of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues—one who did not love him overmuch, nor by him was ever either loved or wholly trusted—tells an anecdote of his chief's amazing memory. It is an anecdote of

what occurred during a cabinet meeting, on which rests the seal of secrecy, as on all cabinet meetings. But since this minister told it, it may be told again. There arose a question of constitutional usage, on which Mr. Gladstone took one side and the minister, whose department it concerned, another. The argument perhaps leaned to Mr. Gladstone's side; but argument is seldom in England a final cause of political action, and when this colleague, who was contending against his master—as he had good right to—found himself hard pressed, he said, "There is no precedent."

"Yes," replied Mr. Gladstone, "there is a precedent. The point was raised and settled in Sir Robert Peel's time, and while I was president of the Board of Trade in his cabinet."

Then turning to his private secretary, Mr. Gladstone said:

"If you will please go to the second desk in the small library, the third drawer on the right hand, in the last compartment at the back of the drawer, you will find a bundle of papers tied with black ribbon, dated 1845, and labelled R. P. Bring me that."

It was brought. Mr. Gladstone chose out of this parcel of documents, which had slept for forty years, the memorandum he had in mind, opened, and read it out to his cabinet. It was a minute by Sir Robert Peel on the question raised—a question relating to trade—a full statement of facts, a decisive opinion on them, and a complete answer to the objections now raised by Mr. Gladstone's colleague. We all know that in England not only liberty, as Tennyson affirms, but law, and many other things, slowly broaden down from precedent to precedent, and that a precedent is apt to be thought a final answer to everything, and a sufficient basis for any act or policy. It was so in this case. Mr. Gladstone's will, with a single precedent behind it, prevailed.

"Now I ask you," said the minister who told the story, "how are you to stand up against a man with such a memory as that?"

There was no answer to this query. In this instance it was the transcendent fulness and accuracy of Mr. Gladstone's recollection which carried the day—very possibly against reason and against convenience. But more often, far more often, it has been his overmastering will which prevailed. "The will," said Emerson—"that is the man." Mr. Gladstone was endowed from the start with a power of will which to the last he retained, and against which few contended with success. Add to it his amazing self-confidence—I don't use the phrase in a bad sense—and you have more than half the secret of his career. Never was intellectual arrogance equal to his. With it all he had a manner, or often had, of such deference to those with whom he talked as removed from it all suggestion of offence. He certainly did not like being opposed. It is doubtful whether he even set a very high value upon advice or counsel. It is certain that when he had once made up his mind it was no longer accessible to argument or fact. A judge will grant you a new trial on the ground of newly discovered evidence—never Mr. Gladstone. He once explained why at some length, and with a frankness he could display when he chose. The talk had turned on the length and vigor of his life. He said:

"Of course it has been an anxious life. I have had to take many decisions, often decisions of the highest importance in public affairs. I have given each one of them the best attention I could. I have weighed arguments and facts, and made up my mind as best I could, and then dismissed the subject. I have had to make a great many speeches, and have made them as well as I knew how, and there an end.

"But if, after I had taken a decision or made a speech, I had begun to worry over it, and say to myself, 'Perhaps I ought to have given greater weight to this or that fact, or did not fully consider this or that argument, or might have put this consideration more fully in my speech, or turned this sentence better, or made a stronger appeal to my audience—if I had done this instead of doing my best while I could and then totally dismissing the matter from my mind, I should have been in my grave twenty years ago."

What answer can be made to that?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DRAWER

THE TANTALUS LOVING-CUP.

BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

IT was Robinson Brown who made the discovery that Graeme Elphinstone had never won any kind of a golf prize although he had been a member of the Marion County Club for more than twenty years. It was astonishing, incredible, but after the Executive Committee had taken the matter up and gone carefully over the prize list from the very first page, it was seen that Brown was right—the name of Graeme Elphinstone was conspicuously absent from that roll of immortal fame. When this painful task was ended, the members of the Executive Committee leaned back in their chairs and exchanged glances of sorrowful dismay. What were they to do in the face of a situation so unparalleled? How was it possible that Elphinstone had escaped?

"But he has," growled Montague, "and that argues a defect in the system somewhere. Once again, what are we going to do about it?"

"It's something of a distinction in itself, isn't it?" suggested Alderson. "Might we not award him some kind of a cup in recognition —er—of his extraordinary career as a non-prize winner?"

"Golf is not charity," quoted the *Fiend*, austerely.

"Of course not," laughed Robinson Brown, "but it's a pretty fair business. Now I'm not much of a player, but I did very well last season for a man without any definite occupation in life. I entered every one of the seventy-six competitions, and cleared a trifle over eight thousand dollars in plate. Really, gentlemen, I don't know how I should ever have got through the hard winter of 1905 if the department stores had not offered me a very generous rate of exchange in the matter of flannels and groceries. I actually lived for three months upon the proceeds of the *Grand Challenge Cross* for Class M players, and Robinson Brown, Jr., would not be at Princeton now if it were not for that blessed *Lackawanna Cup* and your kindness, gentlemen, in keeping my handicap at fifty-four." And Brown pulled out a big bandanna handkerchief and proceeded to fleck away an imaginary fly on his nose.

I think we were all more or less affected as we remembered what a brave fight dear old Brown had made against a veritable sea of troubles—wrong stance, impossible grip, golf-elbow, and I don't know what all. Of course we had helped him out, for that was the way we did things at Lauriston. When a member fell into pecuniary difficulties we did not insult him by passing around a subscription paper or by doling out soup tickets; not at all; we simply raised his handicap allowance and increased our orders at the medal factory.

"But Elphinstone is well off," objected Montague; "he doesn't need assistance."

"That's not the question," retorted Bob Challis, impatiently. "He has never won a prize of any description, and the fact is a reflection upon the club that must be removed at any cost. We have a tournament to-morrow, at medal play, for the famous *Punch-bowl Pewter*, and Elphinstone's present handicap is minus four. I move that it be raised to plus eighteen." The motion was adopted, *nem. con.*, and the committee rose.

Well, the blind handicap for the *Punch-bowl Pewter* came off, and Elphinstone's gross score of 82 was an easy winner when reduced by the liberal allowance of eighteen strokes. We all pressed forward to congratulate him upon his accession to the noble army of cup-winners, but he waved aside our outstretched hands and demanded an immediate audience of the Green Committee. Upon its being accorded Elphinstone confessed that he had tried a few practice putts upon the fourth green the morning of the match, and was consequently disqualified. There was no getting around this, and the *Pewter* went to the *Fiend*, 104–72–32.

We were all very sorry for Elphinstone, and the committee tried in several ways to give him another chance at the prize-barrel, but without success. Something always happened at the last moment to knock out the unlucky Elphinstone, and finally he refused altogether to hand in his cards, alleging as an excuse that his ill fortune was too persistent to be overcome. Too bad! for by this time his handicap was away up in double figures, and on one occasion he might have won *Marion County Mug*, No. 1318, in the remarkable score of four strokes net, had he not torn up his score-card at the very last hole, simply because he had failed to hole an eighteen-foot putt.

There was just one more chance during this present season, and that was the regular autumn tournament, conducted under medal and match rules for the possession of the *Tantalus Loving-Cup*, an ornate piece of massive plate that took two men to carry, and whose cost was about equal to the annual salary of a bank president. It was certainly worth winning, and it was hinted (unofficially of course) that it was to go to Elphinstone, and that it

would be as much as a man's membership was worth to win it over the poor fellow's head.

Well, through the luck of the draw, Elphinstone was obliged to dispose in succession of every crack player in the club, and Robinson Brown, of all men, was left in with him for the finals. The contest would hardly be worth much from the golfing point of view, seeing that Elphinstone could easily give Brown two strokes a hole, but the gallery nevertheless turned out in force. Everybody wanted to see for the last time the man who had never won a prize in twenty years of play at the Marion County Golf Club.

It was a bright, glorious October morning, and Robinson Brown was on the ground at an early hour, practising brassie shots and running up short approaches. Elphinstone still remained in the seclusion of his humble home a short distance away, and I fancy that few among that brilliant gallery that were assembling around the first tee would have recognized the favorite of the day in the wan-faced, sad-eyed man sitting in a darkened room, and nervously awaiting the fatal stroke of ten. But perhaps it is just as well that our ordinary human eyes are as yet unprovided with the X-ray appliance. No member of the Marion County Club could have fathomed the meaning of that piteous spectacle—a strong man in his agony.

"It's of no use, Mary," said Elphinstone, sadly, to his devoted wife, in answer to the mute appeal in her eyes. "I've fought against this thing for twenty years, and now the end has come. I can't put up a bad enough game to let Robinson Brown beat me, a man who possesses a heaven-born genius for foozling. And yet it is hard—hard to be obliged to win a prize after all these years of falsifying scores, slyly kicking my ball into unplayable lies, and negotiating short putts with my eyes shut. And we were so happy in our humble way of living, our little income just sufficient for our needs, and not even the care of a solitary claret-jug to weigh upon our minds." His voice broke, and his breast heaved with a dry, choking sob.

"But we must be brave," continued Graeme Elphinstone, with a mighty effort. "We will take turns in sitting up nights to guard that accursed piece of plate, and perhaps by the first of next month I may be able to set enough aside from my slender salary to hire a safe deposit vault. But I fear that Johnny will have to leave school, and Ellen must give up her piano lessons. You know as well as I do that the *Tantalus Loving-Cup* is but the beginning of the deluge. We are lost!"

"Graeme," said Mrs. Elphinstone, with a resolute ring in her voice, "I can't tell why I know it, but I feel sure, absolutely sure, that there is yet some way out of this miserable business. See how nicely I have oiled the grips of your clubs; it is almost impossible to hold them at all. Now go; it wants but five minutes of the hour. Heaven will not desert our just, though humble cause while a bunker remains upon the Marion County course."

"Amen!" echoed Elphinstone, fervently, and with bowed head. Then straightening up, and with a new light in his eyes: "You have given me new faith, new courage; I believe that the opportunity will present itself, that the way of escape will open. We have not worked and suffered all these years that our imitation oak-finished sideboard should groan beneath the weight of a sixteen-thousand-dollar golf cup. I can cheerfully slave and toil for you, Mary dear, and for our beloved children, but I will not spend my very life-blood in paying storage and insurance charges upon an inartistic monstrosity that is neither food, drink, nor good clothes to wear." And Graeme Elphinstone brought his mighty fist down upon the family *Badminton* with a crash that fairly dislocated the photographic reproduction of Mr. Hutchinson's famous full swing. (Poor, simple-minded Elphinstone! he knew naught of Mr. Robinson Brown's advantageous contract with the department stores.)

"*Colonel Bogie* will surely protect his own," murmured Mrs. Elphinstone, as she watched her husband's tall form striding rapidly down the road to the club-house. "Let me not forget in my prayers that lost ball is lost hole."

It was to be expected that Elphinstone would outclass Robinson Brown, but no one had supposed that the latter could be actually seventeen holes down at the ending of the first round. Elphinstone had played badly enough, but Brown's foozling had been something superhuman. He played as though inspired (as, indeed, he was by a hint from the Executive Committee), and Elphinstone could not have lost a hole if he had played with his eyes shut. The home hole was halved by the pure accident of a long putt, and the morning play ended with Elphinstone seventeen up and eighteen to go. Elphinstone was as white as a sheet when we went into the club-house for luncheon, but we put it down to nervous excitement at the prospect of winning the magnificent *Tantalus Loving-Cup*. We tried to encourage him by assurances that he could not possibly lose, but he refused to be comforted, and lunched in gloomy seclusion upon a biscuit and a soda lemonade. Brown, on the contrary, was the centre of an uproarious circle who drank champagne at his expense, and chaffingly offered odds of a hundred thousand to one against him. And Brown took all the bets.

Now it is an unwritten law of the club that the principals in the last round of an important match shall wear all the medals, crosses, and similar small insignia which they may have won in previous contests. The custom is a picturesque one, and Brown was certainly a resplendent spectacle as he stepped to the tee in response to the referee's call of time. Eighty-nine medals, stars, and crosses, by actual count, were displayed upon his ample per-



"HE WAS SIMPLY INCRUSTED WITH GOLD AND GLITTER."

son; he was simply incrusted with gold and glitter, and looked for all the world like an Indian idol out for a holiday call upon some neighboring deity. But his chief pride and glory was one enormous gold medal, about the size of a soup-plate, that he wore suspended from a chain around his neck. This medal had been awarded to Brown for his remarkable record in holing the long course in sixty-nine minutes actual time—number of strokes not given. Brown had a way of alluding to this record without mentioning the word *minutes*, and this omission led literal-minded persons into forming erroneous conclusions as to Mr. Brown's standing in the world of golf. However, we all have our weaknesses, and no one could be deceived who had seen Brown play.

Elphinstone had made a poor tee shot, and it was Brown's turn to play. As he addressed his ball, the full force of the sun caught the polished surface of the big medal, and the sudden dazzle seemed to disconcert him. He stood there apparently forgetful of his surroundings, his podgy white hands mechanically waggling the club and his mild blue eyes fixed in a curious glassy stare. What could be the matter with the man?

Elphinstone had been watching his adversary intently, and now, as though moved by a sudden impulse, he stepped forward and whispered a few words in Brown's ear. The latter nodded an assent, and then drove what any golfing reporter would have described as a clean two-hundred-yard raker. As a matter

of fact it did carry the green, one hundred and forty-seven yards away, and the hole was his in two. Elphinstone sixteen up and seventeen to play.

After Brown had won fourteen straight holes by the most machinelike and perfect of golf, Alderson, of the Executive Committee, managed to get him to one side and remonstrated with him. Brown declared, with every show of sincerity, that he had been doing his utmost to play off, but that the ball *would* find its way into the hole. "I'm going to press every shot after this," he concluded, timidly. "That ought to do the business, don't you think?"

"Be sure that it does," returned Alderson, with cold severity. "Understand clearly, Brown, that there must be no more trifling in this matter. It is some five years since you began feeding at the public crib, and, as the *Fiend* has well said, 'Golf is not charity.' If Elphinstone doesn't win, look out for squalls."

Well, Brown did the next four holes each in a stroke below par, and the score stood all square, with one hole to play. Brown had the honor, of course, at the eighteenth tee, and he looked as though he were about to collapse as he prepared to drive.

"Top it into the pond," admonished Alderson, in a loud stage-whisper. "You've done it often enough when it wasn't necessary."

The wretched man gasped, shut his eyes tight, and literally threw his club at the patiently waiting "gutty." It was beautiful to see the ball cleave the air as straight and hard as though shot out of a rifle barrel—there! it had carried the green—it was rolling true for the cup—down in one!

Shame!

The "gallery" shouted the execration as one man, and Brown opened his eyes only long enough to see what he had done and to cower beneath the lightning scorn that flamed upon him from every quarter. Then he fell down in a fit, and was carried off to the horse-trough by two of the grooms.

Jove! but it was fine, the plucky way in which Elphinstone took his defeat. He was very quiet, but curiously cheerful, and he even insisted on shaking hands with Robinson Brown when that scoundrelly hypocrite, very wet and very penitent, presented himself at the back door of the club and tried to explain away his abominable conduct. The *Tantalus Loving-Cup* was hastily handed over without any of the usual jollification and speech-making, and then Alderson compassionately bundled him into a cab and sent him home, while a meeting of the full board was immediately called to consider the question of his expulsion from the club. It was a serious situation, for you recall the wagers that Brown had taken against himself at the ridiculous odds of one hundred thousand to one. He had won no less than eighty million dollars by his trickery, and bankruptcy stared us all in the face.

It is six months later, and I add a postscript. Robinson Brown is still a member of the club, but Graeme Elphinstone has resigned, and is now living somewhere out West. It was the week after he went away that we received his explanation in a letter to Alderson. It seems that Brown had involuntarily hypnotized himself while admiring the glittering radiance of his big gold medal, and Elphinstone had grasped the situation and had taken advantage of it. Poor Brown had been but a puppet in his hands for the whole of that remarkable final round, and of course was perfectly innocent of any sharp practice. In making this amazing communication Elphinstone expressed no regret for his extraordinary course of action except by way of apology to Brown, and when we came to think it over there really seemed to be no tenable ground of offence. It was not as though Elphinstone had *won* the *Tantalus Loving-Cup* by his psychological *coup;* it simply remained a mystery.

Of course Brown was reinstalled with all the honors. We settled the bets by giving him our I.O.U.'s for the several amounts, and Brown used them as fuel wherewith to cook a chafing-dish of oysters *à la* Chamberlin. They were delicious; it is not often that one has a chance at a chafing-dish supper that cost $80,000,000.

It was at this supper that Brown read some extracts from another letter that he had just received from Elphinstone.

"He sends lots of love, and says that he is very happy," said Brown, glancing over the pages. "They have organized a golf club, and it must be an odd one. Just listen:

"'No club-house—simply an old stone barn, with a big fireplace at one end and the club-maker's bench at the other.

"'No society functions, nor afternoon tea. There isn't a red coat nearer than a thousand miles, and the only refreshment allowed is Scotch and soda.

"'No handicap prizes.

"'No prizes of any kind, except a spring and autumn medal (value, fifty cents), and one challenge-cup, which must be won ninety-nine consecutive times to become any one's absolute property. We call it THE CUP.'"

"Gracious Bogie!" gasped Montague. "No club-house, no society, no tea, no handicaps. What do they have, then?"

"Just golf," put in the *Silent Member*, with an emphasis that made everybody jump.

"What rot!" ejaculated the *Fiend*, recovering himself. "Come, you fellows, and help unpack the spring prizes; I see the express wagons have just driven up. By-the-way, Brown, it's your turn to win the May Scratch event. Which would you rather have, a silver cleek with gold mountings or a house and lot?"

But Robinson Brown answered never a word; he was staring absent-mindedly into the fire.

"Just golf!" he murmured, under his breath. "What an idea!"



THE AMBITIOUS FOX AND THE UNATTAINABLE GRAPES.

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

A FARMER built around his crop
A wall, and crowned his labors
By sprinkling glass upon the top
To lacerate his neighbors,
Provided they, at any time,
Should feel disposed the wall to climb.

He also drove some iron pegs
  Securely in the coping,
To tear the bare, defenceless legs
  Of brats who, upward groping,
    Might steal, despite the risk of fall,
    The grapes that grew upon the wall.

One morn a fox, on thieving bent,
  A crafty and an old one,
Most shrewdly tracked the pungent scent
  Which eloquently told one
    That grapes were ripe and grapes were good,
    And likewise in the neighborhood.

He threw some stones of divers shapes
  The luscious fruit to jar off;
It made him sick to see the grapes
  So near and yet so far off;
    His throws were strong, his aim was fine,
    But "Never touched me!" said the vine.

The farmer shouted, "Drat the boys!"
  And, mounting on a ladder,
He sought the cause of all the noise—
  No farmer could be madder;
    Which is not hard to understand,
    Because the glass had cut his hand.

His passion he could not restrain,
  But shouted out, "You're thievish!"
The fox replied, with fine disdain,
  "Come, country, don't be peevish."
    Now "country" is an epithet
    One can't forgive nor yet forget.

The farmer rudely answered back
  With compliments unvarnished,
And downward hurled the *bric-à-brac*
  With which the wall was garnished;
    In view of which demeanor strange
    The fox retreated out of range.

"I will not try the grapes to-day,"
  He cried; "my appetite is
Fastidious, and, anyway,
  I fear appendicitis."
    The fox was one of the *élite*
    Who call it *site* instead of *seet*.

THE MORAL is that if your host
  Throws glass around his entry,
You know it isn't done by most
  Who claim to be the gentry;
    And if he hits you in the head,
    You may be sure he's underbred.

GERMAN AS SHE IS COMMUNICATED BY SIGNS.

He is spending a month or two in Vienna. He speaks English fluently. He speaks French a little. He can read Italian after a fashion. But he knows no German whatever. In Vienna one day his stylographic pen had one of its chronic attacks of inertia. He blew into one end of it; he sucked the other end of it. He unscrewed it, and breathed very violently through its tip. He tapped it gently but steadily on to the blotting-pad of his desk. He shook it in the air before him, and behind him, and all around him, but it made no mark. Then he walked the floor with it, and opened the window to throw it out. He raised up his voice and said words about it, and he cried aloud in his wrath. And lo! when he was not expecting it, it flowed suddenly and profusely—not upon his letter-paper, but upon the knees of a new pair of light tweed trousers. Then he said more words. And he took the trousers, done up as nearly as possible to resemble a roll of music, to the scourer and cleaner upon the next block. In order to explain that the stains were of ink, not of stove-polish or of shoe-polish, he called the attention of the cleaner and scourer in charge to a bottle of writing-fluid upon the nearest desk. He pointed at the ink, and he pointed at the spots. He nodded his head, and said "*sic*" several times. The scourer and cleaner in charge had a keen sense of the situation, and replied, "Yah! Yah!" And *he* said, "Yah! Yah!" And they both smiled, and felt that they understood each other, and that the cause of "The Confusion of Tongues" had been overcome!

When his light tweed trousers were returned to him the next week, they were dyed a uniform inky black!

DEFINITE.

Now that everybody is interested in the whereabouts of men-of-war, the following little story, as told by Commodore Kautz of the navy, may be appreciated by many of our readers.

"About the 1st of November, 1861," said the Commodore, "I called to see President Lincoln, with General Denver, in regard to my exchange, being at the time a prisoner of war on parole. A violent storm was prevailing at the time, and as the wind whistled through the trees of the White House grounds, and sheets of water dashed against the windows of the Executive Mansion, our thoughts naturally turned towards the poor mariner, and especially to Flag-Officer Dupont's fleet, which had sailed a day or two before.

"General Denver remarked that there would be great anxiety on the part of all of us as to the safety of the fleet until it was heard from, and added, 'I suppose, Mr. President, it is now so near its destination that you would not object to telling us where it has gone to?' Mr. Lincoln looked at the General a moment, as though he were loath to reveal the secret, and then said, 'No, General, since you and your young friend are especially interested in the navy, I don't mind telling you that—it has gone to sea.'"

A TRANSPOSITION.

AN American, who years ago served as our minister to Spain, was fond of telling the following joke upon himself:

Shortly after he had become settled in his new home he was bidden to a state ceremonial, where he was to be presented to the King. His knowledge of languages was limited to English and French, and being desirous of addressing the sovereign in his own tongue, he took pains to "coach" for the occasion. Several phrases were rehearsed until he felt that he had mastered them. When the critical moment arrived he saluted the King with great dignity, spoke a few words in Spanish, and passed on.

"What did you say?" asked an English gentleman.

"I spoke in Spanish," was the rejoinder. "I said 'I cast myself at your feet,' which I am told is the most respectful form of salutation."

"Ah, no!" corrected a Spaniard, who had been observed to smile at the ambassador's greeting. "You are mistaken; you transposed your words, and quite altered the meaning."

"What did I say?" asked the diplomat.

With a twinkle in his eye, the Spaniard made answer, "What you really said was, '*I throw my heels at your head.*'"

But the King had not betrayed, by so much as the fluttering of an eyelid, that anything unusual had occurred.

I.



II.



III.



A GALLANT CHASE; OR, HOW JONES—

IV.



V.



—SECURED THE BRUSH.

A VERY PROPER WISH.

I HOPE some day to have such fame
That, while some folks may jeer and scoff,
All others, when they speak my name,
Will surely leave the "mister" off.

For I've observed that people speak
Of Milton, Keats, and Thackeray
Without a prefix poor and weak
To push them on their glorious way.

And I would like it to appear
As truly strange to mister me
As to a sane and healthy ear
To speak of Mr. Homer 'd be.

CARLYLE SMITH.

PEACEFUL BROWN.

FARMER BROWN was a firm believer in arbitration, a soft answer, and the other concomitants of peace. For a long time Brown was sorely tried by one Peters, who was wont to pasture his cows in Brown's fields. The idea of providing a pasture of his own seemed never to enter the head of the guileless Peters. His stock was of what may be described as the battering-ram breed, and the fence which they could not bunt down they either crawled through or jumped over.

For several years Brown made only the mildest of protests to Peters as he drove the marauding beasts back to their home. Other neighbors advised various things, ranging from a suit at law to a sound thrashing, to all of which Brown turned the ear of deafness. But his hour came at last. He was one day driving home the Peters herd of predatory bovines when he met a wayfaring man who asked for work. An idea struck Farmer Brown. "Yes," he replied, "I can give you a job. I'm just starting to drive these cattle to market at Downingville. You go on with 'em while I saddle up and follow on horseback. Got some little chores to do, and may not catch you for a while, but you get right along. Bound to overtake you some time. If I shouldn't, just round 'em up by the station and wait." The man trudged off, driving the cows before him, while Brown returned to his potatoes. It was sixteen miles to Downingville, and when, three days after, Peters gathered together his cows about the purlieus of Downingville, and drove them sadly home, he resolved then and there to establish a pasture.



See "An Angel in a Web."

"'AH! WHO CARES FOR YOU?' SAID HEINTZ."

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After a photograph by Lambert Weston and Son, Folkestone.

FREDERICK G. JACKSON.

DAYS IN THE ARCTIC.

BY FREDERICK G. JACKSON.

LIFE in the arctic is a serious matter, and one not to be lightly undertaken. Never to sleep in a bed for three years, or even in a bunk—such as our prisoners enjoy—is merely a bagatelle, as the floor and a reindeer-skin made a capital substitute. Looking back on the experience of a thousand days spent in the most northerly inhabited hut in the world—for our quarters were on the 80° N. lat.—I certainly think our greatest enemies were perpetual darkness and want of companionship.

For six men to be boxed up three years in a hut twenty feet long by twenty feet wide, and only seven feet high, never see-

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OUR HUTS BY MOONLIGHT IN WINTER.

ing any other being nor hearing a scrap of news, is a trying existence, yet I can unhesitatingly say no jollier or happier little party ever lived in Northern latitudes. Four months of solid night every year has, however, a depressing effect, not only on the spirits, but on the appetite, and it also destroys sleep. Morning, noon, and night become unrecognizable, merged into one endless gloom, and but for the welcome advent of the moon once a month, when the sky was sufficiently clear for us to enjoy her rays, we lived in a blackness the dreariness of which is indescribable.

As the schoolboy counts the days to the holidays, so we counted the hours till the return of the sun, and even as the first rays became visible our spirits rose, and existence altogether wore a different complexion. Then exercise became enjoyable, instead of that dreary daily trudge round a given circle in the dark: with the return of the light we felt new life and energy. And yet the climate of Franz-Josef Land, even in spring, would not suit all tastes; for example, out of fifty-five days' sledging, ending in May, 1897, Mr. Albert Armitage and I enjoyed only thirteen and a half tolerably clear days! Driving snow, wind, and bitter cold were general; for, be it understood, in all these three years the thermometer never rose higher than eleven degrees above freezing-point, and seventy to eighty degrees below that point was quite common.

They say eels get used to skinning—well, we may have fairly got used to wind, mist, and snow—but we hardly liked it!

I will describe an ordinary winter day's work, though—paradoxical, but true—the greater number of the days in the arctic are nights. About 8 A.M. we turned out of our blankets, and all had a good wash, and the man whose turn it was had a bath (one man had a bath each morning; the scarcity of water would not admit of more than this). Breakfast then followed, consisting of porridge, tinned fish, fried bear-meat, and tea or coffee. The work of the day then began. The house was swept out (a duty usually performed by myself during the last twelve months), the breakfast things washed up, and other domestic duties performed. The dogs and pony too had to be fed, and the stable and dog-house cleaned out, and the animals exercised.

All then took the regular daily walk. This, unless there was a moon, was taken

round and round a circle on the floe, marked with small flags, where we stumbled over the rough, hummocky ice through the mist and driving snow two or three hours each day.

This rather tread-mill-like exercise being completed, we all return to the hut, where we set to work upon the duties in hand—making tents, dog-harness, pony's snow-boots, weighing out provisions for sledging, and making ration-bags, etc.

In addition, our scientific observations are taken regularly. Throughout the first two winters meteorological observations were carried on two-hourly throughout the night and day, the party being divided into watches for the purpose.

The scene outside the hut is desolate and dreary in the extreme. To the north, behind the hut, the high basaltic cliffs with the steep talus running down are dimly discernible through the dense mist and falling snow. An occasional gust of wind still comes rushing along at irregular intervals—the expiring remains of a recent gale—and carrying a whirl of icy particles with it. All around elsewhere is an indefinite white expanse, from which here and there project ice-covered bowlders. The wind still moans in the cliffs above us. A short distance off the land the roars of ice-pressure proclaim the commotion there existing, now rumbling like distant thunder, now breaking forth into yells and shrieks as if a thousand fiends had suddenly been let loose, and then dying out in a shrill whistle. For a few moments all is still; and then those weird sounds continue.

Once a month we get the eagerly looked-for moon, which, if the sky is clear and the weather is calm, entirely alters the aspect of the landscape. Then the fantastically irregular surface of the great ice-floes, the frost-covered cliffs, and the surface of the external glaciers, silently and slowly flowing to the sea, are lighted up with a silvery brightness, and all is still and peaceful. Everything in life appears most cheery. Long runs on "ski" are taken; and should a bear make his appearance, and a chase ensue, the day is a red-letter one indeed. Unfortunately such days in Franz-Josef Land are of rare occurrence, and the more dreary weather which I have endeavored to describe is characteristic of the winter in this country.

At about 3 P.M. we knock off work for a few minutes and have a little tea and bread or ship-biscuit and butter, and



BREAKFAST IN THE HUT ON BELL ISLAND.



"NIMROD" ON BEAR GUARD.

then resume our work until 7.30 P.M., when work ceases for the day, and we have dinner, consisting of dried soups, bear-meat, and pudding; after which every one follows his own devices—plays cards, smokes, or reads until about 11 P.M., when we turn in for the night.

Occasionally a bear-hunt would give us some diversion. I always allowed two or three dogs, which showed some aptitude for bear-hunting, to run loose during the winter, and had one dog, "Nimrod," tied to a rough kennel just outside the hut. These dogs would get on the track of a bear on the floe and set up a barking, "Nimrod" would take up the chorus, and thus let us know what was going on.

One of my men and I would then set off in chase with our rifles, and, guided by the cry of the dogs, stumble through the mist and darkness over the floes. After proceeding a mile or so, gradually the noise would become more and more distinct, and some small dark objects jumping around a large yellow one, from which proceed loud hisses and snarls, would appear in sight.

A halt is then called to enable us to recover our wind after a rough-and-tumble pursuit.

The bear, in the mean time, has been engaged in making rushes at the dogs, one of whom, with his tail tucked between his legs, and looking as if he had seen things he would gladly forget, runs up to where we are standing.



A DEAD BEAR.

We then separate and advance from opposite points until within about ten yards of our game—my rule being to approach the animal until the outlines of his head could be distinctly made out. He appears to be a little undecided as to whether to charge us or to beat a retreat, but a dog, taking advantage of his indecision, and encouraged by our presence,



A BEAR-HUNT.

makes insolent remarks almost in his ear, and the bear dashes round to retaliate. At the same moment two shots ring out, and poor Mr. Bear rolls over dead.

One of us then returns to the hut to bring out a sledge party to haul him in. We drag him into a canvas hut, reserved for bear-skinning during the darkness, and remove his skin, and cut up the carcass into convenient joints. The dense atmosphere caused by the rising steam in the intensely cold air suggests a laundry in full swing.

As the end of the dark time approaches all becomes hurry and bustle in our little community. The hut becomes crowded up with sledges brought into it to be packed, and piles of equipment and rations in the course of being weighed out fill every available foot of space. Across the room a canvas and bamboo canoe is hung up to dry after being tarred—and many are the jokes and much the laughter when one of our heads comes in contact with its very sticky sides. The actual living space in our hut was about thirteen feet by twelve.

We have been working all through the winter at these sledging preparations, upon the careful completion of which so much depends. Weight and bulk are of the greatest consideration, and it is wonderful how weights accumulate by ounces, so that the utmost care must be exercised to select only the most necessary and indispensable articles, and to have the food rationed out in the smallest amounts per day compatible with keeping men in health.

An amusing tale is told of a very distinguished arctic discoverer who was said to have been found in his cabin weighing a pocket-handkerchief and debating whether he should take it with him sledging or not. But it is only by careful attention to weights that the good results can be attained—which the gentleman in question was one of the first to demonstrate.



A BEAR-HUNT IN THE POLAR NIGHT.

Early in March sees us on our journey with our team of dogs and pony, and one man besides myself.

The temperature is about 35° below zero, the sky is misty and overcast, a stiff breeze is blowing which carries before it a cloud of snow as fine as flour, which penetrates everything. In the distance on our left the cold, white, ill-defined outlines of the glaciated country on the western side of the British Channel are dimly visible.

I lead the way with "Brownie" (our pony) and her sledges, and Mr. Armitage follows in my tracks with the dog team.

The surface is much hummocked in



BRINGING BACK THE BEAR.

consequence of the repeated breaking up of the light ice of the channel in the autumn before; and the snow lies deep and soft over the trappy holes and crevices it has caused.

The pony has been going badly, owing to illness caused by a surfeit of dried vegetables, and it is with great difficulty that she can be induced to move along at all. At every slight rise or ridge of hummocks she comes to a full stop, and even on the flat a very slow walk is her best pace. Finally she throws herself down in the snow, declaring as plainly as she can speak, poor animal, that she cannot go a yard farther. The dogs too move along with their tails between their legs, wearing a dejected expression on their faces. Every now and then Armitage has to take advantage of the frequent stops to unravel the marvellous tangle into which they have contrived to get their traces, which, being frozen as hard as steel rods, is neither an easy nor a pleasant occupation in this charming weather. Poor "Joey," who has been going in a very tottering condition most of the day, at last falls down, and is released from his trace, and for a short distance tries to follow us. He drops behind, however, and to get him along at all he has to be carried on the sledge. Poor little plucky fellow, he will not last much longer, and others are going in his direction also. The horrible weather — incessant gales, with temperatures as low as 40° below zero, and blinding blizzards—is rapidly telling upon all of them. It is sorry work getting along the exhausted creatures; but there is no help for it. We have now been marching for nearly twenty hours, with only two stops of an hour to make a pot of tea, and to eat some biscuits, cheese, and fat bacon. I intend to go for another four hours yet; there is every prospect of having to camp for the next three days, for the weather grows worse.

Armitage and I are beginning to feel a little tired too, and several times when the dogs have checked at a hummock we have lain down in the snow, and all but fallen asleep. However, it is of no use lying there, so on we push again; but the labor of hauling the sledges out of drifts, starting the team again, and urging on the animals, combined with the wind and cold, will insure our sleeping soundly—when the time comes that we



THE GRAVE OF A BEAR-DOG KILLED WHILE FIGHTING.

may—let the condition of our couch be downy or otherwise.

The wind has now grown into a fresh gale, but the temperature has risen with it, and the snow and mist have so increased that as we plod along we can hardly see around for some time, at length find a hummock to which I can tie up the pony.

The tent is then pitched—no easy matter for two men in a blizzard—the dogs and pony fed, and we proceed to make



CLEANING A BEAR-SKIN.

the ice precipices of the glacier face sixty yards away; I can barely distinguish Armitage a dozen yards behind, occasionally lose sight of him entirely, and have to stop for him to come up or I should lose him.

To prevent constant frost-bites we have our wind-guards over our faces, leaving only apertures for the eyes and the mouth. They give us very much the appearance of Spanish inquisitors.

On we tramp, until, rounding a sudden turn in the glacier, we suddenly find ourselves nearly out of the wind, but in a perfect whirl of fine blinding snow and darkness—in fact, in a kind of backwater of the storm.

To continue our march farther at present has become out of the question, so I decide to camp, and after searching ourselves as comfortable as circumstances will allow.

Our socks and the grass in our boots, made wet with condensed perspiration, are changed for others, and the moist ones placed on our chests to dry, which is the only means possible, as, of course, we have no fire; then, having put on our furs, and cooked our dinner over a spirit-lamp, we lie down to sleep. We have hardly done so when an ominous roar close at hand, followed by two more, rouses us up, and we crane our necks out of the tent to endeavor to ascertain the cause. Is the glacier discharging bergs close at hand? It sounds like it. If so, our position close to it, to say the least, is not a pleasant one! However, we can see nothing through the blinding snow, so we lie down again and decide to chance



"BROWNIE," OUR PONY.

it. Once or twice this noise, like thunder, is repeated.

On the recurrence of these sounds we feel very uneasy, and are in momentary expectation that a mass of ice, weighing hundreds of tons, will crash down upon us. However, it cannot be helped, as we cannot see to move our camp, and in such weather we feel we may easily step out of the frying-pan into the fire.

On the following morning we found that several avalanches of snow had slipped off the glacier above us on to the floe beneath, twenty-five yards from our tent; and that the weight of the snow had so borne down the ice as to force the water up. I found "Brownie" standing up to her knees in it, and water permeating through the snow upon which we were lying, soaking our belongings.

The gale still raged with unabated fury, and the temperature stood at from 15° to 20° below zero. There was, however, less snow-drift. Our sledges had all but disappeared from sight, and the tent was half buried; we could not, however, stay where we were, as a further snow-slip from the glacier might place us in the sea it-



CAPE FLORA.

Ice-floes in May on Cape Flora Strait, from an altitude of 300 feet.



IN WIND-GUARDS AND MILITZAS.

self, and our quarters were not the acme of comfort as it was. After three hours' digging we got the sledges out and under way. Armitage and I both got our noses and cheeks frozen in the process, and I both my wrists, upon which appeared large blisters in the course of a few hours, which later became tiresome sores.

After getting clear of the glacier face, and proceeding about a mile, we found a spot on the lee side of some hummocks, where we were partly protected from the gale, and there pitched our camp.

The weather throughout our first spring journey in 1897 was severe in the extreme. During the two months we were away we only enjoyed thirteen and a half tolerably fine days — high gales, driving snow, thick mist, and often very low temperatures comprised the fare provided for us. On the 28th of March, at our camp near the entrance of Crichton Somerville Bay, we were kept in our tent by a severe gale. I examined the dogs soon after we turned out of our furs, and found them buried in the snow, but apparently all well. Three hours afterwards I found one dog frozen to death, and its body as hard as a rock; another dog was frozen fast in the ice, and we had to hack it out with a small pick to get it free. The following day another of our dogs broke down, and we carried him on our sledge in the endeavor to keep him alive; but the poor little beast, faithful and plucky to the last, gradually froze to death. Two or three days later two more dogs ended their days. We wrapped them up in skins when we camped, and I gave them a nip of whiskey each in the hope of reviving them, but to no avail.

It was a sad time for us thus to see our animals die one after the other, to say nothing of the loss of draught-power, which rendered progress at all very difficult. At that time, too, we could not even guess at the length of the journey in front of us. We had set out to go round the western land, and meant to accomplish it.

The fluctuations in temperature, too, were very trying. Frequently with the onset of a southeast gale it rose from 40° below zero to 28° above within thirty-six hours—altering our garments, which had previously been frozen as hard as sheets of galvanized iron, so that it took us hours to get into them, to a state of noisome moistness, and everything inside the tent would be in a condition of drip. Down again would go the temperature, and the rockiness of our clothes and equipment would be increased. This addition of moisture and ice in our clothes,



JACKSON AND ARMITAGE ON THEIR SLEDGE JOURNEY (1897).

besides being inconvenient and uncomfortable, greatly increased our weights. To give an instance, my militza (fur jumper), which on leaving the hut weighed a little under ten pounds, on our return scaled nearly thirty pounds. The rises of temperature and consequent wet in the tent caused our furs to rot, and the stench made thereby was absolutely indescribable.

During our first sledge journey of last spring we were on several occasions cut off by open sea-water—of course with masses of floating ice in it, running right up to the ice precipices which fringe the coast, thus stopping all further advance on the sea ice, and obliging us to search for a spot where, aided by high snow-drifts, we could haul our sledges by means of a purchase up the face of the glacier, and thus enable us to begin the climb up the steep incline of the ice-clad land. This work entailed excessive labor, hauling our sledges simply foot by foot, as the five remaining dogs stopped every eight or ten yards, and could only be started again by hauling up the sledges and by shouting ourselves hoarse. The whip is of little use when every muscle has to be strained to move at all, and besides being repugnant to any one fond of animals, tends to discourage rather than to spur them on, and Mr. Armitage seldom used it.

There is a popular picture of dog-driving, of a man seated on a sledge twirling a long whip around his head, and careering gayly along at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, behind a team of dogs. This, unfortunately, is anything but a true one. We never thought of riding upon a sledge, but were more than contented if it could be kept in motion at a slow walk by the united efforts of the animals and ourselves. I hauled in a trace ahead of the dogs, and led the way, while my companion, by continuous shouting and occasional use of the whip, kept the dogs at their work, and whenever the sledges stopped—which they did at the smallest obstruction—by hauling and shouting got them started again.

On more than one occasion we nearly lost our pony down crevasses, when toiling over the high glacier land.

One day last spring I was leading as usual with her, and Mr. Armitage was following in my tracks with the dog team. On the even surface of the snow there is nothing whatever to indicate the yawning dark chasms, hundreds of feet in depth, which lie concealed around us



A ROWDY-DOWDY CREW.

by light bridges of snow, only a few inches in thickness. The snow-covered surface of the glacier looks as firm and stable as Piccadilly, not even a slight depression in the snow marks the hideous pitfall below, and the inexperienced traveller would probably tramp on with a feeling of perfect security. We, however, had been on glaciers many times before. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, "Brownie" dropped through the snow-crust with all four legs, and hung suspended by a light bridge of snow over a gaping abyss, the black depths of which the eye could not fathom. Fortunately she was too much frightened and too exhausted to move a muscle, otherwise she would have disappeared at once, taking her sledges with her. My companion, seeing what had happened, at once came to my help, but unwisely stepped off his ski—which are a great protection in such cases—and at once dropped through into the crevass up to his arms. I must confess that the next few seconds were anxious ones as I endeavored to hold up the pony with one hand, and to render assistance to Mr. Armitage with the other. However, he fortunately managed to scramble out into safety, and by passing a line round the pony's neck we suc-



SKIRTING THE GLACIER FACE.



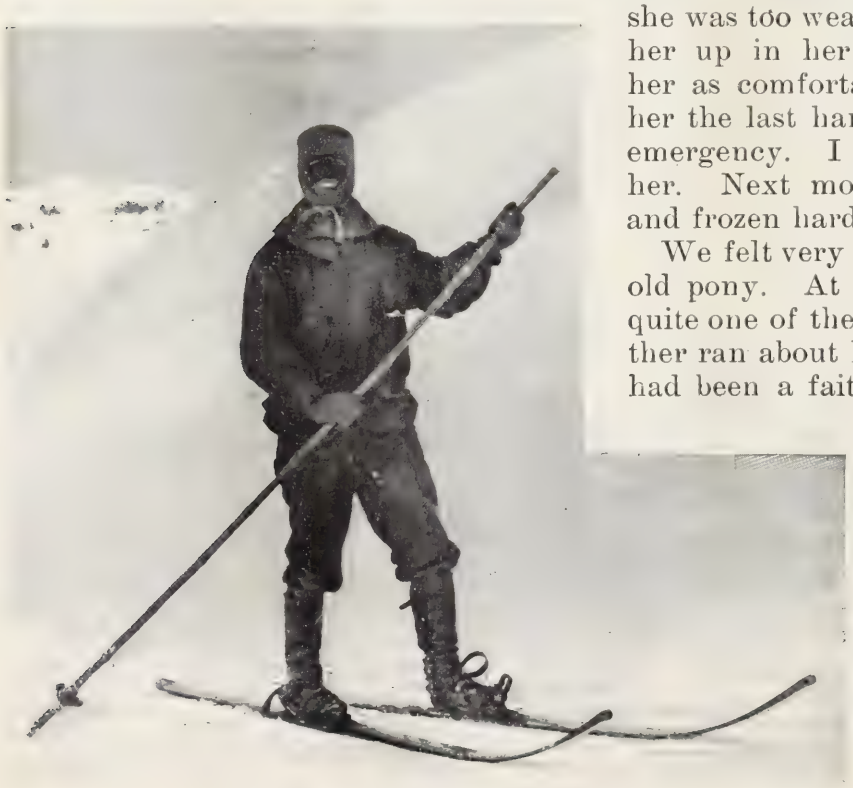
DEAD-PONY CAMP.

ceeded in extricating her from her perilous position.

Two days later we sustained a severe loss in the death of our poor pony. We had been confined to our tent by a hard gale of wind, combined with heavy driving snow and dense mist, and our little encampment was all but buried in the drifts. The view from our tent was limited to ten yards, beyond which we could see nothing. "Brownie" and our five remaining dogs had been getting weaker and weaker, and we still knew not the distance that separated us from our hut on Cape Flora, or how far we yet had to travel.

On the evening of the second day of this charming weather I heard her struggling to get upon her feet, and I went outside the tent to render assistance, in which Mr. Armitage shortly afterwards joined me. For an hour, in the howling gale, we endeavored to get her up, but she was too weak to stand. We wrapped her up in her blanket coat and made her as comfortable as we could, giving her the last handful of oats kept for an emergency. I knew it was all over with her. Next morning I found her dead and frozen hard.

We felt very sad at the loss of our poor old pony. At the hut she had become quite one of the family, and in good weather ran about loose as she pleased. She had been a faithful servant to us, and I had been promising her all sorts of good times for the rest of her life if I could only get her back to England in safety. Poor animal, she deserved a better fate than to leave her bones on that dismal, silent glacier. With her, too, died more than half our re-



DRESSED FOR SLEDGING.

maining draught-power, and necessitating our discarding three sledges and a great portion of our equipment, taking with us such articles only as were essential to life or for scientific investigations.

Our travels in Franz-Josef Land were not confined to sledging alone, but in the summer, when the breaking up of the ice rendered it possible, boat journeys were undertaken.

In the summer of 1895, as soon as the *Windward* had broken loose from her winter quarters, I selected a crew of six, and in our whale-boat, twenty-five feet in length, and undecked, started off to explore the western land beyond Mr. Leigh Smith's farthest.

Franz-Josef Land has a very dangerous coast to boat upon. The greater portion of its shores is faced with perpendicular glacier walls, varying in height from thirty to eighty feet, and it is only at very long intervals that black basaltic rocks jut out of the ice near the sea, rendering landing possible. Everywhere else the ice-cap overruns everything.

Violent gales are frequent and sudden, accompanied by snow and dense mists even in summer.

On the 28th of July we left Cape Neale, which headland had never been landed upon before. I will now quote from my journal written at Cape Grant, immediately after our escape from a severe gale, in which the expedition nearly came to an abrupt end.



THE FIVE SURVIVORS OF THE SPRING SLEDGING (1897).

"We left Cape Neale about 11 A.M., and rowed round the cape to clear a lot of drift-ice, and then set sail across the bay. After proceeding some distance Cambridge Bay began to open out, and we could clearly make out the large, bold headland, with pockets running up on either side, forming a prominent cape. On the western side the water appears to run out in the form of straits, connecting Cambridge Bay with sea to the northward.

"At 4.30 P.M. we passed Cape Ludlow, which is merely an ice-covered and glacier-faced promontory, with the upper ridges of a rock showing through the ice. Landing was impossible here. Fisher made a rough sketch of it, and after we had passed it some distance I took a photographic snap-shot of it. We had gone through much ice, and as we sailed on toward Cape Lofley it became much



OUR CAMP ON CAPE CROWTHER.

closer. This, and the fact that the wind had freshened, and that the whole coast was glacier-faced, rendering landing impossible and offering no shelter, made our progress more and more risky. At 9 P.M. we rounded Cape Lofley and ran on to within five or six miles of a cape west of it (Cape Mary Harmsworth), which I had first definitely seen from the summit of Cape Neale. Beyond it lay a dense bank of fog. The wind had now increased to nearly a moderate gale, and the ice had become very close, but of a low, level description, of about four to five feet in thickness, and being in motion, we had many narrow escapes from it. We had taken in a reef in the lug-sail, and we had now continually to put the boat's head up into the wind and to shake the sail to avoid gusts.

"Cape Lofley is of the same character as Cape Ludlow, with just a little more rock showing above the ice, but is glacier-faced, and there was no place where it was possible to land, still less to haul a boat out. Cape Mary Harmsworth appears to be very similar in these respects. Heavy ice lay to seaward and ahead of us, and had every appearance of a tight pack; and the wind was increasing in force, with an ugly-looking sky and a rapidly falling barometer. Things looked very threatening. It would be extremely nasty to be caught in a gale in our cockle-shell, especially amongst the ice we were in, which, although not heavy enough to break the force of the sea, was quite sufficiently so to smash our boat to match-wood. The whole coast is fronted by high, overhanging glacier faces, rendering landing impossible. I decided to try and get back to Cape Neale, which was apparently the nearest spot we could land upon, and to wait there until the storm passed over before proceeding.

"The whole coast, reaching from the throat of Cambridge Bay as far as we could see to the west, is one unbroken glacier face, with the tops of basaltic rocks jutting out of the ice, and with very high country behind it (it appeared to rise about 2000 feet). A more utterly desolate scene it is impossible to imagine. Nothing but one huge glacier is discernible. Cape Mary Harmsworth appeared to be as



SUNRISE AFTER THE LONG POLAR WINTER (FEBRUARY).

ice-bound at the shores as Capes Lofley and Ludlow.

"After turning our boat's head round to try and reach safety at Cape Neale, we ran into the wind two points on our port quarter. We threaded our way amongst the ice, often narrowly escaping collision, with the spray breaking over us, and frequently shipping seas over the weather gunwale. We were all of us soon drenched to the skin; and a snow-storm coming on rendered it difficult to see Cape Neale.

"At 10.30 P.M. the wind increased to a fresh gale, and occasionally to a strong gale in the gusts. The now high seas caused her to make so much leeway that weathering Cape Neale looked very improbable. We could proceed under sail no longer, and there was nothing for it but to weather it out in the open. We made a deep-sea anchor with three oars to which we lashed the ice anchor, and with about twenty fathoms of line attached to it from the bows, brought the boat's head round to the sea. The sea rapidly increased, and huge breakers threatened to swallow us



THE PONY.



A WALRUS ON AN ICE-FLOE.

up at every moment. Snow and sleet continued throughout the night, and we could not see the land at all. It was bitterly cold, and we were very tired and hungry, but the boat required such constant attention in bailing out seas, etc., and there were such difficulties in the way of getting at food, that eating was out of the question. Thus we rode the night, expecting every moment to go down. Every one was more or less cheerful, although one or two looked very much concerned; but I saw no fear in any one's face, and all obeyed orders promptly and without offering suggestions or advice, which on such occasions, especially when promptitude of decision is essential to safety, would be particularly troublesome. The barometer fell from 29.75 at 6 P.M. to 29.65 at 9 P.M., to 29.60 at 10 P.M.* (At 10 A.M. it stood at 29.85.)

"*July 29th, Monday.* — Matters have not improved in the least. It still blows as hard as ever, and a tremendous sea is running, with often very nasty cross-seas, which render it impossible to head them properly. We are, however, still afloat, and the *Mary Harmsworth* is fighting a tough battle for us, shipping a great deal of water frequently, but by incessant bailing we get her clear again. Three or four times we have been rolled nearly over by short breakers and half filled with water, but she still kept up.

"At about 4 P.M. a lump of jagged ice got foul of our sea anchor and cut it adrift. Of course it was quite impossible to recover it, and we had no means of rigging another. The one we lost was a little too light, and the first of the usual three breakers in succession often washed it home on us, leaving the line slack. I put Blomkvist in the bows with an oar out to keep the boat's head straight, and



CAPE CROWTHER IN SUMMER.

* "*August* 13.—On comparing the aneroid we find it registers six-tenths too high, making 29.60 equal to 29.00."

Armitage rigged the jib aft of the mast to steady her and to give her sternway, to lessen the force of her meeting the waves, although it increased our drifting. Armitage and I relieved each other in directing the boat's course. The doctor, Fisher, and Child bailed her out, and in turn did duty at the bow oar.

"*July 30th, Tuesday.*—The gale blowing as hard as ever, but now from the north and northwest, with constant snow-storms, and the swell and cross-seas very high, the latter being often very tumultuous, constantly nearly swamping us with volumes of water. How the boat kept on the surface is a wonder.



F. G. JACKSON WALRUS-SHOOTING FROM THE BIRCH-BARK CANOE.

"During the whole day we only got one or two glimpses of the land through the snow and sleet, which appeared to be growing more and more distant; but what part of the land it was we could not distinguish. We all in turn tried to get a little sleep, but it was out of the question with the seas continually breaking over us, although, strange to say, when especially on duty in directing the boat's course, I experienced the very greatest difficulty in keeping myself awake, and once or twice nearly dropped off in spite of my teeth. We were all drenched to the skin, dog-tired, and very hungry and cold. In this manner we spent another night, the gale still howling around us with unabated fury.

"Barometer at about noon read 29.40, corrected to standard at Cape Flora—28.80.

"Several times during the day I noticed a very remarkable appearance in the sky as the wind brought up the snow-storms. It appeared as if laths of wood were irregularly distributed over the sky, even to the zenith, wherever the nimbus clouds of the snow-storm covered it; and on the northern horizon appeared three poles, exactly resembling three bare masts of a ship with the hull hidden by the high waves. They were white, and at equal distances from each other, quite suggesting a phantom ship. The laths, which were also white, appeared straight, and the edges ran parallel to each other. They all were of a uniform breadth, and entirely suggested inch laths.

"The boat had now become very deficient in buoyancy, owing to everything we had on board being drenched, and as she rolled she lopped over water first

on the starboard and then on the port side. To remedy this as much as possible, and to give her more freeboard, we threw overboard several articles which could damaging our boat or drowning ourselves. She got nearly swamped, however, and loose ice came thumping in upon her with the sea and stove in a plank.



ONE OF OUR PETS.

best be spared and were heavy, and so lightened her considerably. The tiller had given way, and Child made another from a harpoon-staff. At 4 P.M. there came a lull in the gale, which was now from the W.S.W., and the horizon partly cleared, showing the nearest land, which we concluded to be Cape Grant, but which was too far away (about forty miles) for us to be at all sure. It lay about N.N.E. (true) of us. Seeing a chance of getting out of our trouble, we set the reefed lug and jib, and determined to try and run down to the cape, although the wind was still very strong, blowing from a moderate gale to a strong breeze.

"After six hours' sailing, fairly racing through the water at fully six knots an hour, we reached the land, which on nearer approach proved to be Cape Grant; and we ran round to the east side, hoping to find it sufficiently protected by the headland to enable us to land without Owing to their weakened condition, Armitage, the doctor, and Child all got duckings in getting ashore; but this, I think, made little difference, as we were all as wet as we could be already. We at last got everything out of the boat, and hauled her up on to the very narrow beach. We were all of us more or less weak, and had considerable trouble in doing this. Blomkvist and I were the strongest of the party, but we didn't feel any the better for our late little entertainment. Two or three of the party were very groggy, and could hardly walk. We had had no sleep and nothing to eat but a biscuit or two each since leaving Cape Neale, three days ago, except that Child and I had had a raw dovekie each, which was the only thing in the way of food reachable. The others I could not induce to share this rough-and-ready repast, but all replied, 'I will have a little just now.' Before the lull in the gale occurred we were speculating

upon the probability of having to make for Novaia Zemlia, if it continued to drive us to the S.E., and reckoned up our provisions. We have had a very near squeak for it, and all were mightily glad to be on firm ground again.

"On landing we each had a nip of the little that remained of our port-wine, and I proposed 'the health of the *Mary Harmsworth* and the lady whose name she bears,' and coupled Armitage's name with it. His nautical knowledge and experience had been of the utmost service to us. All my fellows have behaved extremely well, and if we had gone to the bottom, would have done so as becomes men.



THE BABY AND HIS NURSE OUT FOR A CONSTITUTIONAL.

"We found all our spare clothes soaked, and all our property dripping with water. The get-up of some of our party after attempting to change was most ludicrous. One appeared without breeches, but with a very damp blanket wrapped kiltwise around his lower person. Another presented himself in a complete suit of oil-skins over very moist under-clothes. A third was in a long oil-skin coat; what he had on underneath is a secret known only to himself. A fourth was without boots, but in a pair of cloth moccasins and in my kid-skin leather coat. All our clothes were more or less wet. Still, a jollier party never collected in a camp, and our appearance caused great amusement and endless jokes. We slept soundly until noon next day, in spite of our wet clothes and the cold. It was snowing most of the time, and the thermometer hovered about freezing-point; and this, with the damp air and high wind, made it a bit chilly, especially so to people in our circumstances. However, we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had made a very successful journey, which, but for the gale blowing us off the coast, would possibly have been even more so if we could have got through the ice around Cape Mary Harmsworth. I hope yet to have another try, if the weather will allow us and the boat is not too much damaged.



SHOOTING LOONS.

"*July* 31*st*, *Wednesday*.—The gale is blowing very hard again,

and it is evident that we had seized the lull in the storm to run in in the nick of time. We turned out about noon, and spent the rest of the day in spreading out our clothes and trying to dry them, but the moist atmosphere and the frequent snow-storms and sleet rendered this very difficult. The swell on the beach has much increased, and is breaking heavily, and thumping heavy ice upon it. We had to shift our tents this afternoon, as the sea once or twice washed into them. Cape Grant on this side is a very bad place for a camp, as there is very little space upon which it is possible to put up a tent, as the sharp, jagged, steep talus runs down to the water's edge. The doctor looks the worst of the party, and is very thin and haggard; another day or two of it, I think, would have finished him. We in our tent (Blomkvist, Armitage, and I) are now all right again, only a bit stiff, but both Fisher and Child look hollow-eyed and played out.

"*August 1st, Thursday.*—We are still storm-bound. We spend the day in drying our clothes, etc., so far as the weather will allow us. The barometer shows indications of improvement.

"All the ice has now cleared out of the bays between here and Cape Stephen, and many very large bergs are drifting about between here and there, gradually passing south out of Nightingale Sound.



AFTER THE GALE—CAPE GRANT.

"*August 2d, Friday.*—There is less wind to-day, but a heavy swell is still running. The beach is much encumbered with ice blocks, and at present it is quite impossible to launch the boat.

"Armitage and I walked down, or rather clambered down, to the depot of provisions on the S.E. front of the cape, and added various provisions which we can spare if we find it impossible to attempt to round Cape Mary Harmsworth this season. I find, on a close examination, that our boat is much damaged, but I hope that we may fit her up well enough to try it. The provisions may come in for some unfortunate castaway, possibly for ourselves, some time or other."

Great credit must be given to my companions in Franz-Josef Land for the loyal



THE "MARY HARMSWORTH" AND CREW.

and hearty help they rendered me in my endeavors to increase our geographical and other scientific knowledge of the world, and to whom whatever success the expedition has attained is due. Neither must Mr. Harmsworth, who supplied the greater portion of the expenses connected with the expedition, be forgotten for the part he played in it, rendering it possible for me to carry my plans into deeds. These plans are embodied in the following letter, which was written by Mr. Harmsworth to the secretary of the expedition on the eve of my departure, and was published in the public press:

12 Clarges Street, Piccadilly, W.

My dear Montifiore, — To write "a few words" on a subject one has at heart very deeply is not easy; but I will be as brief as possible in my explanation of the reasons I had in mind when I decided on fitting out the present Polar Expedition. From the time when as a youngster I read the story of Franklin I have always been fascinated by the great mystery of the North. Julius von Payer's book and the concluding chapters of Admiral Markham's *Sir John Franklin* decided me to contribute, to the best of my ability, to the Exploration of Franz-Josef Land, in itself a field for a vast amount of scientific work, and in the opinion of the most distinguished Arctic men the best road to the North Pole. Having, owing to the efforts of yourself, been made aware of Mr. Jackson's wonderful energy and his recent work in the Arctic, I offered him the leadership of the Expedition, and secured an ally in whom I place the utmost confidence.

As to Mr. Jackson's chances of reaching the Pole I shall say nothing. For my own part I shall be entirely satisfied if he and his companions add to our knowledge of the geography and the fauna and flora of Franz-Josef Land and the area lying immediately North



SUMMER IN FRANZ-JOSEF LAND.



THE MEETING BETWEEN JACKSON AND NANSEN.

of it. With "beating the record" North I have very little sympathy. If Mr. Jackson plants the Union Flag nearer the Pole than the Stars and Stripes (who head us by four miles only), I shall be glad; but if he came back, having found the Pole, but minus the work of the Scientists of which our Expedition consists, I should regard the venture as a failure. I have emphasized this point particularly. Our venture is not a North Pole, but a Polar Expedition, a distinction with a vast difference. The advice and assistance given us by such authority as the President of the Royal Geographical Society, the Council of the Meteorological Office and Committee and Superintendent of the Kew Observatory, Captain



AN ARCTIC HIGHWAY



A CAMP ON THE SHORES OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA SEA.

Creak, R.N., of the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty, Mr. B. Leigh Smith, Sir Leopold McClintock, Admiral Markham, Sir Allen Young, Mr. R. H. Scott, F.R.S., Mr. J. Coles, F.R.A.S., of the Geographical Society, Mr. W. Harkness, F.C.S., of Somerset House, Sir George Thomas, Bart., and Dr. W. H. Neale, and the interest evoked throughout the world, have been very gratifying to all the brave fellows who have elected to be left on Franz-Josef Land for two—perhaps for four or five years.

Yours faithfully,

(S'g'd.) ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH.

I think I may say, without boasting, that the expectations and desires expressed in the above letter have been fully realized. I cannot lay down my pen without stating what sincere pleasure it gave myself and my companions to be in the position to render the timely aid we did to Dr. Nansen and his brave companion, Lieutenant Johansen, which in itself, to me, would be sufficient reward for the weary years spent in the far North.

"WERE BUT MY SPIRIT LOOSED UPON THE AIR."

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

WERE but my spirit loosed upon the air—
By some High Power who could Life's chains unbind,
Set free to seek what most it longs to find—
To no proud Court of Kings would I repair:
I would but climb, once more, a winding stair,
When day was wearing late, and dusk was kind;
And one should greet me to my failings blind,
Content so I but shared his twilight there.

Nay! well I know he waits not as of old—
I could not find him in the old-time place—
I must pursue him, made by sorrow bold,
Through realms unknown, in strange Celestial race,
Whose mystic round no traveller has told,
From star to star, until I see his face.



Old Chester Tales.

By MARGARET DELAND.

JUSTICE AND THE JUDGE.

THE orchard sloped down the hill-side from the Judge's house to the dusty turnpike that bent around the estate like an arm—an arm that ended in a threatening fist where, in Mercer, the road broadened into the square before the court-house and the gray granite jail. The road itself was pretty enough, except where it passed through Mercer's squalid mill suburbs; it kept near the river, wandering across the meadows, and then up and over the hills, through the shadows of buttonwoods and chestnuts; but it lost its prettiness again where, just this side of Old Chester, it held, in a little bend, a cluster of shapeless houses, with tar-papered walls and unsteady stovepipes, and muddy foot-paths where grunting pigs refused to stir to give room to the passer-by. The men who worked in the brick-kilns lived in this settlement, and paid an exorbitant rent to the Judge; their unsightly hovels were not visible from his melancholy old house on the hill, because the road came between them, and then a fringe of elderberries and sumachs, and then the orchard, where the trees, unpruned for many a year, were thick with bunches of twigs and gray with lichen. The brickmakers' village was not beautiful to look upon, but it meant no irony when it named itself "Morrison's Shanty-

town." Indeed, it had a certain pride in having a landlord who was rich and powerful, and it boasted about his money and his "big house" in a way that would have greatly astonished the Judge, who, plodding along on his big, rangy Kentucky horse, used to turn his head away when he passed the group of houses self-christened with his honorable name.

It was this neighborly pride, rather than any malice, that made the Judge's orchard a place where Morrison's Shantytown took its outings and its apples. As for the latter, they were poor enough—hard, gnarly russets, or small, bitter rambos. The time was long past since the orchard was in its prime; in those days there had been boys and girls in the "big house," and the Judge himself, the eldest brother, was a serious young man who wore a stock and a flowered waistcoat. The serious young man turned into a serious elderly man, and the brothers and sisters scattered off into the world; and the orchard grew rankly, and the brickmakers began to huddle together at the foot of the hill below the great, dilapidated old house where, with his sister Hannah, the Judge lived, absorbed in his profession, and, when he was not contemptuous, indifferent to all the world besides. If he had a purely human emotion, it was pride that he had never been so great a fool as to care for any human creature; he endured his fellow-beings, and was just to them—he said; but he never knew a man, woman, or child who could not be bought and sold like a bale of cotton. "I could probably be bought myself," he said, "if I could think of anything I wanted enough as a price."

This was the atmosphere into which Theophilus Bell came to live. A silent child, with mild, wide brown eyes, and straight, silken brown hair parted over his candid forehead. Theophilus's mother had been the Judge's younger sister. He had liked her, in his way; at least he liked her better than his older sister, Hannah, who, besides being a woman, was a fool—he had so informed her many times. The Judge had supposed that Theophilus's mother was going to keep house for him, and be the meek, subject woman that their mother had been to their father. Instead, when she was over thirty, she suddenly married a poor, good-for-nothing, amiable fellow, an artist—a scallawag, the Judge called him—who had not even kept her alive, for she died in a year, leaving this one child, whom she, with silly feminine sentiment, had chosen to name after her eldest brother.

"Thinks I'll leave my money to him," the Judge said to himself when he was informed of the compliment that had been paid him; and his eyes narrowed into a sort of laugh.

"You are welcome to call him Theophilus," he wrote the mother, "but I should think the name would kill him; and perhaps I had better take this opportunity of stating he need have no expectations from me. All my money will go in public bequests."

Theophilus survived the name, but his mother did not long survive the letter. As for his father, when the child was ten years old, the poor, gentle, sickly gentleman realized that he too was going to leave the boy, so his future must be provided for. So he gave Theophilus two charges: "Now, boy, remember, when father isn't here—remember all your life: '*Don't cry; and play fair;*'" and then he made his will, bequeathing his only possession in the world, Theophilus, to the Judge.

He informed his brother-in-law of this fact by letter. Then he died. The Judge's astonishment and ire made him take a few days to reflect how he was to decline this unexpected gift; and while he reflected, the scallawag was buried and Theophilus arrived.

The stage dropped Theophilus at the gate at the foot of the orchard.

"The Judge lives up on the hill," said the driver, pointing with the handle of his whip; then the old yellow coach creaked, and sagged forward, and went rumbling into the evening dusk.

The little boy stood looking after it with straining eyes. It seemed to be his last friend disappearing around the shoulder of the hill.

As Mr. Bell's funeral had been nobody's business in particular, except an inconvenienced landlady's, who wished to get it over as soon as possible, and an officiating clergyman's, who was in a hurry to go to a parishioner's tea party, there had been nobody who thought it worth while to prepare Mr. Justice Morrison's mind for his nephew's arrival. The landlady "shipped" the child the morning after the funeral, and the undertaker

mailed the bill for his services at the same time. Theophilus was sent through like an express parcel, and dropped here on the road-side with his big valise, which held all his belongings — and held also, squeezed into a corner by the little boy when the landlady was not looking, his father's old pipe. The landlady missed the pipe afterwards when she evened up her account with the poor deceased gentleman. She said she was sure that the undertaker had stolen it, and she felt an added resentment at Mr. Bell for his inconsiderateness in dying in a boarding-house.

The country road was very quiet; the orchard on the hill-side was full of shadows, and the path up to the house was almost hidden by the fringe of grass on either side. Theophilus wondered if his uncle had any dogs. He thought the orchard looked very dark; he thought the valise was pretty heavy; he—wanted his father. Theophilus hunted in his pocket for his handkerchief. He was a very little boy; he was dressed in an old-fashioned way, and had the nervous and silent exactness of a child who has shared an older person's experiences and anxieties. When he had squeezed his handkerchief against his eyes, and swallowed hard, he folded the small square neatly up and put it back into his pocket; then he tugged at the bag, and got it on his shoulder, and began to climb the hill.

The house loomed up black and desolate in the autumn twilight. Across the closed and shuttered front there was a portico, with wooden columns that had once been white, but from which the blistered paint had cracked and flaked; the ceiling of this porch had been plastered, but the plaster had broken here and there, and fallen, and the laths showed gaunt and dusty; mud-swallows had built their nests in the corners, and a gray ball showed that the paper-wasps liked the crumbling shelter. There had been a garden once in front of the house, but now there was only a vague outline of box borders, dead and broken down, or growing high and stiff in favored spots. There were a good many trees around the house, and in some places their dense foliage kept the ground beneath so shadowed that it was bald and bare, or slippery with green mould. There was not a light anywhere in this forbidding front. Theophilus, panting up the orchard path, crossed the weedy driveway, and came out before it. It was very still up there on top of the hill, and it is pretty dark on an October evening by six o'clock. Theophilus felt his heart come up into his throat; he stepped stealthily, and started when a twig snapped under foot. The dark shuttered house, brooding in the twilight, and the little boy with his heart in his mouth, confronted each other. Theophilus looked over his shoulder breathlessly. Suppose he should run down the hill just as hard as he could? His very legs felt the impulse to run! But what dreadful thing might be behind him if he started? He sobbed once, hauled at the valise, went right up the steps, and tugged at the bell.

The Judge and Miss Hannah were at supper. The dining-room was at the back of the house; in fact, in the liberal days of the Morrison family, before the Judge got rich, this room had been the kitchen; now, Miss Hannah did the cooking in the wash-house, and her brother came in the back way; the front part of the house—the hall, and the double parlors on each side of it—had been shut up for many years.

There was a lamp on the table by the Judge's book, but the rest of the room was dark. "Don't waste oil," Miss Hannah had been instructed long ago; so she fumbled about in the dim light, and brought her brother his bread and butter and meat, and pecked at bits from the plates as she carried them in and out, like a thin gray bird with frightened eyes. Then she sat down at the further end of the table, watching her brother, and ready to jump if he lifted his eyes from his book. The Judge's head stood out gray and wolfish against the nimbus of light from the lamp. The wrinkles on his shaven face spread like threads from the corners of his eyes, and were drawn down in deep sharp folds from his nostrils; his cold, mean mouth was puckered, as if a drawing-string had been run around it and then pulled up tightly. The book he read was a French novel. Miss Hannah ate her bread-and-butter, and wondered when he would be ready for his tea.

Then they both looked up with a start.

The rusty wire running along the ceiling jerked, snapped, and the bell at the end of it jangled faintly, and then swung

back and forth soundless, as if breathless from exertion. The brother and sister looked up at it open-mouthed.

"What's that?" said the Judge.

"The—bell," Miss Hannah faltered.

"I inferred as much," the Judge said. "Well, go see who it is."

Miss Hannah got up nimbly, as a horse jerks forward at the crack of a whip; she went trotting through the dark hall, but waited a moment before she turned the key in the lock. "Who's there?" she said, faintly.

A small voice answered through the key-hole: "Theophilus."

Miss Hannah caught her breath and stood panting; it took her a good minute to draw the bolt and unlock the door, and when she did, the little boy fell forward into the hall, he had been so crouched against the door, for terror of the night, and the stillness, and the great shadows under the roof of the porch.

"Does my uncle live here?" said Theophilus, sobbing. At that Miss Hannah knelt down in front of him and kissed him, and strained him to her with her trembling old arms.

"I don't know why you're crying," Theophilus remonstrated. "Did I hurt you when I ran against you? The door opened — unexpectedly. Are you my uncle's cook?"

At this Miss Hannah got up with a start, as though she heard the whip crack, and looked over her shoulder. "Oh dear!" she said, "what shall we do?" And as she spoke the cold, precise voice called out:

"Hannah! tell whoever it is that messages come to the back door. I'm ready for my tea."

"What had you better do?" gasped Miss Hannah.

Theophilus tugged at his valise. "If you'll help me carry this," he said, politely, "I'll ask my uncle to pay you. It's very heavy."

"Oh, don't," poor old Hannah entreated. "Oh, do—oh, my! What will he say?" But she followed, helping with the valise, irresponsible and inconsequent.

As for Theophilus, he made his way to the room where the Judge was waiting for his tea.

"Hannah, you are slower than—" Then he looked up and saw Theophilus.

"Uncle," said the little boy, "father said to tell you that I wouldn't be any trouble. He said I was a pretty good boy," said Theophilus, his voice shaking, "and I've come to live with you. Is that your cook? I nearly knocked her down when I came in; but I didn't mean to. Shall I have my supper now, uncle?"

"Who the devil— Is this that man Bell's brat? Hannah, what does this mean?"

"Oh, brother, it's Mary's child," old Miss Hannah said. "Don't you see?—her eyes! and oh, brother, he was named after you."

"Oh, you're my aunt, are you?" Theophilus inquired. "Father said—" but the tears came at the name; "my father, he said—"

"There, dear; there," Hannah whispered; "don't—do—I wouldn't—brother won't like—"

"I'm not going to cry," said Theophilus; "father told me not to. Uncle, may I have my supper?"

"Hannah, get me my tea. Can't you shut him up? Give him some food and send him to bed. What the devil—" And the Judge took his novel and the lamp and went abruptly out of the room. Miss Hannah and Theophilus, left in the darkness, heard the stairs creak under his angry foot, and then the bang of the library door.

"Oh dear! ought I to take his tea up to him?" panted Miss Hannah, fumbling about for matches and a candle. "Oh, my dear little boy, why *did* you come?"

"He isn't very pleasant, is he, aunt?" said Theophilus. "Father said he was a pagan."

"A pagan!" Miss Hannah repeated, shocked. "Why, no, indeed! A pagan is a heathen, and your uncle is a Christian. You mustn't say such things, my little boy. Pagan! why, not at all—indeed he isn't." Miss Hannah was frightened and ruffled and crying all at once.

"I think," said Theophilus, shyly, "father only meant a brute. I'd like my supper a good deal, aunt."

II.

This was the beginning of Theophilus's life with the Judge—or, rather, in the Judge's house. Miss Hannah, palpitating with fright, bade the boy "keep out of brother's way"; and Theophilus was quite willing to do so. The first day or two poor old Hannah scarcely dared to breathe for fear of reminding the Judge of her existence, and so, incidentally, of

his nephew's; she lived in terror of being told that the boy must be sent away—"to the poorhouse, or to the devil," her brother was capable of saying.

For the Judge was sharply angry; all the more so because he found himself unable to dismiss the whole thing by packing the child off. "I don't know why I put up with it," he snarled to himself. "Why should I support other people's brats? And as for leaving him anything—of course that's what Bell was up to—" And then the Judge chuckled, and thought of his will. But in a minute he gritted his teeth with anger. Bell had gotten ahead of him, and he couldn't get at him to express his opinion. "Contemptible!" he said. "These men who go off to play on their golden harps, and leave other men to support their progeny, are religious tramps! One of these days we'll get civilized enough to legislate on this matter of offspring; every child that can't be supported properly by its parents will have its neck wrung! and the father's and mother's too, if I had my way."

At which Miss Hannah blanched, and hid Theophilus away still more carefully. But that was how it was conceded that he might remain. So Miss Hannah got her breath, though she was always looking over her shoulder, so to speak, for fear the Judge should "legislate."

As for Theophilus, he was very quiet and obedient. He missed his father with all his little mind and heart, and used to take the pipe out of his valise every night, and hold it in his hands, and sometimes he would blink and draw in his breath in the dark, and remember that he had promised not to cry; but he never spoke of his loss to Miss Hannah, who said to herself that she was glad he "had gotten over it." Theophilus helped her a good deal in her pottering work about the untidy, dilapidated house, and took his food in the wash-house when the Judge had finished his meals, and played about by himself, and crept noiselessly up stairs to go to bed in a little closet of a room far away from his uncle's. He seemed fond of Miss Hannah, and used to sit and hold her hand, and play with the thin old fingers, and lean his head against her knee. He did not talk much, and never about himself; but his soft ways quite hid from his aunt that he was not a confiding child.

When the winter came he used to trudge in to Old Chester every morning to the public school—Miss Hannah would not have dreamed of asking her brother for money to send him to Miss Bailey's little private school. He used to go to Dr. Lavendar's collect class on Saturdays, and he went to church with Miss Hannah every Sunday; but he made no friendships among the Old Chester children.

"He's so shy," Miss Hannah used to explain. But though Theophilus held her skirt in a nervous grip, he looked out from behind it calmly, with far less shyness than was visible in Miss Hannah's own face. He was perfectly silent, unless spoken to, and then answered in gentle monosyllables.

That winter the Judge hardly spoke to him. The first time he had any conversation with him was once when he found Theophilus in the stable, patting the big Kentucky horse. He began to frown immediately, being especially ready to frown because the horse had gone lame the night before.

"Uncle," said Theophilus, "Jack had a stone in his shoe. I took it out."

The Judge looked at him, and grunted. Then he felt Jack's leg, and thought to himself that it was the only time since the boy had been in the house that he had been good for anything.

"I don't want you hanging round the stable, young man. Do you hear me?" he said; but he looked at Theophilus once or twice; and that night, when he got home, he said to his sister, sharply: "Hannah, what the devil do you hide that child away for? Have him take his meals in the dining-room. Do you hear? Let him sit with me, or he'll grow up a barbarian, with no manners!"

And Miss Hannah was far too thankful for this grace on her brother's part to feel any humor in reference to manners.

The Judge's remark about hanging around the stable did not deter Theophilus from playing there all that winter. If grown people will remember, box-stalls are admirable forts in which to hide during the attacks of Indians; and an old carriage, unused for many years, the cushions slit and dusty, is an excellent vehicle in which to journey to Asia or the north pole, as fancy may chance to drive. Miss Hannah used to wonder sometimes what Theophilus did with himself, all alone in the barn. When she asked him, he would think awhile, and then say, vaguely,

"Oh, just play, aunt;" and Miss Hannah was contented.

She never dreamed of "bringing him up," as Old Chester expressed it; all that the boy did, and the little that he said, were perfect in her mild, frightened eyes. She treated him as an equal, if not as a superior — which, if Old Chester had known it, would have been a matter of anxiety and prayer. She used to talk to him a great deal in her incoherent way, and tell him her anxieties about the cost of things, and her worries over the Judge's food. And Theophilus listened, and said, "Yes, aunt," and "No, aunt"; and Miss Hannah felt that at last she had a confidant.

After a while Theophilus began to wander down through the orchard and look at Shantytown — dirty, good-natured, friendly Shantytown; and later in the winter he slipped across the road and made acquaintance with the pigs and chickens, and then with the children, and by-and-by he constructed a society of his own, of which Katy Murphy was the choicest spirit.

The Murphys lived in the second house on the other side of the road. There were seven dirty, happy children, and a big, rosy, comfortable mother, and the usual drunken, bad-tempered father, and two pigs, and a cat, and the hens—such tame hens they were, too, Theophilus noticed, walking all about the room when the family was at table! The house was a series of little pens, without any ventilation to speak of; its earthen floors were laid in refuse bricks, and it was cheerfully and openly dirty. Of course the Murphys ought, by rights, to have been sick. Willie King told Dr. Lavendar that there would be a terrible outbreak of typhoid in Shantytown some day. But so far it had not appeared; which must have been very mortifying and disappointing to Willie.

Theophilus had made acquaintance with Katy by offering her silently over the gate a tumbler of snow ice-cream. Katy, as silently, ate the slushy mixture of sugar and milk and snow, looking with big eyes at Theophilus. After that they became friends—quite speechlessly, however. It was not until spring, when she showed him how to make licorice-water in a bottle, that their friendship began to be eloquent.

But Theophilus said nothing about Katy or Shantytown to his aunt. Miss Hannah sometimes saw the flutter of a ragged petticoat or a shock of tangled hair under a dirty cap; and once she asked him anxiously if he didn't think perhaps he was seeing too much of those rowdy children.

"No, aunt," said Theophilus; which closed the subject—though Miss Hannah did suggest, hesitatingly, that perhaps he had better not let his uncle see him playing with the Shantytown children, because he might be displeased.

"He's almost always displeased, isn't he, aunt?" Theophilus said, meditatively, but had no thought of committing himself to a promise.

At first all the Murphy children played with him in the orchard, and there were the usual squabbles and bickerings. Katy, however, followed Theophilus's lead in all their games, and never had any ideas of her own. She used to look at him with her mouth open and her eyes wide with wonder, but she never made an objection. So, by degrees, Nelly and Tommy and the other children were gently but firmly dropped. Theophilus found that friendship *à deux* was quite enough for him, so Katy became his constant companion. It was through this love for Katy that the Judge first really wounded the child, and laid up wrath against the day of wrath. It was the summer of the seventeen-year locusts. Old Chester will not soon forget that summer. On every leaf, on every stalk of blossoming grass, on all the clover tops, were the locusts; the hot, still air was full of their endless *z-z-z-ing*, like the sharpening of a scythe. The children of Shantytown added largely to family incomes by collecting the locusts, picking them by the hatful or the basketful, as though they were berries, and being paid by the farmers a few cents a peck. Theophilus, however, forbade Katy's taking part in this industry, which caused her soft eyes to well over with tears.

"They kick," said Theophilus; "don't touch 'em."

"They're ateing things up," Katy murmured, longingly.

The two children were sitting on a stile making bur baskets. Later, these baskets were to be filled with the little whity-green seeds of the mallow, which are "cheeses," and are eaten when one eats the white ends of early grass and

calls it celery. Theophilus was frowning with anxiety, because the handle of his basket, made with burs which were showing the blossoming pink at the end, would break, no matter how carefully he lifted it. His head ached with the worry of it, and with the sun, and the smell of the burdocks, so he was glad to think about the locusts. "They are eating things up," he said, "and they are pretty wicked, so I'll tell you what you may do; you may catch a *few*, and we'll make them an example. For they are certainly bad," said Theophilus, frowning. "You go and catch twelve, put 'em in a flower-pot for a dungeon, and bring 'em up into the orchard this afternoon." Then he kissed Katy tenderly, and put the bur baskets in the shadow under the stile, and went home to dinner, absorbed in thought.

When Katy met him in the orchard with the imprisoned locusts, he had decided their fate.

"My uncle's a judge," he said, "and he hangs wicked people. So we'll hang these prisoners. Only, first," he added, his face beginning to glow, "we must build the gallows."

Katy opened her mouth, speechless. Theophilus, however, expected no comment. He led the way, knee-deep, through a rustling patch of May-apples, to a shady spot, where he proceeded to drive two laths into the ground as uprights, laying another lath over them for a cross-piece.

"There, now!" he said, breathlessly. "Of course, Katy, we must give them warning first, so that they may prepare to die. My uncle does that when he hangs people. Give me the flower-pot, and I'll tell them." He lifted the shingle which formed the door of the prison, and surveyed the captives, tumbling and crawling over each other, each with the ominous black *W* on its membraneous wings—that *W* which meant *war*, Katy's mother had said. "It means wicked, I guess," Theophilus said, sternly. And then, in an awful voice, he bade the prisoners "prepare to die." "I hope it won't hurt 'em," he added, slowly.

"What, Theophilus?" Katy inquired.

"To hang them, you know."

"Oh!" said Katy.

"Do you think it will?"

"I don't just know how it do feel," Katy admitted.

Theophilus opened and shut his hands nervously. "I don't like to put the rope around their necks," he faltered.

"Oh, lemme," Katy said.

"It isn't fair to make you do it. Oh, Katy, let's let 'em escape. If we take the stone off the top of the shingle, they can get out, and we can play it was an accident. Play one of them is a great general; play he plans an escape—"

"They're wicked, Theophilus," Katy reminded him.

"That's so," said Theophilus, with a troubled face.

"And I don't mind putting the thread on 'em," Katy coaxed.

"'Rope,'" Theophilus corrected her. "Are you sure you don't mind? Had you just as lieves?"

"I just as lieves; I *rother*," Katy said, eagerly.

"Well," the little boy said; but his voice was reluctant. "They are wicked—there's no use playing they're not; and if you don't mind touching 'em—"

"I'd like to," Katy said, with animation.

So Theophilus produced a spool of black sewing-silk which he had secured from Miss Hannah's work-basket, and measuring off enough "rope" for each victim, instructed Katy how she should fasten it round what he called the "necks" of the unfortunate insects; then he turned his back, shivering and clinching his hands, his face pale with emotion.

"Katy, don't forget *they are wicked*," he kept reminding her, "and so they ought to be punished; it's fair. Are the prisoners ready?"

"Yes, Theophilus; I've fixed 'em," said Katy, joyously.

"You must say, 'Yes, my lord,'" Theophilus said, in an imperative aside.

"Yes, my lord," repeated Katy.

Theophilus, with a majestic tread, turned to the gallows, and began to tie each piece of thread to the cross-tree; but his hand shook. "I wonder if uncle says anything to 'em when he hangs them?" he murmured. He was so wretched that Katy was moved to say,

"Theophilus, let me tie 'em up for you? I just as lieves."

"No," he answered—"no; I'm a judge, like uncle; and the judge has to hang people; my uncle does it every day." He tied the last thread, and the wicked locusts began to spin round and round in their black silk halters.

The two children were holding the

court of justice down in the orchard; it was a still, warm afternoon, the sky was deeply blue and without a cloud; the grass under the apple-tree where the gallows stood was beaten down, but it grew so high outside that they did not see Judge Morrison coming up the path, and he stood still a moment looking at them, and, as it happened, heard Theophilus's last remark. At first he did not understand the laths and the unhappy locusts swinging back and forth; but his nephew's words enlightened him. He laughed, silently, thinking of his peaceful orphans' court. "The Judge doesn't have a chance, unfortunately," he said to himself, and then brought his cane smashing down on the gallows.

"Here, what are you about?"

The two children jumped apart, guiltily.

"Who's this girl?" the Judge demanded.

"It's Katy Murphy," Theophilus said, with white lips.

"Well, clear out," Judge Morrison said. "I don't want you loafing on my place. Do you hear me?"

Katy ducked, and ran as fast as her bare fat legs could carry her, bounding across the orchard grass, and scrambling over the gate at the end of the path.

"So you're hanging the locusts?" inquired the Judge, contemptuously.

"Oh," said Theophilus, in a low voice, "I do *not* like you," and he turned and ran after Katy, leaving his uncle feeling as though a humming-bird had suddenly attacked him. His tight, wrinkled mouth relaxed in a sort of smile. "Well!" he said; "he doesn't like me!" He cackled to himself once as he climbed the hill. He had not been so diverted in a long time.

III.

So that was how the Judge began to get acquainted with his nephew. The mimic court of justice in the orchard tickled him immensely, and Theophilus's enraged candor in saying he did not like him awoke a sense of humor that generally only responded to the bitternesses and meannesses of his court-room. "O most excellent Theophilus," he said, "how many people feel that but don't say it!"

He began to watch the boy, and sometimes threw a condescending word at him. As for Theophilus, he spoke when he was spoken to, and once or twice in his small voice, unasked, expressed opinions which were not complimentary to the Judge.

"Uncle, why don't you say 'Thank you' to Aunt Hannah? Father told me always—"

"Hold your tongue!" said the Judge.

"You're not very polite," said Theophilus, his heart beating hard, but his voice calm. The Judge put down his book and looked at him, the drawing-string around his puckered mouth relaxing.

"Well!" he said, with a chuckle. The child's courageous dislike entertained him greatly. As for Miss Hannah, she was so frightened she could only murmur: "My dear little boy! Oh do—oh don't—oh, brother, he doesn't mean it."

Theophilus did not corroborate this statement; he ate his bread-and-butter in silence, and planned his plays with Katy, and thought how pleasant it would be if his uncle should die, and Aunt Hannah should marry some kind gentleman, like father, and have six little boys and six little girls for him to play with. He told Miss Hannah so once, and her old, worn face colored faintly, and she said,

"Oh, Theophilus, now do—now don't—now, you mustn't—"

"Well," he said, thoughtfully, "I'm going to get married myself; I'm going to marry Katy, and we'll live here and take our meals in the wash-house, and not with uncle; for Katy don't like uncle."

Miss Hannah was horrified; but very likely Theophilus did not hear her agitated reproof; he was arranging a new play. It was of such elaborate character—revolving, as it did, upon the capture of Katy by cannibals, and her rescue by Theophilus—that the next afternoon, when he and Katy acted it out, supper-time came and went and he was all unconscious of it. When hunger and Katy reminded him of this oversight, he went into the Murphys' kitchen, and had a piece of fried meat and a potato, sitting by the stove, and waited upon by Mrs. Murphy, who cuffed her children away from his chair, and put a stool under his feet, and told him he was the darlin' boy, if ever there was one.

"Ach, Katy, ye spalpeen, ye! ye've got the fine sweetheart! When are ye's going to set up housekeepin', the two of ye's?"

"Very soon," said Theophilus. "I'd like some more tea, Mrs. Murphy. Katy, we'll get married next week, I think."

Mrs. Murphy winked at her husband, who was filling the room with clouds of bad tobacco smoke, and clapped Theophilus on the shoulder with her kind big hand. "An' what 'll the Judge say?"

"Oh, I don't mind what he says," Theophilus answered, calmly. "Katy and I don't like him. He's an unjust judge. Father said you must be polite, no matter how you felt inside. So I'm polite to him. But he spoke cross to Katy, and I don't like him." Then he got down from his chair and embraced Katy tenderly. "It's pretty dark out-of-doors," he said, with a sigh; and Katy offered to escort him home. He looked at her longingly, for the shadows under the apple-trees on the hill were very black, but shook his head, and went timorously out into the twilight.

Meantime Miss Hannah had some bad moments.

"Where's that child? Hannah, if that boy can't be on time for his meals, he can go without. Do you hear?"

Then the Judge opened his book, and added something in a sharp voice about a boarding-school. Poor old Hannah's knees trembled; she looked stealthily out of the window between every mouthful; but it grew darker and darker, and there was no sign of Theophilus.

"Where is that child?" the Judge said again, angrily. Miss Hannah looked over at him with a start, her cowering mouth opening in astonishment. *His voice was anxious!* It was such an amazing revelation that she could not speak. "Why, brother's worried!" she said to herself.

The Judge did not, apparently, miss her response. He got up and went out of the room; in the upper hall he stopped, and leaning over the banisters, called down to her:

"Where does that child sleep?"

She told him, tremulously; and a moment afterwards heard him tramping overhead, and then the door of Theophilus's room opened and shut. Evidently he had thought the boy might be there; but he came tramping back again.

"Has he come in yet?" he called down.

"No, brother. Oh, yes, brother! Here he is. Oh, Theophilus, where—"

The library door banged.

"Theophilus, brother has been asking about you," Miss Hannah said, breathlessly. "My dear little boy, don't you think you ought, perhaps, to be more punctual? I've saved some supper for you—"

"I don't want any. Katy's mother gave me some. What was uncle in my room for? I saw the light—" Theophilus was out of breath, for the orchard had been very dark; but without waiting for a reply he ran up stairs, and was back again in two minutes. "Aunt, he has taken— He's a thief! He's stolen—*my pipe!*" Then he burst out crying, shaking with sobs, and stamping with anger. "He's a thief! It was on the mantelpiece. It's no fairs, going to my room. He's stolen my pipe!"

Miss Hannah was at her wits' end. "If brother hears him, he'll send him to school," she thought, in despairing terror. Then suddenly Theophilus was calm.

"I won't cry any more," he said, in a shaken whisper; "but—"

And Miss Hannah was satisfied, hearing nothing threatening in that "but."

That night, when she was asleep, the little boy arose, and creeping from his closet of a room across her floor, gained the entry; beyond, on the right of the wide hall, was the Judge's library. Theophilus went stealthily over the boards, stopping when one creaked loudly under his bare feet, and panting — and then creeping on again. It seemed to the child that it was after midnight, so long had he been lying awake, hating his uncle; but it was scarcely eleven o'clock, and Judge Morrison was working hard over his papers, with no thought of bed for a couple of hours. Theophilus softly turned the knob of the door, and pushed it a little, and then a little more. The instant blur of light confused him; he had expected to feel about for his pipe in the darkness. But he did not see his uncle standing in a shadowy alcove of the room. The Judge was drawing a book from one of his shelves. As the child entered he stopped, his hand in mid-air, and watched him. Theophilus, breathing hard, and clinching his hands, went at once to the library table. It was piled with documents; four or five japanned filing-cases, battered and flaked, held brown linen envelopes tied with red tapes, and stuffed in, in overflowing and



"'SO YOU'RE HANGING THE LOCUSTS?' INQUIRED THE JUDGE, CONTEMPTUOUSLY."

convenient disorder; in the middle was a dusty inkstand, with a bunch of quills beside it; in front of it the papers were pushed to the right and left to make room for work. Purdon's Digest was open, propped on an unsteady heap of other books; on the floor, leaning up against the desk in tottering piles, were stacks of reports; every chair, except that which the Judge used, was full of pamphlets, and an old sofa was littered with bundles of papers; everything was thick with dust, and in inextricable disorder. The Judge, being master in his own house, allowed no woman to "clean up"; so he knew just where everything was.

Theophilus opened a drawer in the writing-table softly, and looked in; and then another; no pipe. There was a desk on the table—one of those old-fashioned desks with a flap that folds back, making a slope, covered with frayed and ink-spotted velvet. He tried to lift the inner lid, which stuck—yielded—and then:

"*Well, young man?*"

The lid dropped, clattering. Theophilus stared at him, speechless. His uncle's eyes narrowed, and he showed his yellow old teeth in a noiseless laugh.

"You are beginning early, most excellent Theophilus; you'll end as your locusts did." The Judge was more diverted than he had been in many a long day. "Very likely you will come before me, sir; and you may be sure I will do my duty!"

Theophilus looked as though he were going to faint; but he did not ask for mercy.

"Yes; you are beginning early—smoking, house-breaking— What was it, by-the-way, you hoped to steal?"

"You," said Theophilus, his teeth chattering in his head, "are a thief. You took my pipe."

"Hah!" said the Judge; "you mean to file a cross suit? Very good, sir. What is this about a pipe? I don't allow boys to smoke in my house."

"I don't smoke," said Theophilus, in a whisper.

The Judge dropped his banter.

"Now don't lie. If you're a liar, I'll—"

"Oh," cried the child, "you are certainly a very bad man. You stole my pipe, and say I tell stories. You tell stories yourself; and you are a thief; it's no fairs. Give me my pipe, or"—the little boy was deadly pale, shaking with anger and hate—"or—very likely I shall—probably—be obliged to—to kill you, you know." Then he burst into a storm of tears.

The Judge looked at him with a sort of pride: courage, temper, truth:—he ought to amount to something.

"If you don't smoke, why do you have a pipe?"

Silence.

"Answer me, you cub!"

No reply.

"Answer me, or you won't get your pipe. Why do you have it?"

Theophilus looked at him, but said nothing.

The Judge was more and more pleased. "Well, you can clear out. I shall keep the pipe, and after this I'll lock my door. Clear out! I've had enough of you. Wait a minute. Why were you late for supper? As long as I feed you, sir, you will be on time at your meals. Do you hear? Where were you?"

"At Mrs. Murphy's," said Theophilus.

His uncle's face darkened. "You are not to have anything to do with those people. If I hear of your playing with any of those Shantytown ragamuffins, I'll —I'll attend to you!"

Theophilus shuffled back across the room, and shut the door softly behind him.

The Judge sat down at his table, and his mean cold face relaxed into something like a smile.

"Spunk!" he said. "Confound him, he'll amount to something!"

IV.

"It's my father's pipe," Theophilus told Katy afterwards, "and uncle is a wicked man."

"But if you're not usin' of it, Theophilus," she said, wonderingly, "I wouldn't be takin' on about it."

He looked at her wistfully, but he did not try to explain. Instead, he told her that he wished to get married at once.

"I'd just as lieves," said Katy.

"We'll get married, and I'll keep you up in the garret," said Theophilus. "He'll not know. Then, when I get some money, we'll go away. Let's play this morning that you are a princess turned into a dragon. Play I am a prince coming to rescue you, and you roar and eat me; then you turn into a beautiful princess—no, because where would I be if you had eat-

en me? Play you roar, and I'll cut off your frightful head; then I'll die, and we'll both come to life, and you'll be a princess."

Katy nodded.

"Play we're dead first," said Theophilus, changing his plot as he proceeded. "We'll dig our graves, and lie down in 'em to see how it feels to be dead."

Katy opened her mouth with interest. Theophilus reflected that it would be hard to dig his grave in the matted orchard grass, and led Katy up into the deserted and neglected garden. It would be easy to make a hole in the soft black earth under the larches, where the grass grew thin and pale. They picked some dandelions on the way, and Theophilus tore the long hollow stems into shreds, and passed them between his lips to make them curl. "They're awfully nasty and bitter," he said; "but I don't mind. Here, let me hang 'em over your ears, Katy. Princesses always have curls." Katy allowed herself to be decorated in silent joy; to feel the dandelion curls brushing against her cheeks made her heart beat with pride. Then she sat down in the grass and watched Theophilus. He grew so happy in his digging that he forgot his wrongs, and talked eagerly as he worked. He said he meant, as soon as he got time, to dig under a big flat stone in the garden, because he believed there were things buried under it.

"What things, Theophilus?" Katy inquired.

"Oh, dead Indians, and gold," said Theophilus, impatiently. "It doesn't matter just what. It's treasures. But I'm so busy I don't get time to dig 'em up."

"An' why was they left under the stone, then?" Katy inquired.

"Well, why shouldn't they be left there?" he retorted, and enlarged so upon the treasures that Katy was convinced. She leaned her chin in her two little dirty hands, and crossed her bare feet over each other, as a duck does, and listened.

"It's pretty hot," said Theophilus; "I guess we won't each have a grave; we'll just get buried turn about." And then he stopped, and stood up straight, and wiped his little forehead, and said, in a manly voice, "By George, it's hard work; by George!" Then he bade Katy get up and be measured for her grave, for she was taller than he.

"Don't you think you *could* be buried by putting your legs under you?" he asked. "It's pretty hot, digging."

"Honest, I can't," she said, anxiously; "my legs 'ain't got no hinge in 'em between there and there; honest they 'ain't, Theophilus."

"Well," said the grave-digger, bitterly, "I'll make it a little longer. But it's long enough for *me*, Katy Murphy!"

Katy was in despair lest she was going to lose her chance to be buried, and her big, gentle, stupid eyes filled up; at sight of which Theophilus sprung from the grave and embraced her.

"You shall be buried! Now don't you cry, Katy. I don't mind making room for your legs; only, they are a little long."

Katy cheered up at once, and listened to Theophilus telling his story as he dug —a prince and a princess, a cruel king, a jealous fairy, a poisoned cup, and—an open grave!

"Now it's ready," Theophilus cried, exultant, throwing down his spade and preparing to step in; then he stopped and looked at Katy. "You may get in first," he said, with an effort; "but you won't stay very long, will you? Because I did dig it, you know. Still, you may stay as long as you want, Katy."

Katy, with delightful tremors, stepped into the shallow trench and lay down. "Ouch! ain't it cold!" she said. "There's worrums! O-o-w!"

"Don't talk," said Theophilus, anxiously; "you're dead."

Katy shut her eyes tightly, and sighed. Then she said,

"May I get out, Theophilus?"

"Why, don't you want me to shovel in the dirt?" he reproached her; but she squealed and scrambled up at the idea of such a thing. And Theophilus, elate and solemn, with shining eyes, stretched himself in her place; he looked up and saw the fringe of thin grass on the edge of the grave, the dark, drooping branches of the larch, the gray, cloudy sky beyond—

"Theophilus!" whispered Katy. "Oh, my! here's somebody!"

Theophilus frowned and sat up. It was Judge Morrison.

"Theophilus! who is this girl? Here, you, clear out! What did I tell you, Theophilus? I will not have this scum about. Girl, do you hear? Clear out!" He raised his stick as he spoke. Katy shrieked, dived past him, and ran. The-

ophilus came up to him slowly, then suddenly lifted a trembling leg and kicked at him. The Judge took him by the collar and shook him, and then held him off at arm's-length, and laughed, his eyes lighting with appreciation.

After that there was no question of Judge Morrison's feeling towards his nephew. The boy amused him, and then interested him; his courage and candor gave him a thrill of pride; and by-and-by, strangely enough, in his withered, mean old heart there came something which he did not recognize, having never felt it: to be sure, it showed itself only in a disappointed irritation if Theophilus appeared stupid; in impatience if the boy looked tired, which he did very often; in anger if he chanced to be late, as he frequently was, for supper. "Broken his neck, probably," the Judge would say, and look out of the window half a dozen times with a snarl of anxiety. Irritation and contempt are not often interpreters of love; certainly it was a good while before the Judge recognized them. He only realized that he thought of the child very often; but he used to tell himself that that was because Theophilus was a nuisance.

Still, he told Hannah to get the boy better clothes—though he forgot to give her any money for the purpose; and he snapped at her because Theophilus did not eat enough. Indeed, he watched the child constantly, his keen cold eyes softening under a sort of film, as an eagle's, when it looks at its young. Once, at midnight, he came knocking at Miss Hannah's door. "I want to feel that child's pulse," he said; "he looked flushed at supper, and you are such a fool, Hannah, you'd let him sicken on your hands."

Miss Hannah, palpitating with fright, sat up in bed and bade him enter.

"I think he's well, brother," she said; "he said he was."

"As if either of you had sense enough to know anything about it!" the Judge retorted. He came in and went shuffling across the room to Theophilus's door—a long, lean figure in a gray flannel wrapper; he had a palm-leaf fan in one hand, and a red silk handkerchief, and he carried a tall brass candlestick — the old-fashioned kind, with a hood, and a spring inside. He had a vague idea that the boy should be fanned if he was feverish, and perhaps his head ought to be tied up. Theophilus was sleeping placidly, the flush all gone, and his face on its low pillow looking a little thin.

The Judge came back, blowing out his light as he walked. "He's to have a tonic. Do you hear? Have Willie King see him. A funeral is expensive," he ended, with a grin.

Meantime Theophilus paid very little attention to his uncle; he did not recognize any overtures for friendship. Katy had been banished (not that that made any great difference, because Theophilus could play down in Shantytown almost as well as in the orchard); Aunt Hannah was scolded; he himself was laughed at; his pipe was gone, and he believed any effort to regain it was hopeless; so what did he care about his uncle? Indeed, his bitterness grew as he discovered the practical effect of Katy's fright the day she had been buried; she refused for a long time to be married. She could not, she said, go and live in the garret, because "He" would find her and lick her. Kill her, maybe. No, she would not get married!

But Theophilus pleaded with her with a passion of entreaty. "Oh, please, Katy. Don't say 'no'; oh, please—*please*, Katy!" And by-and-by there was no gainsaying him.

"Well," said Katy, with a sigh.

"You put on your Sunday dress," her lover told her, "and come to the gate after supper, and I'll be there and take you up to the garret. We'll play it's a railroad journey."

"Father Williams must be gone to first," said Katy.

"Oh, he might tell on us," objected Theophilus. But Katy said again that folks had to go to Father Williams before they were married.

"Why?" said Theophilus.

But on this point Katy was vague; she had heard her mother find fault with girls for not "going to the priest" with their sweethearts; that was all Katy knew.

"Well," said Theophilus, reluctantly; "it's too late to-day; but we'll go to-morrow. I'm going to be busy putting the provisions into the garret this afternoon." Then he kissed Katy tenderly, and left her sitting on the fence, scratching her bare legs and reflecting upon her wedding.

The provisioning of the garret was not

difficult. Miss Hannah had gone to the sewing society that afternoon; of course the Judge was not at home; and the little boy had the gaunt, echoing old house to himself. If he had not been so interested and excited, he might have been frightened at the silence and emptiness. Through the wide window in the upper hall the afternoon sunshine poured in, and lay in a dusty pool at the foot of the garret stairs; it pleased Theophilus to say to himself that he had to wade through this pool as he carried up his supplies. The stairs creaked under his eager feet as he lugged up one burden after another—raw potatoes, a loaf of bread, eggs, apples, a pitcher of water. Then he brought some bedclothes from the press in the linen-closet—his little arms full, and the blankets and coverlets trailing on the ground, so that he walked on them and stumbled a dozen times before he reached the garret.

It was nearly five when all was ready, and then the impatient bridegroom went to claim his bride.

She was waiting for him at the gate; she had put on her red plaid dress, and a little red sack, and her hat with a feather in it; her feet and legs were bare, however, because she could not bring herself to wear her new shoes when it was not Sunday; she had an apple in her hand, and her round little face looked up trustfully at her bridegroom. Theophilus hurried her up the path with such anxiety in his manner that Katy began to be frightened.

"Is He there, Theophilus?" she said, panting with their run up the hill.

"Not yet," said Theophilus. "Don't be scared, Katy. I won't let him hurt you. If he should attack you, I will throw him down and tie him. Now, Katy, you climb on the back woodshed, and I'll help you into the window in my room, and then we'll go up to the garret."

Katy was stolidly obedient. It would have seemed simpler to go in the back door and walk up stairs, but Theophilus preferred this dangerous mode of entering; so she had nothing to say. When she found herself in the garret, however, her eyes widened with interest, and a little stir of imagination made her suggest that they put a chair against the door, for fear the enemy break in. But Theophilus objected.

"No; if he found the door locked, he'd think maybe we were here; if we hear him coming, we'll hide behind the trunks."

There was plenty of opportunity to hide in the garret. It was a great loft, extending, without any partitions, over the whole house; two chimney-stacks, rough with plaster and gray with dust and cobwebs, stood, half-way from the centre, at each end.

"They are our breastworks to the foe," said Theophilus. However, there was no need to hide, for no dreadful footstep told them of the approach of the enemy. They ate their supper, and then cuddled down on the pillows Theophilus had brought, and slept until the eastern window began to grow into a shining blue oblong that opened into heaven.

V.

The real alarm did not begin downstairs until nearly eight, when Mrs. Murphy appeared, apologizing and crying. Was Miss Morrison after knowin' where her Katy was? The young one had lit out, and the holy angels would tell Miss Morrison that Mrs. Murphy didn't know where she was, no more nor the dead; onless she was with the young gentleman, who was after sayin' he was going to marry her.

The Judge, who had been angry because Theophilus was late for supper, was immensely diverted at Mrs. Murphy's tale, and bade her go and hunt for the children in the orchard, promising the boy a caning, and threatening Katy with the House of Correction; by-and-by he took a lantern and went out himself, looking through the shrubberies, and nearly falling into Theophilus's open grave. The jar and wrench of his stumble, and the flash of remembrance of the little still figure lying there, made him suddenly keenly alarmed, and so, of course, angry again; but anger did not help matters. All that night they looked, and beat through the woods, and flashed lanterns along the river-bank, and called and shouted; the Judge was dreadfully silent, and Miss Hannah prayed; but no children were found.

The next day Theophilus and Katy ate and drank and played—their game being that Theophilus was a hunter, and caught apples in traps in shadowy caves under the rafters, and brought them home to his wife. Katy yawned in the afternoon,

and reminded her husband of Father Williams, and began to get rather tired of being married. So, towards dusk, Theophilus said they would try to get out and "go to the priest"; it was as they were coming softly down stairs that they suddenly heard voices in the library, and darted back for shelter to their garret. But Katy was restless; in a few minutes she insisted upon crawling out again on to the staircase. Theophilus went after her and plucked at her sleeve.

"He'll catch you! Come away."

"Don't," Katy said, crossly.

Theophilus crept back and sat down on a trunk. The garret was getting dark; those caves under the rafters looked very black; as for what might lurk in them, Theophilus dared not trust his imagination. He felt that if he began to think of their possibilities, his mind would decide upon dead pirates. Why pirates, why dead, Theophilus did not know; he only felt that that way terror lay.

"I mustn't get scared," he told himself, breathing hard, and picking with nervous little fingers at the rotting leather of the old trunk. When he could not stand the silence and loneliness any longer, he came cautiously out to Katy again.

"I can hear 'em talkin'!" she whispered, excitedly. "She's takin' on awful."

"Come back," whispered Theophilus; "they don't know you're hearing them."

Katy looked at him scornfully.

"An' would I be listening if they did? Theophilus, she's cryin'!"

And, indeed, poor old Miss Hannah's sobs reached her nephew's ear—for the library door was ajar. At this he took his wife by her arm and dragged her back.

"I must tell Aunt Hannah," he said, in great agitation; "I don't want her to cry. When she goes to bed, I'll go down and tell her we are married, and living up here; but she mustn't tell."

"An' leave me alone in the dark?" gasped Katy; and then, suddenly, she began to cry. "I'd 'a' brung a candle 'stead of all them potatoes, if it had been me was doing it," she said. Then she reproached Theophilus for telling her to wear her Sunday clothes. "They'll be shabbying on me," said Katy. She moaned that she did not like living in a garret, and that she wished she had never got married. "I'm going home to my mother," she sobbed.

Theophilus stood beside her in despair. He had never seen Katy in the rôle of her sex. He got down on his knees, and put his little arms around her, and tried to reason with his bride—as other husbands have done before him, and with like success. Katy wept more loudly than ever.

"I don't like being married; and I don't like potatoes that 'ain't been boiled; and I don't like havin' no bed to sleep in, only them pillows and things, which ain't no real bed; and I ain't a-goin' to stay. I'm going home to — my — mother!" Katy's sobs were heart-rending. Theophilus was pale with misery.

"Why, you wouldn't—oh, Katy, you *wouldn't* leave me all alone up here in the dark?" The poor young husband's voice was broken with emotion; he had forgotten the open door, and the wail of Katy's sobs woke only the fear that his domestic happiness was threatened—not that the enemy might hear her.

"I got to, Theophilus; I don't like it. Honest, I don't. Oh, Theophilus, change to Nelly for a wife? She'll do ye; she'll not mind the dark."

"No, she won't do me," he answered, tremulously; "I don't want to change to Nelly; she don't play nicely at all; and she's always talking. I don't want a wife that talks." (Ah, Theophilus, how many men discover this when it is too late to "change to Nelly"!)

"Well, anyway, I'm going home to my mother!" wailed Katy; and this time the enemy heard.

The Judge had been greatly shaken by this day of anxiety; the fact that the children were not immediately and easily found had led to the conclusion that they must have wandered in the darkness along the bank of the river—and the black, deep, quick-flowing little river knew the rest.

"He's drowned," the Judge said to himself over and over when, towards dusk, he sat in his library, his head bent on his breast. "I've lost him," he said, and drew in his lips, and played a tattoo on the arms of his chair. "Lost him—lost him." It was such a wanton and unnecessary loss; if the boy had fallen sick and died, one might say "Providence," and know a sort of dull acquiescence. But this was pure carelessness; there was no need for such a calamity; the child had been neglected. "Hannah neglected him," he said to himself; "the

fool!—why couldn't she have looked after him? She allowed him to play with that little Murphy devil. I'm glad there's one less of them, anyway; she's drowned, too, thank God! Well, I'll clean that place out. They've killed him—Hannah and those people between them. I wish Mary'd lived; she would have looked after him."

It seemed to him that Mary was somehow responsible; if she had staid at home and behaved herself, she could have taken care of the child, he thought, dully—so confused by this sudden meeting of love and selfishness, that whirled like two contrary and tumultuous streams through his dry old heart, that he forgot that if Mary had staid at home, Theophilus would not have been at all. He looked up when, with despair in her face, Miss Hannah came in.

"They haven't heard anything yet, brother," she said. "Oh, brother, what do you think?"

"I think that your promising nephew is drowned, my dear sister." His lips curled back from his teeth as he spoke, and there was a gray pallor under his leathery skin; then he said, "Damn you."

Old Miss Hannah sat down on a pile of reports, and covered her face with her hands. The Judge glared at her, and said something fiercely under his breath; yet they had never been so near each other before.

Then, suddenly, from up above them, somewhere in the darkness, a shrill, childish wail wavered faintly, and dropped, and rose again. The two started to their feet together, and listened, breathlessly.

VI.

No doubt the reaction from anxiety, and the mortification of remembering how shaken he had been, made the Judge harder than ever. He had no pity; perhaps, even, he had no anger, which would have been humanizing in its way; he had mere disgust and determination. He "cleared that place out" without a day's delay. "Pack!" he said; and the Murphys packed. They did not know enough to use the weapon of the law to make delay; and, besides, who could use the law against a judge?

"He'll be putting us in jail," said Mrs. Murphy, quaking and packing; "and it's your doin', ye spalpeen!" she said shrilly to Katy, and cuffed her soundly.

"You are to be off my premises by nine o'clock Saturday morning. I give you twenty-four hours' notice," Judge Morrison had told Mr. Murphy, who was too drunk to do more than hiccough,

"Jest as you say, yer honor; jest as you—ach!—say."

And Theophilus?

When that little sound of weeping had struck his ear the Judge had hurried, stumbling and breathless, into the garret. There had been a blank minute of rage; then he had flung Katy to one side, saying viciously something Theophilus did not hear. Then he clutched his nephew's arm in a cruel grip, and storming and threatening for sheer relief, dragged him down to his library. There he spoke his mind.

Theophilus sighed once or twice, and looked out of the window, but said not a word until the Judge had finished. Then, in a voice curiously like his uncle's, he said: "You ain't fair. I am going to tell God on you." And waited for more abuse; but none came.

"Hold your tongue, and go to bed!" his uncle said; and the boy went. But Theophilus Morrison, alone in his library, put his head down on his hands, and drew a long breath.

Miss Hannah, shaking and crying, led Theophilus to his own little room. She asked her broken questions, and exclaimed and protested and reproached him all at once. Theophilus made no response. When at last she kissed him good-night, and left him in the welcome darkness and silence, it seemed as though some weight was lifted from him. He sat up in bed and bent his face forward on his knees. He did not cry, but sometimes he sighed—that broken, despairing breath that age knows. He was very white and still all the next day. In vain Miss Hannah tried to make him talk, so that she might comfort him. He ate what she forced upon him, because she cried when he refused. But except to whisper once, "Aunt, I shall tell God on him," he was silent. For Theophilus knew Katy was to be sent away; they would never see each other again. "Never any more—never any more," he said to himself over and over.

But, spite of the Judge's orders and Miss Hannah's care, Theophilus did see his wife once more. The morning of the Murphys' departure he watched from the

orchard the loading of the dray in front of Katy's door, and when he saw that Mrs. Murphy was climbing up, to sit on top of her stove and feather bed, and the children were standing about, ready to be packed in beside her, he went to the wash-house door, and called in to his aunt that he was "going to say good-by to Katy." He did not wait for her horrified protest, but ran, white and panting, down through the orchard and across the road. Mrs. Murphy screamed when she saw him, and poor swollen-eyed Katy hardly dared look at him, after her first glance. The men who were loading the wagon stopped and laughed—but Theophilus was blind to all but Katy.

The child had been pulled up to sit beside her mother, and looking down at him, said, trembling, "Good-by, Theophilus."

"Shut your mouth," said her mother, beginning to cry. "The darlin' boy; he's that white—"

"Katy," said Theophilus, in a low voice, "as soon as I'm a man, I'm coming for you."

"All right, Theophilus," said Katy.

"You won't forget we're married?"

"Oh no, Theophilus," murmured Katy.

"Oh, Katy, don't, don't, *don't* go and leave me!" he burst out.

"There, now, dear," said Mrs. Murphy, "don't be takin' on." The big, motherly woman had a sudden impulse to pick him up and pack him with her brood among her pots and pans and feather beds. The little boy did not seem to hear her.

"Katy," he said, in a low voice, and looked up at her. Then, suddenly, he burst into tears, ran madly at the wagon, and tried to climb up over the big wheels. "I'm going too; I'm going too—" he sobbed. "Take me with you, Katy!" He clung to the wheels, and the men, laughing, pulled him back.

Mrs. Murphy, from her perch on the feather bed, laughed too. "Ain't he comical?" said Mrs. Murphy. "Well, there; bless him! Say, now, darlin', go home. I'll be keepin' your wife for you—"

The wagon started, and Mrs. Murphy forgot Theophilus, and began to weep for her own hearth-stone from which she had been so cruelly torn away. Then she smacked the child whose fault it was, which made Katy weep also, and the wailing chorus rose above the good-byes of the neighbors, who stood about watching the flitting.

As for Theophilus, he was quiet again, only looking with burning eyes at the little figure on the wagon, until a turn in the road carried it out of sight.

Then he went home. Miss Hannah did not tell the Judge of this disobedience, but she reproached Theophilus in her agitated, flurried way.

"Now, my dear little boy, you must—you mustn't—you know brother wouldn't—now you will remember, won't you, Theophilus?"

Theophilus nodded, silently. He was perfectly apathetic. As the days went on he made no complaint of loneliness. He seemed to be just a silent, biddable child. He fetched and carried for Miss Hannah, and took the tonic Willie King had ordered, and learned his lessons, and never went down to Shantytown for play-fellows; but he turned away his head whenever his uncle spoke to him. If he was asked a question, he answered briefly; but it was impossible not to see the shrinking and fear and hatred on the little mild face. He used to try to play, at first. He said every day to himself that to-morrow he would make ink out of pokeberries. He had a fancy for pretending to be an earth-worm burrowing through miles of clay and rock, represented by the hay in the loft. But interest flagged, and he came back and sat listlessly by the fire in the wash-house, while Miss Hannah's anxieties about him rippled on with mild incoherence which never needed a reply. Sometimes after tea, when he had been stolidly unresponsive, the Judge would go back to his library with a pang which he supposed to be anger, and he would tell himself that Theophilus was as ungrateful as everybody else.

"I would make something of him," he used to tell himself. "He has brains; he would be a credit to me." And then he would think to himself, bitterly, how unjust it all was. "I never cared for a human creature before," he said, not knowing that this was his own sentence; "and I'm a fool to care now!" he added. "Well, he's not worth it. Willie King is an idiot." In his rage and anxiety he was almost as incoherent as Miss Hannah. Indeed, he made no concealment of his feeling for the boy; he was harshly and openly anxious about him. He scolded Miss Hannah because he was pale, and was imperious in his orders that the child should have this or that comfort, for which, in-

deed, with anguished reluctance, he once or twice gave her some money. Over and over he tried to make Theophilus talk. He was eager for a friendly look or word, but none came. The child never forgot. Once it came to the Judge as an inspiration that Theophilus had not forgiven him for taking his pipe, and eagerly he called the boy into his library.

"Theophilus," he said, "I have something of yours; I'm going to give it back to you, only you are not to smoke, young man!" He ended with an effort to be jocose, that made the little boy look at him wonderingly; but he would not take the pipe.

"I don't want it now," he said, briefly, and went back to sit with Miss Hannah, leaning his head against her knee, and trying languidly to study his spelling lesson. "I don't like spelling," he said. "There isn't any 'because' in just sticking in letters." This was apropos of "dough" and "doe," which had presented difficulties that had moved Theophilus to tears. "Katy could spell just as easy," he said. And that was his only reference to his little tragedy; but it meant that he did not forget.

Shortly after the rebuff of the pipe the Judge made still another effort. "Here, young man!" he said; "is a present for you. Come! what do you say? Don't forget your manners." He snapped a half-dime down on the table by Theophilus's plate with a little chuckle of generosity.

"Thank you," said Theophilus, listlessly. He slipped the coin into his pocket, but afterwards Miss Hannah saw him fingering it, and looking at it with a gleam of interest. "Does it cost much to take a journey, aunt?" he said. And then he said, with a little animation in his face, "I guess I'll save up." And he even went so far as to put his half-dime into an empty cigar-box, which he said should be his bank. "When that's full I'll have enough," he said. But by-and-by he seemed to forget it.

As the winter passed he grew whiter and stiller. The Judge was bitter to all the world; Miss Hannah had a bad time of it, but Willie King had a worse.

"What are you good for, anyhow?" the Judge used to say, sneering and frightened and angry all together. "What do you suppose I pay you for?"

It appeared that Willie wasn't good for anything. "Some spring has been cut," he said; "the boy doesn't care for anything." Afterwards he said the child had no constitution, anyhow.

At the end the Judge was with the little boy day and night, and perhaps the old man's harsh misery softened the child. The last day, when from morning until morning the Judge had sat on the bed (it was his own, into which Theophilus had been put), the child looked at him once or twice, with a glimmer of interest in his face.

"Uncle," he said.

The Judge took his hand, and held it, opening and shutting his lips, and trying to speak.

"Uncle, I—won't—I won't—tell God," he said.

And then he turned his face to the wall.

UPLIFTING.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

WE passed heart-weary from the troubled house,
Where much of care and much of strife had been,
A jar of tongues upon a petty scene;
And now, as from a long and tortured drouse,
The dark returned us to our purer vows—
The open darkness like a friendly palm;
And the great night was round us with her calm:
We felt the large free wind upon our brows,
And suddenly above us saw revealed
The holy round of heaven—all its rime
Of suns and planets and its nebulous rust—
Sable and glittering like a mythic shield,
Sown with the gold of giants and of time,
The worlds and all their systems but as dust.

THE NEW FISCAL POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE LATE CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS, WASHINGTON.

THE change in the fiscal system of the United States, considered wholly apart from the exigencies of the present war and the possible modification of our foreign policy following thereupon, has not come suddenly. It has been foreseen and accurately predicted by those who have had the advantage of comparing our system with the systems of other countries. A brief reference to what has pointed to the change will permit a clearer statement of what the change implies.

The tariff has, since the foundation of the government, been the leading feature in the national finances. Originally sought and framed as a revenue measure, when the Revolution had just ended, and a loosely united confederation of independent States threatened ruin, its fiscal strength has for a century been maintained, with a constant tendency to bring into greater prominence its political element of encouraging domestic industries by restricting imports and foreign competition. Among the many changes in rates and administrative features made since the first tariff the protective idea has been held in view, receiving an occasional check only to be restored in greater vigor. Hamilton believed that an average duty of one-tenth of the value of the imported merchandise would assure revenue and yet afford a reasonable encouragement to home manufacturers. The consequences of the war of 1812, whetting the demands of domestic industries, more than doubled this rate, and the adherence to a tariff as the one great source of national revenue led to a further increase before 1860, bringing the average on dutiable imports to one-fourth, or twenty-five per cent. *ad valorem*.

The civil war, by imposing the necessity of meeting an extraordinary expenditure beyond all experience, led to a general resort to taxation, in which the tariff could not escape an increase. The free imports were practically wiped out, for they were reduced to an insignificant amount, and rates were raised or imposed with little regard to their general effect. By taxing all imports and by adjusting rates to a war basis the rate of duty collected reached the high average of forty-eight per cent., and under this rate the highest revenue collected from customs before 1870 was attained in 1866—$177,056,523.

On three occasions in our history has the tariff been supplemented by internal taxes. The excise duties on spirits and tobacco constituted an important feature in Hamilton's scheme of national finance, and established a precedent for future conduct. Abolished under Jefferson, it was restored when the war of 1812 made heavy drafts on the Treasury; but it continued in force only a few years. In no single year did the direct and internal taxes yield as much revenue as was obtained from customs; and in only two years from 1791 to 1864 did the government receive from any source other than the customs a sum appreciably adding to its income. The curious fever of speculation in public lands did produce notable returns in 1836 and 1837, and in the latter year gave even more than the customs—a remarkable instance of financial folly. To 1864, then, the tariff was regarded as the great national fiscal instrument.

During the war internal duties were imposed on every possible form of business activity. It is doubtful if even in the Middle Ages, when the line between tribute and taxation was hardly defined, any more searching and universal scheme had been imposed and patiently endured. Every species of manufacture, trade, profession, and occupation was touched; the incomes of individuals, firms, associations, and corporations were taxed; all legal instruments, ordinary receipts, and commercial paper were made subject to stamp duties; legacies and successions, gross receipts of railroads, ferries, canals, shipping, express, insurance, and telegraph companies, paid their stated share to the government; and, in strong contrast, lotteries, theatres, operas, and museums were assessed with banks, trust companies, and savings-banks. In addition to all this, licenses were required from more than fifty occupations. To find in any other country the counterpart of such a minute and detailed scheme of duties would defy the efforts of the historian.

At a time when the economy of the

country was thrown into a fever by the altered conditions of production and by the remarkable financial experiments incident to war, the people paid taxes royally and willingly. In 1863 the internal revenue gave $37,640,788; and in 1866, the last year of the full operation of internal war taxes, $309,226,813, or nearly $90,000,000 more than was ever collected from customs in a single year. But the amount of revenue was only an incident when compared with the social changes that followed, due to the sudden imposition of the duties, and the constant modification they underwent when Congress sought to reduce them to a system embodying a certain equality of burden. However light the taxes might be—even the penny stamp counted—an element of uncertainty, of novelty, was introduced, and at once speculation entered into the estimation of business operations. This spirit was aggravated by an even more fertile source of disturbance, a depreciated paper currency. The merchant or operator not only counted the duties and imposts as necessary evils, but his ingenuity was aroused to evade them as far as was possible. "Tax morality" became a distinct and often humorous entity, though even now undescribed in any system of ethics. Large as the receipts were, they never came up to the expectations of the framers of the measures, and both officials and economists lent their best efforts to devise means of closing the ever-widening gap between promise and performance. As soon as the war was ended, repeal of internal duties was the rule.

Strange to say, this repeal of duties became an even more complicated task than the first imposition and subsequent operations. It was certain that the rates and kinds of duties had in the first instance been tentative, of unknown effect, and of uncertain operation. Everything believed to be tangible to a tax was made subject to a duty. When the time came to alter this jumble, as yet not fully tested, and worthy of a careful study if only for future reference, the changes were dictated not by purely financial reasons, but by a mixture of political and financial reasons, in which the political tended to become dominant. That the government would not require in revenue $520,000,000 a year — the amount obtained in 1866— was evident. That the internal taxes should be first reduced and readjusted was as evident. Not only did they yield three-fifths of the entire revenue, but they notoriously involved heavy duplication of duties, as well as many petty and vexatious features attending their collection. In the exultation of having attained a return from all sources seven times greater than had been reached in any year before the war, the detail of reduction, of retaining certain features for a more judicious and scientific system, was not considered seriously. The excessive customs duties had stimulated domestic industries, and these industries claimed vested rights and demanded the maintenance of a war tariff. Thus politics stepped in, and under its dictation internal taxes were rapidly reduced, till spirits, malt liquors, and tobacco were the only leading sources of internal revenue.

Even the sweeping away of hundreds of excise taxes did not reduce the revenue to a point that common prudence required. The wonderful success in meeting the great debt contracted by the war, and under taxation that could not be regarded as dangerously onerous, set an example to the world—not to be imitated, for it was recklessly done, but to be admired as an evidence of the exuberant fiscal possibilities of the nation. In spite of the repeal of taxes yielding hundreds of millions a year, there was still a handsome surplus to be applied to debt reduction, and to encourage generous appropriations and an extravagance in public expenditure that threatened to debauch, and did debauch, public morality. A review of the financial operations of the ten years from 1880 to 1890 will produce a feeling of amazement at the resources placed at the disposition of the Treasury, and a sense of alarm at the manner of disposing of those resources. The average annual income in the first half of the period was $366,960,000, and the expenditure $257,470,000, leaving an annual surplus of $109,490,000. In the second half the average annual revenue was $375,460,000, and the expenditure $269,950,000, giving a surplus of $105,510,000.

Such an extraordinary taking in taxes of a sum far in excess of the needs of the government constituted in itself a financial evil. The debt service had already received a sum much larger than the terms of the sinking-fund required, and yet the surplus revenue could only be applied to further debt reductions, or be

hoarded in the Treasury to the derangement of the money markets, or be directed into new expenditures under the control of Congress. But the revenue might be reduced. To reduce the debt at the rate of $100,000,000 a year would destroy a very important class of investments, and undermine a good bank-note system so rapidly as to produce great uncertainty and heavy losses. The second plan would soon have involved an intolerable situation, giving the Treasury overwhelming influence in the market, and offering great temptations of interference, with the risks of scandalous abuse of the power. Congress, though urged to reduce the revenue, saw greater profit, local and personal, in enlarged expenditures, and in 1888 the upward move was initiated in earnest. For eight years, from 1881 to 1888, the expenditures had averaged $257,180,000 a year, not falling below $242,000,000 or rising above $268,000,000 in any year. The amount expended in 1889 was $281,996,616, and in 1890 it was $297,736,487 — an increase of $38,000,000 in two years, with revenue rising by an almost equal amount ($37,000,000) in the same time.

Then Congress took hold of the problem of reduction, and by the McKinley bill, which took out the one great revenue-producing item in the customs—the sugar duty—and was accompanied by an extraordinary increase in expenditures producing no return, not only wiped out the surplus revenue, but created a deficit. An overflowing Treasury, having difficulty in making use, proper or improper, of its resources, in two years faced a deficit, with revenue seriously impaired, and saddled with heavy and increasing expenditures. It is not necessary to name in detail the course of events; an average for the period of 1891 to 1897 will tell the story in all eloquence. The average income was $345,590,000, and the average expenditure $360,790,000, leaving the Treasury on the wrong side by more than $15,000,000 a year. Since 1893 two attempts have been made to remedy this deficit. The tariff law of 1894, moderate as was its changes from the tariff of 1890, gave promise of relief, that was cut short by the law of 1897, the most extreme measure of protection ever passed by Congress.

This résumé of recent financial experience is necessary to bring into prominence the prevailing current of action. If revenue was to be reduced, it was internal duties that were first to be repealed, or purely revenue import duties, such as those on tea and coffee. If still further reduction was to be had, and the internal revenue offered no more objects to be freed from taxes, it was the purely revenue duties of the tariff that were to be wiped out. When the process had been carried too far, and a deficit in revenue was to be met, it was the tariff that should afford the increase—in the one case by a reduction in protective duties and the inclusion of a revenue duty (the law of 1894); in the other, by the aggravation of protective duties to more heavily tax in appearance the dutiable imports, and so produce on paper a higher revenue return. From a fiscal instrument with incidental protection to industry the tariff has become an instrument of protection with incidental revenue. The war tariff collected 48 cents on every dollar of imported merchandise subject to duty, but it was imposed on more than four-fifths of the total imports. The tariff of 1897 was framed to collect 51 cents on every dollar of dutiable imports, and falls upon one-half of the total imports. The range of duties has been restricted and the rates increased, leading to a concentration of very high duties, primarily protective, upon manufactured goods, from which a good part of customs revenue has heretofore been obtained. It is not surprising to find that the law of 1897 is proving a disappointment from the revenue side.

This is not a question of protection or free trade, for it is only from the revenue stand-point that I shall regard it. No one who has carefully studied the movement of the foreign commerce of the United States can fail to have been impressed by the notable decay in the revenue features of imports. By gradually concentrating and increasing duties upon foreign manufactures the true sources of revenue have been more clearly defined. Among the thousands of duties imposed by the tariff schedules, hardly a dozen contribute an appreciable sum to the Treasury. In only a single instance have these few items shown an ability to hold their importance as objects of revenue. The explanation is simple. The development of domestic production and manufacture has made foreign supplies less necessary, and the general tendency has been to restrict importations to such articles as cannot be

produced or made in this country. To the foreigner the market of the United States has been a contracting market, unable to absorb what was long its natural taking, and becoming an aggressive and powerful competitor in lines where its peculiar strength confers almost a monopoly. This change is reflected in decreasing and more closely selected imports, and in the rising export of domestic manufactures.

Any revision of the tariff that should not take this change into consideration would fail of its purpose of revenue. The truth has been more and more enforced that no revision of the tariff which passes over commodities of general and almost necessary consumption, like tea and coffee, can make the revenue as large as it should be, or enable the tariff to hold its position of importance as a producer of revenue. No juggling or shifting of duties, ostensibly for revenue, but really for protection, can force a larger tribute from imports, or even a tribute that will yield the share of revenue that has been expected from the tariff. In 1887 the imports of pig-iron were valued at $6,200,000, and gave in revenue $2,810,000. In 1897 the imports were only $517,000, and the revenue $88,515. No duty that could be imposed on pig-iron could make it an object of revenue. Iron is only one instance in many of this change in conditions, and both raw materials and manufactures show the same trend. The imports of manufactured iron and steel in 1887 were $50,619,000, and gave to the Treasury $20,713,000 in duties; in 1897 the government obtained less than $6,600,000 from imports valued at $16,362,000.

It has been this decay in tariff possibilities that has made new sources of revenue necessary, and this necessity the new financial measures have recognized to the full. Not a single tariff duty is altered, and only one, a purely revenue duty on tea, is added. All else is to be laid on internal sources—a remarkable change of policy in public finance since the passage of the Dingley tariff, about one year ago.

No doubt abundant criticism could be made of the new revenue measure. Its preparation was postponed for many months, although the large demands incident to the staving off of war if possible, or the meeting it if actual, were falling upon a Treasury living in part upon its accumulations, and not on its ordinary income. The excuses made for this delay were not good, for they showed blindness to existing commercial conditions, and a notable adherence to a policy that was no longer applicable. When the pressure of events became absolute, it was the war measure of 1862 that served as a model to the proposed measure. That a multiplicity of taxes, applying to many forms of business activity, of differing qualities, and hastily imposed, should have embodied a scheme to be imitated at this day was in itself improbable. More thought and selection, a more careful examination of the sources of State revenues, and an avoidance of a duplication of taxes, or of taxes touching thrift and the employment of small capitals, would have led to a bill of equal revenue ability without dangerously approaching that vague line which divides taxation from exaction.

In a year of normal expenditure the government requires an ordinary revenue of about $450,000,000. Of this sum $100,000,000 is obtained from the postal and miscellaneous receipts, and the customs and internal revenue must make good the balance. The tariff, at best, will give about $180,000,000, and the existing internal revenue system may be depended upon to give about $150,000,000. Here, then, on paper, is a revenue of $430,000,000 in a year of good returns, or some $20,000,000 less than expenditures in an ordinary year. A deficit was inevitable under the conditions existing at the end of 1897, before any extraordinary demands had been created. The tariff was falling behind, and no increase of internal taxes could make good this deficiency. At least $75,000,000 a year more revenue would be needed, and this estimate of deficiency was set aside for one much larger —from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000 a year —as soon as the war was inevitable.

The sudden emergency created by war expenditure thus called for radical treatment. It was a situation in which a "possible" return from experimental taxes would not suffice. An assured revenue from definite sources—and the fewer and more profitable the sources the better—was imperative. It was little wonder that even the Ways and Means despaired of making the tariff produce an appreciable part of $100,000,000 additional revenue, much less of any larger sum. Internal duties alone held out a promise of proper performance. As a result, the

general features of the stamp duties of 1862 are revived, and a number of other imposts have been added. A full detail of items and of rates would not assist to a proper understanding of the novelty of the measure or of the fiscal policy it involves. Legal and business instruments, transactions in stocks and securities, gross receipts of many important and highly concentrated occupations, such as express, telegraph, telephone, and parlor-car companies, legacies and successions, insurance, etc.—each description of tax, whether stamp, license, or on gross receipts, would require a special examination to determine its revenue ability and its effect upon the transaction or occupation taxed; and even such an examination would be open to many errors. As the bill passed the House, an annual income of $105,000,000 was expected from its provisions; as the bill came from the Senate, a very much larger but somewhat indefinite sum, ranging from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000, is looked for from its tax provisions.

There is every likelihood that the larger return, $200,000,000, will be needed to meet the actual expenses of the government under the new policy that it has adopted. The actual cost of the war is of secondary importance, for it can—and under any condition will—be largely if not entirely met by loans. The new taxes cannot reach their maximum of production for some years, and due allowance must be made for the possibilities of evasion—always large, even under the most just of systems. While maintaining the ordinary rate of expenditure as it existed before the war, three very costly and non-productive objects of expenditure seem likely to be added—a large and permanent navy, a permanent standing army for foreign as well as for home service, and the administration of distant colonies. A number of incidental questions have also arisen in connection with the future of the new ventures—the construction and control of the Nicaragua Canal, the subsidizing of shipping lines that will "carry the flag" round the world, and, as is hoped, extend American commercial interests and our political influence even to domination among the neighboring states of Central and South America. New possessions imply new responsibilities of protecting and developing their resources and populations, and these responsibilities involve great expense. An "imperial policy" must be paid for in an "imperial manner." So it is safe to predict that when conditions have simmered down to peace and normal relations the United States will require all of the $200,000,000 a year additional revenue believed to be provided by the new measure.

This will not arise wholly from expenditures. The cost of the navy in any year since the war had not passed $32,000,000 until 1897, when $34,560,000 was reached. A navy for offence and defence, with objects so distant as the Philippines to be protected or kept in subjection, will demand a larger sum, and $50,000,000 a year will not be too much. The army has cost in time of peace as much as $55,000,000 in a year; in war it costs nearly $1,000,000 a day, and on a return of peace can never be brought down to its former cost or dimensions. From $75,000,000 to $100,000,000 will be required, for no less than three corps of occupation, in climates deadly to our people, must be kept effective. Even at the lower figures these two branches of the service would require $125,000,000 a year, without any civil servants sent to those newly acquired colonies. A civil list of unknown size would be a necessity, but it may be assumed that enough local revenue could be squeezed out of the existing populations to meet that expense.

While leaving an apparent surplus, on the supposition that the $200,000,000 are obtained, there would be in reality no surplus, and even a deficit. It must be borne in mind that the government has faced a deficit during the current year of at least $50,000,000, and would have done so without the war expenditures. The deficit under the Dingley law would have become a permanent feature as long as that law was continued, for it arose from a disregard of trade conditions. Each year, therefore, a part of the new revenue must have been swallowed up in meeting the deficiency of the tariff revenue to produce what was expected. An even greater draft would be required by the change in revenue consequent upon the adoption of the new possessions.

The largest single source of revenue under the tariff is sugar, and about $80,000,000 a year is to be obtained under existing rates. But the sugar product of

Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, and Hawaii will be admitted free of duty into the United States. What this means, even when the figures are taken from previous years, a little estimate will show. The average importation of foreign sugars into the United States each year is 4,000,000,000 pounds. Of this quantity Cuba alone has in the past supplied more than one-half; and from the other islands named, Hawaii excepted, enough sugar can be obtained to bring the quantity to 2,500,000,000 pounds, or five-eighths of the whole importation. This means the wiping out of five-eighths of the sugar revenue, or some $50,000,000, which must be made up from other sources. A still further reduction must be made for other products imported from these islands—such as tobacco, hemp, and fruits—making the prospect of heavier taxation at home still more probable, as well as assuring the permanency of the internal taxes now imposed.

In thus veering from a financial system in which taxation of imported merchandise has been the leading feature, to one based almost entirely upon internal taxation, it is not only the form but the substance that is altered. Capital becomes the object of taxation. The steady progress towards an income tax made in countries where democracy has recognized the force of wealth in dividing classes is a notable feature of modern popular finance. France has for some years sought to incorporate an income tax into her system, believing that it would still more tend to equalize the general distribution of well-being among the people, and at the same time give what may be the most important source of state income in her finances. In the United States the same tendency has been even more pronounced. At first, taking the form of a dislike of the "money power," it found vent in propositions for paper money, free silver at a ratio to gold widely divergent from the commercial ratio, government certificates, advances as loans on farm products, and a number of such schemes, designed to make the payment of debts easier by wiping out a part or a whole of the capital of the debt. From money-lenders it was an easy transition to recognize in corporations, and especially in trusts, huge instruments of oppression, by which the poor and well-to-do were crushed. They used the inexorable law of competition to destroy their smaller and weaker competitors, and once settled in a monopolized market, they could squeeze the consumer and the wage-earner for their own profit. But the bond or share holder, the holder of realized capital, was the support of those corporations, and the fear of his machinations became pronounced. So the money power, the banker, the corporation, and the trust were objects of solicitude, and have figured in many political campaigns as real issues.

To tax them implies a certain control by government, as well as a certain taking, for the government, of a part of their gains. The experience in 1894, when an attempt to tax incomes was thrown out by a decision of the Supreme Court, showed how far this feeling had gone. It was well understood that the tax received its support almost entirely from the West and the South, and a very important consideration leading to this sectional or geographical division was the belief that such a tax would fall almost wholly upon the North and the East, where realized capital was supposed to be found. So narrow a view can only be laid to ignorance of general economic principles, but it proved sufficiently effective to secure the adoption of an income tax. The taxation of single corporations has been adopted in the new measure, together with duties on legacies and successions, and all forms of corporate activity. As a measure of protection against or retaliation upon supposed monopolies, and as a measure for appropriating to the state a part of great fortunes, these taxes commend themselves to the financial theories of a democracy. The gradual shifting of political power from a small and somewhat favored class to the largest component of any political community has been accompanied by this growth of socialistic taxation. It has further led to progressive taxation, in which the amount of tax is determined by an arbitrary scale of duties, graded by the amount of property to be taxed. This scheme of progression finds a place in the new system, and notably in the legacy tax, where it has features so oppressive as to contain a direct discouragement to realized wealth. As a step towards penalizing accumulations of wealth, the measure is of interest, but the point to be insisted upon is the cutting loose from a narrow adherence to a tariff on imports.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

AN ANGEL IN A WEB.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

CHAPTER I.

THE COMPANY AT THE CLOCK HOUSE.

ON the stone posts of the entrance to the largest estate near Powellton, a few miles to the northeast of Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, is the painted word "Belview," but the people of the neighborhood call the place the "Clock House." This is because of the great clock, with perhaps the only plain plate-glass dial in our country, which almost grotesquely fills the face of the short thick tower in the front of the square Colonial mansion. As seen from other hills and risings—from Powellton, and from nearly as far as Fishkill—this big disk, always illuminated at night, hangs in the lower air like such a moon as only the Japanese have the courage to paint. Except from a distance, or from the high seat of a hotel stage, nothing of the Clock House is to be seen, because the park which frames it around is enclosed by a tall brick wall built upon an embankment. From a stage-driver's seat, or when one stands before the superb gate of ornamental iron-work which breaks the wall at one end, one may see a part of the Lamont place. The view would bewitch the senses were not even more beautiful public views so common throughout that grander park which we call the Valley of the Hudson.

The place was built by the present owner's great-grandfather, who, though a Scotchman, early embraced the American cause, performed a long and honorable service as judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and retired from that post on the very day of the death of his friend General Washington. It was at first the finest country house in Dutchess County, and to-day it has lost nothing by standing, unimpaired, as a noble example of the dignified and hospitable fashion of our forebears. The long graceful reaches of a double wave of well-trimmed grass are broken by a driveway, flung down like a loop of yellow ribbon by the mansion which caps the soft bosomlike crest of the first grassy wave, and, on either side of the house, by a grove of oaks which act as screens, and were planted to serve as such. They are intended to prevent all possible visual intrusion upon the sports, the siestas, and possibly the courtships, which chime with such a place; in a word, to accompany a sort of English idea of privacy, which was that of the original Lamont, founder of the American family. This came with his blood as it stirred first across the Atlantic. There privacy is held to be the first essential of home comfort, if not of existence, and even the last of the Lamonts clung to this tradition.

It was after midnight of a day in the early spring of 189–, while the real moon and the brightly lighted windows of the house dimmed the diluted effulgence of the huge clock face, that two laborers, belated on their way to Powellton, stopped to stare through the gate and to listen.

"I can'd hear noding," said one, after a moment of silence.

"I don'd, neider," the other replied; "vind's der wrong vay, or maype der glock's shtopt already."

"Vould dot mean—"

"Dot 'd mean dot der olt Kurnel's det," said the other. "Dwice I'fe seen der houze lighted up, all aplaze, like it is now. Firsht dime vos for a grant pall vhen dey camed home—der Kurnel und his pride. She vos a angel vot neffer vos meant for no such vorld as dis. Und der second dime vos only a year aftervards, vhen she dite in shildbed. I vos a young feller dot dime, und came mit a lot of oder young chaps sbecially to hear der glock dicking, shlow und shlower und shlower, as it alvays does vhen det comes by dot houze. I dit hear it, too—derrible slow it dicked; und den I didn't hear it no more, begause it shtopped. She hat dite vhile I vos listening."

"I hear it now," said he who had been the first to speak, a youth of twenty-two.

"Do yer? I ton't," said the other, who had passed sixty. "My hearing ain't vot I used to got."

"Und it ain't so shlow, neider," said the first speaker.

"It's got to be shlow," said the other, positively. "Didn't I tell yer der Kurnel's dying? Vell, den, it has to be shlow; it alvays got to been derrible shlow at such a dime."

They passed on up the road and were gone, but the subject was taken up within the house. Tappin, the butler, bustled in his quick, nervous, somewhat pompous way into the dining-room on the ground-floor to fetch the decanter of cognac to his dying master's bedside, and never suspected that his father stood, in the posture of a servitor, behind the empty chair at the table's head, and before the figures of Hamilton Lamont, his wife Deborah, Archibald Paton and his wife Flora, Isabel Lamont, the dying Colonel's mother, and several other relatives and connections long since rubbed off the slate of earthly reckoning. Nor did he know—how could he?—that only a minute before this, in bending over the Colonel to catch his whispered "milk and brandy, Tappin," he had pressed his substantial body literally through and around another Etherian, Editha, once the child wife of the dying man.

His errand to the dining-room did not disturb the Lamonts of the past. They continued their conversation while he was by, but they did so in their own fashion, which could not jar the completest silence. They thought, instead of speaking; they knew what was thought, instead of hearing it; indeed, though they saw far better than we, it was by an extended comprehension that they did so. Each Etherian took the guise of a formless cloud of faintest light—a puff of luminous vapor around a spark a trifle brighter than the rest, yet not bright enough to be distinguished by mortal vision. Thus most of them appeared to each other. I say "most of them," because it was different with those who had known each other intimately as men and women, or as spirits among men. They saw each other somewhat as they had appeared on earth. So strong is our imaginative faculty that it resists death, and in an assembly of old friends like this the Etherians recall each other's physical personalities. It is immaterial whether they really saw their old selves in this earthly way. They believed they did. But it was a faint and nebulous view, as unsubstantial as recollected vision would render it.

These at the Clock House saw Editha as she had been fond of dressing herself just before her last illness, in a robe of blue cloth, flaring open above the waist, to show a loose under-dress of thinnest lawn, which left her beautiful neck as bare as her plump oval face in its framing of black hair. And those she had known among men she, too, saw as they had been wont to dress. The other Etherians were mere rays to her vision—though they were as readable to her as books. She was obliged to imagine the human aspect of the elder Mrs. Lamont, who died before she had been born. She thought of her as being like the old lady's well-remembered portrait in the dining-room. And that was how Mrs. Lamont seemed to those who had known her in womanhood—with her kindly, motherly, wise face above a quaint evening gown of the first year of this century. The others were all commonplace, latter-day figures.

Editha's happy presence made itself felt in the dining-room soon after the fleshly Tappin had taken away the object of his errand.

"We knew you had come, dear," said the elder Mrs. Lamont. "We have all been thinking of you."

"Thank you, mother; I am very glad to see you all," said Editha. "You were talking about the clock. Is its beat very slow?"

"Not very," said Hamilton Lamont. "It is lengthening the intervals between the ticks, but his release is not to be immediate." After a pause he added, addressing his mother: "But you and Editha have been here some hours. The rest of us have just come, and are preparing for the disclosures that are to be made to us. Give us time to learn what is happening. I only know that the Colonel is passing from earth to us. He appeared to us with the summons to come and exert ourselves in our various interests, and that is all that any of us know."

"I beg pardon of all of you," said Mrs. Lamont. "The truth is that I have been called so often that I can instantly put myself in the receptive state. I learned everything before I reached here. But do not let me delay you. Things are happening that are of the greatest moment, the keenest interest, to most of you."

Eagerly the new arrivals prepared to

comprehend the family crisis. The diaphanous clouds of light that had clustered before the great carved marble fireplace scattered, each going to a place by itself. After a few moments each began to receive an account of what had befallen the family. The disclosures came with what to us would have been bewildering rapidity, until all learned the truth, regardless of their prejudices and predilections. They absorbed the intelligence much as we read the news flashed upon stereopticon screens in our streets at election-times. Each event took the form of a reproduction of an actual occurrence in the life of an earthly Lamont. The revelations began with the family affairs at the last moment, receding to whatever point led each visitant to the situation as he last knew it. Each scene came like a flash of light, and the words spoken by the living Lamonts — yes, even the thoughts which prompted speech or silence in each tableau—were made known to these disembodied intelligences. With a great extension of our faculties, even we could have seen these tableaux flashing like pulsations of light before each vapor-like form.

Presently all came together again to discuss their readings of the future, for, given the premises in any case, Etherians at once divine the future, more or less clearly according to their differing powers, as we shall see.

"How the clock will race when the old wretch is once out of the house!" said Hamilton's wife, Deborah.

"My Alex?" exclaimed the old Colonel's mother, in surprise.

"Oh, Deborah, you forget that I am here!" said Editha, softly. "Surely you saw him as he has been since I came to his bedside. I threw the influence of my love around him, and such a kindly smile set itself on his dear face, so calm did his sleep become, and so gentle were his dreams—oh, you could not speak as you do of him if you really knew him."

"He was always gentle enough towards you," Hamilton said; "but, come, now; he's been a bear to every one else, you must admit."

"Aunt Isabel," said Mrs. Paton, "you see clearly. Who is this new claimant to the estate?"

"It is a woman, and her path is crossed as if by chasms," Mrs. Deborah remarked.

"Do not attempt to deceive, Deborah," the Colonel's mother said. "We see your hand in the making of the pitfalls in the girl's way. Take care you do not go too far in your ill-judged kindness to your son Jack. The friendships that this innocent child will develop among us here will be too powerful for your plans."

"But why do we not know her? She does not connect herself with any scene in this house."

"She is my daughter's child," said Mrs. Lamont, "but you do not know her because her parents were separated from the family in anger years ago, and are both on earth. It is for those of us who love justice to see that she is made the heir, and to see also" (here she gave a swift glance at Deborah Lamont) "that the plots of those who would couple this fortune with evil are brought to nothing."

"I am not able to see far as yet," said Editha, despairingly, "though I can read the present perfectly. My husband thinks he has no heir except Hamilton's son, Jack—or Archibald, the son of our cousins, the Patons, here. Though you are his brother, Hamilton, and your son would naturally be the heir, the mere mention of Jack's name angers the Colonel. He says he would squander the property, therefore he turned to Archibald to-day, and was met by an unexpected obstacle."

"Why not say he has disowned Jack? I know it," said Mrs. Deborah. "Oh! what an outrage it is! You are all against my son. Talk of justice! Why, the property is his by right."

"I think the only justice is what is happening," said her husband. "If I could, I would not exert my influence to have Jack made the heir. Better far that the property should go to the State than that the honored old house should become the rendezvous of courtesans and blacklegs, and the scene of his orgies. I gave up all hope for him before my responsibilities ceased."

"When did yours cease?" his wife asked, warmly. "I am his mother yet. He was always led to expect his uncle's fortune when ours should be exhausted. He has pursued pleasure, but only as thousands do who are similarly placed. He is not in the way of any of you. Why are you all bent on wrecking his future?"

"He owes the wrecking of his life to you, Deborah," said the elder Mrs. Lamont. "You indulged him in everything.

You always condoned his faults; you even encouraged him in his idle, mischievous course."

"Young Archie's refusal to accept my husband's offer," said Editha, "so excited the Colonel that I had difficulty in calming him. When he told Archibald to-day that he would make him his heir on condition that he changed his name to Lamont, Archie not only refused to accept the condition, but spoke rudely, and—well, the Colonel's indignation was natural. Archibald said that he had not only made his own name famous by his writings, but that it would be an act of dishonor to his father's memory to change it."

"The fact is, as we all know," said Mrs. Deborah, in her most combative tone, "that the Colonel used the most insulting language about Archibald's family, saying that it was common and vulgar. He told Archibald that his father had been dependent on his, the Colonel's, assistance, to lift him out of financial troubles and keep his head above water. He said that his father died in his debt, though he might have paid him had he not been too self-indulgent. Archibald was furious at the old badger, and I admire him for it."

"Archie's a good boy," said his father. "I am proud of him."

"He is far too quixotic," exclaimed Mrs. Paton. "I hope he has not gone too far to retreat. I seem to see him in the will at the end of this confusion."

"Archibald is happy with his work and his friends in New York," interposed Deborah. "He is too true a man to stoop to rob my boy of his rightful heritage."

"Your son will not inherit the property, Deborah, no matter what you do," said Mrs. Lamont. "Take my advice; employ your influence to save him from worse misfortunes to come."

She rose to forbid a reply, and went with Editha to the side of the bed where the Colonel lay, making a feeble fight for the life he had spent in pampering an imperious independence and pride. His wrinkled face, the color of old leather, and crowned by a tousled mass of snowy hair, looked like an eagle's, so beaklike was his great curved nose in proportion to his shrivelled face. His had been a troubled sleep, but instantly on the arrival of the only two beings who had ever loved him he grew more calm. Meantime his faithful old servant Tappin, who rarely left his bedside, betook himself to his own room, and flung himself in all his clothes upon his bed, where the spirit of his father sought his company. Young Archibald Paton sat, wide awake, in his bedroom. He was a tall and handsome man of thirty years, thin of frame, with a pale, nervous face, the strength of which was in his high brow and kindling eyes. His face was American, but the unmistakably French cut of his pointed beard gave him a Parisian air. The rings and the charms which rattled on his watch-chain were other relics of the years he had spent abroad. His father and mother found him calmly reading a novel by the light of his bedroom candle, though the day had been the stormiest of his life, and he was determined to leave the house next day, putting it behind him as he had already done with the offer of all its owner's wealth.

Mrs. Deborah sought her son and found him in Powellton, at cards, in the hotel. She stood close beside him as he drew toward him the small silver coins he had won with his last hand of cards.

"Come," she said, by a focussing of her thought upon his mind.

He leaned back in his chair, hesitating a moment in that position. Then he rose, and leaving the coins where they were, said: "I won't play any more. I feel peculiar—that is, I can't keep my mind on the game. Buy my share of the drinks with that money. I am going to get a breath of air." Then he passed out with his mother, and walked to a carriage-block by the road, and sat down. He imagined that he gave himself up to thought about his affairs; in reality he was engaged in a struggle to comprehend the counsel his mother poured out upon him.

Beside the Colonel's bed the old man's mother turned to her daughter-in-law.

"I cannot think why you are here," she said.

"Why I am here?" Editha repeated. "Where should I be but beside my husband at this time of change?"

"You can serve him best by going to Laura Balm. Do you not feel her need of you?"

"Feel it? How do you mean? I feel something—fluttering at my intelligence—tugging at it, as if to pull me somewhere—but it is not clear."

"It is my granddaughter, Laura," Mrs. Lamont said. "My daughter's child, of whom the others spoke as the heir. Don't you remember that the Colonel quarrelled with a younger sister over a love-match that he forbade? It was with a man of doubtful character; you must have known of it."

"I didn't know there was a child by that marriage. But if I am needed, let me try my utmost, instantly," the sympathetic Editha replied. "Where shall I find my niece?"

"Laura is a sweet girl," Mrs. Lamont replied, "and you are called to her because you and she are in the completest affinity. You will be thwarted somewhat, but don't ask how, or allow yourself to be discouraged, for even while you fancy yourself helpless you will comfort and encourage her amid serious difficulties and alarms."

"What am I to do?"

"You will find that she does not know of us. She has lived in the completest innocence, and, so far as the world is concerned, ignorance. She must be made acquainted with and brought to the good fortune that awaits her, but many mishaps and counterplots will have to be overcome. Go at once. Concentrate your mind on hers. As soon as possible dominate her so that you can counsel her. The power is in you. Exercise it. It is we who rule the affairs of men and women in their greatest crises. They call what we do by such names as impulse, conscience, foresight, judgment—a hundred fumbling, foggy words; but all this you will understand quickly. Now go. Will yourself at Lingard's Mill, beyond Fishkill. Just after you leave Fishkill, on the right of the main road, is a lane leading to the north. She is in the first house—the only house near the main road. I see you have no time to lose. She is in trouble and under bad influence; but it is weak, like all evil influence. Go. I will care for my son."

"Ought I to leave him? Can you soothe him as I could?"

"Go, child. I can control my son, while you cannot. My part is to make him realize that there is a Laura Balm. He does not know it. We will bring them together if he lives long enough. As for soothing him, the world says that a mother's is the only love that is unselfish; certainly yours cannot be more tender."

CHAPTER II.

A PEARL OUT OF SETTING.

WHEN Editha's spirit reached the house in which she was to find Laura Balm, she was surprised to discover it a laborer's tenement—a tiny, aged brick cabin, with an undulating roof green with moss. It consorted so well with its pastoral surroundings that we Americans would carry off a camera's reflection of it were it in some other country than our own, because of its picturesqueness and Old-Worldishness, but nowhere could we consider it a suitable shelter for a gentle girl. It was all the more picturesque, perhaps, because it was in need of repair, and because the yard around it was in a state of disorder. Editha hovered before the place for a moment, shocked at finding it so different from what should be the abode of an heir to the Lamont wealth. Indoors, matters were worse. The disorder had all the ear-marks of a slattern's housekeeping. Even the débris of the last meal—at which a whiskey-bottle had figured conspicuously — still littered the table.

But upstairs in a sweet-aired, tidy room, upon a snowy bed, amid the pretty-pretties with which a girl of refined taste would surround herself, lay a beautiful maiden fast asleep. Her sunlit hair, caught up in a knot at the back, hung loosely on either side of her finely cut face. Grief and trouble were enthroned behind that face, yet these were too newly come to have left a trace there. Its shape was slender oval, its type was spiritual and dainty, yet the lips were full and eloquent of kindliness, humor, and the qualities that accompany robust health. Editha could see the girl's eyes through their closed lids, and knew that they were large, and of as light a blue as the sky when the sun is highest. It was a good and lovable face that appeared there above a ruffle of snowy lace, and it impelled Editha to kiss her—if an Etherian touch to the girl's cheek may be so called—with many of those soft kisses which pray God most of us have been and are often to be blessed with, yet that we can never be certain we have enjoyed, because they are as gentle as the glances of angels, as soft as the breathings of flowers, and as noiseless to our ears as the music of the sun's rays that sing their way through space.

"Laura! dear Laura! I am come to

you," the spirit said, in a thought-whisper; "a loving friend is with you. Tell me, sweet child, what is troubling you. How can I help you?"

The golden-framed cameo face upon the pillow moved with gentle restlessness, a slender arm, like ivory tinted with the sap of rose petals, was pulled from under the bed-covering and thrown down upon it. The corners of the budding lips drew downwards in an expression of sadness and perplexity. A sigh which only keen hearing could catch escaped from the sleeper. Laura was telling the child wife her troubles; at least she was recalling to herself the state of her mind, and fancying some one in dreamland had sympathized with her.

The kindly Etherian drew back and fixed her gaze with intensity upon the dreaming girl.

"No, no," she cried, "my powers are not yet strong. What does she say? Her father away—does not know where; mother ill — shrieking — carried from this house? Can she mean that her mother is mad? She is alone, friendless, penniless — she certainly is thinking that to me. But I get only fragments, and cannot connect them. I must understand her. Dear Laura, try again to tell me everything."

Were we to content ourselves with such slow and patient processes as Editha commanded in order to absorb what information she got from Laura Balm, this story would lag unconscionably, and it would be disappointingly incomplete as well. Let us arrive at the same goal quicker and better by our own methods.

It was more than twenty years, then, since Laura's mother made her choice between the guardianship of her brother the Colonel, at the Clock House, and that of Jerrold Balm, the lover whose aimless life had led the Colonel to refuse him even the standing of a visitor at the Clock House. Her choice made, Laura's mother saw the Colonel's door closed behind her forever. She married, and went to live in Europe, bravely determining to make the best of a match which even she mistrusted. The ill-mated couple were never happy after the bloom, the novelty, of their new relationship had gone. Balm had scarcely a trace of her strongest qualities—pride and ambition. She was refined in her tastes and pure of soul, while he was coarse in his and without sufficient principle to ballast a well-ordered or even a reputable career. They quarrelled. He violated his vows of fidelity. She scolded and cried, and in the end he left her and her baby daughter, sending them afterward that portion of his income which is usually left after the exactions of a mistress have been met — barely enough to keep up a partnership between body and soul.

Hearing that an old servant had become a widow and was living alone at the tiny cluster of cottages called Lingard's Mill, Mrs. Balm came as a boarder to the house in which we have found her daughter. She never made her return to America known to her brother. Her pride was unbendable. The servant died, and in his turn her husband married, and died, and the poor home of the Balms was thus quickly left in charge of this second widow. Mrs. Balm escaped from a terrible illness with the loss of her mind, and had been taken to an asylum only a week before Editha's visit, leaving Laura alone with a woman of what is called in the South "poor white" stock, a virago at best, and at the worst a frequent victim of drink.

Laura's little world was thus shattered at a blow. For her world had consisted of nothing more than her mother and the books out of which Mrs. Balm drew an education for her. The changing women of the cottage touched upon her life only as they waited upon her as servants. Now, for a week, she had been alone. And on this day when Editha had come to her she had been made to see not merely that she was alone, but that she was helpless and friendless. And this she learned through even harder faring than necessarily falls to those who are in such a desperate strait.

"You! You! up there! Yes, I mean you; come down here at once."

Thus her landlady, Mrs. Turley, screamed up to her from the stair-bottom early in the afternoon preceding Editha's visit. She had never before addressed Laura in such a manner, or shown her the slightest lack of respect.

The young lady came down in such a state of surprise that she might have been likened to a person moving through a dense fog. It was when she reached the one common room of the house — the kitchen, sitting and dining room — that she saw that Mrs. Turley had been at

some of the neighbors' drinking, and had brought back with her a companion called Bill Heintz, a hulking loafer who had never done a stroke of work within the recollection of any one, and whose frequent, long-drawn-out disappearances from the village saloon were the only contributions to the neighborhood welfare he had ever made.

"You hain't set out nothing to eat for me and any friend I might bring home," said Mrs. Turley. "I'll bet you've taken good care to snatch a bite for yourself, but if I find you've teched that corn-beef I left in the cupboard, I'll make you sorry for it."

"I have eaten nothing since breakfast," said Laura. "I have been waiting for you to—"

"Oh, you was, was you?" said the virago, with bitter insolence and contempt in her voice. "You was waitin' fer me to bile coffee fer you and put out the preserves and dance behind your chair. I know'd it. I could have told you that, Bill. Well, those days is gone, I kin tell yer; and still differenter days 'll be coming, onless you pay me for the board that's been due since a week before your mother was took, yellin' and kickin', to the 'sylum. Onless you pay me this here minute, you'll wait on me—d'ye see? Don't stand there, you lazy lummix. Go to your room and get me my money, I tell yer."

Laura looked calmly at the woman, without reproof or surprise in the gleam of her clear blue eyes.

"You must not speak to me like that," she said. "You forget yourself."

"She hain't used to no sich talk," said Heintz.

"You shet up," said the drunken woman. "What's the matter with you a-mindin' your own business? I forget myself—do I, miss? Well, then, it's because I can't see much difference between us, 'cept you're a pauper and I hain't. Do you think you kin stand me off without my rights with your high and mighty airs? You hain't got no money. They told you at the post-office they'd have to git your mother's hand to the receipt fer the letter what's there fer her, or they was 'bliged to keep it. Oh, I've been there and found everything out! So, Bill Heintz, she'll never have a red cent. Well, then, what are yer going to do about it? You don't know? Hain't troubled yerself to think, have yer? Well I have, then. I'll have no beggars playing they're ladies round me 'f I know it. I'll give you till Tuesday to pay what yer owe, and if you don't, out you go, and I'll sell yer things over yer head. Where's yer relations I've heard so much whispering about? My man that's gone heard 't you belonged to a lot of rich folks. Fetch 'em along if you've got 'em—that is, if they'll reckernize yer, an' if you ever had a father, which I doubt. If you can't do that, go and earn your living."

"How kin she earn a living?" Heintz asked, while the young lady stood before them, pale and mute as a marble statue.

"You shut up, Bill," said the drunken scold. "How kin she? Well, if she won't go out to service, there's another way she'll quickly come to, in Newburg or some o' them big towns."

"I'll go to my room now," said Laura, gently.

She turned to go; but it did not suit the drunken humor of the older woman to end the matter there. She gripped the girl with a strong hand and bade her set the table and prepare the coffee, while she, "her betters," as she called herself, enjoyed a bite.

"Mrs. Turley," said the girl, firmly, "you have been drinking. I am sorry to have seen you like this."

"Drinking? Do you dare to fling it in my face that I've had to take a glass to cheer me—I, who found myself saddled with a lazy thing like you?"

"This must stop," said Laura. "Take away your hand, and do not ever speak to me like that again. I will not permit it!"

"Will yer permit this, then?" the woman asked, and dealt the girl a blow on the head which threw her heavily upon the floor.

As Heintz saw the cruel blow levelled at the gentle girl he sprang to her rescue. He was too late, yet found time to grapple with the furious woman and prevent a continuance of the assault. She fought Heintz like a man, pommelling him, while her arms were flung about like flails. Finally he caught her arms and twisted them until she came to her knees upon the floor and cried for mercy, promising to leave the girl alone. While the disgusting tumult raged, Laura slipped out of the door.

At half a mile's distance from the

house she gave vent to her feelings, and cried until her tears were spent. Then, with swollen eyelids and her thoughts still in wild confusion, she continued her walk. She had been most unfortunate all her life, but as she could not know that, it seemed to her that ill fortune had just begun to come, and with a violence past all parallel. She realized that she must leave the only shelter she knew in all the world, but she was as ignorant of what lay before her as a tropical fawn that escapes from a menagerie in the North in midwinter.

As she walked, Jack Lamont drove by and noticed her. Her dress and carriage suggested that she was a lady. Her face, though swollen by crying, strengthened the suggestion. To meet a lady, hatless, in tears, on a lonely road, piqued his curiosity.

"I beg pardon," said he, reining up. "You are in trouble. Can I help you in any way?"

"Thank you, sir; I don't need assistance," she replied, stiffly, from instinct.

"A friend in need—you know the rest. And I am willing to be yours," Lamont persisted.

"I don't need any assistance, thank you," said she.

Feeling rebuked, but vowing to himself to keep this pretty girl in mind for possible future sport, he drove on. And thus the two persons for whom the fates were mixing a witches' broth met in ignorance of their relationship, and parted unenlightened.

Darkness soon fell, and Laura Balm crept to her chamber, there to indulge her hopes in the face of an uncertain future which she knew must begin with the morrow. Of only this was she certain—that she must step forth into a huge uncharted world in the morning to make her way alone; to make her fortune, or to mar it worse. Then came the supernatural visitor to break the oblivion which youthful sleep had brought, and to make Laura recall her pressing misfortunes down to their dregs.

"I read her mind and her memory almost clearly now," Editha thought; "but she does not faintly approach a knowledge of me. I will try again . . . . there, a little harder willing and I should have almost made myself visible. But she only murmurs 'Mother,' 'Mother,' and fancies herself with her. But I really have made some progress. She conveyed her thoughts to me, at least. Laura, I am no mere friend. I want to be your other soul, your wiser self. I will give you the power to face the world with a brave and a calm heart. I will try to influence all who are about you to bring you to your home and your kin."

"Stay with me, mother," Laura murmured once again in her sleep.

Day was sending its first messengers to rouse the east, so that the kindly influence of the Etherian, which could only be exerted between sunset and dawn, must quickly end. Reluctantly Editha threw around the sleeping girl a last intenser effort of her personality, and focussed her mind, with its message of hope and courage, strongly on the sleeper's brain, as if to bathe her in an assurance of security. Then she kissed Laura's cheek and was gone.

She paused a moment at her husband's bedside, and charging Mrs. Lamont, who was still there, to assist her in arousing the Colonel's mind to the existence of this new-found niece, both Etherians combined their powers toward that end. They left the bedside together, and presently began to feel that relaxation of their energies which, in their state, corresponds to our sensation of sleep.

Laura slept peacefully and late that morning, with a smile upon her innocent lips, dreaming of walks by her mother's side, amid flowers and bright sunshine, when the two foresaw nothing of the misery which had since come to both. Some hours passed, and she was rudely awakened by a rough hand on her shoulder.

Bill Heintz had entered her chamber.

"Wake up," he said, in a hoarse whisper. "Listen! I'm going to take Mrs. Turley to the village this morning and keep her there. You be by the post-office at noon. 'Sh-h-h, she'll wake up. I am yer friend. You can't stay here—d'ye see? I'll get you out of this. Be at the post-office at noon. Bring anything you've got that you kin sell. You'll need everything you have, and more besides."

CHAPTER III.

FROM BAD HANDS TO WORSE.

LAURA was so startled that when Heintz had crept out she scarcely knew whether or not the incident was part of a dream. But now she heard him call-

ing to Mrs. Turley, and, besides, her recollection of his touch upon her shoulder and of his startling proposal to her to fly from her home was too strong to be doubted. She weighed the reasons for and against accepting his offer of a rescue, reasons all born of her ignorance of life, and reluctantly decided to accompany him. Having the hopefulness of youth as an only substitute for worldly experience, she fancied that good fortune must befall her. The manner of taking the step, as planned by Heintz, weighed most against her going. It gave it an underhand, surreptitious look, like a flight. It was not in her nature even to contemplate such a procedure. The idea of it stung her with its implication of moral cowardice and dishonesty. The straightforward course must be hers—to notify Mrs. Turley, and to leave the house with the same freedom and sense of dignity with which she had entered it. She dressed very slowly, to span the time until the landlady should be heard descending the stairs. Then she followed, and made her announcement in such a manner as gained for itself and for her the respect which the coarse creature, when sober, had never been able to deny to her lodger.

"I shall leave here to-day," said Laura. "I shall not come back, except to give you what I owe and to take away my things."

"I'm sorry yer goin', miss," said the woman.

Heintz listened with greedy and anxious ears, fearful that the girl was going to say that he was to be her companion. But, he thought, perhaps she was not going with him at all. This was a very different creature from the pale girl he had seen stunned with surprise, overwhelmed by abuse, and struck down in his presence yesterday. He doubted whether, if she really meant to be his companion, he would be able to carry out his part of the plan—with a proud, high-spirited mate so clearly of a world beyond his own.

"If you're a-goin' to pay me," Mrs. Turley said, "I don't jest see what makes you go away."

"I shall go at noon," said Laura.

"I'm sorry fer what I done yesterday," said the woman. "I was clean crazy with my troubles, or I wouldn't have carried on so."

"Have my breakfast ready as soon as possible, please, and call me," Laura said.

"Yes, ma'am," said the woman.

"She'll be goin' to her folks," said Mrs. Turley to Bill Heintz when the girl had gone. "They're fearful rich, I hear."

"She's a thoroughbred, and no mistake," said Bill. "Where is her folks, I wonder?"

"I don't know where they be," said Mrs. Turley; "but I've heard they're very tony and all that sort of thing. I hain't never stooped to do no spyin' on her. Her secrets hain't none of my funeral. All's I know is I made a 'nation fool of myself a-drivin' her out'n the house like I done. I won't get nothing now, 'cept jest what she owes me, 'less I kin make up with her afore she clears out."

"Oh, leave her be," said Bill. "Whatever you say 'll make things worse. What you want is a good bracer of whiskey to steady you. Better come down the road to Cunningham's with me."

"You kin go an' drink—an' drink—an' drink," said Mrs. Turley, from out of a grand spasm of virtue, "but you can't come it over me with none of yer rum and them mis'ble Cunninghams whose house I was to yesterday. I got more'n paid fer goin' there wunst."

"Mrs. Turley, I'll jest hev yer to know—"

"You'll hev me to know nothing," said she. "I'm a-lettin' you know 't I washt my hands of you and your friends—there! You kin stuff that in your pipe and smoke on it."

I will not even hint at Heintz's reply to this assault upon him. If it be understood that he, too, had been drinking heavily and was in a highly nervous condition, perhaps even the nature of what he said had best remain obscure. Mrs. Turley, instead of practising her own masterly powers of invective upon him, waved him to be gone, and flung herself out of the room in order to stand in the pantry and listen for his departing footsteps. When she heard the gate slam she returned to busy herself with preparing her boarder's breakfast. But first she poured out half a glass of Bourbon and swallowed it neat, to fortify herself for whatever was to come.

I doubt if she so considered it, but this proved a waste of alcohol, for Laura

would hold with her only what converse politeness demanded. To Mrs. Turley's clumsy apologies for her past behavior the young lady replied that it was best not to refer to that, and when Mrs. Turley tried with all her ingenuity to discover the whereabouts of the rich relatives to whom she was certain her boarder was betaking herself, Laura only replied, "My plans are not very definite, Mrs. Turley." The girl's pride and reticence vanquished the low woman, who kept her temper by great force of will, because she thought there would be a money profit in good behavior. At the door she handed to Laura her small reticule of plaited straw, like a schoolgirl's bag, and saying that she hoped Mrs. Balm "would soon come back to her faculties again," the two women parted—one to return to the bottle, in which she found most comfort, the other to face a world so cruel that had she even suspected what it held for her, she might have shuddered at the gay sunlight that bathed its face.

Ahead of her, down the brown road, she saw an old beggar called Christmas hobbling on the oaken third leg with which he made the best of his way, his natural legs being almost wrecked by lameness. He was called Christmas because of his white hair and beard, and, perhaps, because he drew all children to him. He had always a story for whatever child he met, and though not one of his tales—always about kittens and frogs, or crows, or dogs—seemed worth any adult's while to hear or repeat, children of every degree clamored for them.

"Good-morning, ma'am," said Christmas. "You're hurrying a good deal. Be you sure where you're going?"

"Good-morning, Christmas," said she, smiling, and passing on.

"Miss! stop a bit. Let me look at you. Ay, I thought so. Give a copper to old Christmas, though he's got no good news for you."

"I have not a penny to my name, Christmas," said she.

"You're changed since I passed you last time—a couple of days ago—down the road. The fairies have been to you. I see the mark of 'em on your forehead, and what's in your eyes is a fairy light, nothing else. I hope it ain't a warning—and yet I'm 'bleeged to say you're in bad hands."

"I'm in no one's hands but my own."

"Ay, bad hands, bad hands, I tell ye. It's a warning that's on your brow and in your eyes."

"I wish I had a penny for you," said Laura. "Good-morning, Christmas."

She went her way and left him looking after her, shaking his white locks with nods of approval of his own words, and with sidewise shakes in token of despair for her. Suddenly he hobbled after her, very painfully and quickly for him.

"Ma'am; I say, ma'am!" he called. "Here's a quarter of a dollar for you for better fortune."

"I cannot take your money, thank you, Christmas," she said, with a sweet smile.

"You won't?" he asked.

"I cannot, really," she said.

"My God!" he exclaimed, dropping his staff and raising both hands. "Only a lamb would take to the road without thought of money. And do you know where lambs walk to? To the shearing first, and then to the—"

If he finished that sentence, it was with such a low muttering that she did not catch the last words. Again she started on, leaving him behind her.

While she had been at her meal and on the road, Bill Heintz was lounging with two young idlers—semi-vagabonds, but better men than he—before the post-office.

"Better come with us," one repeated. "You don't need a red cent, because if they engage you they take you to Ne' York free, and pay yer for the work you do on the way. And 'tain't hard work, nor bad work neither, looking after them horses and elephants and things in a big circus. They're short of hands, and I know one of the head fellers, and he told me, he says, if me an' my friends would meet him in Harrisburg at a certain time, he'd git us a job. And after that meals and beds comes along with the job."

"But wait till you see the gal," said Heintz. "I tell you, she's a jim daisy. She's a thoroughbred. They say her folks is the richest kind of swells, but she's stuck on me, and we're going to be pardners."

"Ah, what 're yer givin' us? If she's a swell she won't have nothin' to do with the likes of you, only as you kin run arrants fer her. Don't I know what them swells is? Can't tell me nothin' new about 'em. They don't mix with poor



"BUT, HULLO! HERE SHE COMES NOW."

folks. They might try, but it wouldn't work. They can't, anyhow; but who in —— ever heard of their tryin'?"

"Come along with us," said the second loafer; "don't make a monkey of yourself. There's big pay an' easy work, and you kin see Ne' York to boot."

"We'll see about this here mixin'," said Bill, with a chuckle and a leer. "When she tumbles to what 'll happen to her before morning, through bein' along with me—just leave her to me, I say."

"Oh, that's the lay, is it, Bill?" said one of his companions. "That's different."

"Danged different," said the other. "It means a trick in jail for you—if you have ordinary luck at that business."

"Ah, what's all this preaching?" Bill asked. "It makes me sick to hear you fellers. You haven't got the chance; that's what's the matter with youse. But, hullo! here she comes now."

As he spoke, Laura Balm turned a near corner, and approached the group with a quick, firm step. Her slender, muscular body, outlined with the promising curves of girlhood, was draped with a gown which fitted her as a deer is fitted by its fur. She held herself rigidly erect, her head was high, and in her blue eyes no more than in her gait was there any hint of misgiving.

"Good-morning," said Heintz, involuntarily straightening himself, and adopting the tone and manner of the humble before the proud.

"Good-morning," said she, as if she had not expected to see him, and forged ahead.

"I say!" he called. "Hold up, will you?"

But she walked on, and he was obliged to catch up to her, looking over his shoulder sheepishly at his companions, who had taken the exact measure of his control over her.

"Is that little basket all you brought away?" he asked. "What's in it?"

She told him that she had brought with her only a little very necessary clothing and a few letters of her mother's. She had no right to take anything of value, she said, until her debt to Mrs. Turley was cleared.

"What! no joolry—and no clothes, neither?" he asked. He said he had reckoned she would fetch away things that could be turned into money. He thought she ought to go back and clean out the place while he kept Mrs. Turley away somewhere. To this she replied that what he proposed would be dishonest, and she would rather he would not talk of such things.

"It was kind of you to offer," she added, "but I hardly see how it will be possible for you to help me."

"Help you?" he repeated, as if he was going to repudiate the bare idea at the start. Then he finished the sentence more diplomatically. "I ain't in much of a fix to help anybody, but maybe I can help you, and you can help me—as things turn up—and, anyhow, we kin be pardners."

She searched his face with a look which turned his eyes to the ground.

"You advised me to leave Mrs. Turley's," said she, "and I thank you for that, though I had already made up my mind to go to-day. But now have you any plan for helping me?"

"I jest said how—er—I reckoned we'd oughter be—er—pardners."

"Because," said she, disregarding what he said as unworthy her attention, "if you've nothing in mind, I think I will not trouble you any further."

He was nonplussed. His only plan was not one that he could make known to her. Moreover, her attitude, her holding herself so far from him, was a thing he had not taken into account.

"Well, look—a—here," he said, after a long pause; "we can drift along together, and—"

She turned another swift glance upon him.

"That is—I mean—and let me find work—for you to earn money—you see, and—"

He was confused. Her bearing disconcerted him. Each searching glance made him wince at his own villany, and also made him feel the vast difference that separated them. Here was a duel between high character and low.

The country was now an open one. The only houses were behind them. The road lay between farm fences, with fields and pastures rolling away on either side. He noticed this. She may have done so, but she gave it no thought. She listened to his hesitating speech and gathered the truth, that his companionship was all he had to offer. Almost unconsciously she



"I'M A BAD EGG, I AM."

drew away from him and quickened her pace.

"Say, you," exclaimed the vagabond, hastening to put himself close to her side, "what are you up to? We'll have this out right here. Are you a-trying to back out? Because if you are, it don't go—see?"

He felt the futility of trying to fraternize with her. He knew of no alternative but violence. A tremor of alarm passed over her, but it was only momentary.

"I don't understand you," said she.

"Well, I'll soon make you understand me. Your airs is makin' me tired." Thus spoke Cotton enraged at Silk.

"I am sorry to anger you," said the silken one, calmly, "but you have no right to question me."

"'Ain't I? Well, we'll soon see," said the loafer. "I'm quittin' good money and home an' everything jest fer to be friendly, and you're making a monkey of me. These here 'ristocratic airs of yourn don't go—d'ye understand? I ain't a-goin' to put up with 'em no longer."

"You must not try to frighten me," said Laura, stopping still and confronting him with a fearless look. "And do not talk of our being partners or of our drifting along together. It is absurd. You will do better to turn back at once, as you're only wasting your time."

"Well, I'm ——," said he, thrusting his bestial face almost against hers, nastily, to put an end to any doubt as to his intentions. "If it's talking straight you want, I'll talk straight every time. You and me's pardners, and you can't help yourself. I'm a bad egg, I am; and I'm worst when I git riled. Everybody knows I'm bad, and everybody knows you've come away with me, and we've took to the road together. You can't never hold your head up after this—d'ye see? So what's the use of kicking? Whatever I say 'll be believed, and I'll say whatever suits me. Now you just climb along till I say to stop."

"Leave me, you wicked man. How dare you talk to me so?" said the girl, with her eyes blazing and a voice so strong and firm that it sounded strange to her own ears.

"By jingo! hain't you pretty?" Heintz said. "There's money in that face for me. Oh, I hain't no fool! See here, if you've got the price of a parson, I'll marry you; there, that's fair, ain't it? I'll marry you at the first parson's we come to. 'Tain't that I care fer it, because it 'll be all the same to me by morning, but I'll do that much fer to please you."

"Go away! Leave me at once!" said Laura, thoroughly frightened, yet still facing him like a lioness.

"How much money have you got, anyhow?" Bill asked. "Here, fork over that basket." He seized it with one hand and twisted her wrist with the other until she let go of the basket. "There!" said he; "what's yours is mine, and that's fair."

At the same instant a farm gate opened close beside them, and Christmas stepped through it and upon the road. Following an impulse, he had reached the scene quickly by a short-cut across the fields. His stout staff was gripped by its middle in his muscular right hand. At sight of him the bully shrank back a few steps.

"Good-morning again," said Christmas to the young lady. "Well met—very well met. If you were going back to your home, we could tramp it together, but you'd have to tramp it a leetle slow, account of my legs."

"I have no home," Laura said. She showed acceptance of his protection, however, by stepping towards him as quickly as Heintz had stepped the other way. If the old beggar had been known to her as Prince Charming in disguise, she could not have shown more pleasure in his company.

"Here, damn you!" Heintz shouted, "leave that girl be; she's with me—d'ye see?"

Christmas stepped from Laura to Heintz, and still balancing his staff with ominous readiness to use it, he said: "Such as you are fitter for such as she to walk on than to walk with. Give me that basket."

"I'd like to see myself. It's mine. You mind your own business. I hain't done nothing to you—like I will, if you go to bother me."

"Put back in the basket what you've stolen out of it, and hand it over to me," said Christmas. "I'll ask you once again, though I seem to see that you'll keep what you've took; ay, and I seem to see the hand of the law upon you."

Christmas closed his eyes as he uttered the last sentence, speaking the words in a deep bass voice. Such was his manner when he prophesied, or gave warnings, to the poor women of a wide territory, who believed him to be supernaturally gifted.

"I hain't took nothin', I tell yer," said Heintz.

"Give me the basket, and keep what you've stolen."

"Oh, I hain't a-scared of your spells. Keep 'em for the old women."

"The basket, I say—quick," said Christmas.

"Ah! who cares for you?" said Heintz, proving much slower in anger with a man than he had shown himself with a tipsy woman on the previous day. "There! I'll hand it to her—see? And I'll do more'n that; I'll walk along with her, as I've a right to do."

Heintz started towards Laura, but Christmas commanded him so threateningly not to go another step nearer her that he dropped the basket in the road and allowed Christmas to pick it up, while he stood by completely cowed.

"Walk where you please," said Christmas, "but come within reach of this stick, and I'll beat you like a carpet. Now the young lady and I will be going along."

Heintz followed at a gradually widening distance, occasionally shying a stone after the girl and her deliverer, aiming each one to fall short of the mark, but to let its click be heard in the road behind them. Between these declarations of his harmlessness he fumbled in his pocket the thing he had filched from the basket. It was a small package. He did not know that it contained nothing but old letters; nothing else to him, but to Laura Balm the most important of her possessions.

CHAPTER IV.

AGAIN WITH THE ETHERIANS.

CHRISTMAS walked a step behind Laura, and, to further show his respect for her—and for himself—spoke only when she addressed him, nearly always with a "yes, ma'am," or "of course, miss." Heintz slunk, wolflike, well behind the strange pair. When they neared the outskirts of Powellton the old man bought some cake and a bottle of milk, and, at a gateway to a tree-edged field, he asked if she would not go in out of the public view to rest and refresh herself. She assented trustingly, and he waited upon her, opening the bottle and teaching her how to drink out of it, and handing her the paper bag of cakes. All the while he chuckled and grinned like a man who recollects a funny story.

"What amuses you so, Christmas?" Laura asked.

"You don't think what you've gone and done, miss," he answered.

"Why, what have I done?" she asked.

"You've been fed by a beggar," said he. "And may the day be soon coming when you'll think it so wonderful you'll hardly believe it yourself; but you'll never see the joke as I do, at the time of it."

"There! I've done wrong," said she. "I am so ignorant. I never have had to think or to do for myself, Christmas. All my life I have scarcely had a thought that I did not take from my mother or share with her. I was hungry and tired, and, selfishly, I did not give heed to anything else."

"Young ladies oughtn't to worry about anything. You've only taken your own, after all. I had a piece of silver that was yours, you know—besides several more of my own; and you've only taken half of it, so far. If you think of me at all, think how proud I am to be helping you. You don't despise old Christmas, do you? Well, I'm afraid most folks do, miss."

As she sat at the foot of a great elm, resting after she had eaten, Christmas asked her what she knew of the fairy charm that had touched her; "because," he said, "I know you've met with a fairy. What shape had it? Don't you know? Well, then, did ever a rabbit leap into your lap, or a sparrow light on your shoulder or brush your hair when flying over you; or maybe, now, it was just a lame dog that licked your hand? No? Well, it's sure to have been something, and you should remember, because you would have been kind to it—fed it, or stroked it, or something. You can't remember, ma'am? That's very strange. I knew a little boy at the Mill. Johnny Guard, I mean. You didn't know him? Well, his parents (ignorant people, narrow's pins) they found a little frog in his bed three mornings in succession. Twice they flung it out doors, and the third time Mrs. Guard took it in her apron and tossed it in the kitchen fire. Oh, what terrible things is done in ignorance! The fire would never burn after that, not if they poured a gallon of kerosene onto it. All 'twould do was to smoke and smoke and drive 'em all out of the house. They come a-hunting for me, and laid the matter before me, as not being so narrow as themselves. I never

had the heart to tell them what they'd done. All I said was 'bad business, bad business, and worse to come.' They had to hire workmen, who found that the bricks had fallen in and choked the chimbly, and, being very poor, they thought the bill they had to pay was what I meant. They came to me again, and I daresn't tell them the truth. That poor little froggie was a fairy—a good fairy, of course—because it took the shape of something that couldn't hurt nobody, and so was bringing good fortune. No, I hadn't the courage to tell 'em, so all I did was to say again, 'bad business, and worse to come.' They knew what I meant in nine days from the day they tried to kill the fairy, for 'twas on the ninth day that Johnny Guard was burned up a-playing with the very kitchen fire where they threw the poor frog."

"You are famous for your stories, Christmas," said Laura.

"For my stories, ma'am, but not for any lies; 'cause them I never tell," said Christmas. "And now may I ask what have the fairies to do with you? Your fortune's come to a turning-point—but how? What are you and old Christmas doing here under the bare sky on the public road, without a roof to either of us? Why are you leaving Mrs. Turley's, ma'am? Don't mind telling me, 'cause I'll keep a close mouth, as well as guard you on your way. But which is your way? Where are your people; and why are you with old Christmas?"

With complete frankness Laura told of her utter friendlessness—a story which old Christmas, with his inborn fancy for the mysterious and the uncommon, absorbed without a murmur of surprise. She said that her father's business held him in Europe; but where he lived her mother never told her. She had lately begun to think her mother did not hear from him, because the only letters she left behind were from a firm of lawyers in New York, and these merely enclosed the money she received once a fortnight. Her mother was the only sister of a bachelor who was believed to have been long since dead. Laura thought they lived in grand style—this bachelor and her mother. She judged this from various remarks her mother had made at odd times. Her mother had differed with this brother, and left home years and years ago; but where that home was, and what relatives were left there, or anywhere, she had never told her daughter, though she had often said she intended doing so at some later day.

"Ah, well. Keep heart, miss," said the old man, with the words and tone the poor so quickly learn to adopt towards one another. "A brave heart is all one needs when the clouds are black, with never a star showing, and the road is dark, with never a house upon it, and the way is long, with never a turning. Keep heart in such a case, I say, and all's sure to be well. But now we must be up and moving, in order to get where we'll be going before dark. I know a kind heart in a calico gown that won't never turn you away."

The heart which inhabited that modest gown proved to animate a very robust body too large for the gown, and straining at its buttons as if they would at any instant fly from their threads like bullets from a gun. She presided over the stove of the kitchen of the Powellton Hotel, and she possessed, in addition to the heart and the threatening buttons, a tongue which gave the lie to every promise suggested by her rosy face and round body.

"Hello! What do you want here, Mr. Tramp?" said the woman, Mrs. Newbold by name. "I 'ain't got nothing for you, so you may as well be off about your business, if tramps have any business. In times like these, with the whole country prosterated, and nobody able to buy food or drink, or even to pay for what they have eat and drunk, ain't it likely that I'm going to throw good food away on an able-bodied old vaggerbone that could work but won't do it so long as others 'll work for him and give him what they've earned? Well? Think I want to stand screamin' what I've got to say? Come in—if you must have the truth told you—and sit down, so I can say my say easy like, 'stead of tirin' out my lungs hollerin' before I've said the half of it. Bless my bonnet! What's the matter with the man? Here, Christmas, back with you, I say. Let me have none of your nonsense."

The matter with Christmas—to make him "so long a-coming," like his namesake—was that Laura had retreated at the sound of the cook's voice, and he had gone after her to assure her that no bite accompanied the noisy bark.

"Oh, back you've come, eh? I reckoned you would," Mrs. Newbold said. "And what have you got with you, in patience' name?"

"A lady, ma'am," said Christmas, whose sense of humor, at announcing the conjunction of himself with a lady, must have troubled him.

"Well, mind she wipes her feet, if she's a lady, instead of dister-ibuting the whole dirt of the stable-yard over my kitchin, as you've done, for me to clean up after you. A lady, eh? Well, she looks more the lady than to be vaggerboning about with you, I will say. Now, then, miss, if you venture in my kitchin, you'll have to hear plain speech. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Beg your pardon, ma'am; she—"

"Who asked you about her?" Mrs. Newbold exclaimed. "Is she such a monsterosity as to be a woman without powers of speech? Then I'll hear her—comin' in other people's houses and expecting I don't know what! Was there ever another such a magnet-like as I am, drawin' in everything off the road, as if they was moths and I was a lamp?"

"I expect nothing of you," said Laura, with no note of dependence or apology in her voice. "I'm here because I was asked to come. I want nothing of any one except what I am able to earn."

"Well, sit down—sit down, both of you. Was there no chairs where you come from, Christmas; or did they bite, so you was afraid of 'em? I'll make you a cup of coffee, miss, and no trouble at all. You're not interuding here, I'm sure. You, Christmas, shall have what you know very well you always get; though, 'pon my word, you've come upon me just as I am rushed with the evening's orders for steaks and chops, and Lord knows what all; at least there's been no orders at all yet, but little you'd care. And what can you do, miss, to earn your living?"

"I can teach French and German," Laura said, "and the piano; or, if I had a room and very little money to begin with, I could paint in water-colors—a little."

The tornado of ridicule or scorn which the reader might well expect to be let loose by this extraordinary announcement to a cook in a country kitchen was also anticipated by Christmas, but it did not rage. Instead, Mrs. Newbold stared at Laura, gasped, choked something down, and—began to mop her eyes with her apron. When she spoke it was with a broken voice. She wore all her feelings outside, and they were even more insecure than her threatening buttons.

"Christmas," she asked, "did you ever hear such cruelty? It's a thing I never could stand, is cruelty. Such a lady, and so young; and right here in my kitchin, of all places! Oh, the cruelty, the exteriordinary cruelty! Here, Christmas, come out with me a moment. I want a word with you."

She hurried the hobbling old man outside the door, and there fell upon him, saying: "Whatever cloud did that poor bit of china drop from? Tell me every mortal thing about her, for I'm burnin' with curosity and drenched with pity for her at the same time."

The result of the little that Christmas could tell her was that she shook out her apron as if to empty and dust it of all responsibility for Laura Balm. She declared there was no use; her husband's bed would not hold three—but the young lady should have a good dinner and a chair to rest upon. More could not be wrung from possibility. And she went back into the kitchen with both hands upraised in helplessness, as if the greatest of all highwaymen, Fate, had ordered them up, and there was no recourse but to obey. Christmas lumbered away; and soon after, Bill Heintz crept around the back of the hotel, and flattening his face against the kitchen window, espied Laura. Then he crept back, and entering the bar-room, waited for his cronies from Lingard's Mill to come along.

The day that was drawing to its close had been busy and fateful, yet it had not emptied half the happenings it held. Archibald Paton had gone, in the morning, to the old Colonel's bedside, to bid him farewell, and to express contrition for having lost his temper. Care and trouble rode him lightly, and time had already dulled the words that had stung him the day before.

"Come, uncle," said he, "let's be good friends. I'm going back to my work to-day. I'm sorry to upset your plans, but I'm better off as I am than playing the country gentleman; besides, I couldn't change my name. No, really, I couldn't—though I'd do almost anything to oblige you."

"You won't be asked a second time,"

said the old Colonel. "You have the spirit of the Lamonts, boy; why the devil haven't you got some of their commonsense? Go along and chuckle over the mess you have made of your prospects. Humph! Good-by, sir. I'll find some one yet who will give me a thank you for my fortune."

The old family lawyer was by, and when Archibald had lightly grasped the old man's hand and tiptoed out, the Colonel spoke to the lawyer.

"He's a plucky lad, Borrowes," said he. "Spite of the mess he has made in my plans, I like him. Rewrite the will without the condition that he shall change his name. I'll only sign it if I have to; and, by the Eternal! I'll hate to do it even then. It's honest pride against dirty pride, so let the boy take whatever dirty pride brings him. Have you spoken finally to my other nephew, Jack? The devil himself can't get me to feed that fellow's vices with my honest money. Did you tell him what I said—that all he'll get by hanging about here is a term in jail? You didn't? Now why are my last wishes disobeyed? Between you all, you think, because you've got me in bed, you've no call to respect me any longer. By the Eternal! Borrowes, you spare no one by tempering my commands. I'm not dead yet, d'ye hear me? I'll up and into my clothes, and have that rogue haled before Squire Lewis, and I'll have him given three months, if he isn't out of this neighborhood at once. He's up to mischief. He's plotting something. Don't I tell you I've taken to dreaming about him? Oh, if I'd asked Archibald to rid the neighborhood of the loafer, he'd have done it; but I left it to you."

"I told Mr. Lamont he was to get nothing; that's enough," said the lawyer. "There is nothing now to keep him here."

"That's the lawyer of it, Borrowes. Talk—talk—talk, but precious little else do you do. Isn't he hanging about? Answer me—isn't he? Well, let me be, man. I want to sleep. I'm stronger for my sleep of late; and I have my own way, in my dreams."

It was Mrs. Lamont, his mother, who willed that the dying man should suddenly demand sleep at the edge of a surrender to a violent outburst of temper. In his feebleness and age he was once again a child to her, and, as of old, her command over him was great. She simply enfolded him in her presence, as she had pressed his infant form close against hers seventy years before, and he yielded as she soothed and bade him sleep.

Many of the Etherians who had made up the first assembly at the Clock House were now missing. Conscious that their value in the subsequent developments of the drama did not warrant their renewed activity in mortal affairs, they had withdrawn. The principal ones, however, were still absorbed in the tasks they had set themselves. Editha, for instance, had taken her place beside Laura in the tavern kitchen, and between the gusts of Mrs. Newbold's chatter had made the young lady aware of her sympathy for the day's happenings. Again the influence of this gentle friend caused Laura's mind to centre upon her mother, so that she remarked to Mrs. Newbold that her mother had seemed to be with her in her sleep the night before, and that she longed for sleep to come again, simply in the hope that her mother would again soothe and caress her. The words distressed her unseen companion, magnifying her fears for the ultimate strength of an influence which could not even make its source apparent. Still she hovered beside her charge and prayed for power over her.

When old Christmas came, as he did at about nine o'clock, to whisper to Mrs. Newbold that he had found no bed for the girl, Editha was moved to accompany him out upon the silent country road in order to examine the true state of his mind towards the girl. To her surprise and delight, she found that she could communicate with him with remarkable freedom; almost, she thought, as if he had passed the barriers of mortality.

Unselfishness clears the way for Etherian counsel better than any attribute men and women possess—and Christmas was notably unselfish.

The spectacle of the gentle lady, whose nature had been refined through generations to the utmost delicacy, strolling at night in intimate converse with such a character as Christmas, was such as purely human conditions seldom parallel.

"In bad hands—bad hands," said the beggar, when she plied him with searchings of his soul. "And such a hot-house bud, as well—that a harsh breath 'd kill. If the fairies wasn't meddling with her, I dun'no' what 'd happen; but, pshaw! what can fairies do?"

"What better can you do?" Editha asked.

"But whatever can I do, who would give one of my arms just to bring her a bed for to-night? Nothing—not a thing. Sometimes I see yon and yon—yonner than I want to. And so I see her now going from trouble to worse trouble. But, dear me! why do I bother about her when I can do no good? And I've bothered now more than I ever troubled about anybody, even myself, in all my life."

Still the kindly spirit clung to him and focussed her mind upon his.

"Money, eh? Money for me, maybe, if I can bring her to her own? What use have I for money? I have plenty—two dollars about, and some coppers. What's the use of putting money in my head? I never did a thing for money; only things to people that couldn't pay a cent, that was in trouble—old women mostly—and when it was no trouble to me. But she is poor now, and she is in trouble; then this is one of my partickler cases. Humph! I see. I'm blamed if I ain't getting my second sight. I believe if I blind myself I can see yon—as far yon as ever I did. Think of poor old Christmas seeing into happenings befalling to such as she is, when the most I've been and done before was concerning lost cows and stolen change and the lucks of dirty-faced laborers' children! It's worth trying, anyhow."

Christmas came to a gate in a garden wall, and pushing it gently open, walked in and chose a place between some bushes and a wall where he would be out of sight. Then he let his staff fall, and used both hands to take a great red bandanna handkerchief out of his pocket and bind it tightly around his head, covering both his eyes. This done, he found a pack of tattered old playing-cards in another pocket, and began to cut and shuffle them, for no better reason than that he had always heard of playing-cards as possessing some mysterious affinity with the future. Therefore he always carried a pack and fumbled it, without plan or system.

Editha stood beside him, amused at his nonsense, but hopeful of his powers.

"Yes, yes; I see!—I see!" he exclaimed. "Oh, she's got rich relations. Well, of course, any one would know that. But what's this? They want to make her rich, and are hunting for her, and she doesn't know them! I see. Not the same name as hers. But what name? I cannot get to see the name. No, it's no use trying. A package that Heintz stole (I knew he stole something). Umph! umph! some clew in it; but how is this? He's to be let alone, and it too, and it will get him punished. She needs me to-night. Dark road, wicked man, tall, black hair, bad eyes. Ah ha! I'm not to take her away, only be near them. And then—umph! umph! I see—New York. Yes, yes. So? Umph!" (Thus he kept commenting as the light flowed into his mind.) "But the main thing now is to-night. Dark road, bad man. Yes, yes."

He took the bandage from his eyes, and grasped the bush to keep from falling.

"Guns!" he exclaimed. "Seeing so far is terrible tiring. But, thank God, there's other friends for her than me. On each side of the trouble-places there is always friends. Then she will be got safely by all of them. But I mustn't say that, for I didn't see it."

Jack Lamont, troubled, angry, biting his mustache as he swung along the road, stopped at the Powellton Hotel, and walked into the bar-room. He carried with him something of the look of a gentleman, but it was the sporting type he stood for. His brown alpine hat, the shortness of his light brown overcoat, and the size of his scarf-pin and watch-chain suggested that he concerned himself with racing-horses, and had caught the fashion and dress of horsy men. He was tall and of powerful build, yet very graceful, though a trifle too jaunty to match the promise of his features. And they had more and nearer things to contend with, in the struggle of gentility against dissipation which raged through his life, for the minor markings of his face were lines traced by low appetites and allegiance to degrading habits. Jack Lamont was a man who fancied he was having his way, whereas, as in all such cases, it was his way that was having him.

His mother's spirit had been his companion since dusk. She knew at least the immediate future and the active part it would call upon him to play. Her hope was that, since he had been disowned, she might yet find a way for him to have at least a hand in the old Colonel's coffers. None of the Etherians had told her this was impossible as they had

scanned what was to happen. But, on the other hand, she had not thought it wise to question them so closely that they might guess her secret aims. They had all contented themselves with seeing her son disowned; perhaps they had helped to bring about that disaster. It amused her to fancy that they would rest with that, and to believe herself more clever than all of them.

Lamont lounged up to the bar and ordered a drink. He had meant to carry it to a table and enjoy it slowly with a cigar, but already at a table at the end of the room were Bill Heintz and his pals of the morning, and Lamont at once became interested in their noisy conversation. They were discussing a young lady of great beauty and innocence who, so Heintz said, was now in the kitchen of the tavern, and who belonged to him, he having induced her to run away from her home. He was tipsy, and larded his talk with many oaths to emphasize what he said he would do to break her spirit if he decided to part with his companions and follow his original plan of sticking to "the gal," and forcing her to work and supply him with money. He said nothing about her having been rescued from him, or about her having been brought to the tavern by any other than himself. However, his companions suspected that something disturbing to his plans had occurred, since he showed no haste to join her; besides, he protested with suspicious violence and reiteration that she was as good as his bride, yet he had spent hours at dawdling with them. They urged him to let her go her own way. They argued that she was not the kind to take up with him. They said she must have powerful friends, and that he could only get his way with her by some act that spelled prison in unmistakable and large capitals.

"An adventure!" said Deborah Lamont in her son's ear. "A pretty girl in danger—plotted against by a drunken ruffian. Go around to the kitchen and see if what they say is true. Hurry! To her rescue! You cannot tell to what this may lead."

CHAPTER V.

'TWIXT NIGHT AND MORNING.

THERE are some suggestions that a man will follow more quickly than others, and there are hints which may be acted upon with broader intent than the giver of them can be blamed for. Mrs. Deborah Lamont knew that the young woman was Laura Balm, and that she was a niece of the Colonel's, and a cousin of Jack's. There is no ground for leaping to the thought that she meant a whit more than to make the couple acquainted. If the result should be to arouse in Laura gratitude to the man, or a warmer emotion, so much the better for her plans.

Jack waited only to drain his glass, and then passed around to the stable-yard, and reaching the kitchen, looked in. He saw Laura, and one glance whetted his desire for another, longer look, so he stood in the deep shadow of an open shed and studied the scene. He recognized Laura as the tear-stained girl he had met and spoken to at Lingard's Mill. There was his cue for a subject of conversation with her. His Etherian counsellor kept urging him to lose no time, to offer his services to Laura, to take her away.

"But where can I take her?" he asked himself. Instantly the answer came to his mind, lodged there by his mother's wit.

"Of course," he said; "to the lodge of the Clock House. The very thing! The gardener's my man, through thick and thin."

He crossed the stable-yard and entered the kitchen.

"Good-evening, miss," he said, bowing to Laura. "Once again I am going to offer you assistance, and this time I beg you not to refuse it. I have heard a low fellow in the bar-room planning to annoy you, and am come to offer you shelter out of his reach, and in a fitter place for you than this. I can take you to those who will at least make you comfortable, and more, if they can see their way to do it. They are relatives of mine who live near by. Please believe me anxious to serve you, and pardon me for giving you alarm, but I think there is no time to spare."

Editha's influence, strongly exerted, urged Laura to accept the offer. "I do not see how she is to be brought to her own," Editha thought. "I do not foresee how this scapegrace is to serve as an agent of good, but though my poor foresight is confused beyond this unexpected emergency, I am certain, nevertheless, that his offer is providential."

Mrs. Newbold, the cook, had entered the room in time to hear a part of what La-

mont said to Laura. She knew him merely as the man to whom public rumor pointed as the probable heir of a great near-by estate, and who had recently come to Powellton from New York.

"I am very sorry—but I do not know you, sir," Laura said. She was puzzled by the contradictory promptings of her nature and of her spirit adviser. "I am sure you really fancy me in danger, but I am not in any. The man of whom you speak has already attempted his worst, I think, this afternoon; but a poor old beggar was able to alarm him even more than he frightened me."

"The gentleman is Mr. Lamont, I believe," said Mrs. Newbold, "of the best family here, miss. I think you had better go with him."

"May I not stay here?" Laura asked. "I really much prefer it; just to sit here, as I am doing, till morning comes, is all I ask."

"I would give you a bed, miss, if it was possible, and a room to yourself, as you deserve," said Mrs. Newbold, "but I cannot; and even if you could stand the cold and lonesomeness here after the room is darkened and gets chilly, I have no right to let you stay, being as I'm only a servant."

"Yes, yes, accept his offer," urged Editha.

"You had much better go with the gentleman," the cook persisted.

"I'm afraid I must accept your kind offer, sir," Laura said, reluctantly. "I do not like to impose upon you, but I really have no choice. I have left my home, I have no friends, and I am trying to make my way to New York. I scarcely know what to do—how to act under such circumstances. I—oh, sir—oh, madam—I had rather die than be so helpless, so driven about. I—"

Now the first tears she had shed since she had been felled by the blow in the cottage at Lingard's Mill burst from her in a torrent. The kindly cook patted her shoulder, and now and then cried a little in concert with her. Jack fidgeted with impatience, and at last gently urged the girl, with a hand at her elbow, to go out into the fresh air and walk herself into better spirits.

They went out into the darkness together. And Christmas, who had been courting sleep in a wagon in the stable-yard, hobbled after them.

When they had walked rapidly for about ten minutes, Lamont, who had shown extraordinary self-control for an unwonted period, drew Laura's arm under his with the pretence that in this way they could make better time journeying. She did not disengage her arm, and this so emboldened him that he presently released it of his own accord, but only to place his around her waist and bring her closer to him with an ardent embrace.

She sprang from him as a deer might at the shock of a bullet wound. Then she stood still at three paces from him.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

"I will trouble you to let me go my own way," said she.

"Why do you say that?" he asked, stepping towards her.

"Because you—you shall not treat me so; leave me alone and I will be obliged to you."

Seeing that he had misjudged her—or, at least, that he had acted too hastily—he apologized very handsomely, saying that he felt like a brother towards her, and had only meant to comfort her. He promised not to transgress again. At the same moment Christmas came up to them, singing in a cracked voice what he evidently meant to be a cheering song, to apprise her of his presence. She felt the strong urging of her guardian spirit as well, and so she accepted Lamont's apology and again walked on beside him. Just inside the Clock House grounds Jack tapped on the door of the lodge, and the gardener opened it. He was bidden to give the young lady a bed and to see that she was well cared for. These instructions, so unlike any that he had ever received or expected, amazed the gardener. When he had seen Laura into the cottage, after she had thanked Lamont and bidden him good-night, the gardener closed the door and waited outside it for an explanation.

"Quare thing this, Mistur Lamont," said the man. "Hope there ain't nothing wrong about it—'nd that no trouble 'll come to me—or to you—or to the leddy—along of it, Mistur Lamont."

"There'll be trouble for you if you don't take good care of her. She's a friend of mine," said Lamont. "I'll call for her in the morning, and between now and then no one but you will be the wiser if you hold your tongue. If you do, I'll do the right thing—understand? If

there's trouble, it'll fall on you, and you'll lose a good tip in the bargain."

"Oh, it's all right," said the man. "No harrum in wanting to be tould everything's right, is there, Mistur Lamont? She'll have your room, th' only one there is. And where'll you slape, sir?"

"I'm going to the hotel," said Lamont, and turning on his heel, disappeared in the darkness.

Editha went with the speed of light to the Colonel's room to consult with Mrs. Isabel.

"You are quivering with news, but I think I know it all," said the elder Etherian.

"She's here! She's on the grounds—in the lodge!" said the younger one. "Jack brought her—with no honorable intent, you may be sure—yet I urged her to come with him as the only way to bring her here."

"It is well, but not nearly so well as you imagine, my dear," Mrs. Isabel said. "You are better satisfied with your powers at last, I hope?"

"Oh no; I am wretchedly weak. I am not sure that I did anything. I am only certain that I tried. I do soothe and comfort her; of that I am sure. But, mother, do you understand the part Mrs. Deborah is playing? Do you know that it is she who is influencing her son Jack in his horrible course?"

"I have seen it all. If I were quite sure that Deborah could be so wicked as to plan the infamy that is in that man's mind, I would rid this situation of her influence at once."

"Could you? Have we the power to do that?"

"It would be awful, my dear. It is a power we seldom invoke, and then only with fearful danger to ourselves, should we prove to have invoked it carelessly, yet I would not hesitate. But I am not yet clear in my mind beyond the fact that Deborah knows Laura's future and wishes to connect her son with it. However, now it is my turn to be of service. Watch the Colonel. See what you will be able to do yourself, presently, if you are not easily discouraged, but persist until your will gains the mastery over whatever human minds are in sympathy with it."

Mrs. Lamont bent over the old man's head as it lay on the pillow beside her. For a full minute she did not move, though he quickly began to evince restlessness, to show signs of waking, and to mutter in his broken sleep. At last she rose, and as she did so he sat up in bed.

"Tappin! Tappin! Where are you, Tappin?" he called, with his piping voice. "Tappin, I say!"

The housekeeper appeared in the doorway to the passage.

"Oh, Miss Johnson, is it you? Some of you ought to keep about. I've been calling for a quarter of an hour. My nephew Jack is on the premises. Don't ask me how I know. I do know; I can feel him, like a change in the weather. I think he is at the lodge; at all events, he is somewhere on the premises, and I want him sent about his business, and not allowed in again. Take one of the men with you and go to the lodge. The scoundrel has left something there—I can't make out what. See what he has been doing, will you, Miss Johnson, and not stand gaping there all night."

When Miss Johnson conveyed to the gardener the statement that young Mr. Lamont had been there, and that she wished to know what he had brought, the man was too much astonished to help betraying himself by an exclamation.

"The Colonel spoke as if he saw him hanging about here," said Miss Johnson. "Yes, and as if he saw what he brought with him."

"What an ould divil he is!" the gardener said. "Then my fat's in the fire."

"Not at all," said Miss Johnson. "You're not blamable so long as you don't let in the young master in future."

"I'll see to that," said the man. "As I was saying to mesilf—not liking the business at all—th' ould fox is better worth serving, near dead as he is, than the young un who's been cut off. And I'll say it to the young man's face, too, if he comes. Eh? what is it?"

Through the chink at the back of the door the housekeeper had seen Laura seated before the stove, for she had not yet been shown to the bedroom, which the gardener was tidying up when Miss Johnson's knock called him down.

"Ay," said the gardener, "that's what young Mr. Lamont brought, though 't puzzles me th' ould man should see her through half a dozen walls."

After hearing a few words in further explanation of the young lady's presence, Miss Johnson entered the lodge and talk-

ed with Laura. The result of the interview was that (by the aid of two intensely ardent Etherians) Laura's almost child-like simplicity and her helplessness told strongly on the housekeeper's sympathy. She was not unmoved, either, by a thought of how narrow had been the young creature's escape from the shock of too close an acquaintance with the younger Lamont. Guided by Editha and old Mrs. Lamont —though without a suspicion of the fact —she even analyzed Laura's feelings. She saw that Laura realized the strangeness and delicacy of her position, and would start and fly into the night again if she got an inkling of the status of Jack Lamont in that household. Indeed, the housekeeper felt certain she could do nothing with Laura unless she echoed the confidence and heartiness with which Jack had offered her shelter.

"It's an odd thing I'm going to do," she whispered to the gardener, "and I can't imagine how such boldness has come upon me, but I'll take the poor thing to the house for to-night, and give her breakfast before she takes up her lonely way. I will; my mind's made up. The Colonel will never know it, and who else is there to fear?"

The gardener shook his head. "Bricks is as clear as glash to th' ould wizard," he muttered.

"Well, miss, if you're ready, please come with me," said Miss Johnson. "Mr. Lamont said you'd find friends here, and his word shall be kept, though you have a way of making friends for yourself. It's only a minute's walk. Mind the second step; there, now, we'll soon have you as snug and warm in bed as ever you were, or can be."

The housekeeper had none too much courage left when she had actually brought Laura into the house, but the Colonel's mother and wife cast their spells with such effect that it seemed as though the very atmosphere in-doors was instinct with approval of what she was doing. At the outset she had intended to take the gentle waif to a disused servant's room at the top of the house, but she found herself halting opposite the guest-chamber, two rooms from the one in which the dying man was lying, and in direct connection with it through an intervening chamber.

"And why not this room?" The suggestion came from Mrs. Isabel Lamont in a thought-whisper in the housekeeper's ear.

"And why not here?" she asked herself. "In for a penny, in for a pound. She shall have this room, which is sure to be ready."

Thus convoyed by the housekeeper and her two invisible allies, Laura, still carrying her absurd little basket, was shown into the guest-chamber with its great four-poster mahogany bed, a mound of snow-white drapery beneath a canopy of chintz. The soft rugs upon the polished floor, the walls panelled with old oak, the capacious George II. fireplace, and the lustrous mahogany furniture gave it not only a warm and cheerful tone, but what we may call a "picture appearance," which charmed the girl. It was a framing suitable for one of her exquisite beauty and refinement. She was left alone to look around her, while the head servant went out to fill the water-pitcher, and her eyes swam with tears as she realized the depth of comfort that lay about her, that hedged around even the servants in that substantial mansion. Alas! perforce she turned her eyes inward, afterward, upon her own miserable, cheerless plight. Thus the housekeeper, returning, found her—moist-eyed and sad of face.

"There has not been a young lady like you in this house since the death of its last mistress, many years gone," said the housekeeper. "The sweetest woman that ever was—scarce more than a girl, like you, and, begging your pardon, so pretty, like yourself. You put her in my mind again strongly, though I have often thought that the charm she brought with her on her wedding-day has never quite passed from the old place. Her name was Editha, and you favor her very much in all ways, except that her hair was the blackest I ever saw. Ah! her sweet face was such as God often gives to those He loves too well to spare from heaven any length of time."

"Editha—what a pretty name!" Laura said; "how sweet she must have been!"

"Well, good-night, miss. Lock the door, miss, lest the servants come in the morning, not suspicioning that any one's here. Good-night again, miss. Pleasant dreams to you. A good night's sleep will make you fitter for the morrow."

Laura turned the key in the door, and fell upon her knees to pray. As she poured out the pent-up misery that flooded her

heart, it seemed as though she who had prayed every night and morning since her babyhood had never known what prayer was—its balm, its helpfulness, the unutterable comfort, which is denied to none who, like her, tread the sharp flints of adversity, yet in utter trustfulness put out a hand to the Infinite and ask to be led like children, with all the faith of such. What seemed to her the benefaction of Heaven was poured out upon her with such effect that her nature could not endure the sudden transition from misery to peace, and she broke her prayer with sobbing.

She prepared for bed, stumbling out of her clothing and about the room in the confusion of her mind. At last she had turned out the lamp and was at rest. She had forgotten to pull down the window-shade beyond the foot of the bed, and as she lay wide awake she noticed that a brilliant star shone directly before her in the sky. A beam from it—a ray, a glint of its light—shot straight from the star to her eyes. When she looked steadily it broke and wavered, but otherwise it was firm and constant, like a pathway of light from one planet to the other.

Editha was at her side, over her, about her, enveloping her, insisting that her soothing influence should nestle like peace itself upon the troubled girlish mind. Laura felt the gentle yet intense domination, and allowed herself to slip in the arms of the Etherian out upon the vacancy of untroubled sleep. But the spirit was too ardent, too strong in the expression of her delight at finding her charge under the roof that should have been her home. Editha imparted to her influence too great a share of her joy. And so the fair girl, after an hour of blissful unconsciousness, tossed to one side and the other, and then awoke again, unable to support the pleasure which had filled her sleep.

Again she saw the star and its gleaming shaft of light.

"It is not mother who comes to me," she thought; "dear mother was not like this—so soft and caressing. I never knew her to enfold me and kiss me and press me to herself as this dear companion does who comes to me at night. Do I do wrong to make the comparison? No, dearest mother; it is that I love you for your strength and calmness, and for a love more vigorous and sure than this new love I feel. Yours was like a rock to me, as steadfast, dear mother, as any love that a girl was ever blessed with. This is so different. It is not mother-love; it is—it is—"

She looked at the bright beam in the sky, and wondered if some stellar influence was upon her; if that ray of the star's light, coming millions of miles through space, could be a pathway for a spirit from some other planet, a spirit that loved her and sought her only at night, when the stars and the earth may commune. The poetic idea did not satisfy her, and she turned from it. Editha was counselling her not to delude herself.

"No," Laura thought; "that star's light is cold and severe. The light of my dream-life is not hard and chill, like that. It is ardent—oh, so warm and vital and softly caressing! I feel it now, suffusing me, bathing me like sunshine, pouring over me in grateful waves. My angel, who are you? Won't you make yourself known to me, and stay with me always? I am so wretched without you—so happy and brave when you are with me!"

In almost an ecstasy she felt the love of the Etherian envelop her and touch her forehead and cheeks. She felt her whole self warm under the suggestion of an embrace which took her all within its influence.

"You are no chilly star," said she. "Oh, stay while I sleep and dream your dear thoughts!"

And it seemed to her that through her whole being, rather than in her mere ears, a soft voice spoke to her soul.

"I love you," it seemed to say.

CHAPTER VI.

LAURA AT THE CLOCK HOUSE.

It had been the housekeeper's intention to catechise Laura in the morning, in a kindly way, to get her explanation of how it came that a gently nurtured girl, apparently a complete stranger to the world's ways and wiles, was blown about the common road like the pollen of a wild flower. But the morning found Colonel Lamont startlingly weak, and with a cough which several times all but strangled him. Alarm took possession of the household; the doctors were sent for, and came and went—medicaments had to be

prepared—even the clergyman and the local lawyer found the day monopolized by the fear of the immediate dissolution of their friend and client. But the ordinary routine of the household was carried on by the servants, who performed their duties mechanically, so that a fire was made in Laura's chamber, to which, in due course, her breakfast was fetched. The housekeeper came late in the forenoon to explain that unlooked-for circumstances made it impossible for her to say when she could snatch a few moments for a quiet chat, but that she very much desired Laura to stay.

The unhappy girl felt her position keenly. She realized that she was an object of pity, if not of downright charity, and that there was something surreptitious about the way this was manifested—by servants, too, instead of by the family. But not knowing how or where to turn, she tried to soothe herself by the reflection that it was one of the gentlemen of the house who brought her there, and that there was some serious illness in the place to derange the accustomed order of things.

She spent the time between breakfast and luncheon in reading in some books that were in the room. Shortly after luncheon she was able to congratulate herself upon having accepted the invitation to remain, because Jack Lamont came to her and made her heartily welcome. Of course she never doubted his right to do so.

The young man had not been dispossessed of his key to the front door of the house, and with this he let himself in. Inquiring of one of the maids in which room the young lady had been lodged, he visited her, and, after a little hidden fencing with questions, discovered that she did not know his standing—or absence of standing—in the house, and that nothing to his disadvantage had been told her. He deceived her with the hearty welcome he gave her and the promises he made that she should be taken very soon to New York to look up her friends. She replied that a worse misfortune than all had now befallen her; that in looking through her few effects in her handbasket she had discovered that the letters of her mother's lawyer, which she had collected and carried away from prying eyes where she had been living, had been stolen. She said she had only opened two or three of the letters, and had not charged her mind with the lawyer's name or office address. Do her best, she could only remember the word "Broadway" on the letter-paper.

Jack made light of this. He said that he knew Broadway very well, and that the lawyers' offices upon it were confined to two or three blocks of that thoroughfare, so that it would be very easy for her to look at the names in the doorways of a very small neighborhood when he should take her there, and, without doubt, the right name would be quickly recognized by her. She was far less hopeful, but he refused to listen to her doubts, saying that if she did not find the lawyer in that way, he or she would run down to the institution in which her mother was being cared for, in the hope that the officials or Mrs. Balm herself would be able to recall the name.

During this period, when his mother's ambitious influence (lasting from the previous night) was strong upon him, he ceaselessly planned to undo the misfortune which had befallen him, and now he was in these forbidden precincts, striving to win the good-will of Laura, in order to lead her, without arousing suspicion on her part, to assist him in the commission of a crime. Believing that his uncle would not outlast the day, he meant to open the old gentleman's safe and steal his will, which he reasoned must be in the safe, where the old man always guarded his valuable treasures and a small sum of money needed for minor expenses. He could not open the strong-box without considerable danger to himself, but this would be greatly lessened if he could induce Laura to assist him. The safe was in the Colonel's own room—a chamber between that which Laura occupied and the one to which the Colonel had been removed for greater quiet when his illness was seen to be dangerous. The middle room was therefore untenanted, and the safe in one corner could easily be opened if he could get the key, which the old gentleman kept beside his watch and purse on a small table near his bed.

Young Lamont left Laura and went to an unoccupied room, whose doorway commanded a view of the invalid's bedchamber. He had known the old mansion from infancy, and could have gone blindfolded straight to any picture on

any of its walls. When he was certain that his uncle had been left alone and was asleep, he recrossed the hall to Laura's room, and asked her, in a manner completely frank and off-hand, if she would please step into the old gentleman's room and fetch him a short, thick steel key which she would find on the table by the bed's head.

"You are light of foot, and can get it for me without disturbing uncle," he said. "I am so clumsy that I should probably knock over a chair or two before I got in and out again."

"I will get it for you with pleasure," Laura said, "if you will show me which is the room."

Lamont led her through the central chamber, so that it should not be necessary for either of them to go into the hallway, and pointing to a door before them, whispered: "That leads into the room. Be still as a mouse, so as not to wake my poor uncle. I will return for the key in a moment."

Realizing the risk she ran, he took himself to his vantage-point across the hall, in order not to figure in the discovery if she should be caught. He had little more than reached his hiding-place when he had reason to congratulate himself upon this exercise of his cunning.

He saw the housekeeper enter the sick man's chamber.

Laura had noiselessly opened the door and had gone softly to the table, where she found the key. Then she turned and tiptoed back again, glad indeed to be of service where she was meeting with such disinterested kindness. As she came back to within a step or two of the door to the central room, the housekeeper entered the sick man's apartment by the hall door. She saw Laura balancing on the point of one foot, and with the key of the safe hanging upon a finger of her half-upraised left hand.

"Why! You? Oh-h-h!" the housekeeper exclaimed, in what was meant to be a whisper, but proved loud enough to awaken the light sleeper near by.

Laura gave her a kindly smile, but the housekeeper was in no mood to appreciate the guilelessness from which it sprung. She grasped the key, and then Laura's arm, and was about to push her out, when the Colonel opened his eyes wide and saw both the women. His eyes distended, and such a gleam came into them that both Laura and Miss Johnson were startled.

"My God! it's Helen!" the old man exclaimed.

The housekeeper opened the door and pushed Laura into the next room. But before she closed the door the Colonel cried out:

"Helen! Sister, come back!" He had recognized in Laura the amazing likeness she bore to her mother at the time Mrs. Balm left her home to be married.

"Oh, this will be the death of him!" Miss Johnson muttered. "He is delirious." Then she turned to Laura. "You stay here. Do not try to go away."

She walked quickly back to the old man's bedside and endeavored to quiet him.

"My sister Helen," the old man said; "she has come at last. How long has she been here? Why did you hurry her out of the room?"

"That was not any one you know," said the housekeeper. "Please be calm, sir. Think a minute; you have no sister, you know."

"Don't try to make a fool of me," said the Colonel. "Does she not want me to see her? Bring her back. Tell her everything is forgotten, and I am glad she has—"

"I am not deceiving you, sir. I did not know you had a sister."

"I have not seen her since she left here twenty years ago," said the Colonel; "but I know that was she. I want her. Why do you send her away?"

"Please be calm, sir," said the housekeeper. "That girl is not twenty years old herself. She is a poor thing we gave shelter to last night out of charity. You forget how weak you are, sir. You may have been thinking of your sister. There, now, try to go to sleep, sir. The doctor insisted you should sleep, sir. I am sorry you were disturbed."

"That's true. Helen would be forty now—over forty," said the Colonel. "Thinking of her? I have been doing so constantly; but that has nothing to do with it. I tell you that was Helen's very image. Send Tappin to me. He knows Helen. Send him here at once."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Johnson.

She left the room and returned to Laura.

CHAPTER VII.

UNDER HIDEOUS SUSPICION.

"OH, how could you—how could you?" the housekeeper exclaimed, as she rejoined Laura. Her tone was one in which sorrow bore equal part with surprise.

"I'm very sorry I woke the poor gentleman," Laura said, wholly innocent even of the fault with which she thus generously connected herself. "I tried hard to be very quiet, but you were so startled. I'm very, very sorry."

"But this key—what were you doing with this?"

"Mr. Lamont—the young gentleman who brought me here—he asked me to go in and get it, because he thought I could do so more quietly than he."

"Oho!" exclaimed the housekeeper; "Mr. Lamont asked you? And where is he now?"

"He is in the next room—the one where I slept."

Miss Johnson led the way, and both entered Laura's room, but of course not to find Lamont there.

"He said he would be—no, he said if he was not here he would return in a moment."

"I shall see about this," the housekeeper said. "If what you say is true, you will not endeavor to leave here until I come back."

"Oh, madam," Laura exclaimed, "do not doubt me! I would not tell an untruth—believe me, nothing could make me do so. He will be here in an instant, and he will tell you just exactly what I have said. Why do you look at me so strangely? If I did tell untruths, I could not tell them to you, who have been so good to me; but I do not. Mr. Lamont will tell you that he came a few minutes ago, for the second time this morning, and asked me to get him the key, because he was afraid he would wake his uncle. I was so glad to have a chance to oblige him."

"I will find him—if he is in the house," said Miss Johnson.

She left Laura, astonished at her bearing in the face of what seemed positive guilt, and having sent the butler to his master's bedside, found Mr. Borrowes in the dining-room, occupied with a newspaper and cigar. To him she recounted the news of the daring attempt at robbery which she had frustrated, dwelling with emphasis, however, on the apparent innocence and frankness of the girl.

"Ah! that's very fine," the lawyer said, "but it looks confoundedly like acting. A girl taken in off the road about whom nothing can be known except by what she says and does. And she does what?—watches for a moment when no one is with the Colonel, and creeps in and gets the key of his safe. Are you sure she hasn't got his pocket-book also, or the money out of it, and his watch and chain? No; but you should have looked. Better go at once and see what else she has taken. But, as I was saying, when she is caught, she is all smoothness and innocence and protestations of virtue. Bah! it sounds confoundedly like play-acting. Your sex, my good woman, provides more and better actresses off the stage than ever adopt it for a profession. Run up at once and see what else is missing, while I inquire whether young Mr. Lamont has been in the house; though of course he cannot have been."

"Such a desperate bold thing, though, sir—attempting to rob a safe! Who ever heard of a girl safe-robber? And she's so young and so very innocent like."

"I'll admit it is almost incredible, but you caught her at it," said the lawyer. "And her story? Why, we know that the young gentleman cannot have been in the house."

Hardly had the housekeeper had time to reach the Colonel's room when Jack Lamont sauntered into the dining-room with a bold assumption of nonchalance, and bade Mr. Borrowes good-morning.

The lawyer asked him sharply how he came there. He replied that he let himself in with his own key, and asked who had a better right. He added that he was about to go to his home in the city, and as he had left some things in the house, he came, on a last visit, to take them away. Besides, he had also wanted to see Mr. Borrowes, and being told at the gate that he was not to be admitted any more, he had taken the liberty to vault over the wall and admit himself. He wanted to know definitely, he said, whether his uncle intended to leave him an annuity, or a present, or nothing at all.

"Well, sir," said the lawyer, "I tried to make your position clear to you yesterday. If I failed, then there is nothing for me to do but to put your case in your uncle's exact words: you will get nothing,

he told me, if you leave this neighborhood. If you remain, you may get a term in prison. He charged me to say this to you, and I think it reveals his state of mind towards you with reasonable distinctness."

"Umph!" said young Mr. Lamont. "He's a damned old pig at the best, but he will hardly make himself publicly ridiculous by arresting me for visiting him, my uncle, to look after my own interests. And you may yet feel very sorry for parroting his brutalities to me, Mr. Borrowes, for I have not yet given up the hope of coming into this property."

The old lawyer smiled by way of an answer to this threat.

"You came," said he, "to get some things of yours—eh? Ah! here is Miss Johnson now. I want you to hear me, miss. The thing of yours that you came to get, sir. What was it? The key of your uncle's safe—eh?"

"I do not understand you," Lamont said; "but I warn you to measure your words. You call yourself a lawyer. You should know how to avoid language that is actionable, and you had better be careful."

"Another thing of yours that you came to get, sir, was a young woman whom you brought to the lodge last night—eh?"

"That is true. I came to see her, for one reason. I mean to see her before I leave."

"You have seen her already, within an hour."

"You lie," said Lamont, perfectly calmly.

"She has been caught, sir, leaving your uncle's room with the key of his safe. Did she take anything else, miss?"

"No, sir, not that I can discover."

"She is a bad one, I must say," said Lamont.

"Wait one minute," said the lawyer. "Caught with the key of the safe, as I say, and when caught she said that you had asked her to get it and bring it to you, sir. Now what have you to say to that?"

"Not much," said Lamont. "I am not responsible for what a girl like that does or says. I will say, though, that I had no idea she was a thief, though I knew she was a vagabond—a devilish pretty one, which is why I bothered myself to get her a bed until I had a chance to see something more of her."

"You have not seen her to-day?"

"I have not," said Lamont.

"You did not at any time, or in any way, lead her to get the key with which she was found?"

"Never. I have but just come in the house," said Lamont. "You say she said she was to bring the key to me. Ask her where she was to find me—if you want to satisfy yourself of what she is. The whole story is preposterous. I ask no odds of you, or any one in this house, but I will leave it to you whether you have not had sport enough with me in trying to do me out of my rights, in ordering me out of this house, in making idle threats, and calling me ugly names—in all those ways—without insulting me with such a grave charge as this on the bare word of a tramp girl, whom I took from the company of rowdies on the road, and whom some of you here—not I—brought into the house. I am not a thief, sir, and you take a mean advantage of your age when you dare to hint that I am."

Never did virtue speak with deeper feeling than rang through Lamont's voice as he thus acted the part of outraged innocence.

"I have never hinted that I believed the girl," said Mr. Borrowes. "What is more, I do not believe her. She was caught red-handed, and made herself out to be your confederate. She has not character enough of her own to damage that of any one else, but I repeat what she said in order, as I feel obliged to do, to arrive at the facts."

"I believe every word the young lady says," said the housekeeper, excitedly. "I've seen her, sir, and spoken with her, and you haven't. No one need tell me she is a bad girl. I'll stake everything I'll ever own that she's not. She is being cruelly slandered; that's my opinion. But if you believe the young gentleman, sir, what does it matter what I think? What is to be done with her, sir?"

"Let her go. We cannot spare the time to punish her. Tell her to be gone at once, and to thank her stars that the dread of death in the house helps her to escape. See that the servants do not get wind of all this, else it may reach the old gentleman's ears."

It was one of the maids who bore to Laura the peculiar message that she was at liberty to leave the house, and that

"she had better go at once." The sensitive housekeeper, when sending the message, acknowledged to herself that she had not the heart to deliver it personally.

"I had better go?" Laura repeated. "You were told to say that to me? How very strange! But I cannot go in this way without—without a good-by, or a chance to— I must thank the gentleman who brought me here."

"If it's Mr. Lamont you mean," said the servant-girl, "he's not in the house no more."

"The woman in charge, then. Say that I ask to see her, to take my leave."

"'Twas herself that sint me to say you had better go."

"Is she—did she say—but I do not want to question you," said Laura, with dignity. "Go and tell her I will be obliged if she will see me for a moment."

"She's terrible busy, mum."

"Please deliver my message to her," Laura said. "She cannot mean me to go away like—like—this. Tell her that I cannot go without seeing her."

The maid went away, and presently Miss Johnson came, wearing on her wholesome face an expression which wavered between the sternness necessitated by one view of Laura's conduct, and the gentle pity begotten of another view.

"What is it you want, miss? I am very busy just now."

"You are displeased with me. I am so sorry," Laura said. "Is the poor sick gentleman angry? Is he made worse by what I did? I cannot leave without saying to you that I'm sorry—that if you had not come in at that moment, I should have gone out of the room without disturbing him."

"It's all done and gone now, miss," said the housekeeper. "It was not you that woke him; it was I who did that. But—but—"

"Have I done something else to give offence?" Laura asked, plaintively. "I seem doomed to such cruel misfortunes. Oh, do not turn me away from here without a kind word! I have all the misery I can stand without the shame of offending friends who have been kind to me."

"There, there," said Miss Johnson, all her doubt and stiffness vanishing; "there has been a misunderstanding, but it's all right now. We are dreadfully upset here, miss, and all the trouble has come from my keeping you here under the circumstances. Now you really must go. No, you need not thank me; but you can call me your friend, for I am that, and I never will doubt you or believe ill of you."

"Oh, what a load you take from me!" Laura exclaimed, putting out her hand to grasp one of Miss Johnson's.

"Though you must leave here, miss," said the housekeeper, "please do not go far for a few hours. Go to the hotel, to the cook there, where Mr. Lamont found you. Just stay there a couple of hours. And if you don't hear from me, think no more of it; but there may be something that I will want to tell you and that you'd like to hear."

When she had seen Laura, with her basket, out of the front door, Miss Johnson returned to the room in which they had been talking, and closing the door, clinched her fists, and tightening her lips, muttered something very like an oath that she would satisfy herself of Laura's goodness, and go to her and clear her own mind of all that had been torturing it. For she felt in her heart that in the matter of the attempted robbery there was in Laura's favor the upright, frank behavior of what seemed a noble nature, while against her was the word of an unprincipled man who, as likely as not, had plotted the circumstances which gave weight to his accusation.

After very little questioning of the under-servants, the housekeeper learned that Lamont had been seen to enter the house fully an hour before the sensational visit of Laura to the Colonel's room, and that he had spent that time upstairs on the same floor with Laura and the invalid. Thus she satisfied herself that he was a liar upon one count at least. But Laura, who did not even suspect that her honor was questioned, could have got no consolation from the discovery. If there was any flavor of good in this miserable ending of the wanderer's visit to the house of her ancestors, it lay in the fact that she was ignorant of the worst that had befallen her. The full disappointment would seem to have fallen upon the Etherians, but we shall see that their supernatural powers kept them too much engrossed with shaping future events to allow present grief to weigh heavily against the good in store.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"IF YOU REMAIN, YOU MAY GET A TERM IN PRISON."

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

First Paper.

WHEN one considers that the British army finds its recruits among every class of citizens, it becomes rather a matter for astonishment that the inner life of the officer or soldier is, as it undoubtedly is, to a great extent a sealed book to the great bulk of the people. When the young man leaves the family circle to wear the red or the blue coat, whether in the ranks or in a higher grade, he enters a mysterious region, echoes from which do indeed reach the outer world, but which remains, in spite of the efforts of novelists of both sexes, to all intents and purposes a *terra incognita*. If the life of the British soldier offers so many mysteries to his compatriots, it is hardly to be wondered at that the descriptions of it which are placed before foreign readers are as a rule more picturesque than accurate.

A Russian military paper not long ago informed its readers that the life of the officer in the British army was one of the utmost ease and luxury; every officer, even the humblest subaltern, owned his yacht, his race-horses, and his box at the opera —when quartered, that is to say, where such a luxury could be obtained (the yacht and the racing stud were everywhere)—while the more wealthy possessed their grouse-moors, their deer-forests, etc., the majority playing cards every night for enormous stakes, and spending large sums on presents to actresses and in other follies. No doubt this highly colored picture went down to a certain extent among its simpler readers, who must have wondered what sort of men these Britons could be, who, in spite of the enervating effects of all this luxury, endured the winter climate of the Crimea as well as the native Russians, and are even now not backward in the struggle for territory which is going on among all European nations.

The French, who ought to know better, having soldiered by our side in the Crimea and in China, get almost equally at sea when endeavoring to describe military life in Great Britain. Our peculiarly insular institution of a regimental mess, which is now, however, finding its way into other armies, offers many puzzles to the Frenchman, who lets himself go in glowing descriptions of the luxurious fittings of the mess, of the sumptuous meals placed before its inmates, and of the magnificent display of *gold* and silver plate under which the sideboards groan.

Some of these ridiculous tales find currency among the civilian classes of our own population, who ought to be better informed, and hardly a year passes without some *paterfamilias* writing to the *Times* to inveigh against the senseless and excessive extravagance of a military mess—the fact probably being that some young hopeful has blamed the regulations of the mess for the results of his own extravagance. I do not deny that in many corps and on many occasions money is spent on entertainments, and even on the current expenses of a mess, which might quite well have remained in the pockets of its owners, but I do deny most emphatically that foolish extravagance is a prominent feature of the management of a mess — the fact usually being, in those cases where expenditure passes the bounds of reason, that the result is more probably due to either ignorance or carelessness on the part of the officer intrusted with the duties of mess president than to malice prepense on the part of any member of the mess.

If tales such as I have alluded to have obtained currency in reference to the "marching regiments" of the line, it is hardly a matter for wonder that the descriptions of life in the *corps d'élite*, such as the Guards and the crack cavalry regiments, stray equally far from the truth.

Over life in the Guards especially a species of glamour has been thrown by the facile pens of some of our most prominent lady novelists, who have revelled in descriptions of the luxurious boudoirs which the curled and perfumed dandies of her Majesty's Household Brigade were good enough to inhabit without a murmur. To these ladies it is undoubtedly due that it is very generally assumed that life in the Guards offers a minimum of military duty with a maximum of social display,



EXAMINING A NEW SUBALTERN CHARGER.

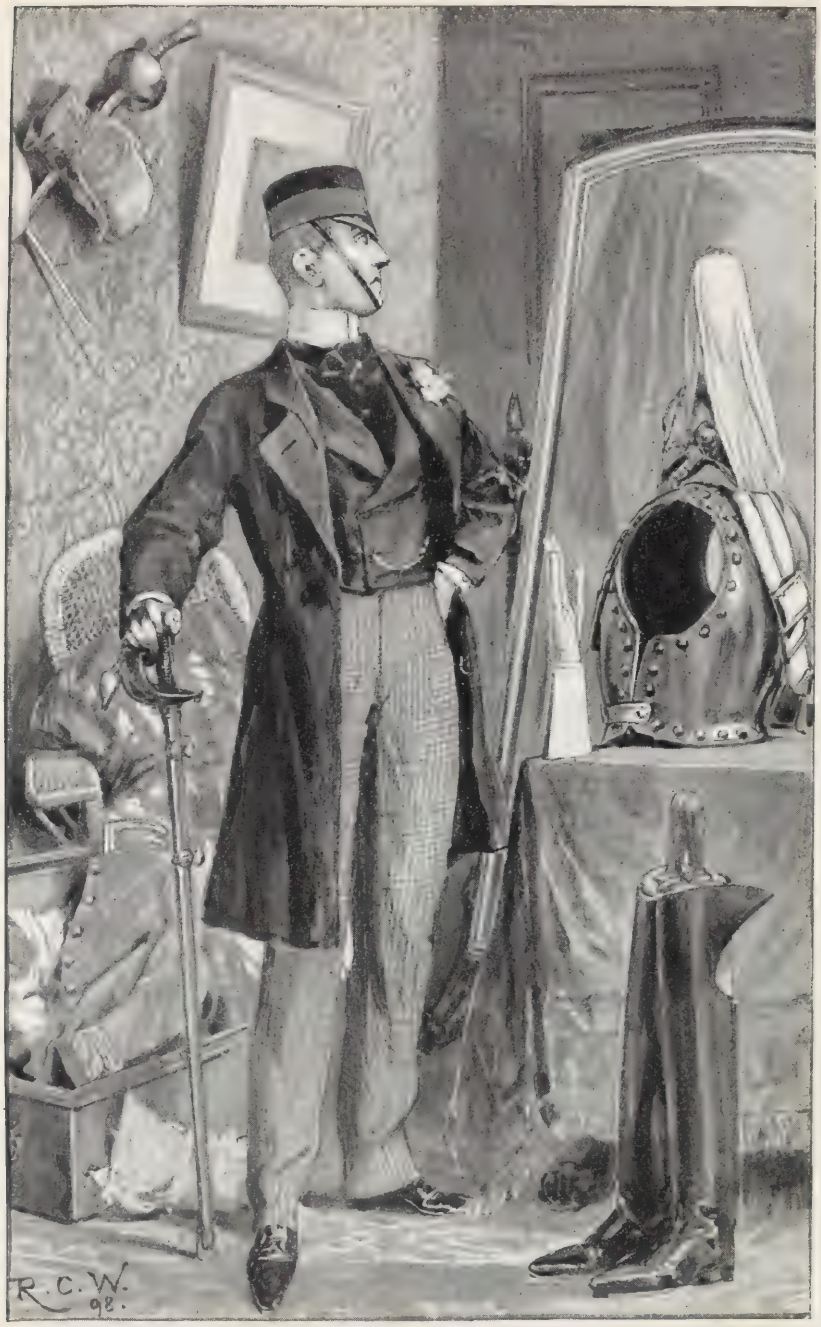
and that the officers are in very truth sybarites and "gilded popinjays" as represented by a well-known labor leader.

If we consider the class from which these "curled darlings" of society are recruited, we feel inclined to wonder what sort of training the young man joining the Guards is put through to alter in such a radical fashion all his previous tastes and ideals. The lads for whom commissions in the Guards are as a rule reserved, have spent their boyhood in the playing-fields of Eton, or Harrow, or one of the other well-known English public schools, where prominence in athletic exercises is the surest road to pre-eminence, and where the captain of the boats or of the cricket team is more regarded and looked up to than the son of the peer or wealthy commoner who has no other claim to distinction. At the universities the same rule holds good, though to a slightly less extent, as here the claims of intellect are listened to with a certain deference which is hardly yet conceded to them at the public school. But in all these assemblages of boys or young men the sybarite is emphatically an "outsider." His room is preferable to his company, and this sentiment is given free play on the few occasions when symptoms of the disease are observed in a member of one of these institutions: little leanings after luxury in the prominent athlete may be condoned in consequence of his other good qualities, but in any individual with less strong claims to consideration all tendencies of this kind are promptly suppressed. Every one will agree that this is an excellent state of public feeling, and it is earnestly to be hoped that it will long continue.

To the young fellow wishing to obtain a commission in the Household troops there are two ways of successfully gratifying his ambition, it being taken for granted that no obstacle presents itself in his social status, and that the necessary nomination has been obtained. The desired goal can be reached either through the portals of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, or by entrance from the commissioned ranks of the militia. This latter method used to be termed the back door; and, indeed, ignorant people call it by that name still; but the examination to be passed nowadays by the militia candidate is every bit as severe as that which confronts the lad entering Sandhurst. If Sandhurst be the chosen path, the successful candidate is required to spend a couple of years there studying the art of war before he is permitted to go up for the final examination, the passing of which will entitle him to his commission as Second Lieutenant in one of the regiments of Household Cavalry or Foot-Guards. At this point a short account of the life at Sandhurst may not be considered out of place. The expense of maintaining a lad at the Military College is somewhere about £200 a year, a portion of which is returned to the cadet in the form of pay, which pay, however, is all or nearly all expended in the necessary daily expenses of the cadet. The course of instruction through which the students are put is in the main confined to subjects which will be useful to them in their military career. Military history, fortification, tactics, military administration and military law, and the art of military topography go to make up a fairly comprehensive curriculum. To these is added instruction in drill, sword exercise, riding, and gymnastics, so that the cadet has his hands pretty full, and is not given much time for getting into mischief. The instructors are, in the majority of cases, officers of the army on full pay, who are detached from their regiments for a term of five years, and the cadets are organized into companies on the model of a line battalion. The mess is run on simple and economical lines; certainly no taste for luxury can be charged against the style of living practised at Sandhurst; but the food, though plain, is amply sufficient, and strict limits are placed on the consumption of intoxicating liquors. The spare time of the cadets is chiefly employed in active out-door games, as is fitting among young men destined for service in the army—cricket in the summer and football in the winter holding the places of honor. A few years ago polo was played by some of the wealthier among the cadets, but it was feared that this might encourage extravagant habits, so the game is now forbidden, and the superabundant energies of the cadets have to find vent in the more legitimate channels of cricket, racquets, and football. Altogether the life at the Royal Military College is a very healthy one, both morally and physically, and if the work is not very hard, yet care is taken that the time



NIGHT GUARD FOR THE BANK OF ENGLAND, PASSING DOWN THE EMBANKMENT.



A PRIVATE VIEW OF HIS KIT.

of the cadets is fairly well occupied. It is not possible to say so much for the training given to the lads who enter the service through the militia. The actual military training which they receive is limited to a very few months, a militia regiment only drilling for twenty-seven days every year; and the great bulk of the knowledge of military subjects which the aspirant for military honors has to acquire in order to satisfy the examiners is picked up at the establishment of one of the numerous military "crammers," a race which has multiplied and prospered exceedingly in recent years. The life at one of these establishments is full of temptation to the young man with a good allowance, especially in the case of those crammers who live in London; but if the examination is to be passed with credit, excess must be avoided, which probably accounts for the fact that a large majority of the lads who have graduated at the crammer's are rather the better than the worse for the trials they have successfully passed through. However, we will suppose that all the obstacles in the path of the would-be Guardsman have been successfully overcome, and that the time has come when the youngster sees his name for the first time in the London *Gazette* as appointed to a Second-Lieutenancy in one of the regiments of Household Cavalry or of Foot-Guards. I will take the case of the cavalry subaltern first.

On his appointment he will be granted a month's leave, which will be fully occupied in providing himself with horses and with the trappings and appointments of his new profession. In the case of the Household Cavalry, and indeed in almost every case, this is a matter of very great importance. Almost every article of his equipment, from his helmet to his spurs, is made by a specialist, and the youngster will make a fatally false start if he go by any chance to the wrong artist for the right article. Being a young man of discretion, and probably having friends or relatives, certainly old school-fellows, in the regiment of his choice, he will put himself in communication with his corps, will probably be asked to dine, and will be treated with a kindness and consideration which will make him rapidly feel himself at home, and will be put in the right way without

loss of time. The matter of chargers will be one of great importance. The young officer will be required to provide himself with two chargers, of which the first must be an animal of breeding and substance, able to carry with dignity the twenty stone or so which our young friend, when fully accoutred, will impose upon his aristocratic back; free from blemish must he be, noble in appearance, full of fire, yet equable in temper, and, last but not least, of a jet-black color. When this paragon is eventually found, after much expenditure in railway fares and cab hire, he must be passed by the Colonel before his purchase can be completed. The second charger can be found with less difficulty; the superlative qualities of the first charger are not expected from him, and a well-bred, useful horse, up to weight and sound, will satisfy the most exacting of colonels, provided that he is the right color, which for the Household Cavalry is black.

If, however, our embryo Guardsman prefer the infantry of the Household Brigade, he will find that though his outfit will cost him very much less, yet that it is quite as essential to find out who are the only tradesmen to whom he can intrust the making of his kit. He will not be troubled with the matter of horseflesh, but will have to exercise equal care with the cut of his tunic and the shape of the bear-skin cap which forms the imposing head-dress of the Foot-Guards.

The leave on appointment having expired, the young officer now joins his regiment, and whether a horse soldier or an infantryman, will find the first year or two of his service so much occupied with drill and the mastering of his professional duties that very little spare time will be on his hands. There appears to be a general impression among civilians not well acquainted with her Majesty's Guards that their military duties are light and chiefly ornamental. This is very far from being the case. It is doubtful if keener



ADJUTANT OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS—UNDRESS UNIFORM.



AN OFFICER OF THE GUARD ON HIS ROUNDS.

At eleven o'clock every night he passes down Pall Mall, lighted by his bugler, as has been the custom for nearly two hundred years.

soldiers are to be found in any branch of the service; in the minutiæ of drill the greatest accuracy is insisted on, and the study of the higher branches of the profession of arms is encouraged in every possible manner. For study of this nature the young Guardsman has unequalled opportunities; at his hand is the splendid professional library of the Royal United Service Institution, the library of the Guards Club holds numerous valuable military works, and in London are to be found the best military tutors in the world. Aldershot, the great training-school of the British army, is within an hour's rail, and it is by no means difficult for him to cross the Channel and be a spectator of the grand manœuvres of the French and German armies. So much for his opportunities for study. On the other hand, his temptations to idleness are even greater. After the first two years the young Guardsman will find that he has a good deal of spare time on his hands, and the manner of employing it will, as might be supposed, depend in a great measure on his tastes and companions. The actual surroundings of his daily life are simple enough. If quartered in London, unless at the Tower, he will live at the Guards Club, as the mess at the Tower is the only one maintained by the Foot-Guards in London; and his expenses at the club will compare favorably with the expenses of any other club in town. If the battalion to which he belongs is quartered at Chelsea barracks, he may very possibly have a room in the barracks; if his people live in town, as is often the case, he may live at home, or he may prefer the freedom of a couple of rooms in the neighborhood of Jermyn Street or St. James's. The entrance-fee to the Guards Club is thirty guineas, and he will have to pay an annual subscription of £11; a fair average of the living expenses of the club may be taken as some £20 a month, though, if of extravagant tastes, it may be much higher, and the rent of his rooms will depend almost entirely on what he chooses to pay; so that it is clear that the necessary expenses of life in the Foot-Guards is not nearly as prohibitory as is generally supposed. The Guardsman receives the same pay as officers of corresponding rank in the line, with the addition of £70 a year Guard's pay, so that it is possible for a youngster of an economical turn to live in the Guards on an allowance of £300 a year in addition to his pay. As we have just shown, it is *possible*, but I must admit that it is not often done. The young Guardsman is very seldom contented with one club, or even with two, and the brigade will be found to be fairly strongly represented at the "Bachelors'," "White's," and the best service clubs. The lovers of cricket and tennis proper are mostly *habitués* of "Prince's," and the majority belong to the principal racing clubs, such as Sandown Park, and the horsy or rather "pony" clubs of Hurlingham and the newer Ranelagh.

As I have already explained, the greatest exactness of dress in uniform is insisted on in the brigade, as might only be expected in the personal guard of the sovereign, but it is not generally known that equally strict sumptuary laws are enforced in the matter of mufti. The aim doubtless originally was to make the members of the brigade conspicuous for the richness and neatness of their dress when off duty, in contradistinction to the gay apparel of the macaronies of the period, and though richness of attire in men is now happily a thing of the past, great neatness is still insisted on in the Guardsman, and the iniquity of gaudy ties and waistcoats, curly brimmed hats in the extreme of fashion, and startling garments generally are strictly tabooed. In mufti, when in town, in the morning, a black tie is "the only wear," the hat must be of a certain shape and not in the extreme of fashion, and patent-leather boots are only worn in the evening. In the country the usual tweeds of the English gentleman are worn, with a tie and hat ribbon of the well-known colors of the brigade.

In London the guard duties fall very heavily on the rank and file, but there are now only two guards which are commanded by officers; one of these is the guard at St. James's Palace, which is commanded by a captain with two subalterns; the other is the guard at the Bank of England, which is commanded by a subaltern. At the dinners of both these guards the presence of guests is sanctioned. For the Bank guard dinner, a bottle of wine apiece is provided free for two guests. The directors of the Bank used to give the officer of the Bank guard a sovereign nightly, but this custom has now been abandoned, and the dinners of his guests—

and very good dinners too—are now furnished instead. At St. James's the officers of the guard are provided with dinner, and are joined by the officers of the Household Cavalry from the guard at the Horse-Guards—from which guard is furnished those mounted sentries who are the admiration of the passer-by in Whitehall. In addition to these officers of the two guards, dinner is also provided for the colonels and adjutants of the regiments of Guards, and for the field-officer of the day; but the colonels and adjutants rarely turn up, and there is usually room for several guests, the expenses of whose dinners are naturally defrayed by their hosts. As at the Bank, the dinner at St. James's is excellent of its kind, the service and the wines are also of the highest class, and many gourmets affirm that the dinner of the Queen's guard is equal to any dinner in London. Pleasant as this dinner may be, late hours are not encouraged, and by the stroke of eleven all guests must have departed for the night.

Thus the life of the young man in the Guards who is blessed with good private means is pleasant enough; his mornings, and occasionally the greater part of his day, are taken up with the drills and routine duties of his profession, which are no great tax on his intelligence or on his physique, and his spare time is devoted to those amusements common to young men of his class and education. If a polo-player, and it is rather remarkable how few really good polo-players are turned out by the Household troops, the greater part of his leisure during the season will be spent at Hurlingham or Ranelagh; the summer will probably find him with his regiment getting through musketry and field-training at Pirbright, a healthy spot not far from Aldershot, where the London battalions of Guards are placed under canvas every summer, or else going through the army manœuvres with the Aldershot division. As summer goes on and the 12th of August draws near, the shooting man will begin to fidget about his leave for Scotland or Yorkshire, and ere the all-important date arrives there will be an exodus from the battalion of all who can by hook or crook get the leave they desire. In this matter of leave the Guardsman is fortunate above his brethren in the cavalry and infantry of the line; the subaltern of the Guards rarely finds any difficulty in getting away for four months out of the twelve, and his captain is even more fortunate, as he can generally count on six months' leave in the year. One result of the freedom with which leave is given in the Guards is that a large number of the brigade are great travellers. We have all read *My Ride to Khiva*, the author of which, the gallant Burnaby, was a Guardsman; and there are now numbers of men equally enterprising, though less familiar to the multitude. In fact, it would hardly be too much to say that wherever the British pioneer has penetrated, some member of the brigade has ventured also at no considerable interval. The north pole itself appears to be the only virgin soil to some of the bolder spirits of the brigade. Many people think that for the Guards, serving only at home, opportunities of seeing active service are few and far between; this is by no means the case. Everybody knows that the brigade furnished a large contingent at Tel-el-Kebir, and also to the camel corps, and the charge of the Household Cavalry at Kassassin has provided a subject both for the artist and the poet; but in addition to these services, which are, as I have already said, well known, the British army has hardly been engaged on a campaign or expedition during the last century on which the Guards have not been represented, if not by their men, by their officers, in a strength quite out of proportion to their numbers. As soon as a rumor spreads that a new expedition, affording some chance of seeing service, is to be entered upon, so soon will the portals of the War Office be blocked by Guardsmen trying by every means in their power to get employment in the expeditionary force. If this employment be denied to them, the chances are ten to one that if it can possibly be managed the aspirants after military glory will turn up at the front in the guise of tourists, newspaper correspondents, or what not, necessitating usually their being ordered home in the most peremptory fashion by the general officer in command, though billets as orderly officers and extra aides-de-camp are occasionally found for the more irrepressible. Returning to the social side of life in the brigade, from which, in this sadly discursive paper, I have frequently wandered, the curious will find that the habit of gambling for high stakes,

which has been popularly supposed to be one of the curses of modern fashionable life in London, is not nearly as prevalent among the young Guardsmen as among the gilded youth of the civilian population. There are, of course, as there always will be, foolish and dissipated young men, who will sit down nightly to play for sums much larger than they can afford to lose, and everybody remembers one or two tragedies which have been nine days' wonders in London in consequence; but this love for card-playing for high stakes is fortunately confined to a limited number, and is discountenanced as much as possible by the senior officers of the brigade, who, however, owing to the peculiarities of the regimental life in London, are not as well placed for putting a stop to these practices, or indeed for hearing of them at all, till it is too late, as they would be if quartered in Dublin, or at Windsor, where the regimental mess is in full swing. However, young Englishmen are fond of a gamble, and I cannot deny that though the votaries of the board of green cloth are comparatively few, a good deal of money is lost every year by the students of "public form," or the believers in private "tips" on the turf. Your average young Guardsman is a great race-goer; at Ascot, of course, he is present, as it were, almost officially, and welcomes all his friends to lunch in the marquees flying the well-known colors of the brigade; but Ascot is only one out of very many meetings, and a very large number of the officers, both senior and junior, of her Majesty's Guards are regular *habitués* at Newmarket, Goodwood, Liverpool, Manchester, and all the suburban meetings, such as Sandown and Kempton. Just now I alluded to the lunch given by the brigade at Ascot, and this reminds me that this race luncheon is the only regimental hospitality expected of the Guards during the year. Unlike his brother in the line, the young Guardsman is not mulcted in heavy subscriptions for entertainments; the individual charge for the Ascot lunch is covered by a very few shillings, being in the hands of the most skilful of caterers, so that there are some compensations for the heavy expenses to which life in the brigade subjects its members in other respects. In addition to patronizing very largely race-meetings all over the country, the Household troops have a meeting of their own, usually held at Hawthorn Hill, where, besides a number of steeple-chases and hurdle-races confined to members of the Household troops, there are always some races open to the whole of the army, and a race for the farmers. In this meeting the greatest interest is taken; a considerable number are fair performers between the flags; in fact, a couple of the best military jockeys are to be found in the ranks of the brigade, and those who are not themselves riding are usually anxious to back the chances of their friends. This meeting is generally held in April, and is limited to two days, and a very pleasant two days they usually are. Earlier in the year, usually in March, the grand military meeting is held at Sandown; and though the races here are open to the whole army, the brigade generally has a cut in at a good number of them. Fox-hunting also has its devotees amongst the Guardsmen, and is probably the sport the most universally followed, certainly by the younger men, a large number of whom keep studs of horses at the different hunting centres in the Midlands, from which town is easily reached in case of need. Of late Gibraltar has been added to the stations which are occupied by the Guards in time of peace, which had hitherto been limited to London, Windsor, and Dublin, and I have no doubt that the most ardent followers of the Calpe hounds will be recruited largely from the ranks of the battalion lying at that fortress. What I have written above with reference to the mode of life of the officer in the Grenadier, Coldstream, or Scots guards will in the main apply equally well to their brother-officers in the Household Cavalry, with the exception that these officers are most fortunate in being able to live in their own mess, at Knightsbridge, Albany Street, and Windsor, and are not quartered anywhere but at those places. Life in these crack cavalry corps is also considerably more expensive than in the Foot-Guards; the mess, though well and economically managed, is undeniably dearer; and, owing to the fact that the officers of these regiments are all or nearly all wealthy men, the whole style of living is very much more costly than in the corps I have hitherto been considering. But even in these expensive regiments the style of living does not approach the magnificence with which it is credited in the imagination of

the foreign journalist. Practically every one hunts and plays polo, both amusements requiring a good deal of expenditure, but the yacht, the grouse-moor, and the opera-box are, as a rule, conspicuous by their absence, though one or two of the officers are keen on Corinthian racing, and several are fortunate enough to possess the best of grouse, partridge, and cover shooting.

Leaving the Household troops and turning to the cavalry of the line, we will find a wide difference in the expense and the mode of life of different corps. Opinions differ very much, even in the service itself, as to which regiment can lay claim to be the "smartest" cavalry regiment in the army, though the palm is usually awarded to the 10th Hussars, of which regiment the Prince of Wales is Colonel, and which included among its officers the late Duke of Clarence. Admission to the commissioned ranks of the 10th is, as might be imagined, more difficult than to those of any other regiment, the social position of the candidate being a matter of much importance, while considerable private means are also an essential. Officers have lived in the 10th with an allowance of only £500 a year in addition to their pay, but they have rarely lasted long, and the average income of the officers is very much higher. In some other regiments which do not hold the high social position accorded practically unanimously to the officers of the 10th, the necessity for considerable private means is equally strong, but these regiments are in many cases recruited rather from the aristocracy of wealth than from that of hereditary distinction. Since agricultural depression has made itself felt, thus making serious reductions in the incomes of the land-owning classes, many men of high social position have been unable to afford the expense of maintaining a son in a crack cavalry corps, and in consequence a number of these corps are now mainly recruited, so far as their commissioned ranks are concerned, from the sons of men who have made fortunes in trade. However, to return to my subject: the youngster whose parents can afford to maintain him in a good cavalry regiment has the prospect, even in these days, of a very pleasant life before him. As in the case of the Household troops, the lad about to join will probably have friends or school-fellows in the regiment to which he has been posted, the great public schools still furnishing the largest proportion of cavalry officers. As every corps is exceedingly jealous of its own social standing, it is needless to say that as soon as the name of the new subaltern appears in the *Gazette*, the most anxious inquiries are made in the regiment as to whether he is a "good sort," and likely to do the regiment credit. The lad who joins with a school reputation of being a fine cricketer or racquet-player is assured of a welcome which would possibly be denied to the lad who had passed at top of the list into the service. As in the Guards, each regiment of cavalry has its own tailor, and the young officer joining will find it essential to ascertain the names of the artists in tunics and breeches who happen to possess the confidence of his new corps. These tradesmen will be found to be most accommodating in every way; but civility of this high order is occasionally an expensive luxury, and it may be taken as a rough estimate that it will not be an easy matter to get a complete cavalry outfit, exclusive of horses, under, at the least, £300. However, people who put their sons into the cavalry must be prepared for this sort of thing; the money will, without doubt, be forth-coming, and on the expiration of his leave the youngster will join his regiment like a young bear with all his troubles before him. At first the greater part of his days will be taken up with his initiation in the mysteries of foot-drill, riding-school, fencing, and gymnastics, while his spare time will be at the disposal of his junior brother officers, who will conscientiously endeavor to find out for themselves the limits of the new-comer's good temper and physical strength. If the neophyte be an easy-tempered and well-plucked youngster, his trials will soon be over, and he will before long find himself on a footing of the most perfect equality, off parade, with his brother officers, and a member of a large family who may have their little private differences, but who present an unbroken front to the outside world. This regimental family is, as a rule, by no means an Eveless Eden; several of the officers will probably be married men, and the ladies of the regiment are usually quite recognized as members of the regimental family, and are quite as keen as their husbands to maintain in every way the honor and

credit of the corps. The regiment likewise feels that the married ladies belong to it quite as much as do their husbands; and outsiders are occasionally made to repent an action, possibly unintentional, which has been construed into a social slight on one of these ladies. In some regiments the ladies all dine at mess with their husbands' brother officers on Christmas night; in others, other little friendly customs exist, identifying them with the corps; and in the case of all regimental entertainments, the wife of the senior officer will, as a matter of course, receive the guests. In view of what I have said above, the reader must not run away with the idea that matrimony is at all encouraged in the cavalry; very far from it. It is recognized that human frailty is such that some allowance must be made for senior officers, but the married subaltern is not likely to find himself popular, and, unless a very good chap, may receive a strong hint to remove himself and his bride to some other regiment. The feeling about matrimony may be summed up as follows: the Colonel should be married—a bachelor Colonel in the mess is not always a joy forever; Majors, especially if grumpy and livery in the mornings, may be married; Captains should not be married; and subalterns *must* be bachelors—though, sad to say, they often prove quite as susceptible as their seniors. The chief reason for this feeling against matrimony is that it is bad for the mess. Married officers only pay half the usual mess subscriptions through their agents, and as they seldom dine in the mess, the cost of maintaining a proper establishment, being divisible into fewer parts, falls more heavily on the bachelor members. Also the sociability of the mess suffers; and, though this is strictly between ourselves, the addition of a new lady to the married roll of a regiment is not always found to increase the harmony of its regimental life. In some corps would-be benedicts have to pay a fine of £100 to the funds of the mess as a compensation for their intended desertion.

I find that I am now getting beyond the limits of space assigned to me, and must reserve for another article a description of the officers' life and amusements at home and abroad, both in the cavalry and in the other branches of the British army.

"PER DOMOS DITIS VACUAS."

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

THE old, old Wind that whispers to old trees,
Round the dark country when the sun has set,
Goes murmuring still of unremembered seas
And cities of the dead that men forget—
An old blind beggar-man, distained and gray,
With ancient tales to tell,
Mumbling of this and that upon his way,
Strange song and muttered spell—
Neither to East or West, or South or North,
His habitation lies,
This roofless vagabond who wanders forth
Aye under alien skies—
A gypsy of the air, he comes and goes
Between the tall trees and the shadowed grass,
And what he tells only the twilight knows . . .
The tall trees and the twilight hear him pass.

To him the Dead stretch forth their strengthless hands,
He who campaigns in other climes than this,
He who is free of the Unshapen Lands,
The empty homes of Dis.

SUN-DOWN LEFLARE'S WARM SPOT.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

TOWARDS mid-day the steady brilliancy of the sun had satiated my color sense, and the dust kicked up in an irritating way, while the chug-a-chug, chug-a-chug, of the ponies began to bore me. I wished for something to happen.

We had picked wild plums, which had subdued my six-hour appetite, but the unremitting walk-along of our march had gotten on my nerves. A proper man should not have such fussy things—but I have them, more is the pity. The pony was going beautifully: I could not quarrel with him. The high plains do things in such a set way, so far as weather is concerned, and it is a day's march before you change views. I began to long for a few rocks—a few rails and some ragged trees—a pool of water with some reflections—in short, anything but the horizontal monotony of our surroundings.

To add to this complaining, it could not be expected that these wild men would ever stop until they got there, wherever "there" might happen to be this day. I evidently do not have their purpose, which is "big game," close to my heart. The chickens in this creek-bottom which we are following up would suit me as well.

These people will not be diverted, though I must, so I set my self-considering eye on Sun-Down Leflare. He will answer, for he is a strange man, with his curious English and his weird past. He is a tall person of great physical power, and must in his youth have been a handsome vagabond. Born and raised with the buffalo Indians, still there was white man enough about him for a point of view which I could understand. His great head, almost Roman, was not Indian, for it was too fine; nor was it French; it answered to none of those requirements. His character was so fine a balance between the two, when one considered his environment, that I never was at a loss to place the inflections. And yet he was an exotic, and could never bore a man who had read a little history.

Sombreroed and moccasined, Sun-Down pattered along on his roan pinto, talking seven languages at the pack-ponies, and I drew alongside. I knew he never contributed to the sum of human knowledge gratuitously; it had to be irritated out of him with delicacy. I wondered if he ever had a romance. I knew if he ever had, it would be curious. We bumped along for a time doggedly, and I said,

"Where you living now, Sun-Down?"

Instantly came the reply, "Leevin' here." He yelled at a pack-horse; but, turning with a benignant smile, added, "Well, I weare leeve on dees pony, er een de blanket on de white pack-horse."

"No tepee?" I asked.

"No—no tepee," came rather solemnly for Sun-Down, who was not solemn by nature, having rather too much varlety for that.

"I suppose you are a married man?"

"No—no—me not marry," came the heavy response.

"Had no woman, hey?" I said, as I gave up the subject.

"Oh, yees! woman—had seex woman," came the rather overwhelming information.

"Children too, I suppose?"

"Oh, dam, yees! whole tribe. Why, I was have boy old as you aire. He up Canada way; hees mudder he Blackfoot woman. Dat was'way,'way back yondair, when I was firs' come Rocky Mountain. I weare a boy."

I asked where the woman was now.

"Dead—long, long time. She got keel by buffalo. She was try for skin buffalo what was not dead 'nough for skin. Buffalo was skin her," and Sun-Down grinned quickly at his pleasantry; but it somehow did not appeal to my humor so much as to my imagination, and it revealed an undomesticated mind.

"Did you never have one woman whom you loved more than all the others?" I went on.

"Yees; twenty year 'go I had Gros Ventre woman. She was fine woman—bes' woman I evair have. I pay twenty-five pony for her. She was dress de robe un

paint eet bettair, un I was mak heap of money on her. But she was keel by de Sioux while she was one day pick de wil' plum, un I lose de twenty-five pony een leetle ovair a year I have her. Sacré!

"Eef man was hab seex woman lak dat een dose day, he was not ask de odds of any reech man. He could sell de robe plenty;" and Sun-Down heaved a downright sigh.

I charged him with being an old trader, who always bought his women and his horses; and Sun-Down turned his head to me with the chin raised, while there was the wild animal in his eye.

"Buy my woman! What de 'ell you know I buy my woman?"

And then I could see my fine work. I gave him a contemptuous laugh.

Then his voice came high-pitched: "You ask me de oddar night eef I weare evair cole. Do you tink I was evair cole now? You say I buy my woman. Now I weel tell you I deed not alway buy my woman."

And I knew that he would soon vindicate his gallantry, so I said, softly, "I will have to believe what you tell me about it."

"I don' wan' for dat agent to know 'bout all dees woman beesness. He was good frien' of mine, but he pretty good man back Eas'—maybeso he not lak me eef he know more 'bout me;" and Sun-Down regained his composure.

"Oh, don't you fret—I won't say a word," I assured him. And here I find myself violating his confidence in print; but it won't matter. Neither Sun-Down nor the agent will ever read it.

"'Way back yondair, maybeso you 'bout dees high"—and he leaned down from his pony, spreading his palm about two feet and a half above the buffalo-grass—"I was work for Meestar MacDonnail, what hab trade-pos' on Missouri Reever. I was go out to de Enjun camp, un was try for mak 'em come to Meestar MacDonnail for trade skin. Well, all right. I was play de card for dose Enjun, un was manage for geet some skin myself for trade Meestar MacDonnail. I was know dose Enjun varrie well. I was play de card, was run de buffalo, un was trap de skin.

"I was all same Enjun—fringe, bead, long hair—but I was wear de hat. I was hab de bes' pony een de country, un I was hab de firs' breech-loadair een de country. Ah, I was reech! Well, I young man, un de squaw she was good frien' for me, but Snow-Owl hab young woman, un he tink terreble lot 'bout her—was watch her all time. Out of de side of her eye she was watch me, un I was watch her out of de side of my eye—we was both watch each oddar, but we deed not speak. She was look fine, by gar! You see no woman at Billings Fair what would speet even wid her. I tink she not straight-bred Enjun woman—I tink she 'bout much Enjun as I be. All time we watch each oddar. I know eet no use for try trade Snow-Owl out of her, so I tink I win her wid de cards. Den I was deal de skin game for Snow-Owl, un was hab heem broke—was geet all hees pony, all hees robe, was geet hees gun; but eet no use. Snow-Owl she not put de woman on de blanket. I tell heem, 'You put de woman on de blanket, by gar I put twenty pony un forty robe on de blanket.'

"No, he sais he weel not put de woman on de blanket. He nevair mind de robe un de pony. He go to de Alsaroke un steal more pony, un he have de robe plenty by come snow.

"Well, he tak some young man un he go off to Alsaroke to steal horse, un I seet roun' un watch dat woman. She watch me. Pretty soon camp was hunt de buffalo, un I was hunt Snow-Owl's woman. Every one was excite, un dey don' tak no 'count of me. I see de woman go up leetle coulie for stray horse, un I follar her. I sais: 'How do? You come be my woman. We run off to Meestar MacDonnail's trade-house.'

"She sais she afraid. I tole her: 'Your buck no good; he got no robe, no pony; he go leave you to live on de camp. I am reech. Come wid me.' And den I walk up un steek my knife eento de ribs of de old camp pony what she was ride. He was go hough! hough! un was drop down. She was say she weel go wid me, un I was tie her hand un feet, all same cowboy she rope de steer down, un I was leave her dair on de grass. I was ride out een de plain for geet my horse-ban', un was tell my moccasin-boy I was wan' heem go do dees ting, go do dat ting—I was forget now.

"Well, den back I go wid de horse-ban' to de woman, un was put her on good strong pony, but I was tak off hees

lariat un was tie her feet undar hees belly. I tink maybeso she skin out. Den we mak trail for Meestar MacDonnail, un eet was geet night. I was ask her eef she be my squaw. She sais she will be my squaw; but by gar she was my squaw, anyhow, eef I not tak off de rawhide." Sun-Down here gave himself up to a little merriment, which called crocodiles and hyenas to my mind.

"I was tell you not for doubt I mak dat horse-ban' burn de air dat night. I knew eef dose Enjun peek up dat trail, dey run me to a stan'-steel. Eet was two day to Meestar MacDonnail, un I got dair 'bout dark, un Meestar MacDonnail she sais, 'When dose Enjun was come een?' I sais, 'Dey come pretty queek, I guess.'

"I was glad for geet een dat log fence. My pony she could go no more. Well, I was res' up, un maybeso eet four day when up come de 'vance-guard of dose Enjun, un dey was mad as wolf. Deedn't have nothin' on but de moccasin un de red paint. Dey was crazy. Meestar MacDonnail he not let 'em een de log fence. Den he was say, 'What een hell de mattair, Leflare?' I sais, 'Guess dey los' someting.'

"Meestar MacDonnail was geet up on de beeg gate, un was say, 'What you Enjun want?' Dey was say, 'Leflare; he stole chief's wife.' Dey was want heem for geeve me up. Den Meestar MacDonnail he got crazy, un he dam me terreble. He sais I was no beesness steal woman un come to hees house; but I was tol' heem I have no oddar plass for go but hees house. He sais, 'Why you tak woman, anyhow?' I was shrug my shouldair.

"Dose Enjun dey was set roun' on dair ham-bone un watch dat plass, un den pretty soon was come de village—dog, baby, dry meat — whole outfeet. Well, Leflare he was up in a tree, for dey was mak camp all roun' dat log fence. Meestar MacDonnail he was geet on de gate, de Enjun dey was set on de grass, un dey was talk a heap—dey was talk steady for two day. De Enjun was have me or dey was burn de pos'. Meestar MacDonnail sais he was geeve up de woman. De Enjun was say, dam de woman—was want me. I was say I was not geeve up de woman. Dat was fine woman, un I was say eef dey geet dat woman, dey must geet Leflare firs'.

"All night dar was more talk, un de Enjun dey was yell. Meestar MacDonnail was want me for mak run een de night-time, but I was not tink I geet troo. 'Well, den,' he sais, 'you geeve yourself to dose Enjun.' I was laugh at heem, un cock my breech-loadair, un say, 'You cannot mak me.'

"De Enjun dey was shoot dar gun at de log fence, un de white man he was shoot een de air. Eet was war.

"All right. Pretty soon dey was mak de peace sign, un was talk some more. Snow-Owl had come.

"Den I got on de gate un I yell at dem. I was call dem all de dog, all de woman een de worl'. I was say Snow-Owl he dam ole sage-hen. He lose hees robe, hees pony, hees woman, un I leek heem een de bargain eef he not run lak deer when he hear my voice. Den I was yell, bah!" which Sun-Down did, putting all the prairie-dogs into their holes for our day's march.

"Den dey was talk.

"Well, I sais, eef Snow-Owl he any good, let us fight for de woman. Let dose Enjun sen' two beeg chief eento de log fence, un I weel go out eento de plain un fight Snow-Owl for de woman. Eef I leek, dose Enjun was have go 'way; un eef dar was any one strike me but Snow-Owl, de two chief mus' die. Meestar MacDonnail he say de two chief mus' die. De Enjun was talk heap. Was say 'fraid of my gun. I was say eef I not tak my gun, den Snow-Owl mus' not tak hees bow-arrow. Den dey send de two chief eento de log house. We was fight wid de lance un de skin-knife.

"Eet was noon, un was hot. I was sharp my knife, was tie up my bes' pony tail, un was tak off my clothes, but was wear my hat for keep de sun out of my eye. Den I was geet on my pony un go out troo de gate. I was yell, 'Come on, Snow-Owl; I teach you new game;' un I was laugh at dem.

"Dose Enjun weare not to come within rifle-shot of de pos', or de chief mus' die.

"All right. Out come Snow-Owl. He was pretty man — pretty good man, I guess. Oh, eet was long time 'go. I tink he was brav' man, but he was tink too much of dat woman. He was on pinto pony, un was have not a ting on heem but de breech-clout un de bull-hide shiel'. Den we leek our pony, un we went for fight. I dun'no' jes what eet all weare;"



"HE SAIS HE WEEL NOT PUT DE WOMAN ON DE BLANKET."

and Sun-Down began to undo his shirt, hauling it back to show me a big livid scar through the right breast, high up by the shoulder.

"De pony go pat, pat, pat, un lak de light in de mornin' she trabel 'cross de plain we come togaddar. Hees beeg buffalo-lance she go clean troo my shouldar, un br'ak off de blade, un trow me off my pony. Snow-Owl she stop hees pony chuck, chunck, chinck, un was come roun' for run me down. I peeked up a stone un trow eet at heem. You bet my medicine she good; eet heet heem een de back of de head.

"Snow-Owl she go wobble, wobble, un she slide off de pony slow lak, un I was run up for heem. When I was geet dair he was geet on hees feet, un we was go at eet wid de knife. Snow-Owl was bes' man wid de lance, but I was bes' man wid de knife, un hees head was not come back to heem from de stone, for I keel heem, un I took hees hair; all de time de lance she steek out of my shouldar. I was go to de trade-pos', un dose Enjun was yell terreble; but Meestar MacDonnail she was geet on de gate un say dey mus' go 'way or de chief mus' die.

"Nex' morning dey was all go 'way; un Leflare he go 'way too. Meestar MacDonnail he did not tink I was buy all my squaw. Sacré!

"Oh, de squaw — well, I sol' her for one hundred dollar to white man on de Yellowstone. 'Twas t'ree year aftair dat fight;" and Sun-Down made a détour into the brushy bottom to head back the kitchen-mare, while I rode along, musing.

This rough plains wanderer is an old man now, and he may have forgotten his tender feelings of long ago. He had never examined himself for anything but wounds of the flesh, and nature had laid rough roads in his path, but still he sold the squaw for whom he had been willing to give his life. How can I reconcile this romance to its positively fatal termination?

Back came Sun-Down presently, and spurring up the cut bank, he sang out, "You tink I always buy my squaw, hey? —what you tink 'bout eet now?"

Oh, you old land-loper, I do not know what to think about you, was what came into my head; but I said, "Sun-Down, you are a raw dog," and we both laughed.

So over the long day's ride we bobbed along together, with no more romance than hungry men are apt to feel before the evening meal. We toiled up the hills, driving the pack-horses, while the disappearing sun made the red sand-rocks glitter with light on our left, and about us the air and the grass were cold. Presently we made camp in the canyon, and what with laying our bedding, cooking our supper, and smoking, the darkness had come. Our companions had turned into their blankets, leaving Sun-Down and me gazing into the fire. The dance of the flames was all that occupied my mind until Sun-Down said, "I want for go Buford dees wintair."

"Why don't you go?" I chipped in.

"Oh—leetle baby—so long," and he showed me by spreading his hands about eighteen inches.

"Your baby, Sun-Down?"

"Yees — my little baby," he replied, meditatively.

"Why can't you go to Buford?" I hazarded.

"Leetle baby she no stan' de trip. Eet varrie late een de fall—maybeso snow—leetle baby she no stand dat."

"Why don't you go by railroad?" I pressed; but, bless me, I knew that was a foolish question, since Sun-Down Leflare did not belong to the railroad period, and could not even contemplate going anywhere that way.

"I got de wagon un de pony, but de baby she too leetle. Maybeso I go nex' year eef baby she all right. I got white woman up at agency for tak care of de baby, un eet cos' me t'ree dollar a week. You s'pose I put dat baby een a dam Enjun tepee?" And his voice rose truculently.

As I had not supposed anything concerning it, I was embarrassed somewhat, and said, "Of course not—but where was the mother of the child?"

"Oh, her mudder—well, she was no Enjun. Don' know where she ees now. When de leetle baby was born, her mudder was run off on de dam railroad;" and we turned in for the night.

My romance had arrived.



"HEES BEEG BUFFALO LANCE SHE GO CLEAN TROO MY SHOULDAR."

THE ROMANCE OF A MAD KING.

BY REV. ALEXANDER MACKAY-SMITH, D.D.

ON a wet and dreary evening in the month of June, 1886, the last act in one of the most striking tragedies of modern times was closed near the romantic Castle of Berg, on the Lake of Starnberg, in Bavaria. Two powerful figures are seen locked in a deadly embrace, swaying back and forth in the shallow waters near the shore, the one struggling for life, the other for liberty; until, both losing their foothold, the waves engulf them in a common grave, and the body of a monarch, once known as "the most enviable of mankind," floats quietly at last beside that of his faithful physician.

The story of the life of King Louis II. of Bavaria is sufficiently familiar to most of our readers to render any minute repetition of it needless. If it had been asked on the day when he mounted the throne in the year 1864 who had the best chance of happiness of all then alive, his name would probably have commanded the suffrages of most men. He possessed talents, beauty, wealth, and rank to a degree fully entitling him to claim the ring of Polycrates. And he reigned over a nation which, although not in the first rank in power, was yet devotedly attached to its handsome boy King, and desired nothing so much as that he should have his own way. He had it; and the tragedy of the Starnberg Lake, after more than twenty years of thorough selfishness, unbounded pride, and wasteful extravagance, forms a melancholy commentary on the truth that no human power can make good a lack of the commonplace elements of self-restraint and a sense of duty.

Some allowance must, however, be made for the fact that the young King inherited the poor blood of the Wittelsbach family, which, compounded in equal parts of pride and incapacity, had been further corrupted by Napoleon, who, in the early part of this century, half-contemptuously dropped a crown on the "electoral" head of its ruler, in payment for services received.

An almost insane insistence on their majesty and dignity may after this be observed as the key-note to the ruling ideas of these "monarchs." They had an uneasy sense, apparently, that they did not belong to the first rank of kings. In their palaces the visitor will find the crown stamped or embroidered a dozen times where it may appear once in the "Schloss" at Vienna, or the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg. This inherited disease of royal vanity lay cankering and corrupting beneath all the other maladies which wrecked the life of Louis II.

The Bavarians are a patient people, industrious, contented, and with an ample share of the virtues common to the German race. They possess, however, like other nations, "the vices of their virtues," to use a French expression. They have no particular love of liberty, and rather prefer a strong King who will show them the way to walk in. Their idea of government and rulers is so utterly different from that of the Englishman or American that we are hardly competent to criticise them, or to understand the apparent placidity with which in the reign of Louis they watched the growth of his extravagance, arrogance, and contempt for his own subjects.

At last, however, the inevitable result was reached. The King, after drawing for many years uncounted millions from his subjects in return for duties unperformed, endeavored to bankrupt the state by unlimited borrowing, while he withdrew from all intercourse with his despised fellow-beings, except that of grooms and stable-boys. The people being virtually without a ruler, and conscious that they were fast incurring the ridicule of Europe, awoke to the need of decisive measures. The story of the King's arrest at the Castle of Hohenschwangau reads like a chapter by the author of the *Prisoner of Zenda*, so romantic and mediæval are its details. It came nigh to being a failure, but at last blundered into success. Amid the breathless and awe-struck wonder of the simple peasantry and kindly burghers, the monarch who for years had hardly deigned to visit Munich, and who, when there, had



KING LOUIS II. OF BAVARIA.

After a photograph, copyrighted by Jos. Albert, Munich.

driven through the streets surrounded by guards in order that, like a sultan, he might neither see nor be seen by the crowd, was at last entrapped by his ministers and relatives, and conveyed to Berg, the home of his childhood. A few days later the lake received and stilled forever that proud, misguided, and selfish heart. For once the Bavarians, to whom the arts owe so much, had made freedom also their debtor.

It is well known, as stated above, that the form assumed by the insanity of King Louis was a kind of megalomania, an absurd idea as to his own relative importance in the scheme of things, due in part to defective home training, in part doubtless to having ascended his little throne when a mere boy. Had this led him to place himself at the head of his army in the war of 1866 with Prussia, or in the Franco-German war of 1870, winning laurels for Bavaria, it might well have been pardoned as a useful delusion. But in both these wars he rendered himself conspicuous among the German



LINDERHOF.

After a photograph, copyrighted by Jos. Albert, Munich.

princes by shunning the field of battle and devoting himself to the arts. And it must be confessed that in these he might, with proper application, have attained some personal distinction. The musical world owes him a debt of gratitude for his patronage of Wagner. He took a deep interest in painting and sculpture, and opened a lavish purse to encourage many other arts. But his chief claim to the remembrance of pos terity will always be the palaces, or castles, which he built. Many of the most famous artists of Europe were occupied for years in designing and furnishing them, and the demand which they stimulated for the highest kind of excellence, not merely in painting, but in the kindred pursuits of glass-staining, gold-embroidery, tile-moulding, and brass and bronze designing of a high grade, contributed in no small degree to give Munich its present importance as the home of these arts. In visiting these edifices to-day one cannot but be impressed by the magnificence of the King's ideas. We may object to his taste as too much inclined to the worship of the "rococo," and as showing too great a dependence on the value of gold in ornament, but we cannot deny him the credit of a fine discrimination in the gathering of art treasures to furnish these palaces from all the ends of the earth.

The tourist in Bavaria who fails to see these creations of King Louis loses one of the most interesting trips in central Europe. Let us take them in the usual order of Linderhof, Neuschwanstein, and Herrenchiemsee. Linderhof is a royal lodge, deep in the heart of the Bavarian Highlands, to the south of Munich. It was built at the period when the King first began to shun the faces of his subjects. Its artistic merit is disfigured by too close an imitation of the art methods and ideals of the age of Louis Quinze. Indeed, both here and at Herrenchiemsee

the great defect which haunts the observer is a realization of how heartily the Bavarian King admired not merely the age, but the persons of Louis XIV. and XV. of France. It seems a part of his madness that he should hit upon two of the very worst Kings who ever reigned to exalt and to imitate, and slavishly fill his palaces with their busts and representations of their wars and conquests. Linderhof irresistibly suggests Trianon. But it is an improved and glorified Trianon. The apartments are furnished with a magnificence which beggars description. The guide rolls off glib figures about ivory lustres which cost $7000 apiece, and fireplaces worth $50,000, until his hearers cannot help thinking of Carlyle's housemaid visiting the art gallery and uttering her tribute of admiration in the words, "How very expensive!" Aside from this jarring accompaniment, however, the little house is a dream of luxury and splendor. Every inch of wall and ceiling glows with a beauty of color and a harmony of arrangement which stagger the observer. It is, indeed, *too* splendid for a small residence in the wilderness. Beneath its roof Louis spent long months entirely alone. There is but one bedchamber in the house. He sat in a room that is one mass of gold, reading at a priceless table underneath a royal canopy of marvellous lace and tapestry, or wandered through gardens whose fountains surpass those of Versailles. In the winter nights he would drive through the lonely forests, over private roads which no one else could use, in a sledge all blue and gold,* drawn by six white steeds, and brilliantly illuminated. The corners of the sledge were adorned with carved figures; the horses' heads were decked with ostrich plumes. The belated peasant gazed with amazement at the gorgeous vision, and shrank back into the forest lest his presence should awaken the displeasure of the King.

There is a "blue grotto" in the grounds of Linderhof which is one of the wonders of the world. It is entirely artificial, and is said to have cost several million dollars, but the work is so admirably executed that it closely reflects nature. The principal grotto contains a blue lake, with a waterfall which comes roaring down out of the darkness in a rain of color. A forest of stalactites rises all around; on the lake is seen a splendid barge drawn by swans; the moon and a rainbow are visible. In this boat the King, dressed in the costume of Lohengrin, would sit and sail. The entrance to the grotto is invisible, being shut in by revolving stones. The whole forms a scene of such fairy subterranean splendor as probably exists nowhere else in the world. Outside, as one emerges bewildered into day, the fountains go foaming down the



THE BLUE GROTTO, LINDERHOF.

After a photograph, copyrighted by G. Stuffler, Munich.

* Said to have cost nearly $200,000.

long cascade of steps, while all around the mountains lift their majestic peaks in the solitude of the wilderness which surrounds this paradise.

Nearly twenty miles away, where the great Bavarian plain swells suddenly up into the outlying crags of the Tirol, stands Neuschwanstein, the most imposing and perfect creation of the King. It was in the precincts of this romantic castle, then lately completed, that he was finally arrested. The anguish of his brief captivity must have been largely augmented by memories of this pearl among royal castles, which, from its situation, its mediæval and imposing architecture, and its furniture, stands almost peerless in Europe. Whereas in the other palaces built by the King everything is French, and with all its impressive magnificence, French, of a decadent style, we find in Neuschwanstein an old German castle from turret to foundation-stone. The King, when planning it, was largely influenced by the magic power of Wagner's operas—at first by the *Meistersinger*, and later by the Nibelungen Trilogy. He was haunted by memories of Nurem-



THE MIRROR-ROOM, LINDERHOF.

From a photograph, copyrighted by Jos. Albert, Munich.



NEUSCHWANSTEIN, FROM THE EAST.

After a photograph, copyrighted by Jos. Albert, Munich.

berg and the Wartburg. And nobly have they taken shape. The architecture is consistent and harmonious throughout. Everything is massive and genuine; the castle could readily withstand an assault to-day from any force save guns of the higher powers. Within there are whole ranges of apartments embellished by the best artists in Germany, illustrative of Teutonic legend and tradition. Sigurd and Brünnhilde, Tannhäuser and Parsifal, Lohengrin and Elsa, Walther von der Vogelweide and Hans Sachs, and Saint Elizabeth, with all the varied phases of their lives and fortunes, are exquisitely portrayed in apartments finished splendidly to correspond. All the carving and the tapestry, the ceilings, the priceless inlaid furniture, have in them some suggestion of the dominant note which is to be struck in each room. The number of these rooms and corridors, and their variety, are bewildering. At every step one strikes some new surprise. Off the King's study is an artificial grotto with stalactites and a waterfall. There are a sumptuous blue and gold royal bedchamber, a little chapel of enamel and gold, a grand staircase of Salzburg marble, and vast corridors fit to receive a brilliant court, did not the chairs seem too costly to sit on.

The two most remarkable rooms in this glorious castle deserve a separate word. One is the throne-room, high up, a thousand feet above the plain, and probably the most exalted in its situation of any in the world. The style of this superb chamber forms the only exception to the German architecture of the castle. It is Byzantine, and the gold background to the majestic dais of the throne is dazzling to the eye. On it are portrayed the six canonized Kings of Europe—Casimir of Poland, Stephen of Hungary, Henry of Germany, Louis of France, Ferdinand of Spain, and Edward of England. The proportions of this



THE THRONE-ROOM, NEUSCHWANSTEIN.

From a photograph, copyrighted by Jos. Albert, Munich.

chamber are majestic, and the ornamentation of the walls as the eye climbs from one row of columns upward to another, with all the spaces luminous with arabesque, fret-work, and color, suggests that in such a hall must the Porphyrogeniti of Constantinople have received barbarian embassies from France and Germany a thousand years ago. It is a splendid room, inharmonious only with the power and position of a small King and kingdom.

To the other chamber, the "hall of the minstrels," no such objection could be urged. It is, indeed, hard to do descriptive justice to it. The ornamental art of our century in Germany touches its high-water mark here. The hall must be about one hundred feet in length by seventy-five in breadth, a magnificent system of screen-work reducing this and forming a corridor opening into the hall hardly inferior to the room itself. The roof is probably forty feet high. The windows are of exquisitely stained glass. The wall-paintings portray the life of Parsifal, and the color scheme is red, green, and gold. The higher pictures tell the story of the Holy Grail. A more fairylike hall, delicate and ethereal in every impression conveyed, cannot be imagined. And yet every inch of it has been finished with a taste as artistic, and a scrupulous nicety of care as anxious, as if it were a King's signet-ring that was being chased. Never in days of old did singer chant his lay in such a hall as this.

The point I would impress, however, upon any one who reads this description is that, when all is said, the fact remains that nature has done more for Neuschwanstein than art. With all the glories of the castle, it is the situation of it which most impresses. As the traveller stands in the loggia with its gilded roof, near the King's bedroom, and looks up the wild ravine to whose outmost crag the castle clings, and from which it soars, he cannot but feel how idly man toils after the perfection of beauty which nature



THE HALL OF MINSTRELS, NEUSCHWANSTEIN.

From a photograph, copyrighted by Jos. Albert, Munich.

lavishes. The never-fading impression which one carries away of the view from Neuschwanstein owes its distinction to this, that, to a degree greater than one finds elsewhere, it embraces every element which man admires in natural beauty. Before you is the most romantic of gorges, unsurpassed by any in the Alps. Over its face falls an ample, flashing cataract several hundred feet high, with a bridge like a spider's web arching it at half its height. All about you are sublime mountain ranges, hoary with the snows of three-quarters of the year. Yet turn your face, and there before you, again, stretches out the vast Bavarian plain, green with its lush growth of verdure, as finely cultivated as a garden. Yonder is an old walled town on a hill with a large château above. Beneath it foams the arrowy flight of a sparkling river. Do you ask for calmer waters to complete the picture? Then watch the sunlight on that little lake half hidden by a mountain spur, and coroneted by encircling cliffs. Or, here on a lesser hill below you is the beautiful old yellow Castle of Hohenschwangau, famous in mediæval history, climbing out of a sea of foliage, where King Louis spent his boyhood. About its knees huddle the trim houses and gardens of a tiny village. In a word, the view embraces, on the one hand, all that man can do to conquer and embellish nature; and then, as one turns away, he finds himself, on the other hand, face to face with all that nature can do to uplift and thrill the heart of man. It is all a perfect reproduction of the poet's perfect picture:

> The splendor falls on castle walls
> And snowy summits old in story;
> The long light shakes across the lakes,
> And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
> Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
> Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

In passing from Linderhof and Neuschwanstein to Chiemsee, the last and most ambitious of the Bavarian palaces, one has to cross half Bavaria. The lake, which gives its name to the "Schloss,"



HERRENCHIEMSEE.

After a photograph, copyrighted by Jos. Albert, Munich.

lies about half-way between Munich and Salzburg, and is about ten miles in length by seven in breadth. On a large and pleasant island, reached by a small steamer, the palace fronts the Tirolese peaks, here many miles distant. The surrounding country is a fruitful smiling plain, lacking in interest, although somewhat redeemed by

> The lingering mountain-line, far seen.

It is difficult to understand why this special site should have been chosen for a vast edifice which aimed to surpass Versailles in the days of the "Grand Monarque." The latter had its *raison d'être* in the neighborhood of a great capital, and as the centre of the most numerous, brilliant, and powerful court in the world. But, had Chiemsee been completed, it could never have been peopled without half depopulating Munich, while the expense of maintaining it would have strained the resources of a great Power. Fortunately for Bavaria, it never was and never will be completed. At the time of the King's death the outer walls were mostly erected, and some attempt had been made to lay out the gardens. In addition to this, the "grand apartments" in the front of the palace had been completely finished and furnished. It is these latter which attract the traveller to-day. They aim at being a reproduction of the corresponding rooms at Versailles, only on a larger and grander scale. Even the pictures, which in the French palace record the victories of Louis XIV. or the favorites of Louis XV., have been copied, their busts imitated, their intertwined initials and armorial bearings interwoven in the tapestries. There one sees the familiar chamber of the King's body-guard, or the famed "Galerie des Glaces," and the world-renowned hall of the "Œil de Bœuf." The whole forms a depressing testimony of the admiration which one worthless King could feel for another. It is a vast monument to an unworthy monarch, a scandalous age, and an artistic style, which, hopeless of originality, had turned to the glitter of mirrors and the gleam of gilded cornices to conceal its poverty of thought.

But, when this is said, there is still room for artistic tribute to what is, be it said deliberately, the most magnificently furnished palace in the world. It is Versailles, be it repeated, but, so far as finished, it is Versailles in double splendor. Louis XIV. never walked through such gorgeous chambers; Louis XV. was never astonished by such luxurious and inexpressibly rich surroundings. It is the *Arabian Nights* reproduced; it astounds the gazer, who, however he may

deplore such extravagance, cannot but be interested to see the utmost effort which kingly power can make to combine modern art and science and wealth into one stupendous whole. As one stands in the royal bedchamber,* dazzled by its golden glow, he is carried back in thought, by mere force of contrast, to the wretched slums of London and New York. There he had stood facing the lowest depths of misery and squalid ugliness to which the world can doom its most unfortunate; here he was in the presence of the utmost which wealth and human skill can do, at the close of the world's most powerful century, to satisfy human desire, *minus* the things for which the soul cries out. One must be dull indeed if such magnificence as that of Chiemsee does not, even in the midst of his stupefaction, bring to his mind the words of the wise old King of Israel in the midst of his glory. These apartments interest him because they appeal to many natural tastes, but, after all, their supreme interest is that they are the latest effort to build Babel to heaven, to check the tides, to square the circle, to satisfy the soul by human answers to infinite questionings.

Lest I should have seemed to exaggerate the splendor of the apartments in the Chiemsee palace, I hasten to add that what I have said is sober fact. It is literally true that, after seeing them, the Czar's rooms in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg are commonplace, while the royal apartments at Windsor Castle appear barren and shabby. Of the mirror gallery at Chiemsee, it has been said by one competent to judge, "there is nothing on earth that can vie with it in richness." The famous hall at Versailles

* It has been estimated that it would probably cost nearly a million dollars to reproduce this room to-day with its furniture. The bedstead alone cost originally $60,000



THE BED IN THE GRAND ROYAL CHAMBER, HERRENCHIEMSEE

From a photograph, copyrighted by Jos. Albert, Munich.



THE HALL OF MIRRORS, HERRENCHIEMSEE.

From a photograph, copyrighted by Jos. Albert, Munich.

cannot bear the comparison, for the effect in both is dependent largely on brilliant mirrors, and the art of glass-making was in a very imperfect state in the seventeenth century. Nor was this hall at Versailles (in which William of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor in 1871) as large or as richly ornamented as the one at Chiemsee, which, while open to the criticism of being too elaborately and splendidly adorned, still subdues and overpowers the judgment. While suggesting to the gazer the Gallery of Apollo at the Louvre, it surpasses it point by point, as one wanders through its stately and radiant sweep from wing to wing of the palace.

This gallery is lighted at night by thirty-three splendid gold lustres, containing 2500 candles. Into it the King, who came from Munich once a year, unattended, save by a groom, would often wander after nightfall. Suddenly he would order it to be illuminated, allowing but fifteen minutes for doing so. By machinery the chandeliers were simultaneously lowered to the floor, then lifted again when lighted, and in a few minutes the hall glowed with almost intolerable light, reflected from the enormous, bevelled, inch-thick mirrors, and from the gleaming gold embroidery. Nothing but candles was employed in all the apartments, and if lighted even for a moment they were never used again in the palace. This was but one of the wasteful and extravagant fancies which marked the King's career.

It was another fancy of Louis II. to arrive at Chiemsee always at midnight. On every 29th of September he descended at that hour at a solitary station near the banks of the lake. A marvellously beautiful gondola, which was never used on any other occasion, conveyed him to the island, propelled by two sailors in romantic costume. No human eyes were al-



THE ROYAL DINING-ROOM, HERRENCHIEMSEE.

From a photograph, copyrighted by Jos. Albert, Munich.

lowed to gaze on the King, save those of the few menials who ministered to his comfort. Vast sums were spent in building temporary continuations and elevations of the castle walls, that Louis might get an accurate idea of the whole as it would look when completed. If he happened to be unfavorably impressed with an inlaid floor, or a frescoed wall, it was immediately destroyed, without regard to the sum that might have been expended on it. Year after year, however, this enormous work proceeded, until at last the fortune and credit even of a King were exhausted. The various courts of Europe refused to aid him, and it is said that Bismarck answered his appeal by saying, "he could only advise the King to appeal to the country, and under the same circumstances he would give the same reply to his own sovereign." Louis rejected this advice; but at last his mania became so pronounced that it could no longer be concealed. The Bavarians, much relieved to be freed from the awful crime of rebelling against "the Lord's anointed," under any provocation, gladly pronounced it a case for medical care, and handed over the eccentric King to the charge of physicians.

As one wanders to-day through the halls on which he bestowed so much thought and care, so splendid in their adornment, and yet so uninhabited and so lonely, he cannot but feel a pang of pity at the fate of their former master. If he sinned much, he suffered much also; he was in a measure the victim of his inheritance and defective education. If he thought that he could, with all the art and gold and splendor of the world, appease the wild cravings of his restless nature for the infinite, he but repeated on a grander scale the eternal experiment of the ages, and in his failure illustrated, as men will go on doing through all history, the truth that no mortal remedy can heal the malady of an immortal soul.



"BUT YOU ARE NOT LISTENING!"

AFTER ALL.

BY KATRINA TRASK.

"BUT you are not listening!"

Helen Fairfax turned her eyes back to her lover with a murmured "Forgive me." They were earnest eyes, shining with a tremulous love-light. Harold Ford would have waged war with mighty forces to rekindle them had their lamps burned low. But man too readily adjusts himself to blessings; the glory of life—after the first rapturous surprise—becomes too frequently a matter of course. We take the sun and the moon and the stars for granted, because we see them every day and every night.

"Well, as I was saying," Harold went on, "it seems to me *that* argument is unanswerable—but one cannot tell. At any rate, whether I win the case or not, it will be the most important thing I have done so far."

"I know it, dear," and Helen's hand wooed his. "How I should love to hear you! I can see the very way you will stand—your head thrown back," and she looked proudly at the man before her.

He was a man well worthy of her look—true, steadfast, virile, able. Whatever pride she might have in him, for the moment, was always only the reflex of a larger pride which reached far into his future. "Now, if you are interested, Helen, I will outline my speech to you."

"'Interested'! Harold, how can you say 'if'?"

Harold wondered himself how it had come about that he could say it. She was in all things his comrade as well as his love—that had been the matchless wonder of their life; it had not been an ecstasy of sense only—a rapturous delight alone. Their life had been triune; each side of the man had been met, shared, stimulated. She was a clever girl, with keen mind and keener intuition; and he had grown into the habit of talking to her freely of his life, his profession, in a way that surprised himself.

He was honest enough and generous enough to recognize the immense help that it was to him; not only for the striking suggestions born of her intuition, but because her concentrated attention was a warmth that brought his own thought to fuller blossom.

But to-night her attention wandered. To-night of all nights! To-morrow he was to sum up his great case. Surely a woman should share the self-denial of a man's destiny. Was Helen, after all, like other women—given to moods, absorbed in the subjective—when the veil was lifted?

They had been engaged six months; each day had been a fuller revelation of her nature. Was this the nearer view? Ah, no! banish the thought. Helen was Helen—there was no more to be said.

He took up the lines of the argument of his case and stated them to her, clearly, concisely, as though she were a man.

This time her eyes did not wander from his face; they deepened, their pupils growing larger as she gazed. How handsome he looked! How alert! How alive! How could she keep at this wide distance? How incidental and how futile sounded all that rapid flow of words! When would he have done, that she might throw herself upon his breast?

"Don't you think so?" he asked her, suddenly.

"Oh, Harold! I did not hear what you were saying."

"Not hear what I was saying? Haven't you been following?"

"Partly."

"'Partly'? Heavens! Helen, is it a thing to listen to *in part?* A woman should share the life—the work of a man she loves." There was an asperity in the tone that tingled through Helen from head to foot. Her spirit rose.

"Do I not feel that?"

"So I thought, always, but the final test is the proof. I never needed your co-operation more—your intellectual sympathy more—than I do to-night. You know how hard I have been working on this case; you know what a notable case it is. You know, also, that the eyes of the legal world are upon me. My summing up to-morrow will be a crisis in the beginning of my career. Could you not follow me—help me by your sympathy—your interest?" He waited to see the flash of protest in her eyes—for some little lance that she would thrust to cross his own.

Instead, she nestled her head into the curve of his shoulder, and whispered, "I love you—I love you."

This was undeniably delicious, but for

the moment to Harold, under the domination of his work, mastered wholly by the immediate sway of his vigorous intellect, it seemed irrelevant, or — if not just that—propitiatory. There was something to be said first, before he yielded himself to the delights of love. He waited a moment, wondering how to phrase it; she helped him by her added whisper before he had time to speak:

"Forgive me. I am moody to-night—very moody and absent-minded."

"We have no right to be moody nor absent-minded, dear," he answered, seriously, "where another's interests are involved. It is a sign of weakness." He was older than she—should he not guide her? Stronger than she—should he not strengthen her? "And—there is something besides love. A strong woman should keep even love at bay when a man has work to do—not lure him nor tempt him with it. I do not like to say it, sweetheart, but — I love you — and the wounds of a friend are faithful. I am disappointed at your failure to sympathize with my work to-night."

Two big tears welled in her eyes, but she said no word. Had Harold Ford been a hero, a knight of chivalry, he would have stopped not in his quest until he had found the source of those two tears; he was, however, only a very busy man of the nineteenth century—not that the two are altogether incompatible, but the combination is rare, and Harold did not happen to be both in the fullest sense; furthermore, he was deeply absorbed in an immediate practical affair. I grieve to say her silence irritated him a trifle. It was striking eleven-thirty, and time for him to leave her. Though he said no more, and his good-night salutation lacked nothing outwardly, there was a mental reservation which, to the psychic sense of Helen, robbed it of its fullest bliss.

"Six o'clock to-morrow, dear," he repeated, as he went out the door.

"Six o'clock to-morrow," she answered.

Did her voice quiver, or was it fancy? He was conscious of saying to himself, as he ran down the steps, "Are all women alike, I wonder — after all — tears and moods?"

The following afternoon, in the gathering dusk, he mounted the steps again. His attitude had changed. The stress and irritation of an absorbing effort had given place to a buoyant reaction. He had won his case, and won it in so brilliant a way that the triumph was the smallest part of his self-congratulation. Even the judge had said words to make a young man's heart take courage. But what were the words, what was the triumph, what was anything until he had shared it with Helen? He could see her in the gathering dusk, as he waited, her eyes glistening delight! He could hear her vibrant "Harold!" Poor child, had he been harsh last night? Ah, no! only impatient for a moment—and frank, to make her the utmost that she was capable of being. His wounds had been like those strokes of Michael Angelo setting free the angel. If they had hurt her, he knew a potent balm to heal, to make her rejoice at every stroke.

Why was the servant so eternally long in opening the door? How slow they were! He rang again.

"Tell Miss Fairfax I am here."

"Yes, sir." The servant stood silent and awkward.

Harold wanted to quicken him with a thrust: what was the matter with him? Harold walked into the library; the light was burning low; the servant followed him, and closed the door with an air of mystery that gave Harold a mingled shock of impatience and of fear.

"I was to give you this, sir, when you came," and the man held out a letter.

"Is Miss Fairfax not at home?"

"She is at home, sir."

"Then tell her at once that I am here."

"Yes, sir."

Harold was alone with his letter; he broke the seal and read:

"Midnight.

"You have gone, and yet you are still here—so close to me that I can see your eyes and feel your touch — oh, Harold! Forgive me that I was not more as I should have been this evening, but—I was a coward. You know, I have not been quite well for some weeks. Yesterday I saw a specialist. He told me I had a most serious difficulty, and that I must have a dangerous operation at once, if I would save my life. To-morrow!

"I implored him to wait, but he leaves town in a few days, and if I do not have it to-morrow, it could not be performed for two months, and that is too long to wait, he says; so there was no other way. To-morrow! The day—*our* day!—when you are to vindicate my pride and hope in you; the day we have waited for so

proudly. There was but one impulse strong within me, almost overmastering —to fly to the shelter of your arms—to drink your sympathy, for which I am thirsty. But how could I tell you, when it might imperil your calm, your poise—undo all you have worked for—hamper your ascent, in which to-morrow will be a stepping-stone? No. You must not know. Your heart is too tender, I am too much your own for you to stand up in court and plead for legal abstractions when I am lying under the knife.

"And so I did not tell you. And then —I could not be a real heroine and make no sign. I puzzled you, troubled you, seemed to fail you to-night—the night of all others when you most needed my help, my objective sympathy.

"Harold! I quite understand how I must have seemed to you—how disappointing. It could not have been otherwise, when you did not know. And though your words hurt me, I honored you for saying them; for unto what end is our love, if we are not to strengthen each other in our ideals?

"And I failed so lamentably. Shall I tell you why? I am afraid, Harold—so afraid. I dread to-morrow. If you had asked me to tell you why I was moody, I fear I should have done so. I was glad you did not—and sorry—can you understand? I am only a weak woman, though I am your love.

"I half hoped you would *make* me tell you all my heart—but now I am glad you do not know! You will have no shadow on your way to-morrow, and when you receive this it will be all behind us; it will have been over seven hours, for the operation takes place at eleven o'clock.

"Good-night! Good-by! I love you —it seems to me that I love you in a new way to-night. Harold! Harold! I must call you back and tell you, and feel your strength to make me strong; but no. I am your love! I must be brave! And then—why should I fear?—

'God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!'

HELEN."

He crushed the letter in his hand, and reached the door with one bound, like an animal in chase. She was his own; his place was by her side; no man could keep him from her. As he opened the door he came face to face with her father.

"Harold, my dear fellow—"

"Let me go to her!" and Harold tried to pass. Mr. Fairfax put his arm across the door.

"No, you must not now; the doctors are with her; they will let no one in, not even me, and I am her father. She has not rallied as they expected; and, Harold, my boy, we must stand by each other."

A withering quiet, like a blight, fell upon Harold. It seemed to paralyze his powers of motion and of speech; after a moment he heard himself saying, in a voice that sounded like a stranger's,

"What—do—they—the doctors—say?"

Mr. Fairfax looked at him pityingly, his own anguish stamped white upon his face. "Dr. Gray says there is no hope. My God! Harold! don't look like that! Doctors aren't infallible; and McMillan, the man who performed the operation, says the chances are in her favor."

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY JAMES BRYCE.

THE maxim "A war never leaves a nation where it found it," enunciated long ago regarding the nations of Europe, is no less true regarding the United States of America. Each of the three conflicts in which the United States has been involved since she became an independent power has been the source of great changes. I will not stop to examine those which flowed from the war of 1812, important and far-reaching as they were, but be content to note that the Mexican war of 1845 added vast and rich territories on the Pacific side of the continent to the domain of the republic, while the war of secession, from 1861 till 1865, effected a complete economic and social revolution in the South, and brought about substantial changes in the Federal Constitution. After thirty years of peace, the United States is now engaged in another conflict. Its antagonist is no doubt

a power of the second order, and may probably be soon overmastered. But this conflict has already raised some grave and difficult questions, and may involve a complete new departure in national policy. The grounds that suggest or dissuade such a new departure, and, still more, the consequences to which it may lead, are of course much canvassed in Europe. For us in England they have a special interest, and, indeed, a twofold interest, as, being near of kin to the American people, and united to them by many ties, social and ethical as well as commercial, we are deeply concerned in their welfare. Their peace, their good government, their material prosperity, touch us very nearly. And further, as a great colonial power, in relations of rivalry, possibly of antagonism, to one or more of three other great world powers—Russia, France, and Germany — we in England should note as a fact of the highest international significance the entrance of the United States upon that world-stage which includes both hemispheres. Her advance from her own continent of North America to the position of an oceanic power, holding transmarine possessions, and creating a huge navy to defend them, cannot but profoundly affect both England and the three great states I have mentioned.

The editor of *Harper's Magazine* thinks it will interest American readers to know how these matters are viewed in Europe by those who have studied the position of the United States; so, while fully sensible of the delicacy of the task, I respond to his invitation to put together some thoughts regarding them. My stand-point (to use a convenient term) is not that of an Englishman thinking first of English interests, but that of a disinterested observer, who wishes to dissociate the problem which confronts America from the question of its influence on the world-game which Britain and the other three powers are playing, and to consider simply and solely what will be the best course for America herself, for her peace, her good government, her welfare in every sense of the word.

The one point in which the foreign policy of the United States has been, from the very beginning of the history of the republic, steadily and uniformly consistent, has been the avoidance of all enterprises, of all responsibilities, all intervention of any kind, beyond the limits of the two American continents. The advice delivered by George Washington in his memorable farewell address of 1796—the fruit of an eminently calm, sagacious, and dispassionate judgment—expressed in terms of impressive weight and moderation, produced a profound effect upon the nation, and has been ever since regarded with the kind of veneration which dutiful children attach to the last words of a father. The views contained in President Monroe's famous message of 1823 expressly excluded the idea of American interference in European complications; and though these views have never been formally adopted by Congress, the message has been practically recognized as embodying the settled purpose of the nation. Attempts repeatedly made to go beyond the line indicated in these two documents have been defeated. For instance, President Grant's plan of annexing San Domingo (1870–1873) had to be dropped; and when, a few years ago, an American diplomatist had taken part in the negotiations for the settlement of the new Congo State in West Africa, the United States government withheld its signature from the final act, conceiving that any engagements relating to Africa lay outside the traditional sphere of American action. So when, in and since 1895, questions affecting trade in China have come up which might have been very important to the United States, it was understood that the administration then in office refused to take part in adjusting them, gladly as one, at least, of the European powers concerned would have welcomed its intervention. Nothing, in fact, has, till very recently, seemed more certain than that the United States would acquire no transmarine territory whatever. But now, within the last few weeks, a prospect of such acquisition has arisen in three quarters, and has arisen under conditions which make it seem more difficult to reject than to accept these unexpected gifts of fortune. The Spanish Antilles will in all probability, possibly before these lines (which are written early in June) can be read in America, fall entirely under the control of the United States; and though the official organs of the government have declared that the country did not seek to annex Cuba, at least, events may make annexation an easier expedient than the protectorate of

a Cuban republic. The Philippine Islands —large, populous, and fertile—are to be very shortly occupied by American troops, and are, indeed, already, since Admiral Dewey's brilliant exploit, virtually lost to Spain. The Hawaiian Archipelago, the acquisition of which American public opinion had, since 1892, been more and more coming to discountenance, will be delivered over by the small group of whites who have secured control of it as soon as ever Congress can be got to consent to take it. These three masses of territory are unlike one another in many points. Their populations differ in race, and are living under different economic conditions. But the considerations which affect the problem of their annexation by the United States are substantially similar. All are situated in the tropics, and are unsuited for colonization by the Anglo-Saxon race. All are inhabited by a native population inferior to the white population of the United States. All could be defended only by means of a navy much stronger than the United States has yet possessed. Accordingly, remote as the Philippines are from Puerto Rico, different as are the Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, and native Pacific islanders of Hawaii from the Spaniards and negroes of Cuba, the general arguments which must influence the American people in deciding whether or no to annex these territories have much in common. In all the three cases it will have to be considered how the territories, when annexed, ought to be governed and administered, and in particular whether as parts of the Union or as subject dependencies. It must be considered what expenditure of men and money will be needed to bring them into and keep them in peace and order. It must be considered what new turn the holding of these dominions will give to the policy of the United States, and into what new relations with other powers the republic will be brought. We must therefore keep all these three cases in view when we endeavor to discover what are the more obvious gains to be expected, what are the more obvious losses to be feared, from the annexation of all or any of them.

To extend the boundaries of a state has, throughout history, been deemed, always by monarchs, and usually by republics, both a glory and a benefit. All men feel proud of the growth of their possessions; all nations think that wider dominion and larger population mean additional wealth and strength. As regards the United States, every extension of territory—and that territory is now far more than twice as large as it was in A.D. 1783—has been followed by increased power and prosperity. Nothing is therefore more natural than that conquest should be attractive, that the prospect of founding colonies beyond the seas and ruling a dependent empire should fascinate the imagination of a people accustomed to rapid progress and development, confident in their restless energy and their abounding resources. They have, moreover, before their eyes, the example of four of the greatest European states. Russia and England, the one by land, the other by sea, have long been occupied in spreading their dominion over the world. France, which once held a transmarine empire in North America, and seemed on the point of acquiring one in India, has set herself to acquire territory in Africa and the Far East. Germany has thrown herself eagerly into the like enterprise. Even Italy has been bitten by the same passion, though she is now prudently repressing it. Thus it has come to seem almost a necessary attribute of a great state that it should possess colonies and rule inferior races, and of a progressive state that it should go on seeking for its trade fresh openings in markets, which must remain open to it because under its own political control. Trade, in fact, has become the professed, if not always the really operative, motive for these advances on the part of Germany and France, just as religion was in earlier centuries put forward as a cloak for territorial aggrandizement. The example of Russia, England, France, and Germany has no doubt influenced the mind, or at least touched the imagination, of many aspiring Americans, disposing them to wish that their country should follow in the same ambitious track. But before the value of the example can be admitted, there are two points to be examined. One is, Have these European countries done well for themselves and for humanity at large in pursuing this policy of territorial expansion? The other is, Do the circumstances of the United States sufficiently resemble those of European nations to make the example of the latter fit to be followed by the former? Let us first in-

quire how far each of the four European states has profited by its acquisitions.

Russia's acquisitions lie entirely in the temperate zone, and by far the larger part of them were, when they passed into her hands, inhabited only by a few wandering savages. These acquisitions are, accordingly, fit for colonization by native Russians, and are being in fact colonized. Southern (and especially southwestern) Siberia, and the vast region along the banks of the Amur River, will one day be filled by a large Russian population engaged in agriculture or mining or ranching or lumbering. This population will probably be homogeneous, and a source of strength to European Russia, if a political connection can be maintained over such great distances. One part of the Asiatic dominions of the Czar (viz., the Transcaucasian provinces) was already occupied by a civilized population when the Russians obtained it. That part is not becoming Russified, and, except strategetically, it is not a source of strength, for the population is not well affected to the government.

Great Britain has, beyond her own island group, three sets of possessions, each so unlike the others that they cannot be described without distinguishing between them. The self-governing colonies all lie in the temperate zone, are all (except South Africa) exclusively peopled by men of British race, and are all so cordially attached to the mother-country that they need no British troops to garrison them. The responsibility of defending them by sea against a hostile naval power is certainly heavy responsibility, but, on the whole, they are a source of strength as well as of legitimate pride to the nation at home. The crown colonies (those which do not enjoy self-government) lie (with trifling exceptions) in the tropics, and are peopled by savages or semicivilized races. Some of them, such as Singapore and Hong-kong and Aden, are valuable as trading entrepôts or as coaling-stations. Others, such as New Guinea or Uganda (with the adjoining East African protectorate), are of no present value, and are kept chiefly in the hope that some day or other they may be so far developed as to be worth trading with. Hardly any one of these colonies is fit for settlement by Englishmen; and those in which the natives are numerous and turbulent may prove difficult to govern. Thirdly, there is India, a possession to dazzle the imagination—India, whose huge and industrious population makes her an important market for English goods; India, whose administration supplies a career for the diligence and talent of a great many Englishmen. India, however, imposes enormous liabilities upon Britain, responsibilities which any check to the prosperity of Britain or any peril menacing her from European enemies might make it difficult to discharge. Having got India, Britain will not voluntarily abandon it—to do so would indeed be to leave that vast peninsula to anarchy—but most prudent English statesmen have held that had Britain been able to foresee the course of events she ought rather to have refrained from conquering India, so great are the risks and liabilities that now attach to it. The general conclusion to be drawn from British foreign occupation or conquest is that it has gained in every way from those dominions which she has filled with the outflow of her own people, while as respects those which are not fit for Anglo-Saxon settlement some are profitable for trade only, some are unprofitable altogether, and in some there must be set against the profit from trade the tremendous responsibilities which their possession involves.

The cases of France and Germany are simpler. So far, neither of those countries is the richer or the stronger by any of its colonial acquisitions. Every piece of land that either France or Germany has obtained in Africa,* or in Indo-China and the Eastern Archipelago, lies in the tropics, is unhealthy and unfit for Frenchmen or Germans to settle in, and affords no prospect of giving for many years to come a return proportionate to the sums of money which will be needed to develop it. With all the passionate avidity for acquisition which the German "colonial party" has lately shown, the only spot they have secured which holds out a promise of proving valuable for trade is the port of Kiao-chau in China. The reason, of course, is that before France and Germany entered the field all the temperate zone, and all the best parts even of the tropics, were already occu-

* Excepting the Mediterranean coast of Africa, though it may be doubted whether the possession even of Algeria is a source of strength to France. Her people do not settle there as working colonists.

pied by other nations, whom it was impossible to displace. Nothing worth having was left; and the keen rivalry now shown to get or to maintain a foothold in China is due to the fact that China is practically the only region over whose markets there can be a struggle.

So far, therefore, as the examples of France and Germany go, they are examples calculated rather to dissuade than to encourage any other nation from entering on a like course.

There is, however, a further question to be considered. How does the United States compare with European nations? Are her conditions similar—so similar that we can reason from one to the other? Assuming that it is the interest of these European nations to conquer and to colonize, would their example furnish an example which the United States ought to follow? In three of those countries—viz., European Russia, England, and Germany—the population increases rapidly, and cannot find room at home. Emigration is a necessary relief to the constant surplus of inhabitants. In England, in Germany, and in France the home market for goods is a limited one, and therefore the need is great and the impulse strong, both in England and in Germany, to find a foreign outlet for the manufacturing industries of the country. Indeed, neither country could maintain its present position did not its exports bear a high ratio to its total industrial production. But in both these points the position of the United States is quite different. So far from having any overflow of population to provide for, the United States receives the overflow of Europe, and will for many years, possibly for several generations to come, be able to find space in her vast area for the tide of immigration. She has certainly no need for any new territories to colonize, nor any surplus capital for which employment cannot be found at home. As regards trade, the United States would doubtless, like every country, gain by an increase in her export of manufactured goods. But such an increase is not essential to her prosperity—firstly, because she relies largely upon her exports of foodstuffs and such raw materials as cotton; secondly, because she has in her enormous population—a population rich in comparison with that of any European country—a splendid and swiftly increasing home market for goods of all kinds. Accordingly, the reasons which have chiefly urged Russia, England, and Germany to territorial extension are absent from the United States. If America adopts such a policy, it must be for other reasons, and the example of European nations is practically without application to her quite dissimilar situation.

The real motive which may dispose American opinion towards a policy of territorial aggrandizement is that impulse which every great nation feels to keep abreast of other great nations, to go on expanding the range of its action, to make its power felt everywhere in the world. It is a motive which, like what we call ambition in the individual man, has a double aspect. In one sense it is self-regarding, because it gratifies national pride and intensifies national self-consciousness. In another sense it is disinterested, because it springs from the wish to bear a part in the work of developing the backward parts of our earth and civilizing its ruder or lower races. Every people which feels its strength desires to find a field in which that strength can be turned to account for good; or, to put the same notion into a conventional phrase, every such people conceives it has a mission to propagate its peculiar ideas and its characteristic type of civilization. An Englishman should be the last person to depreciate this feeling; for though he may feel that British governments have sometimes endeavored to drape their ambitious schemes under the specious garb of philanthropy, he feels sure that the desire to use its power and influence for the spread of civilization and in the interests of humanity and progress has been genuinely felt by the best part of the British people. Like feelings must and do affect in a like way the mind and heart of a people so near to us Englishmen as the Americans are.

These considerations are of a general nature. When we come to details, and an examination of definite advantages to be reaped, it is suggested that Cuba and Puerto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, are all positions of great strategical value to a power proposing to maintain a great navy. This value they unquestionably possess. More than any other island, Cuba commands the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico; while the fine harbors of the Philippines could be made strongholds of the first rank, invaluable for the

exercise of influence on the coasts of eastern Asia. Both the Antilles and the Philippines, countries rich by the bounty of nature, would be far better off under the rule of the United States than under that of Spain, and their natural resources be far more fully developed. America might do for the Philippines what Britain is doing for Burmah, and for Cuba what Britain has done for Egypt. But obviously the strategical value of the Philippines and of Hawaii depends on whether the United States desires to become a great naval power. If she proposes to maintain a great Pacific squadron and to interfere in Chinese and Japanese and Korean questions, by all means let her have Luzon and Oahu.

The very point, however, which has to be settled is whether her people mean to enter this new field of action. As to Cuba, while admitting all that so high an authority as Captain Mahan has said as to its dominating position, one asks what possible danger the United States has to fear on her southern coasts. Britain is the only naval power that could be formidable there, and Britain is the power least likely to be in any antagonism to the United States, since the interests of the two nations are practically identical. No Central American or South American state need be considered, for none could resist the United States for a month.

One other ground occurs to me which may dispose the United States to retain whatever territories she acquires in this war. It is always hard to retire from a conquest, always hard to pull down the flag, even when you pull it down of your own free will. We in England have ample experience of this. Our military and naval advisers tell us that Cyprus is a useless and Egypt a dangerous position, and that, so far as strategical considerations go, we should be better away from both of them. Some say that Gibraltar has lost much of its old value as a naval fortress, and that we ought to try to exchange it for some other arsenal or coaling-station in that region. But the nation does not like the notion of giving up any spot with which it has historical associations, or where it feels that it has done good work. Even the handing over of the Ionian Islands to Greece by Lord Palmerston was long and bitterly censured, though Britain has never since had the least reason to regret what she then did. It must therefore be expected that when the present war ends much reluctance will be shown to quit any territory over which the stars and stripes may then be flying. This, however, will be sentiment, not business.

The practical question which the American people will have to decide is, Do they desire to create and maintain a first-class navy, and become a great colonizing and oceanic power? If they do, they will have a vista of ambition, of adventure, of struggle, of achievement, opened before them from which they have hitherto kept aloof.

The prospect is attractive to a nation of high spirits and immense resources. But the greatest nation does well to consider the risks that are involved in the difficulties that may spring from an entirely new departure, foreign to its established traditions. In this case the difficulties are of two kinds. Some arise out of the character of the territories proposed to be annexed; some out of the nature of the constitution and government of the United States. Of a third kind, those connected with the declarations which the United States made when the war began, I shall say nothing. They are proper matter for discussion by American citizens, but we do not feel qualified to express an opinion on them. Moreover, declarations honestly made sometimes turn out, through supervening events and altered conditions, very hard to put in force. Even now one can foresee circumstances under which it would be so much easier to stay in the Philippines or in Cuba than to evacuate them that the question of declaration will be a secondary one, and the main thing for the United States to weigh will be the nature of these possessions, and the capacity of the American system of government to solve the problems which their annexation will raise.

The first point that arises is as to the political arrangements that would have to be devised for the management of the islands if annexed. Suppose Cuba should turn out unfit for independence, so that the United States was obliged to keep hold of it, what could she do with it? With its crude and ignorant population, largely composed of negroes (and of negroes resembling those of Haiti more than those of Alabama), a population speaking a foreign language and utterly

untrained in self-government, it could not be made into a State of the Union without inflicting serious injury on the Union itself. Neither is it much more fit to receive the qualified autonomy of a Territory in the technical sense of that term. It ought to be treated as a crown colony, to use the British term; that is, as a colony administered by officials sent from home, with the assistance of a local council having merely consultative functions. We in England have been driven to apply that system to our West-Indian colonies, English-speaking though they are, because they are unfit for autonomy. No doubt the white element in Cuba is larger than in those colonies. But it is not a promising element. The Philippines are of course a far less hopeful field for self-government than even the Spanish Antilles. The inhabitants of Luzon and Mindanao are, some of them, primitive savages, some semi-barbarous Malays, fierce, ignorant, indocile. There are supposed to be eight or ten millions of them, a mass which it would take a long time to permeate even if white people could settle in the country. Unfortunately, however, it is not only too hot but too feverish for white people to colonize. Climatic conditions, which it seems impossible with the present resources of race science to overcome, forbid the white to maintain his vigor, and most white people even to retain their health, in the Philippine Isles. Cuba and Puerto Rico are less unhealthy and not very much hotter or more malarious than the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico. Those coasts, however, are unfit for men of the white American stock to thrive in. Healthy persons, using constant care, can live there as merchants or overseers. But as they cannot undertake manual open-air labor, they must needs remain a small minority of the population. Accordingly, both in the Antilles and in the Philippines, the vast majority of the inhabitants will continue to be of the inferior races—creole-Spanish and mulatto in the one case, Malay in the other. The same thing will happen in Hawaii, with its mixed mass of Polynesian aborigines, Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese.

From the contact of such races with their white American rulers there must arise many troubles. The more free and democratic is the system of government applied, the greater will these troubles be, at least for several generations. British experience, not only in the Antilles, but in some of our Eastern possessions, has shown that the best way of securing fair treatment for the lower races and peace among all is to commit power to a governor who is locally a despot, though his policy is of course controlled and his acts reviewed by the Colonial Office, and ultimately by the cabinet and Parliament at home. Elective legislative bodies have proved a failure where race and color feeling runs high. To enlarge on these race and color problems is, however, unnecessary, for every thoughtful man in the United States knows what trouble they have caused, and how far they still are from being settled in the Southern States. Nor must we forget a difficulty which would arise in the Philippines, possibly also in the Antilles, but which has not latterly been felt in the South, though it has been felt wherever there are considerable tribes of Indians in the West. It would be necessary to keep a large body of troops on foot to repress native risings. The natives of the Philippines and the Antilles are turbulent. They differ in religion as well as in race and language from the Americans who would rule over them. The habit of insurrection acquired under Spanish dominion would for some time remain; and the new American government, however kindly and pacific, would have to wear not only a despotic but a military character.

The expense that would be incurred in keeping on foot an army in the Philippines and another in the Antilles (should Cuba be found incapable of standing alone) would be heavy. But there would be another expense far heavier—that of maintaining fleets adequate to the defence of these distant possessions. It may be conjectured that a navy at least twice as large as that of the United States now is would be required. But the cost would not stop there. It is quite true, as Captain Mahan has said, that even for the protection of the Philippines and to secure ascendency on the Caribbean Sea, America would not require a vast navy, such as that of Britain. But the experience of European naval powers, and especially of Britain, has been that the more a navy grows, the more it tends to grow. Every increase in one class of vessels suggests corresponding increases in other classes. Every expansion of the navy of

one country causes each of its rivals to redouble its efforts to keep abreast or ahead. Thus the naval budget of Britain has risen with portentous rapidity during the last ten years, and may probably rise still further as France and Russia strengthen their naval power. There is therefore ground to expect that the United States would erelong be led to develop her navy beyond the needs which Captain Mahan has indicated, especially as every widening of a nation's sphere of action and influence brings with it fresh occasions for friction or collision with some foreign power, and thereby increases the risks of war.

The difficulties I have just indicated spring from the geographical position and the character of the territories which America has now the opportunity of annexing, and would be much the same whatever the form of her government. They would exist were she a federal monarchy like the German Empire. But there are others which go deeper, because they are due to the nature of her government and the spirit of her constitution. The American government is built upon the principles of popular sovereignty and complete self-government, both local and national. Those principles are applied with unswerving consistency all through the details of her system and in every part of her area, with the insignificant exception of the tribal Indians in Alaska and in a few corners of the West. In the United States everybody who is a subject is (or may make himself) also a citizen, and a citizen in the fullest sense of the word. Popular elections prevail everywhere, and every man is entitled to vote at every election.* The annexation of the Antilles or the Philippines would at once create a large body of subjects who would not be full citizens, and to whom the fundamental principles of the government could not be applied. England finds herself unable to apply in India and her crown colonies some of the constitutional doctrines, such as the freedom of the press and the right of public meeting, which she most cherishes at home, and is often annoyed and perplexed by the situation in which she accordingly finds herself there placed. All these difficulties would arise in the administration by Americans of subject races, and would indeed, owing to the character of the American government, be more serious than European nations find them. When the thirteen original States of the Union began to admit new States, when the older States acquired vast territories beyond the Mississippi, some by purchase from France and Spain, others afterwards by conquest and purchase from Mexico, they were able to give to the inhabitants of these territories their own form of government, their own civic rights. Thus the new regions were from the first loyal and contented, and the whole nation, twenty-two times as numerous to-day as it was in 1776, is now (with the exception of a part of the Southern negroes) more homogeneous, more equal, more united, so far as government and civic rights go, than any other great nation of which history tells us. Therein lies no small part of its strength But the inhabitants of these islands, alien in blood and speech, inferior—and some of them vastly inferior—both intellectually and morally, cannot be so incorporated and made a part of the American people.

It is a further question whether the United States possesses the machinery needed for the administration of dependent and remote dominions. Here the experience of Great Britain is alone in point, for the Russian government of subject countries is almost purely military, and neither France nor Germany has yet had time to make colonial administration a success. Spain and Portugal have failed irretrievably. The Congo State makes a feeble attempt. Holland mismanaged the Cape, and works Java simply as a profitable estate from which she draws a revenue. Britain has by slow degrees, and after many mistakes and troubles, worked out a pretty good system for India and her crown colonies. She has done it by creating a large staff of trained administrators, who form a permanent service, carry on a fixed body of rules, maxims, and traditions, and are carefully supervised by the India Office and the Colonial Office at home. The largeness of the field has rendered it possible to make Indian service and colonial service careers which attract able men, and in which there is plenty of promotion, with high distinction, to be won. The United States has now nothing in the least resembling the India Office or the Colonial

* The methods by which attempts have recently been made to restrict the suffrage in several Southern States illustrate the generality of the principle, and the mischiefs which attend the evasion of it.

Office of England, and would have to try to create them, and to build up a like body of rules, maxims, and traditions which experience might approve. The nearest approach in the Federal government to something of the same sort is to be found in the Governors of the Territories and in the Indian agents, the latter at least (with a few honorable exceptions) not an encouraging precedent. And the comparative smallness of the field would make the career of a colonial administrator far less attractive to talent than it is to the young Englishman. Could the Philippines or the Antilles be trusted to the kind of officials who now obtain places on the score of local services rendered to their party?

A third point of view from which the consequences of a new departure in the direction of transmarine conquest ought to be considered is that of the influence it must have on the foreign policy, and, indeed, on the whole political life, of the American republic. The republic will become a naval power, and even a military power, in a sense new to her history. It need not be feared that the additional army she will have to raise will be dangerous to domestic liberty, any more than is the army of England. That we may regard as a chimerical danger. But military affairs may come to occupy a much larger part of the thoughts of the people and of the time of Congress. Military commanders will have a wider career of ambition opened up to them, especially if, as may well happen, wars arise out of the new struggles with foreign powers, to which the control of new dominions may lead. The foreign policy of the republic has hitherto been a comparatively simple matter, for (with rare exceptions) it has been practically confined to the assertion of the interests of the country on its own frontiers and in the seas which wash its coasts. Dominions beyond the sea will bring an entirely new set of interests, of ambitions, of projects for protecting what the nation has obtained, or of securing new positions of vantage. The experience of the great European powers has been that each acquisition leads on to others. The competition for naval strongholds and coaling-stations all over the world which now occupies the great European powers will probably spread to the United States also, and the action of those powers in every quarter will be watched with the same vigilant suspicion which France, Germany, Russia, and Britain now apply to one another's movements. This would be a new task for the American people. It could not but divert some of their attention from domestic questions, from the reconcilement of capital and labor, from the reform of the currency, from the adjustment of the tariff, from the improvement of city governments. It is, moreover, a task in which autocratic monarchies succeed better than popular governments, because it is hard to pursue a firm and skilful policy when power is frequently shifting from one ministry or party to another, and when momentous decisions have to be disclosed to the public as soon as they are formed, unless the administration takes the risk that the legislature may subsequently disapprove of them. Russia and Germany (for in Germany the Reichstag hardly interferes in foreign affairs) have in this respect a great advantage over Britain; and America would be still more handicapped than Britain is, because the British Parliament often leaves a large discretion to the cabinet, whereas in America the Senate is by law associated with the President in the conduct of foreign affairs. So long as American foreign policy is limited to the range within which it has heretofore usually worked, this is no great disadvantage. But if America begins to play the same kind of game that the European powers have been playing so keenly, the disadvantage will be evident.

I have endeavored rapidly to indicate, rather than to sift and discuss, the chief arguments which, in the view of European observers, deserve to be weighed by Americans in deciding whether to retain the territories which victory will place at their disposal. At the time of writing these lines it seems probable that Hawaii will be annexed. Englishmen will not regret this, so far as England is concerned, but many English friends of America will regret it for America's sake, seeing that the balance of advantage to America seems to them to incline against the acquisition of any transmarine possessions. The case against the acquisition of Cuba appears, however, stronger than against that of Hawaii, and the case against the Philippines the strongest of all. The United States will (so we venture to think) render a far greater service to humanity by de-

veloping a high type of industrial civilization on her own continent—a civilization conspicuously free, enlightened, and pacific—than by any foreign conquests. If we were to look at the question from the point of view of British interests (a point of view I have sought in this paper to avoid), we might deem it—this is, at any rate, now often argued—a benefit to Britain that America should enter on a career in which the alliance of the first naval power in the world would be especially valuable to her, for of course the alliance of America would be in like manner valuable to Britain. The point is one which I will not attempt to discuss. Yet I may venture to express an opinion, which, though it does not touch the question dealt with in this article, touches the general future policy of America. Here in England we are all agreed in hoping that whether the United States become a conquering power and a naval power or not, the friendliness which has during the last few months found such warm reciprocal expression on both sides of the Atlantic will in any case ripen into a permanently cordial relation between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. A formal alliance, in the technical diplomatic sense, may not be presently attainable. But in free countries like Britain and the United States the settled mind and purpose of the people can create and maintain what is in substance an alliance. Let me take an illustration from another well-known rule of statecraft. The Monroe doctrine has never been formally adopted by Congress. Technically it is no more than a view of policy propounded long ago by a President. But its principles have sunk so deep into the thoughts and been so distinctly approved by the judgment of the nation that both Americans themselves and other nations also have come to regard them as fixed and settled principles which the United States government may be expected consistently to apply. Now if, in Britain and America alike, it were to be established as a principle that the two countries have interests virtually identical, that each will endeavor where it fairly and properly can to co-operate with the other, that each will give help and comfort to the other should any grave peril arise, a vast step in advance would have been taken. Such an understanding would make for peace in the world at large, as well as for peace between the two nations. For it would be based on that faith in freedom and that sense of duty to humanity which both peoples have cherished as the common heritage and inspiration of the race.

MY ROSE.

BY H. HAWTHORNE.

ON a green slope, most fragrant with the Spring,
One sweet, fair day I planted a red rose,
That grew, beneath my tender nourishing,
So tall, so riotous of bloom, that those
Who passed the little valley where it grew
Smiled at its beauty. All the air was sweet
About it! Still I tended it, and knew
That he would come, e'en as it grew complete.

And a day brought him! Up I led him, where
In the warm sun my rose bloomed gloriously—
Smiling and saying, Lo, is it not fair?
And all for thee—all thine! But he passed by
Coldly, and answered, Rose? I see no rose,—
Leaving me standing in the barren vale
Alone! alone! feeling the darkness close
Deep o'er my heart, and all my being fail.

Then came one, gently, yet with eager tread,
Begging one rose-bud—but my rose was dead.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE UNITED STATES IN FOREIGN MILITARY EXPEDITIONS.

BY PROFESSOR ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

AT the moment while these words take form on paper, three expeditions of United States military and naval forces are being directed to different colonial possessions of Spain. Such movements, however justified by national interests, seem at first sight abnormal: that a peaceful Christian nation should be despatching fleets, seizing islands, sending troops, subverting long-established colonial governments, and distributing dynamite shells among malcontents — all this seems to many minds an aggressive departure from our national policy.

We Americans live so fast that we run away from our own history; we send men, ships, and guns to the Caribbean Sea, the Atlantic, the Pacific, and Indian Ocean, without stopping to consider whether this is the first or the twentieth time we have organized such expeditions. Yet the history of the United States abounds in precedents of armed interventions and occupation, from which we may learn something of the occasions for such warfare, of the difficulties of the process, and of the method of administering foreign territory after it has been seized. So far from the expeditions of 1898 being abnormal, an examination of the diplomatic and military records of the United States shows more than sixty instances of actual or authorized use of force, outside our national jurisdiction; in about forty of these, military or naval force has been used or displayed; about thirty times there has been an occupation of territory, longer or shorter; in a dozen cases some of the territory thus affected has been eventually annexed to the United States.

In fact, the difficulty in treating the subject of military expeditions is not to find instances, but to exclude mere suggestions and threats, so as to consider only those cases in which the responsibility of using force outside our own territory has been distinctly assumed by some public authority. No attempt will be made to discuss private filibustering expeditions; nor the use of force within our boundaries, whether against Indians or insurgents or organized rebellion. We shall not go beyond the temporary military administrations set up in conquered regions till the will of the home government could be ascertained. The important question of the permanent colonial governments established by the United States in annexed territory will be reserved for a later article.

With these limitations, the story of the armed interventions of a century and a quarter may be conveniently considered in six periods: (1) Military expeditions and occupations in the Revolutionary and Barbary wars, 1775–1815. (2) Expeditions and occupations for territorial expansion, 1797–1821. (3) Relations with European countries, 1822–1835. (4) Aggressive expeditions, 1836–1860. (5) Relations with American neighbors, 1861–1872. (6) Commercial and philanthropic interventions and expeditions, 1873–1898.

We are accustomed to think of the war of the Revolution only as a defensive struggle. Our forefathers did not so regard it; for before Boston Harbor was cleared of the invader they had sent a double expedition to seize Canada, and later made three other invasions of enemies' territory. Some of Washington's instructions to Benedict Arnold as commander of the forces directed against Quebec might serve a Dewey or a Sampson: "You are to endeavor to discover the real sentiments of the Canadians towards our cause. . . You are to disperse a number of addresses. . . You are to conciliate the affections of these people and such Indians as you may meet with. . . Check any attempt to plunder. . . Spare neither pains nor expense to gain all possible intelligence. . . You are to protect and support the free exercise of the religion of the country." The Continental Congress gave orders to establish "Associations," to form "a Provincial Assembly," and to choose "Delegates to Congress." Notwithstanding the capture of every strong place in Canada except Quebec, and the occupation of the country for ten months, the American army retired in July, 1776, with heavy losses.

It was otherwise in the second foreign expedition of the Revolutionary war—

George Rogers Clark's invasion of the Northwest. With a force of about 200 men he descended the Ohio in 1778, and took the little posts of Kaskaskia and Cahokia. He then enrolled many of the French Canadian inhabitants into his little army, promising them "all the privileges of the American government." With the aid of some of these men he captured Governor Hamilton, in Vincennes, in February, 1779, confiscated and sold some of the Governor's slaves, and held for Virginia the whole vast region between the lakes, the Ohio, and the Mississippi; eventually the conquest was turned over to the United States.

A third expedition was Sullivan's invasion of the country of the hostile Six Nations in 1779. He penetrated up the Susquehanna—the town of Horseheads long marked the spot where his cavalry was dismounted—and occupied the Genesee Valley; but as soon as he retired, the Indians again closed in upon the region, and nullified his military success.

A fourth instance of armed invasion, and the only case of a landing of American forces within the United Kingdom, was the daring attack of John Paul Jones on Whitehaven and St. Mary's Island in April, 1778. The principal result was the "lifting" of the Earl of Selkirk's plate, which Jones afterward gallantly bought in and returned to Lady Selkirk.

From this time for nearly twenty years there was no foreign military expedition; though some preparations were made in the French war of 1798. But from 1801 to 1804 American ships repeatedly bombarded Tripolitan towns, and even raised the American flag over a foreign city. At first the peace-loving mind of President Jefferson could not comprehend a war where people shot at each other; and when the *Enterprise* in 1801 captured an enemy's vessel, the craft was simply turned over to its owners again. In 1804 Tripoli was more vigorously attacked, and then came an episode which Americans should always remember, in order that the like may never befall again. Our consul, Eaton, was authorized to set a back fire by subsidizing Hamet Caracalli, a banished predecessor and brother of the reigning Bashaw. Hamet had found a very good position in a respectable predatory Egyptian force as a kind of

> "A promising young robber,
> The lieutenant of his band."

Eaton sought him out, this good pirate, and besought him to make war on his brother, accompanied him across the desert to attack the Tripolitan town of Derne, took it, and hoisted the American flag. This is almost the only occasion when the United States has been in actual possession of African soil; and up to 1898 it remained the only example of a land expedition marching across foreign territory outside the continent of North America.

At this juncture Commodore Rodgers, who was besieging the city of Tripoli, allowed a peace to be made by which Hamet's cause was abandoned. Hamet himself was taken aboard a ship; but when his unhappy followers saw him depart, and realized that they were left to Tripolitan vengeance, Eaton says that "the shore, our camp, and battery were crowded with distracted soldiery and populace; some calling on the Bashaw, some on me; some uttering shrieks, some execrations." Hamet, in a very pathetic letter, threw himself on the generosity of the United States, and plead for the execution of the solemn promise made in the new treaty that his family should be restored to him. The poor fellow could not realize that his ally had made no stipulation for his followers, and did not concern itself about his wives and children.

The expedition of 1805 made unnecessary any further interventions among the Barbary powers till, in 1815, the Dey of Algiers began to capture American vessels, and defended the practice in a letter to "the happy, the great, the amiable James Madison, Emperor of America, may his reign be happy and glorious." The emperor thus addressed, however, preferred to answer by Decatur's fleet; and this naval force so impressed the Dey that peace was forthwith made. When Decatur next went to demand an indemnity for property piratically taken by the Dey of Tunis, that potentate said simply: "I know that admiral," laid down his telescope, combed his beard with a tortoise-shell comb studded with diamonds —and paid the money.

The experience of the period from 1775 to 1804 showed clearly that invasions of an enemy's country may be a useful kind of warfare, and that in dealing with half-civilized powers force is the only argument that is understood; but the govern-

ment learned that it is easier to get into relations with insurgents who are fighting a common enemy, than to get out again honorably.

Meanwhile the United States had entered on a long process of ascertaining and extending her boundaries, a process in which more than fifteen military occupations were found necessary. The retention by the Spaniards of the country north of the thirty-first parallel gave rise to a lively intervention in 1797. Lieutenant Pope and forty soldiers came to Natchez; and when the Spaniards refused to evacuate the disputed strip, Pope notified them that "as commandant of the troops of the United States at the lower posts, I must assure you that the landing of any troops, or the repairing of the fortifications of the territory in question, will be considered as an attack upon the honor and dignity of my country." Six months later the Spaniards gave up the post.

Troops were authorized by Congress in 1803 for the seizure of Louisiana if necessary, but the colony was peacefully ceded by treaty. Meanwhile Jefferson had despatched a military expedition, under command of Captains Lewis and Clarke, to explore and take possession of Oregon. In August, 1805, the party entered on the Pacific slope—the only instance in our federal history of the military taking possession of a region as yet not occupied by any civilized nation.

The cession of Louisiana involved the country in a double controversy, both Texas and West Florida being claimed by the United States. In 1806 Wilkinson was sent with an armed force into the Texan disputed territory, and a fight with the Spaniards seemed impending; but a temporary boundary was fixed at the Sabine River. In the same year Lieutenant Pike, with a party of twenty-three men, was sent to explore the western country, and presently was seized by the Spaniards in their province of New Mexico. Eventually they let him go with an admonition; and until 1836 there was no more intervention on this border.

The West Florida controversy was also adjusted by military intervention. In 1810 President Madison sent the civilian Governor Claiborne to take possession of the disputed region as far as the Pearl River, as part of his Territory of Orleans. The rest of West Florida, including Mobile, was still held by Spain; but in January, 1811, Congress took the extraordinary step — never since repeated — of passing a secret joint resolution. The President was authorized to seize both the disputed and the undisputed Spanish territory south of Georgia; nevertheless, Madison held off till April, 1813, when Mobile was at last occupied by a military force under Wilkinson.

At this juncture the war with Great Britain broke out. Although occasioned by aggressions on American commerce, the immediate object was the conquest of Canada, and therefore repeated expeditions were sent across the border in 1812, 1813, and 1814. Hull attacked Malden; Van Rensselaer failed at Lewiston, and Smyth at Chippewa; Wilkinson withdrew from Chrysler's Farm; Brown won the battles of Chippewa and Lundys Lane; but they were all driven back after a brief occupation—sometimes of only a few hours. Fort George, on the Lower Niagara, was almost the only Canadian post held for any considerable time; William Henry Harrison penetrated to the river Thames, but abandoned the territory again; and Dearborn and Pike captured York (now Kingston), the first provincial capital ever taken by the Americans. Unfortunately during Dearborn's brief occupancy the so-called "Parliament House" was burned, though without orders: it is a kind of accident likely to happen in such a foray.

The long-pending contest over the Floridas was next adjusted by a strong hand: three invasions without a declaration of war were required to convince the Spaniards that they might make a virtue of the necessity of ceding the region. In July, 1814, the British forces seized the Spanish port of Pensacola, and made it a base for an attack on Mobile; the American commander, Andrew Jackson, was not a man to stand on punctilio, and without orders, but with entire justification, he pushed with 3000 men to Pensacola, and in November stormed the town, and held it for some days before withdrawing.

Three years later the thorough-going scoundrel Jones Aury seized Amelia Island, off Florida, and made it a centre for smuggling, slave trade, and piracy. President Monroe deemed that "the right

of self-defence never ceases. It is among the most sacred, and alike necessary to nations and to individuals." Resting on that right, and on the secret act of January, 1811, he sent Captain Henly with the ship of war *John Adams*, and Major Bankhead with a land force, to take possession. When Aury wanted to negotiate, the two Americans answered, laconically; "As officers in the service of the United States we are bound to obey orders emanating from the authorities of our government without any discussion or animadversion on our part as to the correctness of them; we propose to land a force to-day, and to hoist the American flag; under that flag no oppression or unjust measures will ever be witnessed." The Spanish minister protested, but the island was held till ceded by the treaty of 1819.

In 1818 Jackson was the general in command on the Florida borders, and again invaded Spanish territory. Whether he was acting under orders or contrary to orders is still a disputed question; he had given informal notice to the authorities in Washington that he meant to enter the territory, and to his mind the policy of the government was thus satisfactorily established. Convinced that the Spaniards were stirring up Indian hostilities across the boundary, Jackson crossed the border, marched to the Spanish post of St. Marks, and court-martialled and executed two British subjects found in doubtful relations with the Indians. Up to this episode there had never been such rigor toward inhabitants of territory invaded by the United States troops, even in time of war. It was the first time also that a military commander ventured to create a territorial government on his own responsibility. As a result of what he called "the immutable principle of self-defence," Jackson organized the region on the Spanish model, "established" the revenue laws of the United States, and even appointed a collector of customs. Eventually Jackson was upheld by the administration, and though the territory was restored to Spain, it was finally returned to the United States under the treaty of 1819. By an opera-bouffe fatality, the first Governor of Florida was Jackson, and he received, and cheerfully exercised for the time being, all the arbitrary powers of the previous Spanish Captain-General.

In the twenty-two years from 1797 to 1819 there had arisen twenty cases of well-defined expeditions into foreign or disputed territory; of these, eleven were in the midst of war; of the rest, nearly all were forcible attempts to settle territorial controversies with Spain. The work was so thoroughly done that, after 1818, there was for eighty years no expedition directed against Spanish territory.

Although, after the war of 1812, the people of the United States felt a consciousness of national power, and a desire to make republican government and American influence felt in other parts of the world, the only cases of actual intervention between 1820 and 1835 were in the Falkland Islands and in Sumatra. The Falklands were a resort for sealers, and were supposed to be a no-man's-land, but in 1831 a sealing-vessel was seized by persons who had formed a colony and purported to act under a commission from Buenos Ayres. Thereupon Jackson sent the ship *Lexington*, commanded by Captain Duncan, who uprooted the colony completely. Two years later Great Britain claimed the islands, and the controversy ended. The next year the *Potomac*, Captain Downes, was sent to Sumatra to punish "a band of lawless pirates"; and the town of Quallah Batoo was effectively bombarded.

The twenty-five years from 1836 to 1861 are marked by a new spirit in American foreign relations: it was a time of conquest and desire for more conquests: Texas, New Mexico, and California were acquired by the Union through military and naval expeditions, and serious efforts were made to annex Cuba, Mexico, and parts of Central America; the development of California created new interest in a route across the Isthmus, and hence led to new interventions; China and Japan were opened to American trade by a pressure which several times ended in armed violence; there was an effort to raise the American flag in Hawaii, and President Buchanan formed a plan of systematic interventions. The great historian von Holst sees in all this only the hand of the malignant slave power. It is true that the defenders of slavery were advocates of a "vigorous foreign policy"; but the movement had deeper roots even than the purpose to gain slave-holding terri-

tory. The young giant among nations was becoming conscious of his strength, and liked to stretch out his arms to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The first episode in this period of aggressive intervention was Jackson's sending a force into Texas, then, in 1836, a part of Mexico. The alleged occasion was Indian depredations sixty miles from the frontier; the real occasion was the desire to give encouragement to the revolution in Texas. General Gaines not only entered Texas, he also called on the Governors of four States to send him militia. This was too much for Jackson, who had strong opinions against other people who acted without orders, and he withdrew the troops with "impressive warnings."

President Tyler early began a series of military expeditions, which ended with the conquest of California. In October, 1842, Commodore Thomas Ap Catesby Jones entered the harbor of Monterey, California, hauled down the Mexican flag, and ran up the American; his only excuse was that he had read a newspaper report that war had been declared by Mexico on the United States. The next day he saw the error of his ways, took down the flag, and withdrew; later the government at Washington disavowed the act, and made an apology to justly offended Mexico.

In the same year, 1842, however, Tyler sent young Captain Fremont to explore the stretch of country about the headwaters of the Platte River. With about twenty hired civilians he crossed over, uninvited, to Mexican territory on the upper tributaries of the Colorado, but returned without any encounter. A year later Fremont was despatched ostensibly "to connect the reconnoissance of 1842 with the surveys on the coast of the Pacific"; but his party of fifty included three artillerymen, who handled a government howitzer. Early in 1844 he reached California, without permission from Mexico; and again made his way unmolested over the mountains eastward.

Meanwhile a treaty was on foot for the annexation of Texas, and in February, 1844, our minister to the "lone-star State" took the responsibility of declaring that Mexico should not be permitted to invade Texas as a punishment for the negotiation. President Tyler disavowed him on the ground that "the employment of the army and navy against a foreign power with which the United States are at peace is not within the competency of the President." Nevertheless, a month later, Calhoun, then Secretary of State, promised, "during the pendency of the treaty, to use all the means placed within his power to protect Texas from foreign invasion." No actual force was employed, because Mexico made no resistance to the annexation of Texas; but the principle of armed intervention had been cynically avowed, and was soon to be put into active service.

In the years 1845 '46 eight different expeditions were sent out into Mexican territory. In 1845 instructions were issued to naval officers to be ready to seize California in case of war; and Fremont was again despatched for his third and most belligerent entry into foreign regions. He had an armed party of sixty men, and on his arrival in California was warned off by the Mexican authorities, and betook himself for the time to Oregon.

When war broke out with Mexico in May, 1846, land expeditions were at once despatched to California and New Mexico, and naval forces to the Gulf and the Pacific. Colonel Kearny marched inland to Santa Fe, and in August seized New Mexico; thence he marched to California with sixty men. He found on arrival in December that, without waiting for news of war or for orders, Fremont had come back, had aided the American residents in California to assert their independence, and had been fighting the Mexicans; and Commodore Sloat had also occupied Monterey. A few weeks later the Mexican troops were driven out of the country.

Meanwhile the war had been carried into Mexico itself. Under orders from Polk, General Taylor marched through the disputed strip of territory west of the Nueces, and in April, 1846, closed the Rio Grande to navigation. The Mexicans were justified in considering this an invasion, and attacked Taylor then and there. Three later invasions—Doniphan's into Chihuahua, Taylor's southward to Buena Vista, and Scott's to the City of Mexico—were simple acts of declared war in undoubted foreign territory.

The political status of the four regions thus occupied—the Rio Grande strip, New Mexico, California, and old Mexico—is most interesting in itself, and is a significant precedent for our relations with the

Philippines and Antilles. Kearny, without waiting for orders or for a treaty of peace, proclaimed New Mexico not only a part of the United States, but also a "Territory," appointed a civil Governor, and declared the Mexicans to be subjects of the United States. Commodore Sloat proclaimed California to be a permanent part of the United States, and his successor, Stockton, declared it a Territory, and made Fremont "Governor." Then, under orders from the President, Fremont set up a special tariff and tonnage duty in California. General Scott in Mexico levied military contributions, took charge of the custom-house, and designated courts.

Late in the war the administration found itself in the position of the foreigner who attempted to fight the wild-cat. When a friend asked, "Shall I come and help you catch him?" the belligerent answered, "No; but I wish you would come and help me let him go." The Mexican administration was so disrupted that, for a time, no one could be found with authority to make peace, and it was soberly proposed to annex the whole country. A peace was at last adjusted early in 1848; the United States troops were shortly withdrawn from the present territory of Mexico, and the ordinary revenue system of the United States was applied to all the annexed regions.

In 1853 came a very unusual demonstration of naval force in the Mediterranean Sea. Martin Koszta, a Hungarian who had declared his intention to become an American citizen, was seized at Smyrna and put on board an Austrian man-of-war. Commodore Ingraham, of the United States ship *St. Louis*, under directions from our chargé at Constantinople, declared that he would recover Koszta by force of arms, if necessary; and the man was thereupon released.

The process of military expeditions was now applied to force open the gates of Eastern commerce. Up to 1844 Americans had no treaty rights in China, and Japan was still a sealed country, where even shipwrecked sailors were treated with inhospitality or cruelty. Between 1849 and 1854 four naval expeditions were sent to Japan to exert a pressure on that country; and Commodore Matthew C. Perry at length obtained the long-desired Japanese treaty.

The internal revolutions in China and Japan gave rise, between 1857 and 1864, to four cases of actual fighting. In 1854, and again in 1855, American forces were landed in China, first to protect and then to oppose the Taiping rebels. In 1857 Commodore Armstrong in the *Portsmouth* attacked and destroyed four Chinese barrier forts near Canton, without any specific orders from home. Two years later Commodore Tattnall saw the British Admiral Hope worsted in a fight with the forts; whereupon he exclaimed, "Blood is thicker than water," and went to the assistance of his fellow Anglo-Saxon. A third episode is not a source of pride to Americans. The American steamer *Pembroke* was fired upon in June, 1863, while attempting to pass through the channel of Shimonoseki, then blockaded by Japanese insurgents. Captain McDougall, of the United States ship *Wyoming*, attacked the batteries, and sank two Japanese vessels. The next year, 1864, the forts were again attacked and destroyed by a combined Dutch, French, English, and American force, the latter consisting of a chartered steamer with one gun. A very disproportionate indemnity was exacted from the Imperial government, which had disavowed responsibility, but many years later the United States honorably refunded its share, and thus atoned for the injustice of the money fine.

The decade from 1850 to 1860 was a time when expeditions became familiar engines of diplomacy in America. The first instance was an order, in 1852, to protect from Peruvian interference American vessels loading guano in the Lobos Islands, an order soon countermanded. In 1854 came the bombardment of Greytown, a place held by a band of adventurers in territory disputed between Nicaragua and the King of the Mosquito Indians. Under authority of Congress, Captain Hollins trained the guns of the ship *Cyane* on Greytown; no satisfaction being given, he bombarded and nearly destroyed the place, and a landing party set the remaining houses on fire.

At another point in Central America intervention was proposed for the protection of travel across the Isthmus. The United States of Colombia attempted to lay a tonnage tax, which the United States of America considered a breach of the treaty. Hence, in 1857, President Buchanan sent naval vessels to both sides of the Isthmus, but there was no landing of troops at that time.

The year 1857 witnessed a very picturesque case of military intervention—this time to aid a friendly power. William Walker, who had several times invaded Nicaragua as a filibuster, sailed from New Orleans to Saltillo, and began to capture vessels and kill men under the very nose of Commodore Paulding. That officer promptly used his naval force to arrest Walker, and sent him home for trial. By what seems like the plot of a Bowery farce, the commodore was censured for exceeding his authority, and Walker was set free; but the Nicaraguan government was duly grateful for riddance from a knave.

One more episode needs to be mentioned in this decade. The United States steamer *Water Witch* was fired upon in 1855 in a channel of the river Paraguay; about three years later Congress authorized the President "to adopt such measures and use such force as, in his judgment, may be necessary and desirable." An expedition of nineteen vessels and twenty-five hundred men was sent out, and, 1859, without firing a gun obtained apologies and treaties.

The successful interventions in China, Greytown, and Paraguay, together with a naval expedition to Syria in 1858, seem to have turned Buchanan's head; for he came before Congress again and again to request that he receive general powers to intervene outside our boundary, inasmuch as "the Executive cannot legitimately resort to force without the direct authority of Congress, except in resisting and repelling hostile attacks." He wanted to use troops to keep the Isthmus route open; he wanted "a temporary protectorate over the northern provinces of Mexico"; he even tried to arrange with one of the factions in Mexico to invite his intervention; he thought he ought to have general authority "to enter the territory of Mexico, Nicaragua, and New Granada for the purpose of defending the persons and property of American citizens." The scheme of Buchanan would have made the President the dictator of Latin America, backed up by the army and navy and resources of the United States: it marks the high tide of the policy of intervention. Though there has been but one foreign war in the period since 1836, there were about twenty-five cases of armed intervention: the United States was rapidly becoming the policeman of the Americas and the terror of the Orientals.

The civil war put an end to the wild ambitions of Buchanan and his friends, for there were too many "alarums and incursions" at home. Nevertheless, there were some instances of intervention, besides the seizure of the Confederate commissioners on the *Trent* in 1861. Force was threatened against Colombia in 1862 on the old question of tonnage duties. General Dix ordered his troops in 1864 to follow across the borders into Canada any persons who might invade the United States, and he was promptly disavowed by Lincoln; but in the same year Lincoln seemed to favor pursuing hostile Indians into the British Northwestern territory.

All these were minor questions; the two really serious occasions for intervention were both in Mexico. In 1865 France was firmly and finally warned that the further maintenance of a force intended to overawe the Mexicans and destroy their republican government was an act unfriendly toward the United States; and the following year Austria was clearly given to understand that no levies from that country would be permitted to replace the French. Fortunately these expressive hints were enough to cause the withdrawal of the French troops.

It is certainly remarkable that, with the most powerful army and navy of its whole history at its command, the government of the United States from 1861 to 1872 forbore to follow up the policy of interference practised during the previous quarter-century. Apparently both Lincoln, "the great war President," and Grant, "the citizen-soldier," were averse to actual intervention in the affairs of neighbors, and found means of securing their ends without foreign expeditions.

Since 1873 interventions have again become an active part of the foreign policy of the country; but the field has been widened: the western coast of South America has been included; the sphere of American influence in the Pacific has extended beyond Hawaii to Samoa; and the spicy islands of the farthest East have heard the thunder of American guns.

In 1873 Grant made an attempt to secure from European governments a joint intervention in order to adjust the per-

plexing Cuban question; but the trouble was happily settled without carrying the suggestion into effect. In Isthmus affairs the principal incident was President Arthur's treaty with Nicaragua in 1884, by which the United States was to have a standing right to intervene for the protection of a canal; and that treaty was withdrawn by President Cleveland in 1885. Toward Canada there was, in 1881, a threat of pursuing Sitting Bull across the border; and from 1886 to 1890 Canadian sealers were captured in Bering Sea; the Paris Arbitration Commission of 1893 held these captures to be unwarranted, and allowed an indemnity to Great Britain. In Mexico, from 1874 to 1886, there were half a dozen cases of pursuit of Indians over the border, in one of which the responsible officer was Colonel Shafter; and in 1882 a treaty authorized such pursuit.

In Chile we have thrice proposed intervention. After the Chilian conquest of Peru in 1881, Mr. Hurlbut, our minister to Peru, warned Chile that "the United States would deeply regret if she should change her purpose and be carried away in a career of conquest." Secretary Blaine disavowed the phrase, but restated the principle in the form: "the exercise of the right of absolute conquest is dangerous to the best interests of all the republics of this continent." This rather belligerent intimation was withdrawn a few months later by Secretary Frelinghuysen. In 1891 the United States government authorized the pursuit of the Chilian insurgent steamer *Itata*, which had slipped out of an American port without clearance papers; eventually the vessel returned voluntarily, and the Federal courts held that there was not ground for naval capture. A few months later occurred the painful incident of the attack on the sailors of the United States ship *Baltimore* in the streets of Valparaiso. Since proper redress was delayed, President Harrison, in January, 1892, recommended military action by Congress, but the Chilian government hastened to make suitable apologies and reparation.

Of the Venezuelan incident in 1895–96 it is unnecessary here to speak further than to say that President Cleveland plainly intimated that the United States might have to fight for its principles of peace and good-will; and the matter was adjusted by concessions on the part of England.

Interventions in the Pacific have kept pace with those in America, and both Hawaii and Samoa have been the scenes of repeated landings and occupations. Webster promised, in 1851, that "the Navy Department will receive instructions to place and keep the naval armament of the United States in the Pacific Ocean in such a state of strength and preparation as will be required for the preservation of the honor and dignity of the United States and the safety of the government of the Hawaiian Islands." This pledge was carried out in 1874, when a new sovereign was to be chosen at Honolulu and violence was feared; for the American minister, at the request of the Hawaiian authorities, called on Commander Belknap to land a hundred and fifty men from the *Tuscarora* and *Portsmouth*, and they remained eight days on guard, alongside a similar British force. Again, in 1889, Commodore Woodward, at the request of the American minister, landed marines at Honolulu to protect the legation—and, incidentally, to have "a favorable effect on the population."

When a still more serious revolution broke out at Honolulu on January 16, 1893, the American minister, Stevens, at the request of a revolutionary committee, called on Captain Wiltse of the *Boston* to land a force. Among the unusual circumstances of this intervention was the request of the insurgents that Captain Wiltse take command of their troops as well as his own; the quartering of a large body of the Americans in a hall away from the legation and near the government buildings; the offer of annexation by the new government; and the formal "protection of the United States," which Stevens announced on his own responsibility on February 1, and emphasized by raising the American flag over the islands. By order of President Cleveland the flag was withdrawn March 31; and an unsuccessful attempt was made to restore the political conditions of Hawaii as they had been before the revolution.

The history of intervention in Samoa is very similar: three times, in 1877, 1878, and 1886, American consuls raised their flag over that group of islands; but though the home government never accepted the proposed cessions, it insisted on a joint interest in Samoa, with England and Germany; and in 1889 sent out war-ships to assert that interest. The trouble was ad-

justed by a tripartite treaty, establishing a triune government in the islands. When, in 1893, the natives engaged in civil war, the United States again authorized a vessel of our navy to take part in a joint military demonstration.

Several opportunities have arisen in the last thirty years for interventions in Europe, but none of them have been used. The Cretans, in 1867, drew on American sympathies; the trouble of Roumania interested us in 1872. Some persons desired to intervene in behalf of the Armenians in 1895, and in behalf of the Greeks in 1896. The only Asiatic expedition was an armed intervention in Korea in 1871. All these hints and sympathies are insignificant in comparison with the actual occupation of the Philippines in 1898, just as all recent American interventions yield in importance to the powerful expeditions to Cuba and Puerto Rico.

Many of the incidents which have just been described have no great significance in themselves, but they enable us to judge of the purposes and methods of armed interventions during the last century and a quarter, and to make some generalizations as to causes, geographical distribution, methods, and results.

The most frequent occasion for the exercise of military force has, of course, been the desire to take the territory or damage the defences of a public enemy: Canada in 1775 and 1812, Tripoli in 1804, California in 1846, and the Philippines in 1898, are sufficient examples. In times of peace a predisposing cause for intervention is the wish to cut the Gordian knot of territorial disputes, as in the occupation of West Florida in 1813, and of the Rio Grande in 1846. Border difficulties and Indian troubles account for at least a third of all the interventions: such are Jackson's Seminole War of 1818, and the Mexican border raids from 1874 to 1882. The protection of Americans and their property has given rise to most of the interventions in other than border countries, as in the Falklands in 1831, and in Japan in 1852. The special question of the Isthmus has led to several such episodes as the bombardment of Greytown in 1854. For another group of interventions the only explanation is the desire of administrations or of our ministers or consuls to increase the area and prestige of the Union, as in the cases of Samoa and Hawaii.

In general, interventions are a remedy for trouble with feeble powers, though there have been repeated expeditions into British territory or against British claims. Spain and Mexico, as weak and rather disorderly near neighbors, have come in for nearly thirty interventions, and the Isthmus states for six or eight more. Samoa has been the object of controversy at least four times; Hawaii four times; Japan and China five or six times; Paraguay twice; Chile three times; the eastern coasts of Asia seven or eight times. The only interventions in or near European countries have been the landing of Jones in England in 1778; the Barbary wars; and the difficulty with Austria in 1853.

Expeditions into bordering countries have been made by land forces, supported in many cases by the navy, as on Lake Erie in 1813, and in the Gulf and Pacific in 1846. In distant countries and their seaports, the principal work has fallen on the navy; there had never been an organized auxiliary landing force of soldiers before the expeditions to Cuba and Puerto Rico and Manila.

Most of the interventions have been made under the orders of the President, or his authorized subordinates, on the general principle of the duty of the Executive to protect American citizens and their property everywhere; but zealous consuls and ministers have often gone beyond their instructions, as in Hawaii in 1851, and in Samoa in 1886; and naval officers have sometimes been as injudicious as was Commodore Jones in the year 1842.

The expeditions of 1775–79, 1803–4, 1812–14, and 1846 were made under formal declarations of war; and Congress has also repeatedly given special authority for the use of force: this was the case in the Florida acts of 1811 to 1813, the expedition to Paraguay in 1858–59, and the Cuban intervention of 1898.

A question most interesting in the present crisis is, what has been the nature of the authority exercised by commanders of expeditions over the people of the occupied countries? Very few of them carried any specific orders; the exceptions are Arnold and his colleagues in Canada, Claiborne in West Florida, Jackson in East Florida in 1821, Kearny in California, and the consuls in Samoa. Several commanders seemed to have usurped civil

powers, as Clark in the Northwest, Dearborn in Canada, Fremont in 1846, and Scott in Mexico. In one instance only, that of Quebec in 1775, has a committee of Congress gone out to supervise the military and civil operations, though there was something very like it in our civil war.

In the cases where territory has been held for a time long enough to require any civil government, the commanders have usually proclaimed the temporary or permanent sovereignty of the United States; they have also deposed and appointed civil officials, and have even set up temporary revenue systems. In a few instances, as Quebec in 1775, Vincennes in 1779, Derne in 1804, Texas in 1836, California in 1846, New Mexico in 1846, Hawaii in 1851 and 1893, and Samoa in 1886, the United States has sought to come into relations with local insurgents, and has promised them protection, and sometimes incorporation into the Union. In not one of these cases, except Texas, have the natives really rallied to the aid of the invading troops, or taken any important independent part in military operations.

The reasons which brought about the earlier interventions have now almost ceased to exist; our boundaries are established, our flag is respected, the most tempting near-by territory has been gained, the Isthmus question no longer requires much interference, and commerce is opened up all over the world. But as fast as one set of causes ceases to be effective, another arises. The necessity of dealing impressively with imperfectly civilized nations grows stronger as we come in contact with more of them, for to such people intervention is a swift and certain argument sure to be remembered. The appetite for annexation of foreign territory is hard to assuage; and interventions having annexations in view are war, and breed wars. Interventions in conjunction with other powers have so far been little known to our system—and our experience in Samoa is not reassuring.

Looking back over the course of military interventions since the United States became a nation, three conclusions stand out clearly. The first is the remarkable success of all the serious interventions and expeditions authorized by the federal government, with the exception of the invasions of Canada. The second is the increase of territory and prestige which the expeditions have brought to the nation, even when unrighteously undertaken. The third is the free hand which the United States has so far enjoyed in entering either American, Pacific, or Oriental territory. But this last favorable condition has come to an end; henceforth whenever we send our ships and troops far outside of America we must confront a highly organized system of jealous foreign powers; and we must expect to find that no nation can share in the mastery of other hemispheres, and at the same time be sole master in its own hemisphere.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

BY ALICE DUER.

SIXTY years ago there was an insignificant village in New Jersey which to-day has risen to be one of the most important towns of the State. A railway now binds it to the great city, and trains go screeching through its streets at all hours of the day and night. In those days, too, it was considered wonderfully accessible, for only three miles away there was a river, and twice a day the boat came and went to New York, across the bay, past Staten Island, and then through miles of green meadows. To-day, the less said about those meadows the better.

Sixty years ago it was near enough to New York to receive a mail every day—postage twelve cents, double that for envelopes. To-day it has risen, or sunk, to the rank of a suburb, with its electric lights and asphalted avenues, but in those days its long main street, leading up to the white Presbyterian church on the hill, was made of no better material than New Jersey clay, which varied in color from a light pink in dry weather to a reddish purple in the rain.

Upon this main street stood a square white house, with fan-shaped windows

beneath the gables of the roof, and a fanlight above its doorway. Here Mrs. Phillips lived, the widow of the village doctor. The family had been known as well-to-do Presbyterian folk since before the Revolution, and Mrs. Phillips held a position of some prominence in the village. She herself was a New England woman, and had inherited all the rigidity of principle of her Puritan ancestors. It had been a matter of great rejoicing to her when her elder daughter had married the pastor of the church, the Reverend Elias Webster. Sarah was particularly well fitted to fulfil her new duties. She was unselfish, docile, industrious, interested in the work of the church—everything that her mother could wish her to be; and yet, in spite of this, Mrs. Phillips knew that her deepest affection went to her younger daughter, Jane—Jane, with the beauty of youth, and brilliance of coloring; indifferent to sewing-circles, but enthusiastic over picnics; an idle member of the household, but now and then notable enough over a new dress. Jane was the only person on earth for whom Mrs. Phillips felt tempted to balance the material and spiritual welfare. Now and then a wave of desire would sweep over her that her younger daughter should have all the good things of life, and feeling this, she frowned all the more sternly on Jane's love of enjoyment. The consequence was that the girl grew up to believe herself misunderstood and condemned, and became restless and discontented.

Strange to say, in spite of the reputation for unhousewifeliness which Jane bore in the village, she had not been without lovers. Indeed, her refusal of the suit of the doctor who had succeeded to her father's practice had caused unpleasant complications for her family, for he had taken it hard, and he was the only medical man within miles. As a matter of fact, Jane had not rejected his addresses without a pang, for not only did she find her life at home almost unbearable, but she was not without a sneaking fondness for him. To one thing, however, she had made up her mind: whomever she married, halt, blind, or lame he might be, but he must take her away from her birthplace and let her see the world. Yet, since she could have counted the strangers whom she had ever seen, she seemed likely to remain Jane Phillips to the end of her days.

One afternoon in June, sixty years ago, this discontented girl was sitting in the garden behind the house. During the past week the village had been astir and aflutter at the approaching visit of a missionary, who had lately returned from the scenes of adventurous labors among the islands of the Pacific. For a week Jane had heard him spoken of as of some successful general or great military hero, and for a week every time she had heard his name mentioned the same idea had obtruded itself upon her attention.

In those days missionary marriages were not uncommon. Many an enthusiastic preacher, who might never have had time to woo a bride nor the power to win one, found himself leading to the altar some well-recommended and often unknown woman, whose sole attraction was a readiness to accompany him to parts unknown.

Jane's own aunt had made such a marriage. In her enthusiasm for spreading the gospel she had consented to become the wife of an elderly missionary, so that she might join him in his work. It had been arranged through the clergyman of her church, and the second time they met they had been married. This was the story that kept recurring to Jane on this June afternoon—recurring again and again, until suddenly she leaped to her feet and ran out of the garden.

Elias Webster, D.D., was sitting in his study considering the text, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up your voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression," with reference to his discourse for the Sabbath, when the door burst open and his sister-in-law entered.

He had never before been disturbed while writing his sermon except in cases of the greatest emergency, and Jane was the last person in the world to venture on such a liberty. They had never been on cordial terms. She had always taken a childish pleasure in disregarding his opinion, and he had never made any secret of his disapproval.

"Elias," she said, panting a little, for she had run all the way from the garden —"Elias, I want to marry a missionary."

For an instant words failed Dr. Webster, but only for an instant.

"Would you have me believe, Jane," he said, "that one whose cold-heartedness has been the one reproach of a pious

family—one who has always neglected even the sacred duties of her home life, and never sought to join the church—would you have me believe—"

"Oh yes, I know, Elias," Jane interrupted, soothingly; "but I'm going to be very good. If you only knew how good I was going to be!"

"I am rejoiced to hear it," he returned, unsoftened. "When I have seen the change, it will be time enough to speak of so serious a matter. Until then I must refuse to discuss it with you."

Jane sighed. She feared she had not begun in the best way. It was almost the first time she had ever been in his study, and meek as she wanted to appear, her youth itself stood out with impertinent brilliance against rows of musty sermons and darkly bound church histories.

"But it will be too late if you wait," she said at length, in desperation; "Mr. West will be gone."

"Mr. West! Mr. West!" cried Dr. Webster, his eyebrows almost meeting. "My child, do you know that Mr. West is today one of the most prominent men in the great field of foreign missions! It is mere levity to speak of yourself in connection with such a man."

Jane was a little alarmed at the storm she had raised.

"I know—I know it is presumptuous, Elias," she said, hastily. "Some people thought even Sarah was presumptuous, good as she is, when she aspired to being your wife; but can I disregard the inestimable spiritual benefit she has received from your constant companionship?"

Dr. Webster's frown relaxed slightly, and Jane, new to diplomacy, was so childishly delighted at her success that she could scarcely forbear from sharing her enjoyment with him.

She conquered her impulse, however, and became more gentle without relinquishing her point. They talked on for an hour or more. When she went away, Dr. Webster had so far yielded as to promise to put the case before Mr. West. Further than this he would not go. He absolutely refused to be anything but explicit concerning her former unregeneracy, or to use his influence in her favor.

She was content with this much, however; indeed, in the privacy of her own room she executed a dance of triumph in front of her high, gilt-framed glass, which reflected her in libellous distortion. She felt the game, if not won, was at least well begun, and she twirled up and down, and then stopped as a dreadful thought struck her. Suppose Mr. West should be willing, suppose it should all be arranged, and suppose he should be so hideously repulsive that not even her freedom could repay her? But no; whatever he might be, he could give her something better than her seventeen years of stagnation had ever known.

But, unfortunately for Jane, her diplomacy was overthrown and brought to naught by an unforeseeable circumstance, as may happen to the most diplomatic. Scarcely had she left the study when the mail brought news to Elias of the serious illness of his brother. In those days even bad news travelled slowly, and by the time the letter had reached him Dr. Webster knew that there was no time to lose. So Sarah packed his bag, bedewing his clothes with her tears (she had never seen her brother-in-law, but she loved where her duty demanded she should love), and Elias just caught the boat; and Mr. West, who had been coming to rest and recuperate, was asked to fill Dr. Webster's place until his return.

In the few days which followed Elias's departure, Mrs. Phillips noted, with surprise and doubt, that a change had begun to come over Jane. Her demeanor was more gentle; she evinced a wish to be of use in the house, and offered to help her mother in the annual rite of sweetmeat-making, which was then in progress; she even accompanied Sarah on a charitable visit, and on Sunday she was ready for church before any one—standing in the old-fashioned hallway, clad in her best china-blue print, large in the sleeves and low in the neck, but supplemented by a deep embroidered muslin cape. Jane never forgot those minutes she waited at the foot of the stairs, nor the slow walk up the steep hill to the church, nor, most of all, the time of breathless anticipation after they were seated in their pew, before the service began. For the first time she was to see this man with whom she had volunteered to cast in her lot. One second she imagined that he would be young and perhaps bearable, and then she felt convinced that he would have no need of her assistance; the next she pic-

tured him to herself as old and austere, and then she knew he would accept her proposition.

An indescribable stir and rustle rippled over the congregation, and Jane raising her eyes found that she was looking at the goodliest man it had ever been her lot to behold.

He was apparently a little over thirty, taller and stronger than the men she had been accustomed to see wearing the long coat and high white stock, which were then the distinguishing marks of a clergyman. Nature had originally intended him for a blond, but he was so browned by the sun that it was almost startling to be met by the vivid blue of his eyes.

Jane waited anxiously for the sermon, but when he came forward and, leaning on the high reading-desk, began to speak, she forgot to think critically of the man in listening to what he was saying. He spoke without the slightest attempt at eloquence, but with a literary ability which Jane had never heard before. There were none of those misunderstandings and complications with the English language which made Dr. Webster's discourses more like combats than sermons. She felt instinctively that Mr. West was not a teacher, but a worker, and it was of his work he spoke, with a calm of manner rather at variance with the subject, and now and then flatly contradicted by the flare of enthusiasm in his eyes.

Coming out of church she heard, as if with the pride of proprietorship, the openly expressed approval of the congregation. By the time they reached the door Mr. West himself was standing there. Sarah introduced him to her mother, but quite forgot Jane, until he himself reminded her of the omission. Then he walked home with them, and Jane's blue dress caught on a nail in the gate, and he helped her to disentangle it with somewhat laborious care, saying that it would be a pity for anything so pretty to be torn, and Sarah murmured to her mother that she should think a man of Mr. West's perception might see that Jane's thought ran quite enough on her clothes as it was. Mrs. Phillips, however, was not displeased, for she asked the offender to come to supper that evening, and when he declined, with evident regret, on the ground that he had already accepted an invitation from one of the elders of the church, it was arranged that he was to come to the Phillipses' the following Sunday.

Altogether, the day had been a thrilling one for Jane; nor did the week that followed prove less so. She saw Mr. West constantly, and though sometimes they did not exchange a word, and often when they did only a conventional greeting passed between them, it did not seem strange to Jane that his individuality was beginning to shut out all other objects in her thoughts.

One memorable afternoon she went to fetch the mail, and coming out of the post-office she met the missionary. Abandoning one of the most prominent members of the church with whom he had been in conversation, he came to speak to Jane, and then asked if he might walk home with her, and the permission having been obtained without much difficulty, he straightway accompanied her down the wide main street, in the sight of a large number of the congregation who had assembled to get their letters.

It is true that their dialogue turned only upon the postal facilities, the state of the weather, and other subjects of total indifference to both of them; but there are some situations where what is said matters very little, and this—for Jane, at least—was one of them.

When he left her at her door her head was in a whirl, while, saving her from too sudden reaction, she had the thought that on Sunday he was coming to tea.

It was not usual for Jane to long ardently for the Sabbath, yet when Saturday night came, the thought uppermost in her mind, as she bade her mother goodnight, was that after a few hours of sleep she would open her eyes with joy on Sunday morning.

Mrs. Phillips had just returned from an evening visit to her married daughter.

"Elias got back this afternoon," she said. "His brother is quite well again."

Jane gave a gasp. "Already?" she said. "I thought he would not be back for weeks."

Mrs. Phillips looked up in surprise at the terror in her daughter's tone; but Jane had fled.

She fled to her own room, and locked the door.

For the past week she had been drifting. For the last few days, whenever she thought of her conversation with Elias, she thought of it not as an ac-

tion which would ever have definite results, but as a fanciful bond between herself and Mr. West, known only to herself. Now for the first time she felt frightened and shocked at what she had done. She would give anything in the world to keep Mr. West from hearing about it; she felt she could never hold up her head again if he knew; and yet, even if Elias had not already spoken, she knew she would never have the courage to tell him she had changed her mind.

As we grow older most of us have become familiar with the spectres that walk by night—fear, and poverty, and jealousy, and thousands of others—a sleepless night is no uncommon experience to most of us. But, oh! the first time we meet one; the first time when in a paroxysm of despair we do not even go through the form of seeking sleep!

Jane threw herself face downwards on the bed, and lay there without moving, though downstairs the tall hall clock struck hour after hour. Yet, strange to say, the spectre at her side was not fear, but regret.

For the first time in her life sympathy had come near her, and she had built up her hypocrisy like a wall; it had come near her, but she could not take it for herself, since it had been given to another person—to the person she had appeared to be. This man might have been her friend; it made no difference that she had known him but a week, her spirit had recognized him as an old comrade; yet, after all, he was not her friend, for he had never known her. If only she had the courage to speak the truth to him, the result would be disastrous, but whatever she saved from the wreck would be indeed her own.

Who can give an idea of the length of nights like these? Jane, sitting up at last, saw that the room was no longer in total darkness, and that the short June night was over; and so she rose to begin a new day, still exhausted by the struggle with the old one.

It was a very different Sunday from the preceding one, and a very different Jane who went haggard and hollow-eyed to church. After the service there was no one waiting to speak to the Phillipses as they came out, and Jane waited through an agonizing day for the evening.

But even when supper-time came, bringing with it Mr. West and the Websters, she felt as if the strain had only begun, after all. She did not know whether Elias had forgotten the whole matter or whether he had already spoken to the missionary; she only knew that Mr. West, having once greeted her, had neither looked at her nor addressed her again. It is so dreadful to be ignored. Whether his neglect arose from forgetfulness or disapproval, Jane felt it was equally bitter. Between excitement and distress she could scarcely choke down any food, and as soon as supper was over she slipped away to the garden, where she might be as miserable as she liked.

She sat there a long time. When she came out it had been still daylight, but as she sat there the moon changed from white to silver, and the garden which had been green grew slowly gray in the moonlight and black under the trees, and a large square of yellow light from the kitchen window fell on the grass behind her.

A shadow crossed this brilliant patch, a step crunched the gravel on the path, and Jane, looking up, saw that Mr. West was standing beside her.

There was a short silence; then he said, somewhat constrainedly,

"I have been having a talk with Dr. Webster this afternoon." He came to a dead stop.

"Are you going to help me?" said Jane, scarcely recognizing her own voice, and finding no meaning in her words.

"I am going to scold you," he said, and smiled. "I don't know whether you will find that very helpful or not."

"It is a kind of help I've had all my life," answered Jane, rather bitterly. "What has Elias been telling you to scold me about?"

"Elias has been uncommunicative to a fault," he said, and sitting down beside her he went on, righteous indignation lending him words. "If I did not feel in a way so near to your enthusiasm it would not anger me so that you should be willing to degrade your work as well as yourself by marrying a man you do not love, a thing no good woman should be willing to do."

Jane was silent. There were a thousand phrases taught her by her surroundings which she had meant to make use of, but somehow they would not come in the presence of this man, whose own sincerity accepted hers so unquestioningly.

"Many of the best women have done as I wish to do," she said at length.

"Yes," he retorted, hotly, "women at the end of their lives have done so—older women with their eyes open—but not beautiful children like you."

All the rest of the conversation dropped from Jane like a cloak.

"No one ever told me I was beautiful before," she said.

Mr. West's eyes smiled, but his mouth was not allowed to reciprocate it. "It is an undeniable fact," he said, "but not one of the things I came out here to tell you."

There was a pause. She was looking past him at the rose-bushes. In many conversations these sudden silences are danger-signals. Perhaps Mr. West felt this to be one, for he went on speaking:

"Keep your ambition. Live your every-day life with enthusiasm, and if you are the right person to do mission-work, some day you will do it, and then I think you will be glad you did not begin with a mistake."

Ambition—enthusiasm. Jane hung her head, even when, having had his say, he stood up to go. She felt that in a minute he would be gone; she would hear the click of the garden gate, and all would be over—all would be over. She kept repeating the words stupidly over and over in her mind. Perhaps he felt that he was in the presence of more suffering than he knew, for he said:

"I am afraid I have said more than I should have. I did not mean to hurt you."

"It does not matter," answered Jane, without moving.

"It matters very much to me," said Mr. West, and for the first time it occurred to her that his voice was not as calm as his words. "Perhaps you will understand better if I tell you that I could wish nothing better than to ask you to be my wife, if I could feel that you would consent for my sake and not for my work's sake. But since I cannot feel this, I should not think it right."

There was no answer, and he turned away. She watched him as he walked down the path until his hand was on the gate, and then, almost in a bound, she was at his side.

"Don't go," she said, incoherently. "Don't you see I can't bear it if you go away?"

And so, after all, she never heard the dreadful click of the gate.

In the mean time things had not been at a standstill in the house. After Mr. West had bidden his hostess good-night, and avowed his intention of seeking "Miss Jane" in the garden to make his adieux to her, Elias saw a good opportunity for confiding to his wife and mother-in-law what he felt they should have known before, namely, the sudden awakening of Jane.

Sarah, whose opinion of her fellow-creatures was of that blessed kind that does not learn by experience, was voluble in her rejoicing at the idea that Jane's heart had finally softened, but Mrs. Phillips said nothing from the beginning to the end of Elias's recital. She sat looking erect and austere until he had finished, and then left the room. In a flash all the method and object of Jane's conduct for the last two weeks was clear to her.

When she came into the garden the lovers were still standing by the gate, and if she had entertained any doubt as to how matters stood between them it was dispelled when they turned, still hand in hand, to meet her. She did not so much as look at her daughter. She spoke only to Mr. West.

"I cannot let you be deceived," she said. "You think my daughter's mind is turned to spiritual things. It is my duty to tell you that she has never even joined the Church. You think she is interested in your soul-saving work. Until you came she never of her own free will as much as attended a missionary meeting. I am her mother, and have watched her grow up, and I know that she has not one quality which fits her to be the wife of a man in your position."

"There is one thing which fits any woman to be the wife of any man in any position," Mr. West answered, gently.

Mrs. Phillips looked at him blankly. "Don't you understand what I have told you?" she said. "She has deliberately tried to deceive you."

Mr. West drew a long breath that was almost a sigh.

"Yes, Mrs. Phillips," he said, "I understood before. Jane has just been telling me all about it."

THE TURK AT HOME.

BY SIDNEY WHITMAN, F.R.G.S.

I.

THE Mohammedan Turk is not merely a stranger to us in everything that makes for the mutual understanding of modern man, but he rigidly refuses to depart from his peculiar methods of thought and action. For these in themselves are as firmly and legitimately rooted in his past history as ours are in our own. He has developed a code of laws and ethics in over a hundred years without ever having sought or obtained the slightest touch with our modern world. And in many of his ways and methods he is still living under conditions not far removed from those which prevailed in Europe at the time of the Crusades, if not earlier. How can we do justice to him, unless we are prepared to take into consideration these differences of time, circumstance, creed, and culture?

How are we to be impartial, when we naturally prefer our own conditions of life, our own methods of thought—the habits and customs of which we are as much the product as of the manifold environment of our being and development? It is, indeed, next to impossible. In the following notes I have therefore, whilst openly avowing my sympathy with the Turk, endeavored, as far as I was able, to let others have their say, leaving the reader to gain his own impression and form his own judgment. For, without for one moment harboring the thought that Turkey has not got much to answer for, I honestly believe she has been grossly slandered, inasmuch as she has never been able to put her side of the questions at issue plainly before the world at large.

II.

The scene is the dining-room of the Hôtel d'Italie, at Trebizond, looking out upon the Black Sea, the dark waves of which roll menacingly far away to the horizon. All sorts and conditions of men are here assembled.

There sits a dark-bearded, slimly built man, with a low forehead and ferretlike eyes—a peculiar Armenian cast of features. He is a Russian Armenian, a doctor of medicine, who has come to Trebizond to set up in practice. He does not care a fig for politics, and is silent. He is absorbed in his own profession—his business—that of getting on in the world. He strikes the key-note of our modern existence; he is out of place in Turkey of the past, where we may leave him to make a fortune and get out of it. Prominent in his quaint costume and mannerism is a young professor of philology from a university of northern Europe. He is about twenty-five years of age, and thinks he knows everything worth knowing in geography, philology, and politics, and is evidently well satisfied with his capacity for assimilating all such knowledge. He once sat next to a patriarch at dinner, and his passionate sympathies are all with the Christian "brothers." He has come over from Russia, where, in the pursuit of his philological calling, he has been rummaging over the worm-eaten parchments of sundry Christian monasteries, and has "caught on" the significant current term of "brothers"—meaning that the meanest Christian is a "brother," and the Moslem Turk at best a barbarian. He lays down the law without hesitation. "I never condemn a whole people," he exclaims. "I say that the vices of a people are always the fault of an autocratic government." Thus the "cocksure" one, who is evidently of opinion that, notwithstanding the teaching of history, the people in democracies are free from every form of vice.

An Austrian physician present says casually that the fact ought at least to be credited to the Turks that during all the excitement of the Græco-Turkish war no Greek living in Turkey was molested, where as in Christian countries, even in our time, critical situations have often produced violent outbursts of hatred for obnoxious foreigners.

"That is not true," the professor excitedly exclaims. But the subsequent discussion goes to prove that what the Austrian physician had asserted *was* and is substantially true.

The professor thereupon somewhat cooled down, and offered to give somebody present an introduction to one of the

"brothers" somewhere in the interior—an offer which was politely declined.

Thus a brilliant specimen of the learned European, who is caught young in Turkey, returns home with all the *kudos* which a few months'—or even years'—stay in the East and a smattering familiarity with Oriental languages can confer, to be looked upon by his friends as an authority on the Eastern question, and possibly, later on, to champion the claims of the suffering "brothers" in the East in the legislative chamber of his native land!

Marshal Chakir Pacha, Imperial Inspector-General of Asiatic Turkey, happened to be at Trebizond at the time, and several of his official staff were staying at the Hôtel d'Italie—among them Demeter Mavrocordato Effendi, Turkish *conseiller d'état*, and the adjunct inspector who was appointed by the Porte (in consequence of the pressure of the powers) to assist Chakir Pacha in his labors.

Mavrocordato Effendi is an orthodox Catholic, related to the well-known Greek princely family of that name. He has previously been Turkish consul-general at Liverpool and at Barcelona, secretary of the Turkish embassy at Paris, etc., etc.; in fact, he is a cultured European, who speaks English like an Englishman. Community of meals in depressing weather for days together brings about mutual confidence and expansion of ideas.

Mavrocordato has not been able to see his young wife and child for fifteen months. He has accompanied Chakir Pacha in his mission right through Anatolia, or Kurdistan—a country many Europeans will persist in calling "Armenia," although barely one million of Armenians are sparsely distributed over an area equal in extent to half the continent of Europe. He is a hard-worked and zealous Turkish official, with the breadth of view of a cultured man of the world.

"Yes, the reforms, as desired by the powers, are now introduced throughout Asiatic Turkey, and in full work. But I do not think much of their practical value. Their spirit is already contained in Turkish law—which is excellently adapted to the needs of this Eastern part of the world. Of course we have had abuses: what country, particularly what Eastern country, has not? But we are on the road to improvement. The principal thing we want is a body of honest and capable administrators and minor functionaries, and on your journey through the country you will be able to convince yourself that among Turkish officials in Anatolia the great majority, especially among the new appointments, are good men—a great improvement on the old order of things."

"But how about the rumors I hear of appointments depending on bribery of officials at the palace in Constantinople?"

"Stuff and nonsense! Do I look like a man who has bribed his way through palace officials? There may be single instances of bribery and peculation, but certainly not for the benefit of palace officials. What Asiatic Turkey is next most pressingly in need of are good roads and railways. At the present moment the Mussulman population, which is far worse off than the Christian, is very poor. And the richer the harvest, the poorer they are; for, where there is plenty, prices go to nothing, as there are no adequate means of transport—no markets. But another difficulty the government has to contend with in all its attempts at reform is the innate conservatism which seems ingrained in everything and everybody Asiatic. It is this that the diplomatists of Europe lose sight of when they, Penelope-like, elaborate one plan of reform after another for the Turkish Empire, over a green-baize table in some kiosque on the Bosporus. A little incident will illustrate this. The Sultan sends a capable official to some distant province as Kaimakan, or governor. He has been educated at Constantinople, at the *École Civile*. He is scrupulously honest, in touch with modern ideas, enthusiastically devoted to his work, and anxious to benefit the people under his care. He endeavors to introduce modern improvements—above all, improvements of the roads of the town where he officially resides. He calls upon the inhabitants to contribute towards this good work. Result: the Mohammedan and the Armenian population join hands and petition the government to have the Kaimakan removed. He is a modern man; they prefer the old-fashioned do-nothing type of official."

Our conversation extended to other topics, and included an offer to introduce me to Marshal Chakir Pacha, of which I gladly availed myself later on.

The sun has sunk in the west. Twilight and solitude dominate the situation. Enter an American missionary.

A few preliminaries reveal the fact that

I have to do with a worthy, excellent man, past middle age—a teacher of the gospel whose range of interests does not necessarily exclude politics.

"Yes, sir, it is a hard, laborious life, but we keep pegging away. No newspapers, railways, or telegraphs; no means of communication with one's friends. It is like living in another world. And what a cesspool it is—fifty feet deep, and, do what we may, we can only disinfect the surface! Formerly, when I first came here, thirty years ago, it was very different. We were encouraged to work, and enjoyed every liberty; also, we largely increased the number of our flock; but now," he added, despondently, "it is all reaction!"

"No wonder," I rejoined; "the past has bred revolution."

"Yes, I admit there has been a revolutionary movement, but not fostered by us. We have always inculcated obedience to the authorities."

"But do I understand you rightly that Thoumayan was one of your pupils?"

"Yes; and I always refused to believe that he had anything to do with the revolutionists."

"Do you refuse to believe so now?"

"No, I am grieved to say."

"Now tell me," I continued, "how are things over in Russia—a Christian country?"

Missionary (in an excited tone): "Far worse than here. Why, the Russian government is far more intolerant, far more reactionary, than the Turks. Why, if the Russians ever come here, they will turn all us missionaries, neck and crop, out of the country!"

"And so a deeper cesspool," I rejoined, sadly.

Thereupon we parted, and I left the hotel in search of a breath of fresh air after all these disclosures; and from Charybdis I tumbled upon an Israelite.

"Why, sir," he began, "those Armenians are an accursed race. To think of the position they used to occupy in Turkey—after having in the course of generations got all the wealth of the country into their hands and occupied some of the highest positions! If they had ventured to play their revolutionary game in Russia, the Russians would not have left a man of them alive. I tell you they are accursed. In our Jewish books it is written—written three thousand years ago—that they shall not prosper; that their very seed shall be wasted. And now they have found victims in the long-suffering, stupid Turks."

III.

Among the men who have hitherto been credited with a large share in the severe measures of repression supposed to have been carried out by different Turkish high officials against the revolutionary Armenians and their innocent victims, the name of Marshal Chakir Pacha, imperial commissioner for the introduction of reforms in Anatolia, has stood foremost—or, if I may use the expression, looked blackest. The story that the marshal, who was at Erzeroum in the month of October, 1895, at the time of the Armenian rising, had, like a human bloodhound, stood, watch in hand, when asked for orders, and decided that the work of knocking the Armenians on the head was to continue for another hour and a half—some versions say two hours—this story has nearly gone the round of the world. It was told to me in Constantinople the year before last by a person of distinction and impartiality, and although this did not amount to proof positive, I could hardly resist the conviction that there must be something in it, bearing in mind the exceptional source of my information. Also, unless I am very much mistaken, more than one of the diplomatic representatives of the great powers at Constantinople, notably Sir Philip Currie, repeatedly but vainly urged the Sultan to recall the marshal. I was therefore in a somewhat expectant frame of mind when, on my arrival at Trebizond, I learnt that the redoubtable pacha was staying there too, with his whole staff. Its principal members consisted of Hassib Effendi, formerly Turkish consul-general at Tiflis in the Caucasus, and since at Teheran; Danish Bey, formerly first secretary of the Turkish embassy at St. Petersburg; Demeter Mavrocordato Effendi, already referred to.

Marshal Chakir Pacha has had a very distinguished career. Educated at the military school of Pancaldi, at Constantinople, he was thence attached to the Turkish *état-major*. Quitting that post after a time, he entered the administrative department, and became in course of time, in rapid succession, governor of Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Bagdad. Subse-

quently he rejoined the army, and held a command in Montenegro during the war, and later on was present during the memorable Shipka Pass engagements. After the Russo-Turkish war Chakir returned to Constantinople, and was sent as Turkish ambassador to St. Petersburg, where he remained for twelve years, and where the Russian consul-general at Erzeroum assured me that he saw the marshal, as *doyen* of the diplomatic corps, leading the polonaise with the Empress Dagmar as a partner.

Since then Chakir Pacha has been civil and military governor of Crete, and previous to his present appointment he was nominated member of the High Military Commission of Inspection, which sits permanently, under the presidency of the Sultan, at the palace of Yildiz. He is also one of the few subjects of the Sultan who have received the order of the "Imtiaz" in brilliants—a distinction usually reserved for crowned heads.

I confess that after taking cognizance of these interesting details I felt somewhat abashed at the thought of asking the marshal a series of questions closely affecting his personal honor. But Chakir himself made my task easy by his well-bred urbanity.

He is a short, stout, full-bearded, distinguished-looking man of about sixty years of age, with massive features and bright keen eyes, denoting intelligence and capacity for hard work. I called on him at his official residence with Mavrocordato Effendi, and found him in a small, sparely furnished apartment, sitting at a plain writing-table, the other members of his staff being also present, and seated round the room.

After coffee and a few preliminary remarks, I told the marshal point-blank that I had heard the story of the watch, and that I hoped he would kindly excuse my asking him the true facts of the case. He took my question in very good part, and said in reply that he was perfectly cognizant of the tale, but that he had never considered it incumbent upon himself to take official notice of it—any other notice being, of course, in his position, out of the question. However, he could assure me, he added, with a smile, that when the story first reached Erzeroum, people who knew the facts of the case smiled at the idea. He could only advise me not to take his assurance one way or the other, but, as I was going to Erzeroum, to make my own inquiries.

This is exactly what I did, as the reader will subsequently learn.

Encouraged by the marshal's kind manner, I then asked him, "I have been told that a large amount of the trouble in Kurdistan was owing to the Kurds having been armed by the Turkish government, and that it was your Excellency with whom this measure originated."

"As a matter of fact, the Kurds have always been more or less armed, and have often used their arms against the Turkish government, as you are doubtless aware. The idea of arming the Kûrds in a homogeneous military fashion, which has led to the formation of the Hamadiè cavalry regiments (about 40,000 to 50,000 strong), belongs to Marshal Zeki Pacha, the commander of Erzingan. The Sultan approved of the idea, which was intended to furnish a counterpoise to the Russian Cossack regiments, and asked me to work out the plan, which I did at Constantinople in my capacity of member of the military commission at Yildiz. But I candidly admit that my sympathies are with these regiments—*J'avoue franchement que mes sympathies sont avec ces régiments—ce sont après tout mes compatriotes.*" The marshal repeated this in a quiet tone of almost apologetic modesty, which had something quaintly touching in its simplicity, and set me thinking how very few men in a similar high position in other countries would have condescended to enter thus into details. I could not help feeling drawn towards the much-maligned old soldier.

Chakir Pacha is not a man of many words, and several of those present now joined in the conversation, which became general. Only once did the marshal interpose, in a quiet but decisive manner. Danish Bey was in the midst of relating some incident, and suddenly stopped short for some reason or other, whereupon the marshal said, "Continue; tell him everything—*il n'y a rien à cacher.*"

As I happened to be personally acquainted with many well-known Turkish officers and diplomatists, our conversation had plenty of points of mutual interest. However, in the following I only give a *résumé* of what may interest the outside world. Part of it was held in the marshal's presence, he now and then putting in a word or making some verbal

correction, whilst some of the details were given me later in the evening at the hotel by the above-mentioned members of his staff, and again by persons at Erzeroum, as explained in the text. I give the facts exactly as they were stated to me by men (one of them Mavrocordato, a Christian) who, one and all, hold responsible positions, and who, in our personal intercourse, which lasted several days, made the impression upon me of being honorable, cultivated men of the world.

"The troubles — or massacres, if you will—at Trebizond began two years ago by members of the Armenian revolutionary committeé firing in broad daylight on Hamdi Pacha, the commander of the garrison, and Bahri Pacha, governor-general at Van, who happened to be at Trebizond at the time, and was walking with Razı Khan, the Persian consul-general. Both pachas were wounded.

"With regard to the interior, signs of coming trouble were apparent a long time back. In some districts, where the Kurdish chiefs used to do all their business for centuries past with the Armenian merchants and bankers in the towns, their mutual relations were of the most cordial character. The Kurds were even in the habit of staying in the houses of their Armenian friends when they came to town. Gradually a change came over the scene. The Kurds met strange faces in the towns, and the manner of the Armenian merchants visibly changed. Russian-Armenian journalists from Tiflis became regular visitors, and the assumption is that they influenced the Armenian element in the direction of discontent and revolt. This is all the more unaccountable since the Armenian language and the Armenian schools have always been entirely free. In Turkey the Armenians themselves are exonerated from military service—a most distasteful profession to them—by paying a nominal sum, which, as often as not, has not been paid. And besides this, the Armenians have been able in the course of centuries to gather the greater part of the wealth of the country into their hands. The Armenian "bakal," or village grocer, holds a great number of the Turkish peasantry in the perpetual bondage of usury. Whereas, on the other hand, the Armenians in Russia are rigorously drafted into the army, and generally sent to serve their time in districts far away from their homes; and besides, their schools and their language are interfered with by a rigorous censorship.

"When the insurrectionary movement was ripe, the men who appeared on the scene gave themselves the name of 'Fedaïs,' or the 'Sacrificed for the Country.' This is the *sobriquet* which the notorious Armenian revolutionist Daniel Tschoueh applied to himself. Under the pretext of saving his country, he roamed through the vilayet of Sivas, where he simply committed acts of brigandage. And yet this very man was so deficient in physical courage that he died of fear the very day he was brought before the gendarmerie of Sivas. He was originally a miner in the mines of Kara Hissar Charki, in the district of the vilayet of Sivas. Among other atrocities which he committed he killed the representative of the *procureur général* of Kara Hissar Charki, as well as his wife and children, on the road to Sivas.

"With regard to the reforms which have since been introduced, it is as well the world should know that the Armenians are only willing to accept such as comport easiest with their idiosyncrasies. But when it is a question of their fulfilling obligations which involve certain hardships, such as the post of gendarme, they simply refuse to serve the imperial government. Thus it is extremely difficult to find Armenians to serve as gendarmes. And this notwithstanding that the imperial government offers them all sorts of facilities. Thus not only are they well paid (?), but they are held to be doing military service in acting as gendarmes, and are thus freed from the tax of exoneration from military service. Instead of serving in the above capacity, they prefer posts which offer chances of making money without hard work. Thus they are very eager to be appointed adjunct (*muavin*) to the Kaimakan, or other more or less lucrative official posts."

Chakir Pacha's mission has been to travel all through Kurdistan for the last two years and a quarter, and the following interesting statements occurred sporadically in the further course of my conversation with his suite:

"One of the most remarkable features of this Armenian rebellion was the marvellous rapidity with which news spread, among Mussulmans and Armenians alike. Thus hardly had Sir Philip Currie in the

autumn of 1895 telegraphed to Erzeroum, to the *locum tenens* of the English consul, that the Sultan had accepted the proposals of the powers—(the Turks assert, and must accept the responsibility for the statement, that the gentleman in charge asked for the telegram, and interpreted it as portending Armenian autonomy) —hardly had Mr. X, the correspondent of the *T*——, telegraphed from London to Givon Schismanian, the Archbishop of Erzeroum, 'Victoire complète' (Armenian, '*Mouzaferiat berke mal*'),—than the news spread to the farthest limits of Kurdistan. In some places the Kurds decided to make a clean sweep of the Armenians. Chakir Pacha started immediately for Khinis, on the road between Erzeroum and Bitlis, and persuaded the Kurdish beys to remain quiet. Twenty-four hours later it might have been too late. In fact, according to statements of Chakir Pacha's suite, both here and elsewhere he saved many hundred lives by his prompt measures."

The Armenians, on their side, so I am assured, fêted Mr. X, who had championed their cause in the *T*——, as a national hero, "Le Sauveur de l'Arménie." The Armenians of Erzeroum presented him with a pen set in brilliants; the Armenians of Tiflis gave him whole cases full of presentation plate. The following was subsequently told me by Mavrocordato Effendi:

"We were at the government-house of Konak Van with Chakir Pacha at the end of September, '96, when we were suddenly informed that the hiding-place of the Armenian insurgents had been discovered. They had intrenched themselves in the gardens of the Armenian quarter of the town, and it would have been extremely difficult to get at them without artillery. Chakir, fearing that the Mussulman population might get beyond control if fighting was at once commenced, told off a large body of troops to cut off the Armenian quarter from the other part of the town. After this was done the Armenian revolutionists were driven out of the town, losing a number of killed and wounded. In the mean time the representative of the Armenian Bishop of Van called upon Chakir Pacha, and showed him a telegram which he proposed to send at once to Monsignor Khrimyan, the Armenian *Catholikos* of Etchmiadzin (in Russia), in which he said that while the Armenians had for six hundred years been contented under the dominion of the Turks, people from abroad were now coming to trouble their tranquillity, and he begged Monsignor Khrimyan to use his influence to prevent such people from coming into the country, as they could only do the Armenians harm. To this Chakir Pacha replied that the telegram in itself was excellent. But it ought to have been sent long ago, and not at the very moment when the insurgents had been discovered by the authorities. That it was a matter of public notoriety that these very people had been in Van for two months past; that the Armenian community had been well aware of the fact, and ought to have apprised the authorities, so that they might distinguish who were their friends and who their enemies."

Such is the testimony of Chakir Pacha's suite. However, I was naturally anxious to have a more independent version, at least of what concerned the marshal personally, particularly as I was bound to make every allowance for the strong feeling of personal attachment, even of affection, for their chief which these gentlemen evinced. Therefore I lost no time on my arrival at Erzeroum in calling successively upon Mohamed Cherif Reouf Pacha, the governor-general (Vali), who, I had heard, was no friend of Chakir Pacha's; Mr. Graves, the well-known British consul; M. Roqueferrier, the French consul; and M. V. Maximov, the Russian consul-general. To each of these gentlemen I put the question whether they believed the story of Chakir Pacha and the watch-in-hand episode. M. Roqueferrier ridiculed the story. "*Ce sont des histoires inventées à plaisir*," he said, and added a few words of high personal appreciation of Chakir Pacha, as also of Reouf Pacha, the Vali of Erzeroum, who was also at Erzeroum at the time.

The Russian consul, M. Maximov, said: "It is not my business to deny the truth of such stories. All I can tell you is *que Chakir Pacha est un brave homme—un homme de très bon cœur.* I have known him for years; he is a friend of mine." The English consul said: "I was not here at the time, nor have I asked Chakir Pacha personally about that story. But the Vali assured me that it was not true, and that is quite sufficient for me, as I should believe any personal statement of Reouf Pacha as I would the gospel."

After the above it would, I think, be superfluous to add the statement of the Vali himself. Let it suffice that I did not meet a single person in Erzeroum, of whatever nationality, race, or creed, who attached the slightest credence to a story which, cunningly invented and circulated from pole to pole, has not only cruelly slandered a man of integrity, but done a deal of harm to his country in the public opinion of the world.

IV.

It is Mark Twain, if I am not mistaken, who, in one of his charming books, tells us that his travelling party in the East was dirty at Constantinople, dirtier at Damascus, but dirtiest of all at Jerusalem.

Our party had already attained the Jerusalemic stage of uncleanliness, and consequent ungodliness, a few days after leaving Trebizond. A true statement this, and yet one which calls for a certain amount of reservation. Dirt is in itself a thing that differs according to the climate and conditions in which it is met with. The sour ingrained dirt of the gin or whiskey swilling workman in some begrimed "civilized" factory town is unknown in Asia. Our condition was one of a more natural kind—a concomitant of the nomadic state of things in which for the moment we found ourselves. There was no smoke and no adulterated alcohol. Thus our unwashed faces merely assumed that inimitable mellow tint which is so much admired in pictures by the old masters. We went without soap and water, and gained the hue of one of Rembrandt's masterpieces in return. At the same time it is as well to mention that if our condition became general in a "civilized" country, it would spell bankruptcy to the most flourishing soap-factory extant. This result did not come about at once; it was the gradual product of *force majeure* of an irresistible kind.

Armed with India-rubber sheeting—an article which our tiny nocturnal assailants are said to hold in peculiar abhorrence—and several boxes of insect-powder, we set out. But Asiatics are nothing if not cunning. They formed themselves into engineering parties, escaladed our camp-beds; and an aerial column, operating simultaneously above us from the wooden roof of the sheds in which we were mostly forced to pass the night, fell, or rather dropped, down upon us. We therefore came to a compromise. We gave up the India-rubber sheeting, discarded the insect-powder, and resigned ourselves to the possibility of bringing a few of the Sultan's Asiatic subjects back to Constantinople on our bodies.

I have hinted that we were among nomads, leading the life of nomads. And such was indeed the case. Domestic utensils, even of the kind most necessary to European taste, were entirely wanting. But a two-foot hand looking-glass in a massive silver frame richly gilt is brought in to us in the morning to enable us to admire the mellow tint above referred to. *Omnia mecum* is the nomad's motto. Thus he carries his loaf-sugar, coffee, tobacco, wearing apparel, and grandfather's clock all huddled together promiscuously in a big box, which is tied upon the back of a horse or mule, and with which he starts on his journey, and at sunset kneels down to prayer, looking in the direction of Mecca—the holy shrine of the Kaaba!

But if the Asiatic Turk is still much of a nomad, he also possesses the strong points of this primitive stage of civilization. Indolent by nature, put him on a horse and he will shame by his endurance the picked cavalry of the civilized world. Set him on the highroad and he is lord and master—supreme artificer there. Thus the postal service between Trebizond and the interior, particularly between Trebizond and Erzeroum, is a perfect marvel of nomadic endurance and skill. On our road to Erzeroum we were passed by the Turkish "tatar," or postal horseman, who pilots the postal caravan of horses carrying the mail-bags. They traverse the whole distance of two hundred miles, including the passage of two dangerous passes, in the incredibly short time of forty-eight hours. The horses are specially trained for the purpose, and are changed every six hours; also the two cavalrymen who act as escort are frequently changed. The "tatar" alone does the whole forty-eight hours' journey twice a week in one break. It is a wonderful feat, and a most interesting sight to see him coming along at a gallop, swinging his "kamschik" (whip) wildly in the air, and thus controlling by a sign the dozen pack-horses, which, thoroughly trained to the business, career along at a sharp continuous trot, without bridle or string, free

as the air, getting out of the way for neither man nor beast. "Ha ha!" is the shrill call of the "tatar" by day and through the starlit night, and tells the caravan leader or other travellers, pachas and muschirs included, that they must draw up and get out of the way, even on the narrow bridle-path above the precipice, and make room for the imperial post. The post is master supreme of the highroad. Only the traveller recognizes a higher power—the grandeur, the almightiness, of nature, as witnessed, for instance, in the marvellous scenery of the two high passes Zigana and Kop Dagh. As the sun breaks in the early morning on the Kop Dagh, 8000 feet above the level of the sea, it is, indeed, a vision as of the bursting forth of the light of heaven, reminding us of some of the most magnificent efforts of Gustave Doré in his illustrations of the Bible. Arrived at the summit, the endless panorama is as of a mythical world beneath our feet—an infinite surface of undulating hills, suggesting the manifold bosoms of Ceres, as the ancient Egyptians conceived the Goddess of Plenty—a magnificent symbol of the earth's fecundity. It might also be the surface of the moon, as revealed to us by photography—weird in its namelessness, but all covered with the chaste mantle of peerless snow.

V.

The position of Vali, or governor-general, of a Turkish province has, in consequence of recent political events, come to be associated with a certain unenviable notoriety in the estimate of a large section of the European public. Not unnaturally, a great share of the responsibility for what cannot be otherwise termed than the wild lawless vengeance of the mob rests with those invested with supreme authority. And where the person wielding this authority has been unequal to its grave responsibilities, rumor has stepped in, and has credited Valis in general with every imaginable sin.

There are doubtless bad Valis as there are bad men in other stations of life, and I have been on the lookout for such a one, in order to make an example of him. To-day I can only give my experience and information about a good Vali, Mohamed Cherif Reouf Pacha, governor-general of the first-class vilayet of Erzeroum.

Erzeroum is the second large province I passed through after landing at Trebizond, on my way, *viâ* Erzeroum, Bitlis, Diarbekir, Biredjik, Aintab, to the Mediterranean at Alexandretta. There is also a Vali at Trebizond, whom, however, I was unfortunately unable to see. Yet he too appears to be a capable and honorable man, for he was extremely well spoken of by an American missionary I met there. And so, as I said, although I am bound to believe there are and undoubtedly have been bad Valis, my subject *faute de mieux* is a good Vali. I should have even preferred a "bad one," if only to show my capacity for describing a bad Turk—though others have done that for me.

When General Grant visited Jerusalem, he found Reouf Pacha in the position of governor of that wonderful city. A strong friendship sprang up between the thin-lipped, taciturn general and the suave, courtly, and yet most simple-mannered pacha. It is many years ago now, but Reouf still loves to talk of his meeting with Grant as one of the few truly great men he has met in his life. And as for Grant's opinion of Reouf, I understand from a good source that, before leaving Jerusalem, Grant assured him that if he were again elected President of the United States, he would ask the Sultan to send him as Turkish minister to Washington.

Reouf Pacha belongs to one of the oldest Turkish families. His father, Osman Pacha, was governor-general of Bosnia during the last ten years of his life. Reouf Pacha was educated at home, under the care of special tutors, and later on his father sent him to Paris to complete his studies. Among the successive appointments of a long and honorable career may be mentioned those of Kaimakan and Montesarrif in Roumelia, Bosnia, and Syria, as also during twelve years the governorship of Jerusalem—one of the most delicate positions in the empire. From thence Reouf Pacha was sent to Beirut as governor-general, then to Damascus in Syria, Bitlis, and lastly to Kharput, displaying everywhere the qualities of order, activity, justice, and mercy. He was appointed to his present very responsible and onerous position just one week prior to the breaking out of the Armenian rebellion in October, 1895.

In the following words I have endeavored to sum up the result of the information I have gained from all sorts of sources, notably the consular representa-

tive here, about Reouf Pacha's activity as Vali of Erzeroum. The extraordinarily high testimony to the pacha's personal character, voluntarily vouchsafed to me by Mr. Graves, the British consul at Erzeroum, that whatever the Vali might tell him as a personal statement he would accept as though it were the gospel—this I have already mentioned in reference to Chakir Pacha.

"Those who have carefully watched the governor-general at work in his endeavors to arrest the progress of the misfortunes of that dreadful period, to limit their area and repair the damage done, cannot resist the impression that no trouble whatever would have taken place if he had had time to guard against it.

"But when he was appointed to Erzeroum it was already too late. He did everything in his power to stop the evil—for instance, by sending soldiers and gendarmes to the most threatened spots, in arresting pillaging Kurds and having them summarily shot—notably those who had come from the vilayet of Bitlis and had advanced as far as Kighi." I am assured that Reouf Pacha caused between eighty and ninety Mohammedan Turks to be shot during those critical days.

"As soon as the murderous crisis had subsided, Reouf Pacha did all in his power to make amends for the damage done. He caused searching investigations to be made all over Erzeroum, and wherever stolen property was found it was restored to its original owners. By this means, as a matter of fact, a large proportion of what had been pillaged was taken away from the pillagers and delivered back. He also organized a public subscription, the amount of which enabled over four hundred mechanics to resume their livelihood.

"Once tranquillity was restored, Reouf Pacha reorganized the gendarmerie and the police so effectually that whilst they are kept more severely in hand than ever before, they were most successful in arresting a number of Armenian agents, provocateurs, and revolutionary emissaries—such notably as Aram Aramian and Armenak Dermonprejan. In the affair of Alidjekrek, in 1896, a number of Armenian revolutionists came over the Russian frontier towards Alaskird. Reouf Pacha, informed in time, sent a body of gendarmes to meet them, with the result that three were killed and the remainder took flight back to Russia.

"Also a number of secret stores of arms in different places—Passen, Sitaouk, etc.—have been discovered by the vigilance of Reouf's police, and are now safely stowed away here." I myself saw some of the muskets seized—they bore a Russian inscription.

"All these results are most satisfactory, and have been obtained quietly, without exciting the feelings of the Mohammedan population. Since Reouf Pacha has been here it can be said that justice is handled in the most satisfactory manner. Several of the courts of justice which were in need of a broom have been swept, and work perfectly. Several corrupt officials have been made an example of—notably the former commissary of police. In one word, all classes of the population unite in recognizing the beneficent activity of the present Vali of Erzeroum, respecting whose government an English Blue-Book contains the following: 'The vilayet of Erzeroum may be given as a model of administration among the vilayets of Asiatic Turkey.'"

Thus far the information vouchsafed to me, the main correctness of which I feel I can vouch for.

The following stray item of information was significant news to me, and may therefore perhaps be of interest. The second commissary of police at Erzeroum is an Armenian. He has proved himself to be so efficient an officer all through the political troubles that Reouf Pacha procured him the distinction of Commander of the Order of Medjedieh, and also a brevet rank equal to that of major in the army.

I was privileged to meet his Excellency on several occasions during my stay in Erzeroum, and nothing could exceed his unvaried courtesy and affability. Even more than this—he showed a positive anxiety that I should accept no statement from him uncorroborated by independent testimony. Through his kindness every channel of information, whether Armenian, Greek, Hebrew, or Turk, was unreservedly set at my disposal. His pet phrase was, "Si c'est une vérité, dites-le."

In my own personal intercourse with Reouf Pacha I was much struck by the extraordinary contrast between his quiet, even gentle, manners and the great energy he is credited with. In fact, I was told that there is little love lost between

him and Chakir Pacha. In the mind of the mild, gentle-voiced administrator, the hardy soldier who has been credited with all sorts of dreadful energy is by a long way not energetic enough. But the quality of energy, is it not itself a Protean compound? The characteristic feature of Reouf Pacha's energy seems to be that it enables him to conciliate—to turn an enemy into a friend.

VI.

I have been told that the American mind may be trusted to find the shortest and straightest road from one given point—logical or material—to another more quickly than almost any other. The Englishman may possibly come next to the American in this; the German is slower, but he is infallible in the long-run, for he stolidly works out the problem with the assistance of trigonometry. As you near the East, the practical capacity for discovering the short, straight, logical line decreases alarmingly—the Austro-Hungarian finds it sometimes, the Turk hardly ever.

This constitutional inability to seize the value of an established fact or series of facts and to draw the obvious logical conclusion therefrom has all along hampered the Turk in putting his case before the world, even in instances where nine facts out of ten were in his favor. If some of the arguments of a Cicero would fail to convince a jury to-day, some of the logical methods of the Turk would have failed a thousand years before Cicero. I have known a highly intellectual Turk seriously cite to me the case of an Armenian tailor who deserted his wife and ran away with another woman as corroborative proof of the iniquity of that interesting race.

A highly placed Turkish friend of mine once admitted as much to me at Constantinople. "*Mon cher*," he said, "*nous sommes un peuple taciturne—nous ne pouvons pas nous défendre par écrit. Nous souffrons plutôt en silence.*"*

Why, I have known Americans, Englishmen, Germans—yes, even missionaries—to give the Turks a "fairer show" than all the Turks themselves put together with whom I have conversed during my several and prolonged visits to Turkey.

"Yes, you must remember this question has two sides. There is a deal to be said for the Turks; the Armenians are not all angels." Thus the spontaneous admission to me of an American missionary in Anatolia. I could even mention his name, but I will not run the risk of getting him into trouble for speaking the truth, fearless man though he is. For, let there be no mistake about it, it is but our Christian Pharisaism which bids us fancy that the priests of Baal have only erected altars among the Turks. Yes, indeed, there is something to be said on the Turkish side.

"Do you believe that any massacres would have taken place if no Armenian revolutionaries had come into the country and incited the Armenian population to rebellion?" I asked Mr. Graves, the able and by no means Turcophile English consul at Erzeroum.

"Certainly not," he replied. "I do not believe that a single Armenian would have been killed."

Mr. Graves is a high authority, besides being a cultivated gentleman, and I feel sure he will not object to my citing him in this most important matter. But even if I were not able to quote this most weighty opinion, I could cite a number of others, consular, missionary, and layman authorities of divers nationalities, and one and all have only been able to give me the same reply to my simple but pregnant question. More than this, many of the best judges of the state of affairs in Asiatic Turkey not only admit this, but they saw long beforehand that the action of the Armenian revolutionary committees would infallibly result in bringing about the wholesale shedding of human blood. Mr. Dawson, the missionary at Kharput, frankly and deploringly said as much years ago to Reouf Pacha, the Vali of Erzeroum. And with his permission I mention this significant fact. "Mr. Dawson will not contradict this," said Reouf, "for he is a man of high personal honor."

Then I contend that the first and prime responsibility for all the horrors which have taken place in Asia Minor rests with the Armenian revolutionists, and not with the Turks, who are an Asiatic people like the Russians and the Persians, and whose methods of repression are not very different from those of either. The Armenian revolutionists are responsible for the suffering of the innocent for the guilty. I have seen and read their pamphlets, their

* "My dear, we are a taciturn people—we cannot defend ourselves in writing. We suffer rather in silence."

stirring circulars urging the helpless Armenian *hamal* (porter), peasant, and artisan to rise and throw off the Turkish yoke. These documents are as criminal in their mendacity as the first means of repression were only too often ruthless and indefensible in their unbridled lawlessness. The Armenian revolutionists state that it is impossible to hope for anything but persecution *on religious grounds* from the Turk, whereas the Armenian language, creed, and schools are perfectly free in Turkey, and persistently interfered with in Russia. They accuse the Turk of religious fanaticism, whereas the highroad from Trebizond to Erzeroum is lined on both sides with Christian monasteries and churches of various denominations. These Christian monasteries and churches have existed peacefully and unmolested, been protected even by imperial firman, throughout ages during which it was a capital offence in England for a Roman Catholic priest to read the mass; during which Irish Protestants ruthlessly slaughtered Catholics, regardless of age or sex; during which Jews were burnt at the stake in Spain in their thousands, those that escaped flying to Turkey, where they found an asylum; during which the centre of Europe was so frightfully devastated by religious fanaticism that the dead were torn from their graves to feed the starving population. (*History of the Thirty Years' War.*) And yet these Armenian inciters to rebellion do not hesitate to say that it is hopeless to expect the Moslem Turk to be just to the Christian as such. But an even more untenable statement is that the Armenians are a "nation," and as such are entitled to autonomy. The Armenians are not a nation, but an Asiatic race, among many other races forming the remnants of what were once kingdoms in antiquity. If these half or perhaps three-quarters of a million of Asiatic Armenians now sporadically distributed over an area half the size of Europe form a *nation*, what are we to say of the five million Russian Jews cooped within the pale assigned to them by a strong government? Why does not Europe take up their case? What answer would she get from Holy Russia if she did so? But this does not exhaust the question. The ethical sentiment of Europe, rightly or wrongly, but in every case armed with enormous power, steps in and says: "Even if these facts are admitted, they do not excuse, much less justify, Turkey in using the means she adopted to crush a rebellion in our enlightened Christian age." Certainly not. Neither was that in accordance with the spirit of an enlightened age which Russia has perpetrated in Poland and in Central Asia in our time, nor what French soldiers committed at the taking of Communist Paris. Or is it perhaps in accordance with the spirit of our age that hundreds of villages have been burnt to the ground during the last few months on the Indian frontier?

And now for a word on the alleged Turkish policy of extermination.

I have passed through eight hundred miles of country sporadically inhabited by Armenians, still living, however poorly, in the midst of Circassians, Kurds, Arabs, Turcomans, and Turks. I have seen them "alive" in their villages; I have even seen them travelling alone along the highroad without any escort or arms. I have conversed with innumerable Armenians, priests and bishops of whole districts among the rest, and have been assured by them that in such and such a district no outrages, no violence, no molestation whatsoever, even though revolutionists have been about, have taken place.

Where does the policy of extermination come in here? Surely not at all!

So much for ancient history *in parvo*. Now for the present, which is of more pressing importance, seeing that no argument, no mud-throwing, soap-washing, or recrimination, can call back the dead and untell the tale of tragedy, which at all times in history, like a blood-red sunset, has cast its lurid light over the track of unsuccessful rebellion.

The confidence of the Turks in the Armenians is naturally at the lowest possible ebb. The partisans of the latter even assert that the Turks hate the Christians *en bloc*. But let us put ourselves in the place of the former in Anatolia. Here is a vast Mohammedan country, the sovereign of which is acknowledged by international law to be the Sultan of Turkey — the Caliph of Islam. This country belonged to the Turks even before the discovery of America. To-day it is honeycombed with Christian, mostly Protestant, missionary schools, the avowed object of which is to educate a small Christian minority — the most thrifty, shrewd, pushing, and intriguing of all

Eastern races—in the Christian religion, and at the same time in modern European ideas, and bid them look to the Western world, outside Turkey, as their natural protectors. This is naturally bound to result in making these Asiatics discontented with their Asiatic status. It is denied that proselytism in any form is intended or attempted. Yet statistics tell us that the pupils of the 621 *Protestant* schools distributed throughout Asiatic Turkey number 27,000. And yet I was credibly informed by an American missionary at Bitlis, who had lived thirty years in Turkey, that formerly there was only one small Protestant Armenian sect in the whole of Armenia (say Anatolia), in the town of Hunuesch, between Erzeroum and Bitlis. Thus I contend that whether proselytism has been intended or attempted or not, proselytism has *de facto* taken place on a colossal scale; for the existence of *twenty-seven thousand* Protestant pupils at one and the same time, constantly renewed with each succeeding generation, out of a total population of half to three-quarters of a million (say a million if you will*) Armenian souls, all told, indeed represents a colossal percentage of Protestants among Armenians. These are not individual opinions, but facts which can easily be verified, and with regard to the significance of which the reader may draw his own conclusions.

I have come across missionaries from one end of Turkey to the other; I have been in their houses as far west as Macedonia, and as far east as in Bitlis, near the Van lake, not far from Persia. I have found a marked anxiety on their part not to be held responsible, however remotely or indirectly, for the revolutionary movement in Turkey, which in its turn has been the source of all the massacres which have taken place. And in justice to one and all of these men I have met, I would willingly believe one and all of them that they never intended to provoke disturbance or encourage rebellion against the authority of the Sultan. But, for all that, there does not seem any doubt that their teaching—not their doctrine as such—has indirectly had the result—a result certainly never intended, and one it has taken generations to attain—of fostering the Armenian revolutionary movement throughout Asiatic Turkey. Everything had been carefully prepared in Asia and in the press of Europe and America to boom a second Bulgaria. It failed, because, as compared with the years 1877–8, liberalism in Europe in 1895–6 happened to be under an eclipse. It did not "take on," although even to-day the "boom" of the "atrocities" has completely deadened the sense of hearing of the public for the causes, which, although they do not excuse, at least explain, and should in every case cool any sympathy for those who were responsible for so much human misery.

Further, with regard to the Christian element in Asiatic Turkey. The whole country is also honeycombed with European consuls. These gentlemen occupy *quasi* diplomatic status, although in some places there are next to no European interests represented.* Their dragomans and servants are mostly Armenians. When these consuls walk abroad, accompanied by this armed body-guard, it is as superior beings, as petty ambassadors. They are entitled to address the Turkish governors-general with almost ambassadorial authority, and seem to be merely doing their duty when thus engaged, and reporting the outcome of it all to their ambassador at Constantinople, who thereupon proceeds to cross-examine the Turkish government at the Porte on the subject of the consuls' communications. This game has been going on from the beginning of the year to the end, and yet there are people still existing who are surprised if the Turks do not seem to love the Christian, and if the Sultan refuses to disgrace a trusted servant at the bidding of these professional busybodies. Fancy all the great towns of England or the United States, or France or Germany, favored by the presence of Moslem consuls walking abroad like ambassadors with extra-territorial immunities, being present in every law court, and reporting every petty larceny that takes place to their ambassador at the capital. What would be the feelings in the above Christian countries for these Moslem consuls?

An English consular official, by no means a rabid Turcophobe—simply an efficient honorable English gentleman

* There are no exact statistics concerning the number of Armenians in Asiatic Turkey. Murray, if I remember rightly, puts the number at about 700,000 to 800,000.

* American interests in Anatolia are mainly those of the missionary establishments, schools, hospitals, workshops, etc.

doing his duty as vice-consul in Asiatic Turkey—kindly read me some extracts from his latest reports to Constantinople. They consisted mainly of a number of incidents of petty wrongs regarding internal administration in Turkey—arbitrary enforcement of local duties, petty larceny among Turks, or what not—matters mostly reported to him by his Armenian dragoman.

"But, surely, these are purely internal local concerns?" I queried.

"Yes, to be sure," was the reply.

"Well," I rejoined, "if you are hereafter appointed to a consular post in Russia, and you make similar reports to the British ambassador at St. Petersburg, and the Russians find it out, don't you think you would run a fair chance of the Russians giving you a taste of the *knout* [the lash]?"

"I fancy I should," was his laughing reply.

The above only as a tiny blade of straw to show the vexations the Turks have to put up with in their own country on the part of the *Christians!* Some time ago an English consular official in Persia wrote an article on Persian administration in an English magazine, with the result that the Shah of Persia successfully insisted that he should not return to Teheran. When will the Sultan of Turkey be in a position to *insist successfully* in a similar case? In every case it is only human that he should endeavor to emancipate his country from an intolerable thraldom.

To these petty vexations must be added the more serious trouble Turkey has constantly to reckon with in consequence of the peculiar attitude of the Russian government in the Armenian revolutionary matter. We all know the colossal power of Russian administration when called upon to deal with revolutionary parties. If the Russian Armenians do not know anything about this, only let them try to force the Russian government to cease interfering with their schools, their language, and their creed. They might then, indeed, make the acquaintance of what a Russian millstone is like! But no—the Armenian malcontents prefer to organize revolutionary work at Kars, Tiflis, and Batoum, directed against Turkey; and *helpless* Russian bureaucracy avows its inability to discover, much less to interfere with, such!

Besides these troubles of a more or less foreign nature, Turkey has her myriad crop of internal difficulties. Amidst all this sea, this very maelstrom, of anxiety I am assured that the Sultan's one thought is that the civilized world should be brought to believe in his honest endeavor to further the well-being of all his subjects equally, of whatever race or religion. I am firmly convinced of the Sultan's sincerity, or I should hold myself to be ill-advised in championing his cause. But was there ever such a task of Sisyphus set before a single-handed man or demi-god? Yesterday it was the Kurds whose rebellious roving propensities set his will at naught. To-day, by a strategic masterstroke of policy, he has got round them, after a fashion, by organizing the Hamadiè cavalry. This has already undoubtedly brought about most beneficial political results. But the work is by no means done. The Kurds have not altogether given up their nomadic propensities, to put the matter mildly. They now and then defy the Sultan's Valis, and are, I am credibly assured, secretly encouraged in this now and then by the military authorities. They intrigue—again to put the matter mildly—against the civil authorities, and it is difficult for the Sultan to get hold of the true facts of each case. Last year the Modiki Kurds slew the Kaimakan of Modiki, and along with him eight Turkish officers. They are unpunished even unto this very day. And yet the question lies in a nutshell. These men must be ultimately brought to respect the law, unless it is to be said shortly of Turkey as of ancient Carthage—"Carthago delenda est."

If an independent well-wisher of Turkey were to be asked by the Sultan what he should do to these men, it would be his duty to reply, fearlessly, "Your Majesty, the only way to wean these people from law-breaking and make them live peacefully is to introduce a judicious dose of draconic severity with the reforms to be applied to them." But here again the Sultan is in a very difficult position. He is told by his trusted advisers that time, above all, is necessary to bring these men gradually to respect the laws of the country—and this to a certain extent is true. But the Sultan is also assured—mainly by his military advisers—that these Kurds are terrible fellows, and would resent repressive mea-

sures. Turkey's best civil administrators—I will not mention names—do not hold this view. They are not afraid of the Kurds, and their courage is not merely mouth-heroism.* They hold that if the Kurd cavalry are ever to be equal to the task they are supposed to be called to perform at some future date—namely, to defend Turkey against Russian Cossacks—they must first be "stiffened" by a little systematic court-martial shooting.

In every case the problem to be faced is to bring back that security of life and property to distant Kurdistan which is the key-stone of every true progress, be it under the crescent or the cross. The Kurd—like Zola's hero in *La Débâcle*—must take to the plough and work. It is the law of the universe; not even a Caliph can exonerate his subjects from its inexorable working.

There are still honest and fearless Valis in Turkey. There are such at Trebizond, Erzeroum, and at Bitlis. They must be supported, and enabled to enforce obedience to the laws of the empire, even though fifty military pachas stand in the way. Get a good servant and stick to him. This is the best advice an honest man can give to the Sultan at a moment when the mad Armenian revolutionists are again threatening Turkey's tranquillity.

* The present Vali of Bitlis has lived in constant danger of his life being attempted at the hands of the Kurdish tribes he has endeavored to reduce to obey the laws.

Turkey is in need of reforms—nor is she the only country in need of such. This is admitted on all hands. And among these none are so vitally necessary as those of an economical nature. It is a great misfortune for Turkey to-day that Mohammed lived practically in a desert, where trees and roads were few and far between. If this great reformer had lived, for instance, in Anatolia or Mesopotamia, one of his most earnest injunctions to his followers would undoubtedly have been that every one of the Faithful should consider it to be part of his life duty to plant a tree and assist in making public roads—this latter the occupation which the great Goethe tells us brought contentment at last to the restless soul of Faust. The Mohammedans, who, after twelve hundred years, still religiously obey every injunction of their Prophet, down to the number of prayers and ablutions to be said and practised *per diem*, would have naturally carried out his wishes in this particular. And if so Asiatic Turkey would wear a very different appearance to-day from what it does in reality. It is for the present Sultan to ordain, in the name of the Prophet, what the latter would have considered of vital importance had he lived in the present age. Those who have travelled through that wonderful country can scarcely doubt that the Sultan of Turkey, the Caliph, possesses the power to appeal successfully almost to any extent to the religious instincts of the faithful Moslem.

MR. GLADSTONE.

REMINISCENCES, ANECDOTES, AND AN ESTIMATE.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

III.

AN incident in connection with Mr. Gladstone's article on Free Trade in the *North American Review* is so much to his credit that I will venture to describe it. The *North American* was then edited with marked ability by General Lloyd Bryce, who availed himself of his wide acquaintance with public men, both in England and America, to secure contributions of a kind seldom to be met with in periodicals before his day. Mr. Gladstone's article for *Harper's* had been written and published some time before, but in very exceptional circumstances. That is to say, he had chosen this Magazine as affording him the best means of saying what he had to say to the American public—of singing the palinode which the former champion of the Southern Confederacy had thought it expedient to put on record after the final triumph of the Union, and the final disappearance of the nation which Mr. Gladstone somewhat rashly assured his countrymen Jefferson Davis had made.

For that and other reasons sufficient to them the American people forgave him

his enmity—forgave it, no doubt, in the belief that his repentance was sincere, and that enmity had given place to friendship. I don't question the repentance. Public men who have made a great mistake in public life are apt to repent it. The question of his friendship for the American people is a different one, and there is again a difference, perhaps, between his regard for Americans as individuals and Americans as a nation, or a people, or — still more — as a great power in the world. On all these various subjects he has expressed himself at one time and another with varying degrees of enthusiasm and energy. To Americans, and especially to American women, whom he admired, he has shown high regard. He has declared his goodwill in very rhetorical phrases to the American people. He has expressed an opinion on the position and true greatness of the United States, and of the place of the United States in the great brotherhood or companionship of nations.

But I think it will generally be found that he looks at this country primarily in its relation to England; and at the probable influence of her kin beyond the sea upon the fortunes of England. He anticipates a great destiny for the American people, and he looks to us as the natural allies of our cousins and brothers in the island from which we came. It is a pious view. I may call it a good Anglo-American view. In his letter to me, dated in 1884, and published in January, 1885, in the New York *Tribune*, Mr. Gladstone said:

"Clearly, if the English-speaking peoples shall then be anything like what we have now been supposing, and if there shall not be a good understanding among them, there will have been a base desertion of an easy duty, a *gran rifiuto*, such as might stir another Dante to denounce it, a renunciation of the noblest, the most beneficial, the most peaceful primacy ever presented to the heart and understanding of man."

That opens a prospect grateful alike, I hope, to both branches of the English-speaking peoples, and we all rejoice that Mr. Gladstone's great authority should be thrown on the side of concord between English and Americans. We rejoice also in his tribute to Washington as "the purest figure in history," as one who "in moral elevation and in greatness of character" deserves a place on a higher pedestal than anybody else. But that is a historical appreciation which might well enough be consistent with a very moderate degree of good-will to the republic of which Washington was the father. It must be presumed that Mr. Gladstone held the same opinion of Washington while he was exalting the achievements of the Southern leader who was endeavoring to undo Washington's work.

In plain words, I do not think Mr. Gladstone has ever forgiven us our victory at Geneva in the *Alabama* arbitration. I doubt whether he has quite forgiven himself for his mistaken estimate about the civil war, out of which grew those *Alabama* claims, in satisfaction of which England, under Mr. Gladstone's leadership, paid something over three millions sterling. He is a financier, and his desire for economy in public expenditure amounts to a passion. That sum of £3,200,000 voted by Parliament in pursuance of the Geneva award has ever since lain on his memory and on his financial conscience as an almost intolerable burden. He thought the unrepaid surplus—some $8,000,000, for which we could find no claimants—a reproach to us. He conceived a dislike for arbitration in consequence of the result of this particular arbitration; or, if not a dislike of arbitration in general, a dislike of arbitration as between England and the United States. The opinions he thinks it discreet to express in public are one thing; those he is known by his friends to hold privately are another. It is so with every man concerned in great affairs of state.

The sum of the whole matter may be stated in a sentence. It is very doubtful whether Mr. Gladstone has ever liked us; and very doubtful whether, if he instead of Lord Salisbury had been Prime Minister during the Venezuela dispute, any arbitration would have been agreed to by England.

Now, after this long digression for conscience' sake, I come back to the *North American Review* incident. General Lloyd Bryce conceived the idea of a duel, as he afterward called it, between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Blaine on the tariff, to be fought out in the pages of that periodical. Both these eminent men agreed to write for him on the tariff, and both articles were printed in the issue of January, 1890, Mr. Blaine's following Mr. Gladstone's. I was in New York at the time, and, on my return, took with me a

copy of the *Review*, described on the cover, in red print, as of the seventy-second edition. Oddly enough, the next article, in the same number, was one by Jefferson Davis on Robert E. Lee. Meeting Mr. Gladstone soon after, I told him of the extraordinary circulation to which this number had attained in consequence of the tariff discussion between him and Mr. Blaine. He was much pleased to hear it; but presently his face clouded, and he said: "I cannot understand how the two articles came to appear together, nor how Mr. Blaine should have had access to my article before it was published."

I was astonished, for I knew the history of the two articles—knew that it was General Bryce's original plan that they should appear together, and that this had been explained to Mr. Gladstone. I told him so, adding that the editor thought Mr. Gladstone had assented to the arrangement. "Never, never," answered he, with tremendous energy. "I never agreed to that. I knew nothing of it." I did not like to insist, but I thought it due to my friend to say that he would not have done it unless he supposed he had authority. Mr. Gladstone suddenly softened his tone and look — he felt that he had gone too far, and with that right feeling which in such matters he almost always had sooner or later, burst out: "I ought not to have said that. I do not question General Bryce's good faith. I may well have forgotten." Then, after a moment, and in his deepest tones, he added, solemnly, "An old man's memory of a recent event is never to be trusted."

Nothing could have been handsomer. The storm cleared. He put the whole matter aside and talked of other things. The truth was that General Bryce had a letter from Mr. Gladstone to the effect that he was quite willing Mr. Blaine should see his article, and reply to it in the same number.

Mr. Gladstone's essential conservatism showed itself in a great many curious little ways—among others, in his respect for rank. Those of his American idolaters who love to think him impeccable and infallible must reconcile it as best they may with their own conceptions of social democracy. At best he was never much of a democrat, as we understand the word. He never accepted the American idea. Considering that he is an Englishman, that is not, perhaps, a reproach to him. The notion that one man is as good as another, socially speaking, was not his; he came much nearer agreeing with the perfervid Irishman who added, "Yes, and a damned sight better." His lips might not have shrunk even from the intensity of the oath, any more than did Emerson's when he owned that he envied the blacksmith the freedom of his profanity.

There were few parts of his duty as Prime Minister which gave him more solicitude than those promotions to the peerage, and to ranks less exalted than the peerage, which from time to time it became his duty to recommend to the Queen. Even knighthoods were to him of solemn moment; they were the first step in the long line of titular degrees. "You must keep the lowest rank pure, if you wish all ranks to be pure." Such was his view, strenuously and often maintained when the subject arose.

But he took two views. Having first created his peer, he then bowed down before him. The heathen who fashions his idol out of wood or stone could do no more. In public affairs, of course, the new peer or the old was no more to him than Mr. Smith; sometimes he seemed to be less. The individual was nothing; it was the title, the rank, the position in the social hierarchy, to which Mr. Gladstone paid this peculiar homage.

It is one of the conveniences of social life in England that all, or nearly all, questions of precedence are determined by immutable law. No such perplexities occur as in New York, or, still more, in Washington, where the intermingling of social, judicial, executive, departmental, Senatorial, and half a dozen other different and competing titles to consideration produce a confusion which is often inextricable. In England the lines are drawn. The order of the procession from drawing-room to dining-room is fixed. To depart from it is to avow your ignorance of it and of the settled usages of society, save in those special cases where it is, for a reason purely occasional, thrown aside altogether.

But you could not distress Mr. Gladstone more sorely than by trying to put him into a place which was not his own. To send him in to dinner before his time was to provoke a protest, and always a refusal if his consent was asked in advance. Even as Prime Minister he had no place; it was only as Privy Councillor

that he was entitled to go before anybody else, or when, as in 1885, he made himself Lord Privy Seal. The youngest baron went out before the ruler of the empire who had grown gray in the service of his sovereign. The younger, and some even of the older, peers often sought to give way, but he would none of it. I have seen these contests of civility. Once Mr. Gladstone consented to walk out of the dining-room—which is not the same thing as walking into it—while a Scottish earl stood with his back stubbornly planted against the wall. Once he was outmanœuvred. On all other occasions his humility proved victorious. Not that the proud old man had much real humility of nature. What he had, what was ingrained in him, was a profound regard for the established order of things, and an extreme dislike to see it disarranged in any the minutest particular. These may seem trivial details. They are, to my mind, exceedingly characteristic, and they throw light on a side of Mr. Gladstone's nature which is often left in obscurity.

If I may with discretion touch on Mr. Gladstone's private life during parts of his marvellous career, I should begin by saying that he was hardly ever, except in company and on dress parade, without a book. To his reading there was never an end. On the afternoon of Saturday, August 30, 1884, he was to make his first speech to his constituents of Midlothian, and to the people of Scotland and of England and of all Europe and of America. He was to give an account of his stewardship. Never, I think, had he had a more perplexing problem before him, since he had to explain to this vast audience, encircling half the world, why it was that during the last four years he had broken, or at least left unperformed, nearly every one of the promises on the faith of which Midlothian had elected him to Parliament, and the kingdom had welcomed him as its chief minister.

But for Mr. Gladstone, in those days, difficulties existed only to be surmounted, and a perplexity was merely a challenge to the unrivalled ingenuity of an intellect which never owned itself vanquished. So he had put together in his mind the frame-work of his speech, made out a case which entirely satisfied himself, and must therefore satisfy others of less mental acuteness, and when he had breakfasted on that eventful morning he was quite in the mood to enjoy himself. His secretary, Mr. Hamilton—he is now Sir Edward Hamilton, and a great Treasury official—came down to the smoking-room in Dalmeny Park and said, "What do you suppose Mr. Gladstone is doing?" It was eleven o'clock, time enough to have disposed of his morning mail; indeed, Hamilton's coming was a signal that his chief had finished with that sort of work for the time being. You might have guessed that he was pondering over the speech he was to deliver a few hours later, or receiving a deputation, or settling points of policy with his host, or engaged in any of a dozen other important occupations. "No," cried Hamilton, triumphantly; "he is reading a novel."

Like the trained athlete, ready for a great physical contest, the great political gladiator knew that the last hours before the contest ought to be spent in relaxation. Or, more likely, he never thought about it at all. He had done what lay before him to do; he had so many hours of leisure before him, and he devoted them to what he liked best. Novel, or whatever else, it was all one to him. In this case it happened to be a novel. It may be doubted whether he ever knew the sensation of mental fatigue or weariness. There have been men who did not. A man as unlike Mr. Gladstone as possible, the late Sir Richard Burton, was one of them. John Stuart Mill was another. Thiers was a third. But of all omnivorous, voracious, insatiable readers, Mr. Gladstone stands at the head. He can read anything, and does.

Mr. Gladstone's remark about Renan, which I quoted in one of these papers, need not be taken to indicate his taste or judgment in literature; it was a theological, not a literary, prejudice which accounted for that *saugrenu* opinion. He has written much on literary subjects, and published much, so that his admirers and the rest of the world have ample means of estimating his feeling for literature. At any rate, he liked to talk of it, and his omnivorous reading supplied him with much the same sort of multifarious illustration as did Macaulay's. It was always interesting talk. The range of it was very great, and he had enthusiasms. Scott was one of them. He said once that he read every novel of Scott as it came out, and admired all of them save one. And his voice deepened as he said:

"There was one novel of Scott which I could not, when it first appeared, get through. You will never guess which. It was *Kenilworth*."

He evidently enjoyed the sensation, the surprise, he gave us. He stood by the chimney-piece, his back to the fireplace, looking about him, from face to face, as if to see what effect he produced, and he plainly waited for the inevitable question, "You read it afterward?"

"Oh yes, but not for some years."

"What did you think of it then?"

The old man's face fairly glowed as he answered:

"Think? I thought I had made the most splendid discovery of modern times."

He was asked what he thought of Scott's style.

"How can you put such a question? It is a style entirely adequate for his purpose. Entirely worthy of the historical imagination, in the use of which no novelist has approached Scott."

"But surely an inaccurate style? Hardly a page on which you cannot put your finger on some sentence which is not grammatical or not idiomatic, and often there come phrases which are not English at all, but Scotch."

The pride of the Scot woke in him. He would tolerate no criticism. His reverence for the author of Waverley made these suggestions seem to him irreverent. The face grew dark again as he brushed aside the criticisms, and, quite in the manner of Dr. Johnson, overbore his tormentor, and burst out,

"It is a magnificent style."

There was no more to be said—or no more on the negative side. His intolerance of dissent was just as marked in a question of literature as of politics.

Mr. Gladstone never seemed to care for books as books, or, as the man who values books solely to read might say, as bric-à-brac. His library, like the collection of pottery he sold a good many years ago, had no great commercial value. The pottery he believed in, supposing it to be not only of interest on the art and archæological sides, but also of much pecuniary worth, and he was disagreeably undeceived when it came to be disposed of and fetched but a small sum. His library, also, he once sold, or part of it, under some more or less imaginary financial stress. I always thought it characteristic of him that he should have been content to go to an Oxford Street bookseller, of whom he had long been in the habit of buying books, and part with his treasures for whatever this dealer saw fit to offer him. Nor was the dealer even a dealer of high position in the trade. Sold by auction, and sold as the property of the Prime Minister, the books would certainly have brought a much larger sum, and also, which he probably desired to avoid, much more notoriety. The transaction had, however, this advantage, that when his friends heard of it they were able to recover the books *en bloc*, or almost so.

That also was characteristic of the relation between him and them. He had only to ask any one of a dozen rich men, and he could have had, on easy terms, or on no terms at all, whatever money he stood in need of. He would not ask, but when his need became known to them and they offered help he accepted it, as he has accepted much else through a long series of years. With or without his knowledge his books were bought back again from the Oxford Street dealer and restored to his shelves.

It has long been known in the trade that he liked buying from catalogues, and would buy readily on the faith of a catalogue description. To lie like a bulletin has long been—certainly since the time of the first Napoleon—a proverb. To lie like a catalogue might also be a proverb; and is to the intelligent book-lover, who likes to know what he is buying, and not to trust to the imaginative rhetoric of the second-hand dealer. None of all this troubled Mr. Gladstone, who was just as happy with a book in bad condition or a bad binding, so long as it was a book he wanted to read. Wherefore his collection at Hawarden is a collection by which the bibliophile, save for its connection with Mr. Gladstone as owner, or for gift copies from great writers with the writers' autographs, would set little store. "Anything is good enough for me," he has been known to say, and upon this maxim of humility he acted. Some of the catalogues he has marked are to be seen in the shops of second-hand booksellers half over London—sometimes in their windows; sometimes they are shown to customers as treasures; and sometimes, having done duty as advertisements in the windows, they are sold at high prices to the Gladstone enthusiast as relics of his idol's book-buying habits. He may, at

any rate, escape the reproach, which has been addressed to some great collectors, of caring more for books than for reading.

The most desultory sketch of Mr. Gladstone must include Mrs. Gladstone. The two were inseparable; their lives were bound up together, in no conventional sense, but in the truest sense. Mrs. Gladstone lived in and for her husband, and his loyalty to her was made just as evident to the world about them as hers to him. Her services to him were innumerable. It might almost be said that the two were never apart—their lives flowed on together in a single stream.

Mrs. Gladstone's care for her husband was incessant. She was always with him. When he was to make a great speech in the House, she was sure to be in the ladies' gallery. . The speech ended, she met him at the door to make sure that his throat was muffled before he exposed himself to the air. She stood between him and all those domestic worries of life from which a man in his position, or in any position, must needs be free if he is to do his best work. It was less generally known that she was also his confidante and adviser in public affairs. London used to think her sometimes careless in social matters, indifferent to questions of etiquette, neglectful of certain social usages. London is, in such concerns, far less rigid than New York, but has of course its own code of observances, though it seldom takes offence if this be infringed in small particulars. Certainly it never took offence at Mrs. Gladstone's easy ways. But one result of them was that the position she really held with reference to her husband was not fully understood. For her good sense, sagacity, and unfailing and invariable discretion in all serious business she had less credit than she deserved. A friend who knew them both intimately, and their ways of life, once said: "Mrs. Gladstone, during the whole of her husband's career, has known everything. She has always been trusted, always consulted. It is nothing to say that she never even inadvertently disclosed a secret. So perfect was her tact that few people ever so much as suspected she knew the secrets."

No evidence could be more decisive. London is always talking about all sorts of things, and comments about Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were frequent. Whatever might be said on other points, there was an agreement on this—that nobody ever heard, or ever pretended to have heard, from Mrs. Gladstone any hint of any purpose or thought or policy of his.

I saw something of her care for him, as many others did, on his many public appearances on the platform, and in some ways less public. During the second Midlothian campaign, in 1884, her solicitude was taxed because he necessarily was much exposed, his voice was tried, and he was a great deal in the open air. Mr. Gladstone was then Lord Rosebery's guest at Dalmeny, and when he had to speak in Edinburgh, West Calder, or elsewhere, drove in and out. The carriage was always open, in order to gratify the thousands who thronged the roadsides and streets to see Mr. Gladstone. The drive home after a speech was the most trying, because the energy with which he spoke left him sometimes overheated, and, although never exhausted, sometimes fatigued. So he used to be wrapped in coats and mufflers and shawls, till he once or twice gently protested, but prudence always carried the day.

On the days when he was not speaking, Mr. Gladstone liked to stroll about the admirable park in which Dalmeny House stands, by the shore of the Firth of Forth. A quarter of a mile from the house, at the extremity of a point, the rebuilt Barnbougle Castle stands, on a platform of stone, its gray, vine-clad, turreted fabric visible from afar. Mr. Gladstone liked long walks—all his life he has been famous as a pedestrian—and it is not fifteen years since I heard him say that he thought he should still enjoy a walk from Oxford to London (sixty miles) as much as ever. But at Dalmeny he was busy with speeches and people and books, and often had to content himself with a saunter late in the afternoon, wandering sometimes to the gardens, sometimes up the road to Chapel Gate, sometimes down to the beach overhung by the trees he loved, sometimes to Barnbougle. This last had another attraction for him, since here it is that Lord Rosebery has bestowed many of his treasures — books, pictures, relics, objects of very various interest, relating to Scotland, and also to other parts of the universe.

The breeze blew fresh late one afternoon from the North German Ocean up the Firth as we paced this stone platform together, Mr. Gladstone talking, as his

habit was, with immense energy on the subject which occupied his mind for the moment. The early autumn shadows grew long, and presently Mrs. Gladstone appeared with a wrap, which she put round her husband's neck, and we walked on. At the end of another half-hour she came out of the castle, reminding her husband that it was late. He answered that he was almost ready to go, and again we walked on. Mrs. Gladstone waited, and soon said, "You know, William, you have to speak to-morrow, and it is very damp; don't you think you ought to go in?" "Yes," he replied, "quite time"—then, with one of those expressions of humor not frequent on his face or in his voice, said to me, softly: "We will take another turn to vindicate our independence;" and we did. Then Mrs. Gladstone had her way, and we walked back to the house.

If I hesitate to speak of Mrs. Gladstone, it is because I still have an old-fashioned dislike to the needless or casual mention in print of the names of women who do not take part in public life. But I felt it to be impossible to leave the wife wholly out of these reminiscences of the husband. Lord Rosebery, in his eulogy in the House of Lords on Mr. Gladstone, said: "The most melancholy feature of Mr. Gladstone's end was the solitary and pathetic figure which for sixty years had shared all his sorrows and all his joys, shared his triumphs and cheered him in his defeats, and who by her vigilance had sustained and prolonged his life. The occasion ought not to pass without letting Mrs. Gladstone know that she is in our thoughts."

It is probably true that Mr. Gladstone had made it a condition with reference to his burial in Westminster Abbey or elsewhere that his wife should lie by his side. Certainly her memory will entwine itself with his. Nothing can be truly written about his private life if she be wholly forgotten. And, quite independently of her relations to him and her life-long devotion to him, Mrs. Gladstone has high qualities and a noble womanly character which entitle her to a great place among the women of her time.

In a bric-à-brac shop in Paris I once found a collection of large brass dishes, with portraits of celebrities in *repoussé*—Charlemagne (possibly not authentic), Francis I., Napoleon, and various others among the illustrious dead. The only two portraits of living men were those of Prince Bismarck and Mr. Gladstone, both rather good. The latter I bought and sent to Mrs. Gladstone, telling her that in this peculiar gallery the Englishman and German were thus paired off by themselves. It pleased her that it should be so. As the great Englishman and greater German were never supposed to like each other, there was an interest in seeing them thus bracketed, as it were—the two serving as pendants, each to the other, in a kind of neutral art-gallery. On this Mrs. Gladstone made no remark; she was content with the tribute to her husband, and referred to it sometimes afterward in a way which showed how she valued anything related to him. I don't suppose the dish was rare, but it was rare in England, although made in Germany and sold in Paris.

Over women Mr. Gladstone always had an extraordinary influence. I speak of his later years, long past the period when his relations with women could give rise to comment, if they ever did. This influence he appeared to exert unconsciously—not as if he cared to, or made the least effort to bring them under his sway. The tremendous personality of the man was quite enough to impress them; these delicate beings seemed to feel themselves in the presence of a great natural force—it might be Niagara, or it might be Vesuvius, or some other—in any case, it was a force not to be resisted. Among many instances I select one.

There was in London an American lady of high social position and much charm, both of appearance and character, who, like some other Americans in London, was of strong Tory sympathies. It was during that period after the first home-rule bill when Mr. Gladstone underwent a social eclipse—when great ladies closed their doors in his face, when he was seldom asked to dine or for the evening, and when language was used about him seldom applied before or since to any man of his eminence in public life. This American lady was one of those who took extreme views of his political conduct, and could scarce mention his name without a disparaging epithet.

She asked me one afternoon if I would dine with her the next evening. I said I should be delighted. "But do you mind meeting Mr. Gladstone?" queried she. I answered that I did not mind

meeting anybody, and that there was nobody whom I better liked meeting than Mr. Gladstone. "But," I went on, "how happens it that you, of all women, are having Mr. Gladstone? You have always disliked him, and I have known you refuse to meet him." She laughed pleasantly. "Oh, since I saw you last I have been staying at ——," she named the house of one of Mr. Gladstone's lieutenants, "and I am completely fascinated by him." She added, after a second, "I do not admit that I ever said anything against him."

I went to the dinner next evening—a dinner of some sixteen persons. Mr. Gladstone sat next his hostess, though he did not take her in to dinner. I found myself opposite to him. He began early to discuss, of all subjects in the world, international copyright, just then before Congress. He asked me many questions about the bill and its probable fate, and the state of American public opinion, and finally went off into technical matters of a rather abstruse kind. This lasted during a great part of dinner, and he said little to his hostess, who, for her part, said little to her partner, but listened to Mr. Gladstone. When we rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room she said, "Did you ever know Mr. Gladstone so charming as he was all through dinner, or his talk so delightful?" She knew about as much of international copyright as she did of differential calculus, and cared as much. But she was in a mood to find her new hero delightful had he discoursed to her in Greek.

I always thought it one secret of Mr. Gladstone's power that he chose his subjects to please himself. Lesser men, if they have tact, strive to talk on matters which they suppose likely to be interesting to their listeners. Not so Mr. Gladstone. Often as I have heard him talk, seldom did he adapt himself to his audience. The audience had to adapt themselves to him, and did. It was an extension of the method which he employed in the House of Commons, and alone, or almost alone, among great members of Parliament, practised with success. There is not anywhere else on earth a body so jealous of its own prerogatives as the House of Commons, nor one which insists so strenuously that each member shall conform to the general standard, whether of oratory, or manner of conducting business, or whatever rule or custom there may be which the House establishes for itself. But Mr. Gladstone was his own standard. He created his own atmosphere, lifted the House to a higher level, and spoke with a voice of authority to which they yielded. In private life his methods varied, but they seldom varied in this particular. He did not catch the note, he gave it; and the rest danced, if they could, to the tune which he called.

While at Brechin Castle, Mr. Gladstone played two or three rubbers of whist each evening. I played against him the first evening, when Lady Dalhousie was his partner, and the second evening with him. The same trait was evident whether you were partner or adversary. He played his own hand with very little regard to his partner's. Whist was not a game he cared much for or played often, but when he played it he gave his whole mind to the game, as to anything else which he undertook. His play was anything but orthodox. Of rules he took little heed, and he did things which would have scandalized Cavendish or Clay. It was evident that he thought out his whist as he went along; constructed, or reconstructed, the science of the game for himself; never led a card without a clear reason in his own mind for leading it; never forgot a card; took no chances; trumped all doubtful tricks, whether himself strong or weak in trumps, and almost never led a trump till late in the hand. He never found fault with his partner. Such matters as signalling for trumps, or echoing, or other conventional language of the game he ignored. If he had played long enough, he might have invented them over again for himself, as Pascal did the axioms and propositions of Euclid.

All through his game was an interesting study; an expression of his intellect and of character. It was always so with him. He could do nothing in a commonplace way. His flexibility of mind showed itself in this as in other things. He could lead from a short suit or from a long suit, according to circumstances, just as he had first opposed and then advocated nearly every cause in public life with which his name is connected. And each time he had persuaded himself that the short or long suit was the only one to play.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DRAWER

A POOR RULE.

BY MILDRED HOWELLS.

AS her engagement had happened in the country, Serena had been unusually successful in keeping it secret; and so, when she went to Mrs. Middleton's dinner, she found her shadow appointed to take her down. This delighted Serena; for to be really engaged to a person and yet appear only to flirt with him is complicated, and so was her nature. As for her shadow, he was unreasoningly happy.

"Now," said Serena, turning to him when the first polite remarks were over with her right-hand neighbor, "you see the advantages of not announcing one's engagement from the house-tops. You never would have been allowed to sit beside me if Mrs. Middleton had known."

"It's an idiotic custom, when everybody knows I'd rather be next you."

"That's the reason they feel it their duty to foil you; and then, perhaps, it's a little out of consideration for me."

"Do you mean—" began her shadow, but Serena became suddenly absorbed in conversation with her other neighbor, and he had to content himself with his own conclusions. When at last she turned to him again her mind was on other things.

"Did you know," she asked, "that there's to be a surprise dance after dinner? It's Mrs. Middleton's birthday, or something. Aren't you glad?"

"Awfully!"

"That shows what wonderful control you have over your features; one would never have guessed it. Would you mind giving me some salt? Oh! why did you spill it? Now we shall have to quarrel."

Her shadow, having bided his time, began again:

"What did you mean—"

"Probably nothing, but I don't remember. Do you want to quarrel with me so soon?"

"No; I simply want to know what you meant."

Serena gave a little sigh of resignation and leaned back in her chair with her hands folded in her lap.

"Well, I suppose I meant they might think that being always engaged to one person could grow monotonous."

"It's the usual arrangement."

"I know, but I've often wondered that there has been no modern improvement made in it."

"It would have to be so extremely modern."

"I don't know. Now, for instance," Serena pursued, rearranging her wineglasses with great intentness, "I'm very fond of you."



"I THINK ONE OUGHT TO BE ALLOWED A LITTLE VACATION."

"Then your manners are almost as deceitful as my features, aren't they?"

Serena's lips curved in an unwilling smile. "Of course I like you, only I think one ought to be allowed a little vacation—say Sundays off, or an evening now and then. One would return to it with so much more zest."

"When you had those, you'd probably strike for an eight-hour law," her shadow prophesied, gloomily.

"You don't take it seriously," Serena objected. "If you would only consider it impersonally, you'd see at once how reasonable it was. The more I think of it, the more it appeals to me."

"Then for goodness' sake don't think!"

Serena gazed at him with mild reproachfulness.

"I *have* to think; and it seems to me that the only way to prove a thing is to try it." Her shadow saw his impending doom, but from long experience he knew the uselessness of struggling against it. "So, to-night," Serena continued, cheerfully, "I shall take a holiday."

"You mean that for this evening you cease to be engaged to me?"

"Exactly."

"And you intend to act as if you were perfectly free?" he asked, tortured by the memories of past sufferings, and a desire to know the worst.

"I shall be, for this evening."

"Serena," he besought her, "don't do it! I know you won't like it, and it will drive me mad."

"I am doing it as a scientific experiment," Serena explained, severely. "Just think how many more people would become engaged if they were sure of a little relief now and then. As auntie says, 'It's my duty.' How strange it is that one's duty is so seldom agreeable to other people!" Serena shook her head sadly over the perversity of things.

At the dance which followed the dinner she seemed bent upon enjoying her freedom to the full, and perhaps, at first, the evident fact of her shadow's not enjoying it as much as she did gave a wicked edge to her pleasure. If, as the evening wore on, she found the delights of liberty were not quite all her memory had painted them, she managed not to show it, but flirted on with rather more abandon than would be commendable even in a disengaged girl.

Her shadow soon disappeared, unable, apparently, to support the agonies of watching her, and Serena began uneasily to acknowledge to herself a growing inability to listen to what her partners were saying, with an irresistible turning of her eyes towards the door as if watching for some one. To stifle the whispers of a more than usually guilty conscience, and to suppress these extraordinary symptoms, she plunged deeper into reckless flirtation, and even allowed herself to be lured to a secluded corner on the landing of the hall stairs.

She was listening there to a number of remarkably foolish nothings, and trying not to think of other things, when another dimly outlined couple seated themselves on the stairs below them. With a sudden intuition she knew the man to be her shadow, and all at once her eyes saw clearly in spite of the dusk. The youth beside her babbled on, quite unaware of her lack of interest, while Serena sat with her gaze and mind fastened on the unconscious couple before her. They laughed gayly, and then seemed to dispute about something; at last the girl took one of the flowers from her gown and leaned forward to put it in the man's coat.

Serena, to the surprise of her unsuspecting partner, suddenly rose white and straight in the dimness, and with a murmured "I beg your pardon," she stepped like a dividing fate between the two, who started apart to let her pass. Her escort followed bewildered, asking anxiously if she were ill.

Serena turned savagely on him. "No, I'm not ill, thank you," she said, "but one can't stay on the stairs forever, you know," and then she danced away with a new partner, leaving him to wonder how he had offended her.

It was at the very end of the dance that Serena's shadow suddenly reappeared, and before she knew what had happened she found herself being waltzed off into the hall. After depositing her in a corner he sank beside her, asking, "Do you find it as delightful as you expected it to be?"

Serena looked severely through him to the wall beyond. "I suppose I was foolish," she said, coldly, "but I never expected you to outrage the conventions so openly."

"Really I didn't propose it, you know. Still, as long as you had decided on it, there was nothing left for me but to obey. But did you find it successful?"

"Yes, though not exactly in the way I had supposed it would be," she said, dreamily.

Her shadow dropped his scoffing manner. "Did you find that you missed me a little? *I* almost died of it."

Serena turned on him in measureless scorn. "You were truly inconsolable. The success of my experiment was beyond my hopes in showing me how without conscience you are. I should never have supposed you would trifle with a girl in that way when you were already engaged."

Her shadow drew a long breath of surprise. "But I wasn't engaged—for the evening."

"Why not?" inquired Serena, severely.

"You arranged it yourself, that we should take a holiday; and if I don't object to the way you behaved, I don't really see why you should trample on my innocent amusements."

"The way in which I behaved," Serena re-

plied, loftily, "has nothing whatever to do with the matter. *I* was not engaged."

"Then neither was I."

Serena looked at him, her eyes wide open in surprised contempt. "I never said anything about *your* not being engaged."

"But surely you said you were going to take a night off."

"Oh yes, but that's entirely different. *I* may sometimes cease to be engaged to you, but I thought of course it was understood that *you* were always engaged to me."



THE AUTHOR AND THE TRAIN-BOY.

THE distinguished author was travelling, with all the dignity of his three names and great reputation, from New York to Boston. It was a hot day, and the train-boy, with his stores of fresh broken mixed candies, his newspapers and periodicals, and all the latest novels, feeling that something should be done to mitigate the sufferings of the sixteen or twenty souls in the parlor-car, was unusually attentive. He distributed several boxes of chewing-gum, copies of the funny papers, bottles of lavender salts, and boxes of marshmallows over the laps of the wayfarers with great profusion. This every one except the distinguished author permitted without protest. The latter, however, showed signs of being resentful, in so marked and irritating a fashion, too, that the boy became even more anxious to secure him as a customer. So when he came through the cars shouting, "All the latest novels—all the latest novels—*Peter Stirling*, Anthony Hope's latest; *Soldiers of Fortune*, *The Red Badge of*— Have a novel, sir?" he decided to make a special effort to win the patronage of the distinguished author, and so he stopped at his side.

"*Peter Stirling*," he said, handing out a copy of that fortunate volume.

"Read it!" ejaculated the distinguished author, shortly, turning away and gazing out of the window.

"*Phroso*—" the boy began again, dexterously slipping a copy thereof out of the tower of literature in his hands.

"Read it!" snapped the distinguished author, with a proud, disdainful gesture.

"*Desert Drama*, by Conan Doyle, just out—" continued the boy.

"Read it!" retorted the distinguished author, for the third time.

And then the train-boy, in despair, handed out the latest work of the distinguished author himself.

"*The Pink Brigadier of Fortune*, by Warrington Peters Renshaw?" said the train-boy.

"Wrote it!" said the distinguished author, seeing his chance.

The train-boy, like the worm, turned. Fixing his eye firmly upon the distinguished author's face, and with his lip curling with contemptuous indignation, he cried,

"Aw—don't get gay!"

TO THE EDITOR OF ANY COMIC PAPER.

CURIOUS the work you do,
Always reading fun and chaff,
Pun and parody. Do you
Ever laugh?

Always jokes—more old than new;
Always puns—so very vile!
What a funny life! Do you
Sometimes smile?

Are you not made mournful through
Such an effort to supply
Jokes to other folks? Don't you
Often sigh?

Do you find the wit you woo
In the daytime haunts your sleep?
If you dream of it, don't you
Daily weep?

H. DEWEY BROWNE.

THE MAN WHO STUTTERED.

"You all know Dick Timmins," observed the Major. "And you're all aware that he stutters—a little. Dick, by-the-way, recently quarrelled with his friend Jack Hunter, who also stutters—slightly. Somebody asked Dick if the rupture was serious. 'W-w-we're not on s-s-s-stuttering terms,' says Dick, haughtily. They say the trouble arose through Dick trying to tell Jack a funny story. He stuttered away at it for five minutes, and couldn't make a start; when Jack said that he was reminded of a funny story, and sailed in, and also wrestled five minutes, but couldn't make a start either. Then Dick tried again; next Jack made another effort. This lasted a half-hour or so, when they finally discovered that each was trying to tell the same story, and this proved to be the rift in the lute.

"But what I started to tell was of a little adventure I myself had with Dick last spring. Met him on the street, and he asked me to go up to the Icarian Building with him to sample an extraordinary brand of cigar with a friend who had an office there. Dick was somewhat excited over the prospect, and stuttered rather more than usual, but as near as I could make out his friend was a returned Cuban consul who had just got in with several hundred boxes of the Cuban Captain-General's private stock of cigars. I was easily persuaded, and we walked over to the Icarian and stepped into the elevator.

"Of course I had no idea as to the part of the building occupied by the ex-consul, but I understood Dick must know. The elevator-man threw the lever over with a snap, saying, with another snap, 'What floor, sir?' The two snaps excited Dick. 'T-t-the t-t-t-t-th-th—' he began. We shot by the third, fourth, and fifth. 'T-t-the t-t-t-th-th-th—' went on Dick. The elevator-man looked at him inquiringly. We tore along by the seventh, eighth, and ninth. 'I say the t-t-t-t-t-th-th—' cried Dick, furiously. The man looked at him calmly. We passed the eleventh and twelfth floors. 'You ch-ch-ch-chump!' howled Dick; 't-the t-t-t-t-t-th-th-th—' We boomed along through the teens and shot by the twentieth. The man stood with his hand on the lever, gazing at Dick like a stone image. 'C-c-c-confound it, I-I-I-I-I say you're a fool!' sputtered Dick, his face as red as a lobster. 'L-l-l-l-let us off at the t-t-t-t-th-th-th-th—' The twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, and twenty-seventh faded away. The man stood calm as fate. Dick was boiling. 'Y-you numskull! Y-you idiot!' he shouted. 'We-we-we-we-we-we w-want the t-t-t-t-th-th-th-th—' The man gazed. Dick sprang forward and forced over the man's arm, lever and all. The car stopped with a jerk. 'The t-t-t-th-th-thirtieth, you leatherhead!' gurgled Dick. 'T-that's what I said at f-f-first! T-t-try to carry a p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-passenger by, will you!'

"And we stepped out, while the car went on.

"'Your friend is here on the thirtieth, eh?' I said.

"'N-n-n-no!' roared Dick. 'He's on the t-t-t-t-th-third. We'll w-w-walk down. I d-d-d-don't want t-t-t-that s-s-s-scoundrel in the car to t-t-think I can't t-t-t-t-t-t-talk!'

"So walk down we did, fifty-four short flights, twenty-seven times around the elevator shaft. Then we found that the Captain-General's private stock was a false alarm. The ex-consul was smoking a pipe, and the first thing he did was to knock out the ashes and ask Dick if he had any smoking-tobacco about him."

KILLING TIME.

The air was full of shouts and cries,
Of shrill "Ha-ha's," and "Ho's," and "Hi's,"
  And every kind of whistle,
And the sky was dark with flying things—
Golf-sticks, balls, engagement-rings,
Novels, rackets, and billiard-cues,
Cameras, fishing-rods, and shoes,
  And every sort of missile.

The ground was black with a seething mass
Of people of every kind and class—
  Matrons, men, and misses,
Ladies and gentlemen, old and new,
Lads and lasses, and children too,
Elderly men with elderly wives—
Hustling and bustling for their lives.
  "I wonder what all this is?"

Said I. "I fear that it may be
Another case for the S. P. C.
  'Twill bear investigation."
I dropped my book and joined the race,
And struggling into the foremost place,
Behold, the object of the chase
Was an aged man with wrinkled face!
  I was filled with indignation.

His frame was bent and his knees aknock,
His head was bald but for one lock,
  And I cried with anger thrilling,
"This thing must stop; 'tis a disgrace
An aged gentleman to chase."
Then everybody laughed in my face.
"This," they cried, "is a different case;
  It's only 'Time' we're killing."

Then it was I observed two things
That grew from his shoulders—two big wings!
  And I joined in the people's laughter.
Tho' killing is often out of place,
A circumstance may alter a case.
So I took my pad and pencil-case,
And for want of a missile, in its place
  I tossed these verses after.

OLIVER HERFORD.



KILLING TIME.

MR. BUSH'S CIRCUS.

DURING one of the reminiscential interludes indulged in by Mr. Milo Bush, he told of an alleged visit of a circus to the town some years before. The instructive tale ran as follows:

"It was Starbuck's Allied Tentatorial Aggravation, a Gigantic, Awe-producing Spectacle of Wonders from the Slimy Deep, the Higeous Jungle, the Bone-strewn Desert, and the Roaring Caverns of the upper air, whence blow the Seven Vampire Winds of heaven seeking whom they may destroy. Them was the words of the bills. One ticket admits to all this grand tautological presentation of upas-like monsters snatched from yearth's remotest corners and conveyed to your doors.

"Well, when the doors opened, the whole town was on hand. We found some things not up to the bills—the unicorn had only one horn—but we were not inclined to find fault. All would have gone well if Mayor Patty hadn't tried to ride the trick mule. Close personal and political friends tried to dissuade him; but, no, he would ride that mule. The mule throwed him and cracked his head agin the centre pole. He was mad, and went out and made complaint before Jedge Malgrave, having peeked through a hole in the tent and a seen that the zebra only had stripes on the side towards the augence.

"Well, they brought Starbuck, the sole proprietor, before the jedge, and he was convicted and fined $500. Starbuck said he couldn't pay, and they put him in the lockup. That settled the Allied Aggravation, and it went to pieces right in our midst.

"We called a public meeting to consider the situation. Lawyer Kingsley made a speech. 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'we suddenly find a large number of artists, recently engaged in amoosing and instructing the crowned heads of Europe, and likewise a number of monsters ensnared from the suspicious parts of the yearth, thrown upon our charity. Shall it be said that the people of this city allowed these artists and these monsters to suffer? Palsied be this hand and may this tongue, gents, cleave to the roof of this mouth, if such shall be the case! I move you, sir, that volunteers be called for to look after these deserving artists and monsters.' The motion was carried. Joe Reynolds said he would take the hippopotamus. Jason Brack said he would board an artist. It was decided to send the sacred cow to Elder Babbitt, of the First Baptist Church, since she was said to be a good milker, and would pay for her keep. It was arranged to board the fat lady and the other members of her sex at the hotel. Jim Reed said he would take the ostrich. His igee was to set her on two hundred hens' eggs. Somebody said he would take the camel, and another man offered to board the ringmaster. I felt I ought to do something, so I riz up, and says I: 'Mr. Cheerman and feller-citizens,—I agree with the previous speakers that it behoofs us to do something for these unfortunates. We must make these artists and these monsters feel that in our buzzums beats the warm chords of Christian charity. They are our brothers, Mr. Cheerman—that is, the artists are, and mebby some of the monsters. Now is the time to show what stuff we are made of. For my part, Mr. Cheerman, I stand ready to take to my home and to tenderly care for the Egyptian mummy. He was no relative of mine, and I never seen him before, but if he shall ever want for proper care, then, gentlemen, palsied be *both* of these hands, and may this tongue know naught in the future but the touch of higeous upas-like ice-water!' I sot down amid deefening applause and cries of 'Three cheers for Old Man Charity!' Blushing to the roots of my hair, I went out, shouldered the Egyptian party, which I took to be a king, and carried him home and stood him in the pantry.

"It was exciting times in this town while we had that there circus on our hands. We got some good out of it, however; we sot the steam-piano up in the Methodist church, and doubled the congregation. Jim Reed complained that he couldn't make the ostrich set, and that she'd picked off all his door-knobs and e't 'em, and he wanted to exchange her for an artist; but we made him stick to his bargain. Hank Shoemaker said that the tattooed man which he had for his guest leaned agin the parlor wall-paper, and the design come out and struck into the paper; but we told him he must stand it. The lions and tigers kept breaking loose and running round town and scaring people and getting under folks's houses. Some of the artists went to work. The ringmaster got a job as primary-school teacher, and the clown began working in an undertaking establishment. And all the time the king stood there in my pantry and never made the least trouble. When others complained about their charges, I said to 'em: 'Do I kick about the king? Do I find fault? No, sir! Dooty, gentlemen; sacred dooty. Virtue is its own reward.' The preacher, with the sacred cow giving sixteen quarts of milk per day, was the only other man that wasn't finding fault about something. The contrast between the sacred cow, paying for her keep and eight quarts besides, and that ostrich, standing about pulling tenpenny nails out of the side of Jim's barn with a loud squeak, was very painful, especially to Jim. The minister used to p'int out the difference between a sacred and a profane animal, though, strictly speaking, Jim was the profane animal, his remarks being scandalous every time he heard another nail squeak.

"All the time the sole proprietor staid in jail, cheerful as the trick mule. Mostly the artists remained hopeful too, except the bearded lady, who became disgusted, and walked out of town. He said no bearded lady with a true love for his art would submit to living on charity.

"The monster that made the most trouble

was the elephant. He wandered all over town, and tramped down folks's gardens, broke sidewalks, and knocked over fences. He was worse than the giraffe, which used to reach in second-story window sand eat up the pillar-shams. Nobody would have the elephant, so we concluded to put him in the jail along with the sole proprietor. Some said there wasn't room, and that one or the other of 'em would get mashed, but we thought we'd try it. So we opened the door and backed him in, I sort of wondering about the sole proprietor, but not daring to look. The elephant's head wouldn't go in, so we shut the lower half of the door, and left his head out the upper half, which it just filled, so he could look around at the bootiful scenery. Then we went off, I still with some misgivings about the sole proprietor, and saying to myself: 'Is it well with thy brother?' and, 'Would *you* like to be in jail alone with your conscience and one large elephant?' But I hardened my heart, and went home and shook hands again with the king.

"The next morning the jail was gone. We seen something bobbing about off on the prairie about half a mile, and rid out. It was the jail being walked off by the elephant, who was swinging his trunk, chewing his cud, and gazing at the elegant landscape aforesaid. I stooped down and looked under the edge of the building. My heart give a glad leap to see the legs of the sole proprietor moving as he walked along under the elephant. We jedged it was a good way to get rid of both of 'em, so went back. The craft disappeared below the horizon about noon.

"That afternoon Mayor Patty called another public meeting. Addressing the assembled multitood, he said: 'I think I voice the sentiments of the community when I say that we have had enough of this here circus. We have now got rid of the two worst curses—that unruly elephant and the sole proprietor. Peace to their tracks! I now, feller-citizens, have a most delicate matter to disclose to you,' and the Mayor blushed like I do sometimes. 'Nothing less, gentlemen, than the marriage of the fat lady and your humble servant. We shall then gather up the circus, and my wife and I shall go out with it hand in hand as sole proprietors. The sacred cow will remain with Elder Babbitt as his fee for performing the bootiful and impressive ceremony here and now on this rosgum.'

"Which the elder done; and so we got rid of the circus at last."

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

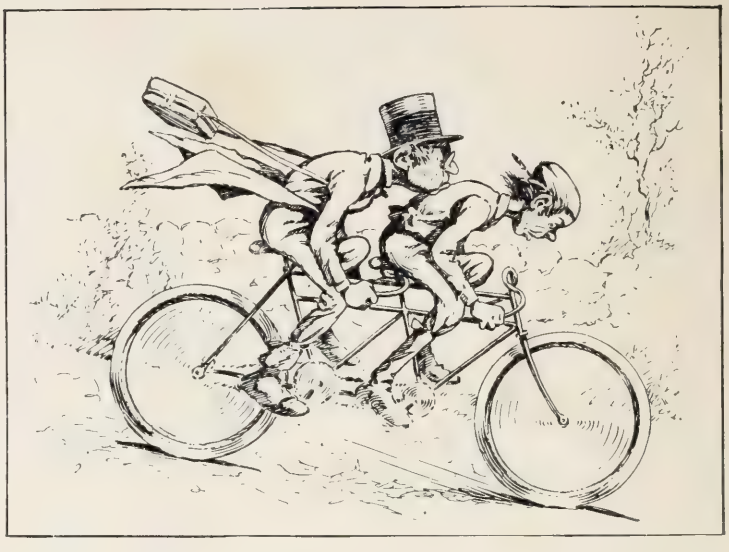


REVENGE ENOUGH.

"I certainly shall not boycott French dresses just because France sympathizes with Spain."
"Nor I. We Americans can get revenge enough by just murdering their old language."



"Oh, doctor, mother's took awful! I've got a tandem here, so hurry up, and we'll git thar in no time."



"Jist everlastingly yank her along, doc."



"I hope, Constance, that now we have made up, nothing will ever come between us again."



Alas for human expectations!

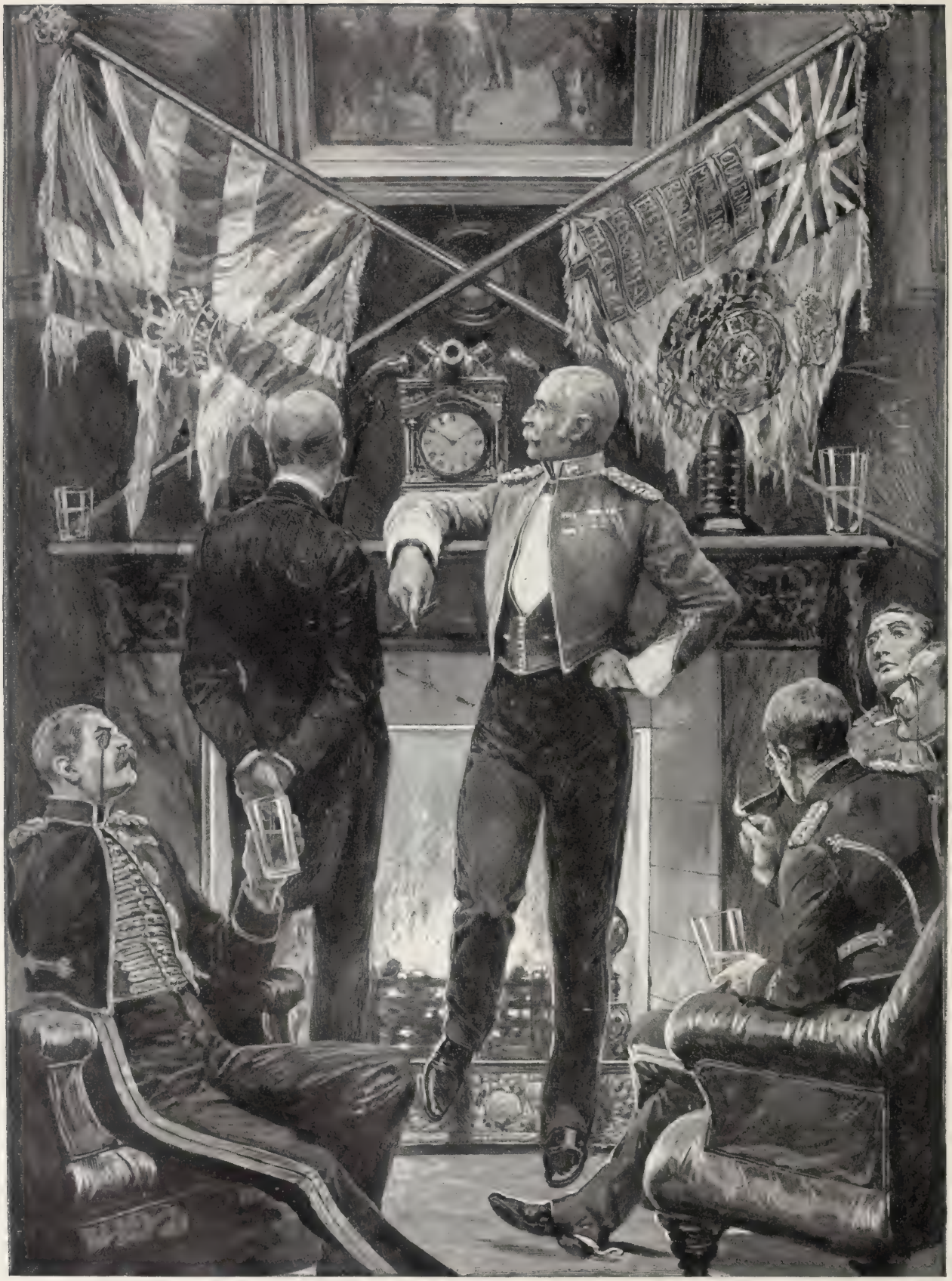


"What was that, doc? I kinder thought suthen tetched us."



"Waal, now, doctor, I'm sorry ye hurried so. I did have a terrible misery a spell ago, but I'm all right now. Come in and rest."

FETCHING THE DOCTOR IN A HURRY—AN EPISODE OF THE RURAL DISTRICTS.



See "Social Life in the British Army."

DISPLAYING OLD COLORS—GUEST NIGHT AT MESS.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

NOTES FROM MY JOURNEY THROUGH ASIA.

BY SVEN HEDIN.

WHEN one at home at his desk casts his eyes over a map of Asia, and sees the graceful curves of its mountain ranges, the fine winding lines which betoken rivers, the blue spots that are lakes, and the yellow spaces that mark desert regions, one does not imagine that a journey over the great real map, which is the continent itself, is associated with difficulties and discouragements, and demands deliberation and presence of mind. One does not imagine that the graceful curves are in reality the abiding-places of an arctic cold, and of snow-storms that bury the caravans in their ice-cold drifts; or that the yellow spaces are really seas of sand, where the glance for weeks seeks in vain for a trace of organic life, and where the traveller is doomed to die of thirst; nor does he imagine that the wandering sand hills are like so many burial-mounds which cover a culture that disappeared thousands of years ago. If, however, one ventures to make the attempt to cross the earth's greatest continent, and submits to the difficulties, and dares to meet the dangers, he will be more than amply rewarded, since, if he travels with open eyes, he can scarcely fail to bring back a rich harvest of discovery, as well in the field of geography as in that of archæology.

It is my purpose to set down in this article some remembrances of my journey through Asia, but in order to give the reader an idea of the length of routes and the distances here in question, I must make some preliminary explanations.

It was on the 16th day of October, 1893, that I left my native city of Stockholm for a journey eastward by the way of St. Petersburg. When I rode through one of the gates of Peking on the 2d of March, 1897, I had measured off on 552 sheets of the map 10,498 kilometres,* or about 6561 miles, which is the distance twice over between the northernmost part of Sweden and Bering Strait *viâ* the north pole, and one and a half times the distance from Cairo to Cape Town—that is, a fourth part of the circumference of the earth. When we add to this the 13,000 kilometres (8125 miles) which I travelled in well-known parts of the continent in wagons or on railways, we get for the whole journey a distance of 23,000 kilometres—more than half of the length of the equator. Of the 10,498 kilometres measured on the map, 3250 led through absolutely unknown regions. The routes of march, when extended, form a line 111 metres (121 yards) long.

From Orenburg I drove in nineteen days to Tashkend, and then aside to Marghilan, the capital city of Ferghana—a distance of 2300 kilometres. The way led through the boundless Kirghiz Steppe past the Sea of Aral. Horses are changed over a hundred times; the tarantass rolls along in its dizzy journey over the wilderness; the horses, the number of which varies between three and five, run out into lines across the plain; the Kirghiz coachman cries out and cracks his whip; and the traveller in the end is thoroughly beaten to a pulp in the uncushioned vehicle. Day and night we hastened toward the south; but, however swift that may seem to be, the tarantass remained

* A kilometre is 1093.6 yards, and consequently .62137 or something more than three-fifths of a mile.

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the central point in one and the same unchangeable landscape. At last, however, we arrived at Tashkend, the capital city of West Turkestan.

In Marghilan I remained a couple of weeks, in order to fit out the first caravan, with which I intended to cross Pamir and pass on to Kashgar. I had decided to go on in the middle of winter, in spite of the snow-covered plateaus and highlands.

Almost everybody warned me against it, and officers serving in Pamir prophesied a hard journey, and advised me to wait two or three months. A captain who had wintered the year before at Murghab said that I would expose myself and the caravan to the greatest danger; that even an inhabitant of the North could have no idea of the cold and the snow-storms which prevailed in Pamir during the winter. Even in the middle of summer the temperature goes down not infrequently to —10° C. (equal to 14° F.), and snow-storms rage. The previous winter the temperature sunk, at the end of January, to —43° C. (—45.4° F.), and snowfalls were customary conditions.

These snowfalls often come down out of a sky that had been clear an instant before; the roads in a moment are covered up; the air is filled with fine driving snow, so that one cannot see two steps ahead of him; one loses all sense of locality; one must immediately stand still and wrap himself up in his furs, and may thank God if he escapes with his life. This captain advised me during the march never to leave the caravan; an unexpected snow-storm might separate me from it, and it would then be impossible to find it again, even if the distance were not more than forty paces. Everything is enveloped in a cloud of driving snow; nothing can be seen—scarcely the horse that one rides. A cry of distress cannot be heard; a gunshot likewise; every sound is swallowed up in the howling of the storm; and the traveller, alone and without a tent, provisions, furs, and blankets, who is overtaken by such a tempest, may resignedly say his last evening prayer.

In the mean time I did not allow myself to be frightened out of my purpose, but set out on the 23d of February, 1894, from Marghilan, with twelve horses and four men. The route of march, as had been previously determined, led over the Alai Mountains, through the Tenghiz-Baj Pass, through the Alai Valley, then over the Trans-Alai, and on past the lake Great Kara-Kul, to the little Russian fortification of Pamirsky Post, on the Murghab River—a distance in all of 489 kilometres.

From Marghilan the way led up through the valley of the Isfairan River, which is the stream that provides the fields round about the Ferghana capital with water for irrigation. The first day's journey, to the village of Austan, led over a gently ascending region up through the valley. The country continually became more broken. The road ran steep up the slope on the left side of the valley, where the horses climbed slowly in a long line. We were in a short time so



THE TARANTASS ON THE KIRGHIZ STEPPE.



KIRGHIZ WOMEN.

high up above the bottom of the valley that the rushing of the stream sounded only like a distant murmur. The road ascended in sharp zigzag windings past cone-shaped hills of sand and gravel, now up, now down, and we were constantly obliged to cross the stream on small, unsteady wooden bridges. One of them bore the significant name of Tjukkurköprjuk, or "the deep bridge." This appeared from the road high above it like a slender stick deep down in the gorge, which is here extremely narrow. The way led head over heels down to the bridge, and ascended as sharply on the other side. At every tenth step the horses stand still in order to recover their breath; the packs have continually to be set to rights, as they slip forward or backward; the men's shrill shouts of warning send back a ringing echo from the straight walls of rock; and the procession moves cautiously along over the narrow, dangerous road.

A short distance from the bridge the foot-path was covered with ice, and led out on to a snow-covered declivity, which, lower down, was perpendicular, with sharp slate rocks showing at the bottom. The first horse, carrying two large fodder-sacks and my camp-bed, was led cautiously by a Kirghiz who knew the way. Nevertheless, he slipped, tried in vain to regain his feet, slid down the declivity, turned two or three times in the air, fell on the slate rocks below, and thence into the stream, while the contents of the fodder-sacks flew like chaff before the wind. A loud cry rang through the air, and the procession halted. We all ran down by roundabout roads, a Kirghiz fished up my camp-bed, which was dancing up and down on the water, and the others attempted to get out the horse. As he, however, was not able to move, they took off their clothes, went into the water, and pulled him up on the bank. He had,

nevertheless, to be abandoned, as he had broken his backbone on the sharp slate, and his death-struggles carried him again out into the stream, where he lay. The dangerous place we now worked over with spades and axes and spread with sand. Each horse was led by a man, and I do not need to add that I crossed on foot.

Twilight in the mean time had suddenly surprised us. The cold shadows of night wrapped the narrow valley in their dark veils, and only the vividly gleaming stars illuminated the impressive, wild landscape with their pale light. I had been through many adventures in Asia, during my previous journeys in 1885–6 and 1890–1, but the hours now of every day's march were among the most difficult that I had ever lived through. The first ice-covered roads were merely a foretaste of what was to come. They followed close upon each other, and were formed by the melted water from the snow lying above running down over the way during the day and freezing the evening after. They became continually more dangerous. We crawled, crept, and slid ourselves along past abysses that were waiting for their prey.

Constant delay was caused by the fact that steps had to be hewn in the ice and strewn with sand. Every horse was led by a man, and a second man held him by the tail to beat him if he slipped. Many horses fell, but regained their feet. One of them slipped a good distance down through the snow, but stopped in time, and was released from his load, which was again made fast up on the road. I crept a hundred times, for metres, upon my hands and knees, and a Kirghiz followed after in order to be able to hold me in difficult places.

It was, in a word, a dispiriting journey, and it was gloomy, dark, and cold in the Isfairan Valley. The silence was only broken from time to time by the piercing cry of the men when a horse fell, or by their warning shout when a dangerous place was at hand, and by the streams, here everywhere foaming and rushing, which hurled down their clear water between round-washed stones, and on whose banks an Asiatic river-god played loudly on his harp. We had wandered along for over twelve hours, when, tired, cold, and hungry, we finally came to where the valley widened out at Langar, where two fine yurts awaited us with blazing fires.

The night preceding the 26th of February, eight Kirghiz were sent ahead, up on to the pass, with spades, picks, and axes, to cut a road, and the caravan followed early the next morning. At Kara-Kija, "black chasm," where dark perpendicular cliffs shut in a narrow passage, the Kirghiz were engaged in cutting out a road. Fortunately the little mountain horses, each of which carries 80 kilograms (176 lbs.), are remarkable. They slip and slide long distances out on the declivities, climb straight up the steep slopes, and balance themselves cold-blooded on the smooth, slippery rocks. At one place the narrow valley had been newly filled up by an avalanche, from whose edge streams rushed



A DERVISH TELLING STORIES AT TASHKEND.



IN THE ISFAIRAN VALLEY.

out as from a tunnel. Here we met twelve Kirghiz from Karateghin, who now helped to cut the road. The ascent was, however, so steep that every horse had to be pushed up by six men.

After continued exertions we approached, a few days later, a trough-shaped depression in the ridge of the Alai chain, gently ascending, and covered with snow to the depth of two metres. A deep and narrow path had been tramped out over the crust, the firm bottom of which was like an unstable bridge over a morass. A step to one side and the horse sank completely in the snow, and with a great loss of time had to be freed from his load and pulled up again by our united strength. In countless bendings the way wound up a last ridge, and after the horses' strength had been put to the utmost test, we finally arrived at the dreaded Tenghiz-Baj, 3850 metres (4200 yards, or 12,600 feet) high.

The pass was on all sides surrounded by snowy ridges, and only here and there points of rocks looked out naked from the snow. To the north we could see the furrow of the Isfairan Valley, which we had now finally behind and below us. To the southeast opened a tremendous panorama: on the one hand, the sharply marked ridges of the Alais appeared in the distance, and on the other the Alai Valley, and the mountain chain of the Trans-Alai in the most beautiful blue and white tones, with tops that disappeared in clouds and snow, and ice-fields that gleamed with a dazzling brilliance.

On the southern side of the pass our caravan wandered down through deep drifts to the broad Alai Valley, which is traversed from east to west by the river Kizil-Su. The descent at the beginning was steep, and newly fallen avalanches blocked the valley. One of the largest was 400 metres (435.6 yards) wide, and all

of 20 metres deep. It had fallen the preceding day, and the Kirghiz said that we could be happy that it had then occurred, and that we had escaped its violence. The avalanches plunge down into the valleys with such overwhelming force and weight that their lowest strata are changed by the pressure to ice, and the unfortunate victim who is buried under them is actually frozen within a mass of ice as hard as glass.

The next day's march led further down through drifts; and as, besides this, it had begun to snow, and the whole region was wrapped in an impenetrable fog, we were obliged to have ourselves piloted by a Kirghiz, who went ahead and sounded the depth with a long staff. Often he disappeared altogether, and had to turn back for a long distance in order to try to find the path in another direction. In the afternoon there was a regular fall of snow, and, according to the Kirghiz, a violent snow-storm was raging in the Tenghiz-Baj Pass, which we could consider ourselves lucky to have escaped.

During the whole march through the Alai Valley the snow lay so deep that we had to make use of four camels, which were led ahead of us, in order to tramp out a path in the snow where the horses could follow. The cold was sharp, and the temperature sank on the 6th of March, at Urtak, to −34.5° C. (−30.1° F.). The region is desolate, and only a few times we passed by a little tent village of the Kirghiz, which lay snowed in at the opening of a valley.

Over the Kizil-Art Pass, which is 4370 metres high (4766 yards, or 14,298 feet), we arrived, on the 10th of March, at the Great Kara-Kul Lake. I desired to investigate its depth, and made my way, accordingly, with men and horses, over the ice, while the rest of the caravan went on to a meeting-place that had been agreed upon. In spite of the great content of salt, the ice in the eastern half of the lake was up to 106 centimetres (about 3½ feet) thick, but in the western half only half a metre. We made seven soundings, and found the considerable depth of 230½ metres (251 yards). The latent strain to which the ice is subjected was plainly disturbed to some extent when our caravan went over it, as the strangest sounds, like shots, whistlings, and submarine explosions, proceeded from it. The horses were frightened at it, and even my men thought it unpleasant. My Sart servant from Ferghana believed it was big fishes that struck their heads against the ice, but the Kirghiz were able to quiet him with the fact that there are no such inhabitants in Kara-Kul.

The soundings occupied two days, and when the last holes were cut in the ice the men set out to look up the principal caravan, which had gone around the lake. With one Kirghiz I remained behind in the twilight in order to make the last sounding. When all was cleared up, we too set out in the darkness.

When we came to the shore we lost the others' track, and we rode afterwards hour after hour in the black darkness, until the horn of the moon arose above the horizon and lighted the desolate landscape, where no life appeared and no sound was heard. We stood still, time after time, and shouted, but received no reply.



PASSING THROUGH THE ISFAIRAN VALLEY.



AT PAMIRSKY POST.

The moon disappeared in night fogs. We rode uninterruptedly for many hours, but without seeing a trace of our comrades. They had plainly taken another way, but which? Again we rode an hour's time, but, as all our seeking was in vain, we came to a halt on the low, level sand plain, where the snow lay in thin, light patches. Here we set up a primitive camp. The travelling-bags, with maps, note-books, thermometers, etc., were made into a pillow for me, and the horses were tied together with a rope, so that they could not run away. The poor animals, who had not eaten during the whole day, scraped up the sand with their hoofs, but only found "teresken" roots, as hard as wood, which they, however, chewed with eagerness.

We sat and talked until one o'clock in the morning, and frightened each other with a multitude of wolf-stories—wolves are common in this region—but my Kirghiz believed that the horses would warn us if danger were at hand. After the conversation had ended from weariness, we wrapped ourselves up in our sheepskin coats, and crept together in the Kirghiz manner, that is, on the knees, face down, with the forehead toward the ground, and the heels to the windward side. One must be a Kirghiz in order to be able to sleep in this position. My servant even snored. As I, however, did not get a wink of sleep, I tried a more European position; but, pierced through by the cold of the night, I was obliged to get up and move about.

It was fortunate that the temperature only went down to —15.5° C. (5.9° F.), but it was severe weather in which to spend the night in the open air, without tea or an evening meal, and without sufficiently warm clothing. Only after the sun rose was I able to sleep, and later in the day we finally found the caravan.

The following day we rode up through



A WALL OF PAMIRSKY POST.

the Muz-Kol Valley, where I observed for the first time a most remarkable phenomenon. From the level plain two springs burst forth, whose water gradually freezes in layers. By this means two "volcanoes" of ice had been formed, the one eight, the other five, metres high. The water, however, continually trickled out of the opening of the "crater," and the "volcanoes" were, without a doubt, destined to grow still more in the course of the winter.

The 18th of March we rode down into the valley of the Murghab. In the distance appeared the little Russian fortification, from whose northwestern barbette floated Russia's flag on the "roof of the world." As we approached, one hundred and sixty Cossacks were drawn up on the road, who hurrahed loudly. At the gate I was heartily greeted by the commandant and his six officers, and a room was made ready for me.

Afterward we met at noon in the officers' casino. Greetings were extended from Marghilan; a thousand questions were interchanged concerning the adventurous winter ride across Pamir; and when, finally, the sparkling Turkestan wine was brought on, a toast was proposed in a sympathetic speech by the commandant to King Oscar. It went along merrily on the "roof of the world," 3610 metres (11,748 feet) above the level of the sea, far from the noisy world, in the middle of Asia, and in a region where our nearest neighbors were the wild sheep of the rocks, the wolves of the wilderness, and the imperial eagles of the heavens.

From Pamirsky Post I continued on to Kashgar, but, after resting some time, turned back to Pamir, where during the summer of 1894 everything was set in motion to undertake the exploration of the gigantic mountain Muz-Tagh-Ata, "the father of all ice mountains," who lifts his head, mailed in snow and ice, to a height of 7800 metres (25,527 feet) above the sea-level, and, accordingly, is one of the highest mountains of the earth. Four times I attempted to ascend the mountain, but attained a height of only 6300 metres. My companions were made up of Kirghiz and yaks. As we found that the dis-

tance from the village Su-Bashi, at the western foot of the mountain, to the top was so great that it could not be made in one day, we decided to move the camp up to a height of 4300 metres. Here we afterward pitched our tents for a couple of months, in order to ascend the mountain from this base and to explore its glaciers, which, like long arms of ice, stretch downward through channels in the mountain as much as 400 metres deep.

On the 6th of August the weather was splendid, and with my companions I set out before sunrise. It was biting cold, and the yaks struggled slowly up the ascent. After an hour's travelling, Monte Rosa (4638 metres) lay beneath us, and after another we vanquished Mont Blanc (4810 metres). The whole of Europe and Australia lay under our feet. After a couple of hard hours more we had subdued the whole continent of North America, with its culmination-point, Mount St. Elias (5520 metres). Kilima-Njaro, the highest mountain of Africa (6000 metres), was the next one in question, and we conquered that.



AFTER A HUNT IN THE PAMIRS.

We went now on the very brink of the wall of rock which plunges perpendicularly down to the surface of the Yam-Bulak Glacier, and in the depth the bright ice showed, scored through by gaping fissures.

At a height of 5000 metres two of the yaks refused to exert themselves in the least, and were consequently left behind. A little higher up two of the Kirghiz dismounted and left their yaks, insisting that it was better to go on foot. One, however, presently remained behind, and then another, and finally a third, all sinking down from weariness and headache, and falling asleep as soon as they lay down in the snow. One of them even said that he thought he should die. The three of us who remained continued on with two yaks, the two men complaining ceaselessly of splitting headache.

At a height of 6000 metres (19,635 feet) we were overtaken by twilight, and as our strength was exhausted, we decided to hurry down to the camp.

The 16th of August we attacked the mountain for the last time, and decided to attempt the ascent in two days.

Provided with a complete equipment of provisions, tent, and fuel, together with an escort of six Kirghiz, my faithful Sart servant, Islam Baj, and ten yaks, I went up the western side of the mountain, in the same place as on the 6th of August. At a height of 6300 metres (20,616 feet) we set up the little temporary tent in the snow, and anchored it down with ropes.

In the beginning everything went well, and we built a big fire of yaks' dung, which warmed us well and limbered up our stiffened limbs, but filled the tent with suffocating smoke that made our eyes smart, and only found its way out through the open entrance. The snow melted in the tent, but when the fire went down it was changed again into a cake of ice.



READY FOR THE ASCENT OF THE MUZ-TAGH-ATA.

In the mean time the Kirghiz began by degrees to complain of headache, and two of them were so ill from it that they begged to be allowed to return, which was the more readily granted as they plainly were unfit for further hardships. Of other symptoms, that came on more and more in the evening and night, may be mentioned a continuous ringing in the ears, partial deafness, a rapid pulse, and a lower bodily temperature than under normal conditions, absolute sleeplessness, apparently mostly as a consequence of headache, which toward morning became unbearable, together now and then with slight attacks of asthma. The Mussulmans lamented uninterruptedly the whole night. The sheepskin garments felt fearfully heavy and oppressive, the lying position impeded the breath, and one plainly noted the quick, noisy beating of the heart.

When tea and bread were served they were not taken; and as night overtook us with its darkness there was observable among the Kirghiz a spirit of dejection, as they were as little accustomed as I to spend a night more than 20,000 feet above the level of the sea—twenty-one Eiffel Towers on top of one another.

A more tremendous camping-place I had, however, never occupied—upon the snow-covered steep of one of the highest mountains of the earth, at whose feet tongues of ice, streams, and lakes were just enwrapped in the veil of night, and on whose sides here and there were the most fantastic glaciers. We only needed to take some few steps to the south to fall into an abyss 400 metres (1308 feet) deep, upon blue gleaming ice as bright as steel.

I went out into the night in order to observe how the full moon arose in the dark blue heavens and obscured the stars that just before had been sparkling brightly. We were not far from the infinite space of the universe, and the queen of night accordingly appeared here in a splendor so dazzling that one could only look at her with effort. One seemed to see a brightly polished silver shield in the sunlight, or a gigantic electric light. Gently and with dignity she ascended over the rocky walls which were set about the glacier passages, and which, dark and imposing, indicated their perpendicular sides. In the depth of the abyss lay the glacier in shadow. At times was heard a dull report, as a new crack was formed, or the crash of blocks and pieces from the mountain's mailed coat of ice. Over our camping-place the moon poured out its silver in the richest measure, and produced entrancing effects. The yaks stood dark against the white snow, with sharply defined outlines and lowered heads, as silent as the stones to which they were tied; only occasionally their teeth ground against the cartilage of their upper jaws, or the snow creaked under their feet when they changed their position. The tent looked like the body of a sitting giant.

The three Kirghiz who could find no room inside built a fire between a couple of great stones, and when it went out they crouched down, with their heads to the ground, resting upon their knees and enwrapped in their sheepskins, and crept together around the dying coals like bats in winter.

Intensely dark, long, thin shadows of the tent and the yaks fell along the northwestern slope, sharply pointed off against the glittering snow-fields, where a million little ice crystals gleamed like glowworms. Round about the tent, where the snow was tramped down, light and shadow interchanged in small patches. On the steep slopes to the northwest the far-extended field formed in changing detail beautiful roundings and imposing surface forms modelled in snow by the playful winds.

The scenery is most beautiful under the light of the moon. Overwhelmed by its sight, one stands as if fixed fast in the creaking snow and looks and admires. It is a play of magic so tremendous that neither pen nor brush is even approximately able faithfully to represent it. Nature's architecture here is already a daring masterpiece—the blue glaciers enclosed between their black walls of rock mailed with fields of ice and snow, and the three-headed mountain giant who lifts himself over the earth into unknown spaces. To the left we see, several hundred metres above us, the beginning regions of the glaciers bathed in the moonlight. On the dark ridge in the southeast little elves clothed in white veils are dancing a breakneck contradance past the moon, here over the glacier's ice, there over the northern summits. The light clouds, driven by a gentle south wind, produce before the moon



After a sketch by Sven Hedin.

SETTING FORTH ON THE DESERT OF TAKLA-MAKAN.

concentric rings of rainbow colors, halos and other forms succeeding each other in quickly changing pictures. One's fantasy does not need to exert itself to transform these clouds to what it will—to ghosts in white garments pursuing each other; to dancing elves; to sportive mountain trolls; to the mountain king on a wooing journey with his sons; or to souls of the dead, conducted by their guardian angels arrayed in white robes away from the earth to more blissful regions. Unheeding the cold, one stands fast fettered in the snow, and follows with astonishment and wonder this hurrying procession, and the strange fantastic disorder which in a thousand forms passes by.

All is silent. No echo answers from the opposite cliff. The thin air is inactive, and needs an avalanche to set it in vibration. The breathing of the yaks is seen, but not heard; they stand silent and immovable, as if held fast by a feeling of exaltation. The clouds drift noiselessly by. The moon seems particularly to observe these rash beings who venturously dare one of the mountain giants of the earth, and it is a strange feeling to be so far removed from the rest of the world. The externals of things take such hold of the mind that it is hard to comprehend that four continents lie under our feet, and that a geodetic line placed round about the earth at the point where we are would only cut off the tops of an easily reckoned number of the mountains of Asia and South America. We feel more distinctly than ever before our own insignificance in comparison with the inconceivable extent of creation; we seem to ourselves to stand upon the edge of the silent, cold, boundless spaces of the universe.

What a difference in feeling there was within the tent! We froze so that our teeth chattered, the cold penetrated everywhere, and the disagreeable smoke deprived us of all desire to taste of tea. It was an uncomfortable and long night, that seemed as if it would never end, but finally the sun rose and shone over the top of Muz-Tagh-Ata. The day was not, however, a very fortunate one. In the morning it already began to blow, and the inhospitable region was quickly wrapped up in an impenetrable cloud of fine dry snow, which drove into the tent. At noon the snow-storm was in full force, and it was plain that the day was lost. We had nothing else to do but to pull our great-coats about us and to pack up our things. Thereupon we mounted the yaks and went down in a rush through the drifts. The yaks actually threw themselves headlong down the declivities, dived like otters through the snow, and in spite of their heavy, clumsy bodies, did not slip or stumble once. One sits in the saddle as if in a boat rocking on a high sea, and he will have himself to blame if he is not sure in the knees. Often one must throw himself backward so that he lies on the yak back to back, and balances his whole body in time with its unexpected, but frequent and skilful manœuvres. It was fine, when we had the last snow-cloud above us, to see again our camping-place, which lay below us in "the depth," 4300 metres high. There we had a much-needed dinner, with boiling-hot tea, and when the spirit of life had again come into action, we fell, each one in his corner, into a longed-for and heavy sleep. The whole following day we felt like convalescents after a long sickness.

The adventures which I had in Pamir are so many and varied that I can here only hint at them. For months I lived, a single European, among the Kirghiz nomads, whose life and customs I studied, whose food I ate, and whose language I spoke. Once more I crossed the plateau of Pamir, from east to west. I sailed on Little Kara-Kul in a boat made of horse-skins, rode over the snow-covered pass, visited the Russian-English boundary commission, which in the summer of 1895 met on the desolate plateau, and have now a fund of remembrances from all these wanderings.

After having wintered in Kashgar, the westernmost city of China, I set out anew, on the 17th of February, 1895, with two large wagons on high wheels, which, slow and creaking, carried me, my servant, and my baggage to the village of Merket, at the middle of the Yarkand-Daria. In the city of Yarkand we bought eight magnificent male camels accustomed to travelling in the desert.

My plan was to cross the desert of Takla-Makan between the Yarkand-Daria and the Khotan-Daria, which I believed to be easy if we followed the supposed mountain chain of Masar-Tagh, at whose feet the edge of the sand would be shallow, and where we, indeed, might find springs, vegetation, and traces of ancient culture.

Prjevalsky, in his journey near the Khotan-Daria, had seen in the distance a mountain, Masar-Tagh by name, which he supposed stretched transversely across the desert. I too was convinced of this, as I found at the village of Maral-Bashi a mountain of the same name.

The distance between the rivers is only 300 kilometres (186¼ miles), and it was my intention that after we had crossed the desert we should continue on to northern Thibet. For this purpose we took with us a very complete equipment in provisions, conserves, winter clothing, tents, arms, ammunition, and the like, and the camels were very heavily laden, especially as they also carried a supply of water for twenty-five days, when we left Merket, on the 10th of April, and took our way eastward toward the desert.

My following consisted, besides this, of two splendid dogs, one of whom ran away when we left the last vegetation; and the other, Jolldasch, "fellow-traveller," who had been my faithful companion during my journeys in Pamir, died of thirst. Further, we had three sheep, which were slaughtered, one after the other; ten hens, and a cock, who waked us in the morning. During the first days we found every morning one or two eggs in the basket that held the fowls, which was enthroned highest up on a camel, but after the water began to fail, the hens ceased to lay.

Finally, I had four men—my faithful body-servant, Islam Baj, who was with me for over three years, all the way from Marghilan to Urga, in Mongolia; Kasim, from Yarkand; Muhamed Schah, from the same place; and Kasim, called the "desert man," from Yangi-Hissar. The last-named was a gold-seeker by profession. There are to be found in the belt round about the edge of the desert a whole race of good-for-nothings who blindly believe that they sooner or later will find great treasures hidden in it. In some regions, too, the desert is called Dekken-Dekka, in that it is believed that 1001 cities are swallowed up in the sand. I heard one man assert that he found a city in every house of which Chinese silver coins lay in heaps. He had taken as many as he was able to carry, but when he was about to turn away with his booty a pack of wild-cats rushed out, who terrified him into letting everything go and taking to flight. Since then he had not been able to find the place again. In another ancient city had been found the bodies of men in such a position that they seemed to have been suddenly overtaken by death in the midst of their labor. I heard many such peculiar and fantastic tales, which only increased the enticement to my dangerous journey.

We had not proceeded far before we were impeded by heavy sand dunes, for which reason we decided to go toward the northeast until we approached Masar-Tagh. We therefore, at the beginning, kept so near the Yarkand-Daria that we could dig every evening to the spring-water for the use of the animals, and only needed to keep a short supply of fresh river-water in the iron reservoirs for ourselves.

During the first thirteen days everything went finely, and where the sand was low we found here and there a vegetation made up of reeds, poplars, and tamarix (*Lasiagrostis splendens*, *Populus diversiflora*, and *Tamarix elongata*), and finally we approached, rightly enough, a mountain which we presumed was a continuation of Masar-Tagh. At its foot were spread out a number of beautiful little lakes, plainly formed by tributaries of the Yarkand-Daria. In the reeds were ducks and geese, on the shores poplars, and at the foot of the mountain antelopes. We rested here for two days, and remembered this place, after a couple of weeks, as a paradise.

The 23d of April we continued toward the southeast. The mountain straightway disappeared in the dusty air, and we afterward saw no trace of any mountain whatsoever. A sea of sand stretched out before us. The camels looked calm and secure, and had no premonition of the treacherous wilderness that awaited them, and even the men kept up their courage, and believed that we should be able to cross the desert.

After an hour's march we came into high, heavy sand hills, where here and there a bush could still be seen. Here one of our dogs ran away. He was a clever animal, who knew what he was doing, and would no longer follow us on our mad journey. At evening we camped by the last bushes, whose twigs were eaten by the camels. A well was dug, but produced no water. When we left the little lakes, I had ordered the men to fill the cisterns with water to last ten days,

and only when it was too late I learned that they had merely taken enough for four days. I reproached Kasim the "desert man," who had undertaken to conduct us through the desert, but he replied that we could be perfectly at rest; that it was only six days from the lakes to the Khotan-Daria, and that at a distance of two days from the river we would be able to dig down to water. As his statements corresponded with the maps that I had, and he had always shown before that he knew the country, I depended upon him, and we continued blindly on toward the waste.

The 24th we set out and made a long journey. Every sign of life now disappeared; not a fly buzzed in the air; not a wind-driven yellow leaf was there to cover the ground; the butterflies and mosquitoes, which before had fluttered around in the light, were as if they had been blown away—an ocean of sand stretched out on all sides, without a point upon which to rest the eyes.

The day after disappeared even the little infrequent spots of bare ground free from sand upon which we previously had set up our camp at night—everything now was sand. Even now a large black camel had fallen sick. He stopped continually and lay down, and refused finally to go on. It is with a feeling of terror that one sees the ship of the desert, upon which one is in such a high degree dependent, become wrecked. His load was distributed among the others. We found that he had a large sore on his back. He was given a bundle of hay, taken from his own pack-saddle, together with half a bucket of water, and was afterward led by one of the men. Along toward evening it was up with another camel, which made it necessary to camp.

The sand in which we went is extremely fine and yellow, and forms an uninterrupted labyrinth of hills up to 150 feet in height, which one must pass over. It is necessary to seek the best passageway, and one must accordingly make long détours. Both Islam and I were provided with compasses. Without them one would be lost, particularly when it blows, or the air is filled with dust, which it was our fortune to find usual during these days. On the other hand, we were cooled by these conditions, and the sun was not felt so glowing hot.

The 26th of April we rode through miserable sand, without a sign of relief. The two sick camels were led behind by Muhamed Schah and the "desert man," but at evening these two came alone to the camp, and said that the dying camels had been abandoned. They presumably died after a few days. At this camp, a level spot of hard ground between high sand hills, we dug a well in a spirit of despair. At a depth of a metre the sand became moist, but at 3.13 metres again dry. The men worked in turn for several hours. It was pitch-dark. Lights were set in small niches in the well, and, from above, the naked diggers appeared thoroughly fantastic. The sand was brought up in a bucket. The animals lay instinctively round about and waited; now and then the fowls came out and looked on. That night we did not put up the tent.

All were in good spirits, as we believed that the sand became lower toward the east. I had gone the whole day on foot, partly in order to spare my camel; in part, too, to look for the easiest passageway. We now went straight eastward, where the banks of the river were nearest.

The 27th we saw two geese that were flying northwest. This raised our hopes, for we believed that they came from a region where there was water. At night the camels had been provided with food from a new pack, which was greedily devoured, and in the morning they were given all the food that could be done without. At the camp various things that could be spared were left behind—my camp-bed, a part of the winter clothing, and the like.

I now went at the head. The sand did not become lower. Round about whole mountain ridges and high plateaus of fine sand were everywhere to be seen, into which one sunk at every step, and believed that he would be held fast. I continually carried a telescope, and searched the horizon—not a straw, not a trace of life; sand hills to the horizon's edge!

As the camels were exhausted by weariness, we rested on a dune after a march of 19 kilometres. In the west appeared heavy banks of clouds, from which rain-clouds hung. I gave orders to hold the tent cloth in readiness, and all the men were prepared to take hold of its corners if the rain should come. But even this was a deceitful hope. The clouds went tow-

ard the southeast, and did not touch us with a drop. Jolldasch, our poor dog, scratched in the sand and whined in order to let us understand that he was thirsty.

The 28th of April we awoke in a sandstorm. The whole camp was covered with fine sand. I had slept in the open air and was half buried. Many articles had to be fished up with sticks.

On the march we were often enveloped in such clouds of sand that it became dark as night, and only the nearest camels appeared out of the mist. As our reckoning was obscured, we lost our way, just in the heaviest sand hills. Upon a high ridge a third camel was left behind, with two empty water-cisterns. He was immediately and for all time lost from sight, and lay there and patiently awaited a painful death.

After a journey of 20 kilometres we camped at the foot of a hill. During the course of the day we had been encouraged by finding the skeleton of a bird and a rat, which, however, did not really signify much, as they might have been brought there by a bird of prey. In the evening Islam and I went through the baggage, much of which was now left behind; so, for example, almost all of the provisions, with the exception of food for a couple of weeks, the great part of the conserves, the oven, utensils, Swedish papers, mats, great-coat, and the like. All were packed in chests and left.

On the nearest ridge we set up a pole, on which a newspaper was fastened, to serve as a signal if we presently found water and could come back and save the things.

In the mean time I selected the moistest conserves — lobster, sardines, mushrooms, etc. — which we took along in order to avail ourselves of the moisture which they contained. All the water we had left, two litres, was kept in two iron cans, which were placed in my tent. The following morning the contents of one had been stolen. All suspected the "desert man" Kasim, and a while after, rightly enough, he was discovered drinking out of the other can. This so angered the other men that they fell upon him, and would have killed him if I had not commanded them to desist.

The 29th we made altogether 27 kilometres. The weather was cool, thanks to the usual wind and the mist of dust. I went on foot twelve and a half hours. The camels looked weary and listless, and breathed heavily and short. The bells around their necks beat monotonously, and rang in a long toll as if for a funeral. In very deed most of the members of our train were nearing their graves in the eternal sands. It was only a matter as to who could hold out. If some one fell, one wondered merely whose turn would be next. At evening the camels were given the whole stock of butter and the contents of a pack-saddle, which again gave them some power of resistance.

On the 30th of April the "desert man" was ill, and complained of pains in his chest and stomach. He was given opium and a swallow of water. In the morning there was still a little water, which I hoarded like gold. At noon I moistened the men's lips, but when we camped at evening the last drops were stolen by Muhamed Schah and Kasim. We camped under the open sky. Round about us stretched always the same sea of sand with its giant waves; we had lost ourselves in the realm of the silence of death, and had not a drop of water!

The 1st of May I had imagined to myself would be a day of deliverance, but it was horrible. The men drank the last of the rancid sesame oil that was taken along for the camels, and, tormented by thirst, I myself drank a glass of Chinese brandy, which had really been brought for a cooking apparatus. It gave, it is true, some moisture to the body, but it totally deprived me of my last strength.

It was a fearful day's march. Islam now went at the head; I dragged myself along far behind, in the glowing heat of the sun, ready to fall at every step. The sound of the bells died away and disappeared in the distance. I crept in the track of the others. After only 4½ kilometres I saw the caravan, which was resting behind a sand hill. All the camels had lain down, dead-tired, and two of the men lay on their faces, weeping and calling upon Allah. I too fell, totally powerless.

Islam came back and proposed that he, who was now the strongest, should hurry eastward with the water-cans, and come back when he found water. He believed that he would be able to go 50 kilometres (31¼ miles) during the night. When he, however, saw that it was up with me, he stopped, and, with Kasim, put up the tent.



After a sketch by Sven Hedin.

LOST ON THE DESERT.

It was now ten o'clock in the morning. I positively crept in and laid myself upon the bed. Islam undressed me, and opening the flaps of the tent, made a delightful draught in the shade.

Only at this time, neither before nor afterward, did I despair. The whole of my life flew through my memory like a dream. I thought that the earth and all of the external universe, which appeared to me infinitely distant and unattainable, had disappeared, and the gates of eternity already stood ajar.

At sunset, however, I came to myself. The rest was sweet, the coolness of the tent invigorated me, and there was a fine breeze. My strength came back, and in the evening I again felt glad of life and full of hope. The men killed the last sheep in order to drink its blood.

My chests were emptied. Only instruments, Chinese silver, drawings, letters, maps, pens, and the like, were taken and placed in canvas bags, as were also some tea, sugar, flour, cigars, utensils, a great-coat, a mat, a blanket, etc. Everything else was left — all the ammunition, the tent, all the chests, all books, except the Bible and the psalm-book, clothing, two photographic apparatuses with a large number of plates, medicine-chest, and a multitude of other things which a few days before were considered absolutely indispensable. The fowls also were let loose, and straightway began to feast on the carcass of the sheep.

I took a last change of clean clothes, wondering whether they would not be my shroud, together with a suit of white cotton garments. The insignificant loads were now placed on the five remaining camels, and at seven o'clock we left the loathsome place.

Muhamed Schah and the "desert man," who had already lost consciousness in the sleep of death, remained behind, and we never heard of them again. They probably died shortly afterward, and the sand-storms then took care to raise over their graves their fugitive monuments, away there in the eternal sands, where rules the silence of death.

Islam led the caravan, while I rode the white camel. Kasim went behind and drove along the weary animals. It was pitch-dark; we could not see where we were going, and were retarded by one sand ridge after another. One of the camels was left behind dying. I dismounted, struck a light, and went on ahead, in order to look for the easiest way through. Islam was spent, and was continually overcome by vomiting.

Like snails we crept along in this way until twelve o'clock. Islam then fell down in the sand, and could neither move nor speak. Kasim was still entirely well. As I now saw that the end was approaching, I took Kasim with me and started in haste eastward, after having whispered a few words of encouragement to Islam, bidding him to rest for a few hours, and then to leave everything behind and follow.

I took the two chronometers, a clock, a compass, a knife, a pen, a bit of paper, a box of matches, a can of lobster, and some chocolate. Kasim carried a spade and a bucket for well-digging, a few bites of bread, and the fatty tail of the sheep. We had, however, not much good from these, since we were ceaselessly tormented by thirst and could not swallow. As we left the dying caravan in the darkness, the light still stood burning at Islam's side, but its rays quickly paled away back behind the dunes. After only two hours' wandering we were overcome by weariness and longing for sleep, and lay down, but were driven to get up again by the night cold. Between three and four o'clock we slept well, and afterward, on the 2d of May, went uninterruptedly for five hours, always over immeasurable sand. After this followed an hour's rest, and then an hour's march, as the heat of the day deprived us of all strength.

We found a steep sand ridge toward the north where the heat of the sun had not yet penetrated, and here Kasim dug down to sand that was really cold, in which we lay down naked, placing the spade with the clothes on it for shade over our heads. Time and time again he poured over me fresh sand which had not yet been warmed by the sun, and which was splendidly refreshing. We marched subsequently from six o'clock until one, but with innumerable stops.

The 3d of May we set out at half past four. That day our expiring hope received new support. Kasim discovered on the eastern horizon a green tamarisk. When we, long afterward, at last reached it, we thanked God, and chewed like wild beasts its juicy needles. Its roots surely reached down to the water. It

was the olive branch that announced the river-banks.

At half past ten o'clock in the morning we rested in the shade of a new bush, when the heat had again exhausted our strength, since our dried-out bodies could not perspire. At seven o'clock in the evening we again moved on, and after three hours we arrived at three splendid poplars, where we decided to rest overnight. We tried to dig a well, but literally had not the strength. We made in this place a huge fire, in order to signal Islam if he still lived, which I then thought to a high degree doubtful.

The 4th of May, at four o'clock in the morning, we continued on, but came into a new belt of high, sterile land, which discouraged us. Even at nine o'clock in the forenoon we were exhausted, and had to rest the whole day. Kasim was now half dead, and was not able to dig me the usual sand-pit. At seven o'clock in the evening I dressed myself and called upon Kasim to come. He replied with effort that he could not. I accordingly went on alone in the darkness, with the compass in my hand, until one o'clock in the morning, when I sank down by a tamarisk. Awhile after Kasim came staggering up, and we continued on until three o'clock in the morning.

The 5th of May we crept on after four o'clock in the afternoon. Kasim looked fearfully. His tongue was dry, white, and swollen, his lips blue, his cheeks sunken, and he suffered from attacks of vomiting with cramps. My hope was still unshaken.

At five o'clock we approached a little belt of poplar-covered heights, and then again low, sterile sand. Our hope was once more quickened as we saw on the horizon a dark line; it was the woods of the Khotan-Daria, which indicated the proximity of the river. We believed ourselves already in its shady passages—that was a delightful feeling. Here was a splendid spring-time, with leaves newly burst forth and the song of birds. What a difference from the dead silence, the eternal night, that threatened us there in the desert! The day, however, was again suffocatingly hot, and we sank in the shade of a poplar.



After a sketch by Sven Hedin.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE DESERT.

Only when seven o'clock in the evening came was I able to arise. Kasim could go on no longer. He lay stretched out on his back, his mouth open, and his



After a sketch by Sven Hedin

THE RESCUE OF KASIM.

eyes staring. When I bade him to come with me to the river, which could not be far away, he replied that he could not move a limb, and only wanted to die.

I then set out alone through the trees toward the east. I crept through the bushes, tore my clothing, and after an hour reached a level plain, where the trees ended as if they had been wiped off by fire. Furrows and scattered tree trunks betrayed that precisely this was Khotan-Daria's flood-bed, but not a drop of water was to be seen. We had come at exactly that time of year when the bed of the river lies dry, awaiting the summer floods from the mountains!

In the mean time I went on in the moonlight, directly southeast, resting awhile, and then continuing on, for a distance creeping, in that I felt an irresistible impulse forward, as if I were led by an unseen hand. Presently the dark tree-line of the other bank was distinguished. Everything became more distinct. There stood a thick growth of bushes and reeds, and a fallen poplar lay near the flood-bed. I was not twenty paces from the bank when a water-fowl flew up with a whirring beat of the wings and a splashing sound, and the next moment I stood at the edge of a little pool, 20 metres long, of fresh, cold, splendid water!

What I first thought of before I drank, the reader himself can but imagine. Then I took the empty chocolate - can, filled it, put it to my lips, and drank. How that water tasted cannot be described. I drank, drank, drank, one can after another. I felt how the thick blood again flowed easily through my veins; how my hands, which before were shrivelled up like pieces of wood, swelled; how my skin became moist and perspired; how my whole body received new life and new strength. There was a crackling in the bushes, and the reeds were pushed aside. It might be a tiger, but I did not care, since I had been given my life again.

Now, however, my thoughts flew to the dying Kasim. It was three hours to him, and he needed quick help. I accordingly filled my water-tight boots to the brim, put the straps over the end of my staff, and wandered back with light steps in my own track.

The moon shone clear, and allowed me to find my footprints and the marks of my staff. Thus I arrived again at the thick woods, when clouds obscured the moon and made it pitch-dark among the trees. For this reason I lost the track. I turned back for a distance, looked for it in vain, got out my compass, and called



Drawn by Sven Hedin.

CAMP IN THE TARIK-KOL VALLEY.

to Kasim, but without receiving an answer. As I lost myself more and more in the deep, silent forest, I was obliged finally to come to a halt. I then set fire to a dry, impenetrable thicket and lay down, availing myself of the raging of the flames, which consumed everything, and brightly lighted up the pitch-dark recesses of the forest. By this means, too, the wild beasts were kept at a distance. At the first break of day, on the 6th of May, I began again to look after the track. I quickly found it, and hastened on to Kasim, who, delirious, observed me with weak, staring eyes. He crept forward to my feet, embraced them, and whispered, "I am dying." I asked then whether he would not have a little water, but he shook his head negatively, without imagining what the boots contained. I let him hear the splashing sound—he rushed forward, uttered a cry, and drank, all at the same time, and thanked me, saying that I had saved his life.

Afterward there followed a series of remarkable occurrences, but I shall not take up the short space here by describing them. I wandered on foot three nights and two days, keeping myself alive with grass and tadpoles, until I found some herdsmen, and was out of all danger.

How Kasim and Islam were rescued, and how the last camel came out to the river; how, since we had lost everything, we were obliged to turn back, a month's journey, to Kashgar, in order to procure from Europe a new equipment—all this forms a multitude of occurrences, for the description of which a volume would be needed. This journey through the desert Takla-Makan was but an episode in my four years' travels through Asia, a chapter in the chain of adventures and discoveries.

We undertook the journey subsequently back to Pamir, and remained there during the summer of 1895. In December of the same year I went with a large caravan to the city of Khotan, in whose vicinity I found traces of an ancient and high Buddhistic culture and old Indian writing. The former, consisting of Buddha pictures and figures in terra-cotta, are to be assigned to the third century before the birth of Christ, and open up a new and unexpected perspective in the oldest history of Buddhism. In the sandy desert about Khotan I found buried in sand dunes the ruins of two large Buddhistic cities, whose age reaches to at least two thousand years, and whose discovered remains bespeak a high and flourishing culture now vanished.

What people lived here? What language did they speak? Whence did they come, and whither did they go after they found that they here had no settled abiding-place? When did the last harvest of apricots bloom here; and when for all time did the leaves fade in the poplars' crowns? When did the murmur of the streams that supplied these cities with water grow silent; and when were these venerable buildings delivered over into the power of the spirits of the desert?

These questions I must leave for the book which is to contain an exhaustive account of my journey. To treat them here would lead too far afield.

Afterward, with four men and three camels, I once more crossed the desert, and wandered to Lob-Nor, where I discovered traces of the former lakes of the old Chinese maps. After that we rode a thousand kilometres back to Khotan, where we fitted out a caravan of fifty-six beasts of burden and twenty-five men, in order to cross the northern, unknown plateau of Thibet.

For two months we wandered here without seeing traces of a human being. This inaccessible plateau has an absolute height of from 15,000 to 16,000 feet, and there is to be found but little fertility. The animals of our caravan accordingly suffered extremely from hunger, and sank down one after another. At every camping-place we left behind one or two of the other animals; and their mummified bodies, which, in the high, cold atmosphere, do not decay, but merely dry up, now lie there in order to show, like mile-stones, the way we took.



Drawn by Sven Hedin.

DR. HEDIN'S MONGOLIAN SERVANT LOPPSEN.

During this journey we lived mostly on the flesh of the wild yak. These animals, together with wild asses, occur here in unheard-of numbers. They are hard to shoot, and once an old yak only fell at the eleventh bullet, while during the time we were in the desert of Gobi it had been the usual thing for the wild camels to fall at the first shot.

The journey through northern Thibet formed a chain of new and interesting geographical discoveries. We found there lakes, mountains, and rivers of whose existence the maps before had given no trace. Finally, however, there were only three camels and three horses left, and the men had to go on

foot. It became necessary to find inhabited regions immediately. We crossed the last mountain chains and travelled down into Tsaidam, a land of the Mongols, North China to Peking, where I arrived the 2d of March.

It was with a solemn and serious feeling that I rode in through the gateway



Drawn by Sven Hedin.

A HAIL-STORM ON LAKE NO. 20, NORTH THIBET.

whose inhabitants received us with hospitality.

During our further journey through the country of the "black" Tangutes, and past the lake Koko-Nor, we were pursued by robber tribes, who, however, did not venture to make an attack, because of a very wholesome fear of our European weapons.

Afterward we went on further eastward, through Si-Ming-Fu and Kan-Su, regions that were partly plundered and laid waste in the last uprising; then through the deserts of Ala-Shan and Ordos, and of the old city. How many times had my life hung in the greatest danger, and from how many adventures and difficulties had I been rescued, during the three and a half years of my journeyings!

From Peking I travelled across Mongolia to Kiakhta, on the Siberian boundary, drove over Lake Baikal on the ice to Irkutsk, went thence to Krasnoyarsk, and then by the new railway through western Siberia to St. Petersburg, and finally arrived, on the 10th of May, 1897, in my beloved native city of Stockholm.



"A REBEL WENCH, LADS, AND MUST SEE HER LOVER CLOSE!"

THE SPAN O' LIFE.*

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN AND J. N. McILWRAITH.

PART I.

MAXWELL'S STORY.

"Better the world should know you as a sinner than God as a hypocrite."—*Old Proverb.*

CHAPTER I.

"AFTER HIGH FLOODS COME LOW EBBS."

EVERY one knows of my connection with the ill-starred Rebellion of Prince Charles, and for this it was that I found myself, a few months after the disaster of Culloden, lying close in an obscure lodging in Greek Street, Soho, London.

Surely a rash proceeding, you may say, this adventuring into the lion's den! But such has not been my experience: in an escalado, he who hugs closest the enemy's wall has often a better chance than those who lie at a distance. And so I, Hugh Maxwell of Kirkconnel, Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, Captain en seconde in Berwick's Foot in the service of His Most Christian Majesty, and late Aide-de-Camp to General Lord George Murray in the misdirected affair of His Royal Highness Charles, Prince of Wales and Regent for

* The attempt to set forth the respective attitudes of the native Canadian and the old-country Frenchman in the succeeding chapters of this story must not be read as a personal expression of the authors, but as their conception of an unhappy condition between the colonists and the military that obtained as fully in Canada as it did between the same classes in the English colonies.

his illustrious father, "Jacobus Tertius, Rex Angliæ, Hiberniæ, et Franciæ, Dei Gratia"—Heaven save the mark!—found it safer and more to my taste to walk abroad in London under the nose of the usurping but victorious Hanoverian than to continue skulking under the broader heavens of the Highlands.

I will not deny there were moments when I would rather have been enjoying the clearer atmosphere of France, for it is easier to put a brave face on such dangers once they are safely overcome than bear them with an unruffled fortitude at the time; but there I was, with just enough money barely to discharge my most pressing necessities, with the precious Cause for which I had sacrificed my hopes of advancement in my own regiment blown to the four corners of the Highlands—more remote and unknown up to this time than the four corners of the earth, though to all appearance about to undergo such a scouring when I left them that they would be uninhabitable for any one who was not born with the Broad Arrow printed on his back.

I was lodging in the attic of a disreputable pot-house, kept by one of those scurvy Scots who traded on his reputed disloyalty as a lure to entice unfortunate gentlemen in similar plight to myself under his roof, and then job them off to the government at so much a head; but this I only knew of a certainty later.

It was not long, however, before I was relieved from my penury at least, for my cousin, Lady Jane Drummond, who since my childhood had stood towards me in the relation of a mother, hearing from me of my position, raised me above all anxiety in that respect.

I cannot help reflecting here on the inopportuneness with which Providence is sometimes pleased to bestow its gifts; the starving wretch, houseless in the streets, has an appetite and a digestion which, in this respect, make him the envy of the epicure, dowered with a wealth useless in its most cherished application. And though ingratitude has never been one of my faults, was it possible not to feel some resentment at the comparative uselessness of a blessing which fell at a time when I was debarred from any greater satisfaction than paying my mean obligations or helping some more needy unfortunate, while forced to look on those pleasures incidental to a gentleman's existence with the unsatisfied eye of forbidden indulgence?

The banker, Mr. Drummond of Charing Cross, who was an old family friend, and through whom I had received my remittance, could or would give me no definite information of the movements of my cousin, Lady Jane, or of her probable arrival at London, so I had nothing to do but await further news and occupy my time as best I might.

On my arrival I had laid aside all the outward marks of a gentleman, dressing myself in imitation of—say a scrivener's clerk—and, save for that bearing which is incorporate with one of my condition and becomes a second nature, not to be disguised by any outward cloak, I might fairly well pass for my exemplar.

It was along in the month of July, when having become habituated to my situation I was accustomed to move about with greater freedom, that being in Fleet Street, I made one of the crowd to gaze at the horrid spectacle of the heads of the unfortunate Messieurs Towneley and Fletcher displayed on Temple Bar; whose cruel fate I had only escaped by my firm resolution in withstanding the unreasonable demands of the Duke of Perth to remain behind in their company in Carlisle.

"Your Grace, though I am willing to shed the last drop of my blood for Prince Charles," I answered, with great firmness, "I will never allow myself to be marked out as a victim for certain destruction," and I held to my place in the retreat.

At such times the least error in judgment is certain to be attended by a train of inevitable disaster, and apart from my own personal escape, for which I am duly thankful, it was a satisfaction to me that his Grace later on most handsomely acknowledged himself to have been in the wrong.

But to return: I was plunged in these sombre reflections when I heard a cry near me, a cry that has never appealed to my support in vain—that of a lady in distress. I turned at once, and there, in full view of my sympathizing eyes, was as fair an object as I ever looked upon. An unfortunate lady, overcome by the sights and sounds about her, had fallen back on the shoulder of her maid, who supported her bravely; her black silken hood had been displaced, and her rich amber-colored hair in some disorder framed her lovely

face. Another moment and I was beside them, shifting the unconscious lady to my left arm, to the great relief of the maid, who at once recognized my quality in spite of my disguise.

"Spy 'em close, my beauty! Spy 'em close! Only a penny!" shouted a ruffian, holding a perspective-glass before the unhappy lady. "A rebel wench, lads, and must see her lover close!" But I cut his ribaldry short with a blow in the face, and with my foot pushed off a wretched hag busily engaged in trying to find the pocket of my poor charge, and made immediate move to withdraw her from the crowd.

But my efforts were met with a storm of curses and howls from the scum about us, and matters were fast growing serious, when a most genteelly dressed man pushed in beside us, and, with sword in hand, soon cleared a way, which I threaded with a determined countenance. A moment or two concluded the affair, and we were safe.

The lady recovered with surprising spirit, and turning to the new-comer, cried: "Oh, Gaston! It was horrible beyond words!" and she clasped his arm with both her shapely hands.

We hurried on without further speech, looking for a hackney-coach; and when this was found and hailed, the lady turned, and holding out her hand to me, said: "Sir, forgive the discomposure which prevented my sooner acknowledgment of your services. What would have become of me without your aid? I cannot say half what I feel;" and the lovely creature's eyes filled as she spoke.

"My dear young lady," I said, bending over and kissing her hand, "you could say nothing that would heighten the happiness I have had in being of service to you;" and in order not to add to her generous embarrassment I handed her into the coach, and our common rescuer giving a direction to the man which I did not overhear, she and her maid drove off. Then, not to be behind so fair an original, I turned and complimented the stranger upon his timely succor.

"Sir," said he, in French, "I perceive, from some sufficient reason, which I can readily divine, it is convenient for you to appear in disguise."

"Truly, monsieur," I returned, "I did not hope that a disguise would protect me from a discerning eye such as yours, but it suffices for the crowd. I am certain, though, that I confide in a gentleman when I say I am Hugh Maxwell of Kirkconnel, late captain in Berwick's Foot, and am entitled to qualify myself as Chevalier."

"And I, Chevalier," he replied, with equal frankness, "am the Vicomte Gaston de Trincardel, at present on a diplomatic mission towards the Court."

Being equally satisfied with each other's condition, we repaired to his lodgings in St. James's Street, where we fell into familiar conversation, in the course of which the Vicomte said,

"I suppose I am correct in my belief that you have been engaged in the affair of Charles Edward?"

"Unfortunately, yes."

"Is there any reliable intelligence of his whereabouts?"

"To be absolutely frank with you, my dear Vicomte, it is a matter of the most perfect indifference to me where he is or what becomes of him."

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "I cannot understand such a feeling."

"Had you seen as much of him as I did, even when he was trying to appear at his best as Fitzjames; had you been a daily spectator of the inconceivable folly with which every chance was mismanaged, every opportunity let slip; of the childish prejudice with which every true friend was estranged, and of the silly vanity which daily demanded new incense during the whole of this miserable affair—you might understand without difficulty," I returned, with some little heat.

"But, Chevalier," he inquired, soothingly, "may I ask why you followed his fortunes?"

"From that, Vicomte, which I doubt not has ever guided your own course in life, from the one motive that has alone influenced me—principle. My people followed the fortunes of his grandfather after the Boyne, and on both sides of my house, Maxwells and Geraldines, our name has been synonymous with loyalty to the Stuart cause abroad as well as at home."

"I know your name and its equivalent, Chevalier. May I ask to which branch you belong?"

"I scarce know how to qualify my standing," I answered, laughing; "we have been proscribed rebels for so long

I have lost touch with those things men most value in regard to family. Just as I am a Chevalier without so much as a steed whereon to mount my knightship, so am I a Maxwell of Kirkconnel without title to a rood of ground or a kinsman within measurable distance; and my father before me held naught he could call his own save his honor, my lady mother, and my unworthy self. No! if there be a Spanish branch, I swear I'll lay claim to that, for 'tis Spain assuredly that must hold my flocks and herds, not to name my châteaux."

"Chevalier," he began, earnestly, "I shall esteem it a favor—"

"Not for the world, my dear Vicomte! Money is the one anxiety which seldom causes me a second thought. My habit of life is simple, and my only ambition my profession. But to go back to the happy chance of our meeting, may I inquire, without indiscretion, the name of the young lady whom you rescued?"

"Oh, come, come! Honor where honor is due. I am no more responsible for the rescue than yourself. The young lady is a Miss Grey, living with her aunt in temporary lodgings in Essex Street off the Strand."

"I have a suspicion, sir, that the name may be as temporary as her lodging, and that I am fortunate in applying to one who can give me reliable information."

To this, however, the Vicomte only bowed somewhat stiffly, and being unwilling that any contretemps should arise to mar so promising an acquaintance—though the Lord only knows what umbrage any one could take from my remark—I made my adieux, the Vicomte most obligingly offering me his services should I wish to pass over to France. But of these I could not as yet avail myself, as it was necessary I should know of Lady Jane's intentions more definitely; so, with my acknowledgments, the interview ended.

CHAPTER II.

I DISCOVER A NEW INTEREST IN LIFE.

On my way back to Soho I turned over matters with interest. I had but little difficulty in placing the Vicomte; he was one of those clear, simple souls, very charming at times in woman, but less acceptable in the man of the world.

No one can admire purity of mind in a woman more than myself, but I have no hesitation in stating that at times I find it positively disconcerting when displayed in too obvious a degree by a man. In woman it is to be desired above all things, and a woman is so far superior to man in the manipulation of the more delicate qualities that she seldom errs in her concealments, and when she reveals, she does so at the most opportune moment, and so effectively that, though it be no more than a glimpse, it suffices.

And these reflections brought me naturally to Miss Grey; indeed, in fancy I had never been away from her since we met. The Vicomte's manner absolutely confirmed me in my belief that the name was assumed.

Now if a man does not want to tell you the truth, and the occasion is important, he has just one of two alternatives: the one is to tell a lie with such assurance and bearing that it carries conviction with it; but, egad! if he won't do that, then the only other is to run you through.

The Vicomte not having been ready for either, I was so far in his confidence that I knew "Miss Grey" was an assumed name; and I shrewdly suspected, from the familiarity of her manner with him, that their mutual relation might be closer than he cared to admit—a suspicion I resolved to put to the touch. Accordingly the next day I made as careful a toilet as my cursed disguise would admit of, and took my way to Essex Street.

Giving my name to the man at the door, for the lodgings were genteel beyond the ordinary, which advanced me in my surmises as to the fair one's condition, I was ushered into a drawing-room, which would have been much better for a little more light than was permitted to enter through the drawn curtains.

In a few moments the door opened and an elderly lady entered, whom I conjectured to be the aunt.

"Madam," I said, bowing low, "it was my good fortune to be of some slight service to your niece yesterday, and I have ventured to call and inquire if the shock has proved at all serious. My name, madam, is—"

"Tut, tut, boy! None of your airs and graces with me! Your name is Hughie Maxwell, and many's the time I've skelped you into good manners. Come here and kiss your old cousin, you scamp!"

And without waiting for me to comply

with her invitation, she threw her arms about me and discomposed me sadly enough with an unexpected outburst of weeping.

When she had recovered somewhat we settled down to explanations; questionings from her and answers from me, until at length she was satisfied on all my movements. Then came my turn, and I began with a definite object in view, but carefully guarding my advances, when she cut my finessing short.

"Now, Hughie, stop your fiddle-faddle, and ask me who 'my niece' is. You stupid blockhead, don't you know your curiosity is peeking out at every corner of your eyes? 'My niece' is Margaret Nairn."

"A relation of Lord Nairne?"

"No one would count her so save a Highlander; they are from the far North, not the Perth people; but don't interrupt! Her mother and I were schoolmates and friends somewhat more than a hundred years ago. I have had the girl with me in Edinburgh and Paris, and when I found she was doomed to be buried alive with her father in their lonely old house in the Highlands, and neither woman nor protector about, I took her, the child of my oldest friend, to my care, and at no time have I been more thankful than now, when the whole country is set by the ears. We are in London masquerading as 'Mistress Grey and her niece,' as her only brother, Archie, an officer in the French service, is mixed up in this unfortunate affair, and it is probably only a matter of time until he gets into trouble and will need every effort I may be able to put forth in his behalf. No, you have not come across him, for he was on some secret mission; and it is possible he may not have set his foot in Scotland at all. We can but wait and see. Now that your curiosity is satisfied, doubtless you are longing to see the young lady herself; but let me warn you, Master Hughie, I will have none of your philandering. Margaret is as dear to me as if she were my own daughter born, and I may as well tell you at once I have plans for her future with which I will brook no interference."

"May I ask, cousin, if your plans include M. de Trincardel?"

"My certes! But it is like your impudence to know my mind quicker than I tell it. Yes, since you must know, a marriage is arranged between them, and I have pledged myself for Margaret's fitting establishment. There it is all, in two words; and now I am going for the young lady herself. See that you congratulate her."

Do not imagine that her conditions cost me a second thought, nor the declaration of her future intentions a pang. My cousin was a woman, and as such was privileged to change her mind as often as she chose, and I was still young enough not to be worried by the thought that some day I might not be the one called upon to step into her comfortable shoes. As for the Vicomte, he must play for his own hand. So I awaited with impatience the appearance of my fair supplanter.

She was much younger than I supposed, not more than sixteen; but if I had been mistaken in her age, I had not overestimated her beauty. Her hair was really the same rich amber-color that had awakened my admiration; her forehead was broad and low; her eyes between hazel and gray, with clear, well-marked brows; her nose straight and regular; and her mouth, though not small, was beautifully shaped, with the least droop at the corners, which made her expression winsome in the extreme. Her face was a little angular as yet, but the lines were good, and her slightly pointed chin was broken by the merest shadow of a dimple. She was taller than most women, and if her figure had not rounded out to its full proportion, her bearing was noble and her carriage graceful.

Difficult as it is for me to give even this cold inventory of her charms, the sweet witchery of her manner, the fall of her voice, the winning grace that shone in her every look, are beyond my poor powers of description. I felt them to my very heart, which lay in surrender at her feet long before I realized it was even in danger.

Our friendship began without the usual preliminaries of acquaintance. My sacrifices in the Prince's cause were known to her through Lady Jane; indeed, when I saw her noble enthusiasm, it fired me till I half forgot my disappointments, and was once more so fierce a Jacobite that I satisfied even her sweeping enthusiasm.

If anything further was needed to heighten our mutual interest, it was forthcoming in the discovery that I had been

aide-de-camp to Lord George Murray, whom she rightly enough regarded as the mainspring of the enterprise, and to whom she may in Highland fashion have been in some degree akin.

Naught would satisfy her but that I should tell the story of my adventures, should describe the Prince a thousand times—which I did with every variation I could think of to engage her admiration—should relate every incident and conversation with Lord George, which I did the more willingly that I loved him from my heart, and it required but little effort to speak of a man who had played his part so gallantly.

With Lady Jane as moved as Margaret herself, we sat till late, and, like Othello, I told to the most sympathizing ears in the world the story of my life. They forgot the hour, the place, and all but the moving recital; and I saw only the glistening eyes, sometimes wide with horror, sometimes welling over with tears, and sometimes sparkling with humor, until, like the Moor, I could almost persuade myself that

> She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
> And I lov'd her that she did pity them.

"Come, come, Hughie! We'll have no more of this! The child will never close her eyes this night, and you should be ashamed making an exhibition of an old fool of a woman!" suddenly cried Lady Jane, rising and wiping her eyes when I had finished telling of the death of young Glengarry at Falkirk. And half laughing, half crying, she kissed me and pushed me out of the room before I had opportunity to take a fitting farewell of Margaret, Pearl of all Women.

"If the Vicomte can make any running that will count against this, I'll be much surprised," I thought to myself as I picked my way home under a warm drizzle through the dirty, ill-lighted streets. But outward discomforts mattered not a whit to me, for I had eaten of the fruit of the gods, and that night I journeyed in the sunlight of the Pays du Tendre, bearing in my heart the idol to which my soul did homage, as I hummed over the song of some dead and forgotten but valiant-hearted lady of my own house:

> "When day was deid I met my Dear
> On fair Kirkconnel Lea,
> Though fause een spied, I knew no fear,
> His love was over me.
>
> "He kissed me fu' upon the mou',
> He looked me in the ee,
> An' whispered low, 'Nor life nor death
> Shall part my Love frae me!'
>
> The span o' Life's nae lang eneugh,
> Nor deep eneugh the sea,
> Nor braid eneugh this weary warld
> To part my Love frae me!
>
> "Though mony an' mony a day hath died
> On fair Kirkconnel Lea
> Sin' I stood by my True Love's side
> An' melted 'neath his ee,
>
> "Yet ilka wind that fans my cheek
> Kissed his in Germanie,
> An' bids me bide; for what shall make
> To part my Love frae me?
>
> The span o' Life's nae lang eneugh,
> Nor deep eneugh the sea,
> Nor braid eneugh this weary warld
> To part my Love frae me!"

Do I need to relate the story of the next day, or of each one which succeeded? Dear as it is to me, clearly as every fond remembrance stands out before me, it might but weary a reader to whom I cannot possibly convey even a conception of the sweet witchery of my Margaret's engaging manner. Mine, though I might never possess her, for I was too sincerely attached to Lady Jane to think of standing in the way of her plans should she finally determine against me; mine most of all when I saw how eagerly the dear girl turned to me whenever I appeared.

The Vicomte often formed one of our party, and it was with some distress that I saw he was inclined to interfere with the friendship so happily begun. I have a natural inclination against giving pain; there is already so much in this world which we cannot prevent, it seems cruel to add to it intentionally, and it was not without regret that I saw my innocent endeavors towards the entertainment of Margaret caused him grave uneasiness. Still, as a man of breeding he could not admit that his position in her affections was endangered, and so kept on his way, though his evident disturbance told against the effectiveness of his advances towards her, and at times rendered his attack on me singularly unskilful. *Exempli gratiâ:* Margaret was so visibly moved one day by the effect of my singing, for I

then possessed a voice justly admired by those best qualified to judge, that he was indiscreet enough to remark on my choice of a song, which was Jacobite to an extreme.

"Chevalier, only an artist could act a part so thoroughly."

It was embarrassing, but I was saved all necessity of a reply by Margaret's generous outburst:

"Oh, Gaston, for shame! You can never understand what it means to have lost all for your Prince!"

A somewhat more forceful rejoinder than I should have been able to make, seeing I had so unguardedly revealed my sentiments on this very subject to him at our first meeting. Therefore I at once accepted her defence in the same spirit as it was given; indeed, I had almost forgotten I had any rancor against the unfortunate Charles, so completely was I dominated by her enthusiasm.

"Let me sing you another," I exclaimed, "written when our hopes were still high."

"Yes, yes," she cried, eagerly, clapping her hands. "Let us forget it has all passed."

And I sang:

"In far Touraine I'd watched each lagging day
Drag on to weary night,
I'd broke my heart when homing birds
Winged o'er me in their flight;
But a Blackbird came one golden eve
And rested on the wing,
And these were the heartsome words I heard
The bonnie Blackbird sing:

"'Go bid your love bind in her hair
The blue of Scotland's Kings,
Go bid her don her bravest gown
And all her gauds and rings,
And bid her shine all maids above
As she can shine alone;
For the news was whispered in the night,
And the night hath told the day,
And the cry hath gone across the land
From Lochaber to the Tay!
From Lochaber far beyond the Tay
The glorious news hath flown—
So bid her don her best array,
For the King shall have his own
Once more!
The King shall have his own!'

"Beyond the Tweed I know each bonnie bird
That lilts the greenwood through,
I know each note from the mavis sweet
To the crooning cushie-doo;
But I ne'er had heard a song that gar'd
My very heart-strings ring
Till I heard that eve in far Touraine
The bonnie Blackbird sing:

"'Go bid your love bind in her hair
The blue of Scotland's Kings,
Go bid her don her bravest gown
And all her gauds and rings,
And bid her shine all maids above,
As she can shine alone;
For the news was whispered in the night,
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From Lochaber to the Tay!
From Lochaber far beyond the Tay
The glorious news hath flown—
So bid her don her best array,
For the King shall have his own
Once more!
The King shall have his own!'"

Lady Jane was in tears, and my Margaret was little better, though smiling at me from the spinet, while the Vicomte sat the only composed one in the room—I being affected, as I always am when I hear a fine effort, whether by myself or another—when Mr. Colvill, who was Lady Jane's man of business, entered to us, and without any preamble began:

"Mr. Maxwell, I have certain information that your lodgings will be searched to-night, and I have a suspicion that you are the person sought for."

My poor Margaret cried out and nearly swooned with terror, but Lady Jane was herself at once. "Give over your nonsense, Peggy, this instant! Hughie is not a mewling baby to be frightened, with a warning before him! Colvill, you have acted with the discretion I should have expected in you, and I thank you in my cousin's name and my own. Hughie, do you find out some new place at once; I marked a little sempstress who has a shop in Wych Street only the other day, and I would apply there if you know of no other. Do not go back to your old lodgings on any account. When I hear where you are, I will supply you with everything needful."

The Vicomte very obligingly offered me the shelter of his roof for the night, but I answered I could not think of exposing him, when on diplomatic business, to the charge of sheltering a rebel, and I was pleased to have so handsome an excuse to cover my unwillingness to lie under an obligation towards him.

In a moment the whole aspect of our

little party was changed, and I took my way to seek for a new shelter, leaving anxious hearts behind me.

CHAPTER III.

"THE DEAD AND THE ABSENT ARE ALWAYS WRONG."

I MYSELF was not greatly disturbed over the turn things had taken, for I had begun to be suspicious of my thrifty Scot in Greek Street, and, as I had left behind me neither papers nor effects which could compromise myself or others when he laid his dirty claws upon them, I turned my back on him without regret.

The hour was late to enter upon a search for new lodgings without arousing suspicion, and this determined me to try the sempstress indicated by Lady Jane.

I found the street without difficulty, and, what was better, without questioning, and soon discovered the little shop with a welcome gleam of light showing through the closed shutters. The street was empty, so I advanced, and after knocking discreetly, tried the door, which, to my surprise, I found open, and so entered.

In a low chair behind the counter sat a solitary woman, sewing by the indifferent light of a shaded candle. She looked at me keenly and long, but without alarm.

"Madam," said I, closing the door behind me and slipping in the bolt, "have no fear. My name is Captain Geraldine."

"That is a lie," she said, calmly, raising her face so the full light of the candle should fall upon it.

Great heavens! It was that of my wife!

I sank down on a settle near the wall and stared at her, absolutely speechless with surprise and horror, while she continued her sewing without a second look, though I could mark that her hands were trembling so she could hardly direct her needle.

"Good God! Lucy! Is it really you?" I cried, scarce believing the evidence of my senses.

"I am she whom you name."

"And you know me?"

"I know that you are Hugh Maxwell," she answered, in the same steady voice.

"And you know that I am your husband."

"I have no husband. My husband is dead."

"Lucy, do not break my heart! I am not a scoundrel! Do you think for a moment I could abandon the girl who trusted and married me? I had the most positive intelligence of your death. Lucy, Lucy, for God's sake speak, and do not torture me beyond endurance. Tell me what has happened."

But the trembling hands went on with their work, though she neither raised her head nor spoke. My brain was in a whirl, and I did not know what to think or how to act, so I preserved at least an outward quiet for a time, trying to imagine her position.

I was but eighteen when I had married her, a tradesman's daughter, but my uncertain allowance, as well as the certain wrath of my family, prevented me acknowledging her as my wife, and no one except her mother knew of our union.

As I sat trying to find some light, I heard the cry of a lusty child: "Mother! Mother!" At this her face contracted as with sudden pain, and saying only, "Wait where you are," she left the shop.

I noticed she had still the same quick, light way of moving, "like a bird," I used to tell her in the old days: it was but the dull, ungenerous color and shape of her stuff gown that hid the dainty figure I had known, and only some different manner of dressing her hair that prevented the old trick of the little curls that would come out about her ears and forehead.

While she was away I thought it all out, and my heart melted with pity for the poor soul forced to these years of loneliness, to this daily struggle for the support of herself and her child—our child—and, more than all else, to the torturing thought that the love which had been the sum of her existence was false. What should I do? I was not in doubt for a moment. I would make up to her, by the devotion of a heart rich in feeling, all the sorrows of the past.

Here she entered again, but now collected and herself as at first. I rose and advanced to meet her, but she waved me off, and took up her sewing again in her former position.

"Lucy," I said, standing over her, "does not the voice of our child—for I

cannot doubt it is our child—plead for me? Listen a moment. When I returned from that ill-starred Russian voyage, I flew at once to join you. You had been in my heart during all my absence, and my return home was to be crowned with your love. But, to my consternation, I found strangers occupying the old rooms, and the woman told me with every circumstance of harrowing detail the story of your death by typhus, and that your mother followed you to the grave scarce a day later. Heartbroken as I was, I never sought for further confirmation than the nameless graves she pointed out to me by your parish church. She told me, too, your effects were burned by order of the overseers, and I took it for granted she had stolen anything of value that might have been left. When I found at my banker's that a lieutenancy in Berwick's was awaiting my application, I only too eagerly seized the opportunity of escaping from a country where I would be constantly reminded of my ruined past, and since that day I have never set foot in London till the present. Oh, Lucy! Lucy! I see it all now. The birth of our child was approaching. You, poor soul, were an unacknowledged wife; I was wandering, a shipwrecked stranger beyond all means of communication, and you fled from the finger of shame that cruel hands would have pointed at you. Why that hag should have gone to such lengths to deceive me I cannot even guess. But now, my dear love, my dearest wife, it is at an end! I have a position—at least I am a captain, with fair chance of promotion—I no longer have a family to consider, and once I get out of this present trap I will acknowledge you before the whole world, and we will wipe out the cruel past as if it had never existed."

"I have no past," she said, quietly.

"Then, Lucy darling, as truly as I am your husband I will make you a future."

"I have no husband," she answered, in the same quiet tone: "my husband died the day my boy was born."

"But, Lucy, my wife, you have love?"

"Not such love as you mean. My love, such as it is here, is for my boy. All else is for something beyond."

"But, Lucy, have you nothing left for me? Surely you do not doubt my word?"

"No," she answered, slowly. "You have never deceived me that I know of. Until to-night I believed you had left me, but I know now it is I who have left you. There never can be anything between us."

"Why, Lucy? Tell me why. Do not sit there holding yourself as if you were apart from me and mine."

"You have just said the very words which explain it all," she answered. "I am indeed 'apart from you and yours.' Your explanation now makes clear why you did not find me out on your return, and I accept it fully. But think you for a moment that this wipes out all I have suffered through these years? Can you explain away, by any other statement save that I was 'apart from you and yours,' the cruel wrong you did when you left me, a helpless girl without experience, in a position where I was utterly defenceless against evil tongues in the hour of my trial, so that what should have been my glory was turned into a load of disgrace which crushed me and killed my mother? To say you intended to return is no answer, no defence. You knew all about a world of which I was ignorant, and you should have shielded me by your knowledge.

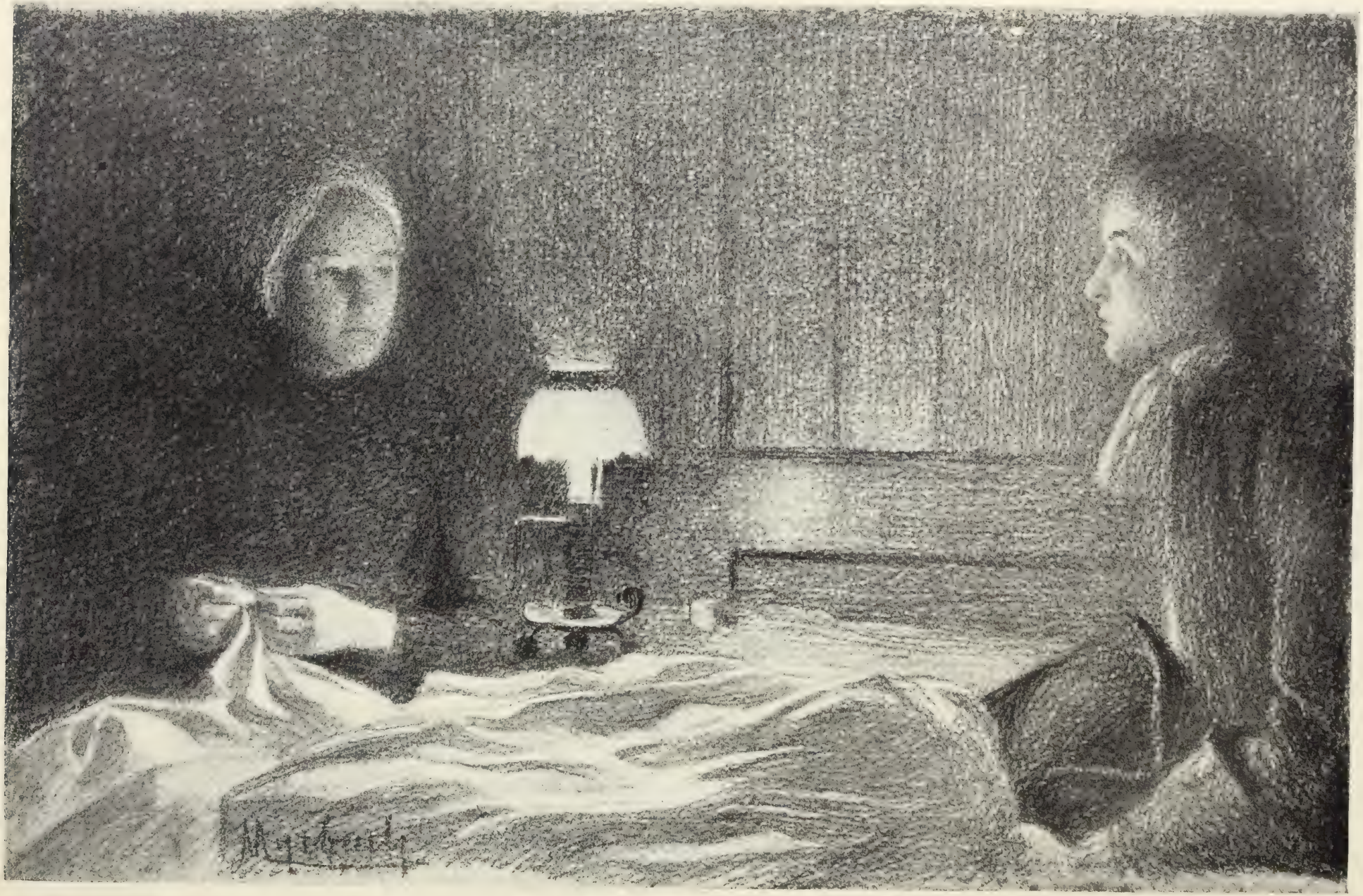
"Do not think I am unhuman, I am simply unfeeling on the side to which you would appeal. I have lived too long alone, I have suffered too much alone, to look to any human creature for such help or such comfort as you would bring. I know you were honest, I know you were loving and tender, but that has all passed for me. You do not come into my life at any point; I can look on you without a throb of my heart either in love or in hate—"

"But, Lucy, I am not changed. I am the same Hugh Maxwell you knew."

"You are Hugh Maxwell, but there is no question of likeness, of 'being the same,' for there is no Lucy. She is as really dead to you to-day as you thought when you mourned her six years ago. The Mistress Routh who speaks now is a widow, by God's grace a member of the Society of Methodists, and you need never seek through her to find any trace of the girl you knew. She is dead, dead, dead, and may the Lord have mercy on her soul!"

It was like standing before a closed grave.

Against this all my prayers, my tears, my entreaties, availed nothing, until at last I ceased in very despair at the firm-



"'THAT IS A LIE!' SHE SAID, CALMLY, RAISING HER FACE."

ness of this unmovable woman, whom I had left a pretty, wilful, changeable girl a few years before.

The candle had long since burned itself out, and the gray of the morning was beginning to struggle in at every opening when I gave up the contest.

"Mistress Routh," said I, smiling at the odd address, "I have been overlong in coming to my business. I am a proscribed rebel with a price set on my head, and I seek a new lodging, my old one being unsafe. I was directed here almost by chance. Can you give me such room as you can spare? There is but little or no danger in harboring me, for I am reported to be in Scotland with the Prince, 'the Young Pretender,' if you like it so. I will be as circumspect in my movements as possible. Above all, I will never show by word or sign that I knew you before, even when we are alone, nor will I betray your secret to our boy. You are free to refuse me, and should you do so, I will seek shelter elsewhere; but whether I go or stay, I give you my word of honor as a gentleman that your secret rests where it lies in my heart until such time as you see fit to proclaim it yourself. Will you, then, consent to let me have a room under your roof until such time as I can get over to France?"

After a little she said: "Yes; I can take your word. But remember, from this night you are a stranger to me. You will pay as a stranger, and come and go as a stranger."

And so this unnatural treaty was ratified. My hostess made such preparation for my comfort as I would allow, and when alone I sat on my couch to try and put my thoughts in order.

It was only then that Margaret came back to me. During my long struggle with my poor wife no thought of another had entered my mind, my whole endeavor being directed towards making such amends for the cruelties of an undeserved fate as were possible; but now, when alone, the realization of what it meant in my relation towards Margaret overwhelmed me. All unwittingly I had been playing the part of a low scoundrel towards the fairest, purest soul in the whole world; I had been living in a Fool's Paradise, drinking the sweetest draught that ever intoxicated a human soul, and now, without an instant's warning, the cup was dashed from my lips.

Poor Margaret! Poor Lucy! Poor Hugh! My heart was aching for them all.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH I MAKE ACQUAINTANCE WITH ONE NEAR TO ME.

I STRETCHED myself out at length, with my cloak over me, and dozed uneasily until awakened by a soft knocking at the door, which was slowly pushed open, and a brown head made its appearance in the room.

"Come in," I said, and there entered to me as handsome a boy of six as ever delighted a man's eyes.

I would have given the world to take him to my heart, but I was on parole. So we stared at each other, and I can only hope he was as well satisfied with his inspection as I was with mine.

"Does your mother know of your coming?" I asked, for I was determined to take no unfair advantage.

"She told me I could come," he answered, without any backwardness, yet with modesty.

"Good. Well, what do you think?"

"Why do you sleep in your clothes?"

"Oh, a soldier often sleeps in his clothes."

"But I don't think you're a soldier."

"Why?"

"Where is your sword?"

"I'll get that by-and-by."

"If I was a soldier I'd sleep with my sword."

"Well, you'd find it a mighty uncomfortable bedfellow," I answered, laughing. At which he laughed too, and we were fast becoming friends.

"Will you be a soldier?" I went on.

"I don't know. What's your name?"

"One moment, my young diplomat. Do you never answer a question but by asking another? Surely you're not a Scotchman?"

"I don't know."

"Well, what do you think you are?"

"I think I'm a Methodist."

"So you are. But that may be much the same thing, for aught I know. My name's Captain Geraldine. Now tell me yours."

"Christopher. Can you sing?"

"I can sing, my boy, like a mavis, like a bird-of-paradise. Would you like to taste my quality?" and without more ado I sang to him.

"The span o' Life's nae lang eneugh,
Nor deep eneugh the sea,
Nor braid eneugh this weary warld
To part my Love frae me."

"I like that," he said, gravely, when I had made an end. "You sing well."

"So I have been informed, sir; and I am most sensible of your confirmation of the favorable verdict, which is flattering beyond my poor deserts."

But he did not find this at all to his taste, and I was sorry to see my untimely nonsense caused him to shrink somewhat from me, which hurt me to a degree I could not have believed possible.

But my embarrassment was relieved by his mother's voice calling us from the foot of the stairs, and hand in hand we went down together.

I looked at my hostess with much curiosity, and found her quiet and serene, though the traces of the anxiety of overnight were visible in her pale face and tired eyes.

"Good-morning, Mistress Routh."

"Good-morning, Captain Geraldine. I see my boy has taken to you; it is a good sign."

The words were like balm to me, and I looked at her searchingly to see expected signs of relenting, but I only too clearly recognized it was the kindly civility of an entire stranger, and I felt more strongly than at any moment before that the door of the past was irrevocably closed between us.



"WHY DO YOU SLEEP IN YOUR CLOTHES?"

I sat down at the table, but she remained standing, and folding her hands, repeated a long grace. It was so utterly strange, so utterly foreign to all I had ever known of her, that it deepened the impression tenfold that I belonged to a world apart from hers. In a sense it shocked my feeling of what was proper.



See page 703.

"OH, YOUR GRACE, YOUR GRACE! HE IS ALL I HAVE LEFT IN THE WORLD."

Her Protestantism had never been any barrier in our life together, for I have known too many different ways to happiness not to believe that there may be more than one to heaven. I have known too many devout Protestants to have a shadow of doubt as to their sincerity; but I have always been a believer in the established order of things, and for a woman to take any part in matters religious, beyond teaching her children their hymns and prayers, was foreign to my experience.

We ate our breakfast to the accompaniment of the boy's chatter, and if there was any embarrassment, I am free to confess it was on my side alone. I could perfectly understand her courage and resolution of the night before, but this wonderful acting was simply marvellous; it was, as far as I knew, no more possible to the Lucy I had known than talking Castilian; but, upon my soul, I never admired her more in my life. This, however, I took good care not to show in word or gesture: if she had so utterly renounced all vanities and pomps, why should she have the incense of admiration? She would probably consider it an offering to idols.

"Mistress Routh, if my presence will not discommode you, I purpose to lie quiet for a day or two, until I can get such clothes as may serve both as a change of character and a more fitting appearance for myself. Do you happen to know of so rare a bird as a periwig-maker who can keep his counsel? If I could have

such an one attend me here, I could at least do away with this lanky hair and fit myself to a decent wig; then I could venture out under cover of a cloak, and find a tailor to complete the transformation. But I take it you may know but little of these manlike fripperies."

"I do know a man who may be trusted, who, though a member of our Society, is forced to gain his living by like vanities," she returned.

"Madam," said I, "you evidently do not estimate the quality of vanity at its proper value. Now I hold it in reality to be the eighth of the Cardinal Virtues. I have known it to keep men from being slovenly through their regard for the outward respect of others, and cleanliness comes very near to godliness. I have known it to keep men out of low company through their desire to catch a reflected glory from their superiors, and company is an informant of character. I have even known it to make men openhanded through a dislike to appear niggardly in public, and—" But I saw a look of such evident distress on the face before me that I checked my flight in very pity. A man with any sensibility will find himself constantly curbed by his regard for the feelings of others.

When Mistress Routh's assistant appeared I took the opportunity of sending a note to Lady Jane, telling of my whereabouts, and that I would present myself in a day or two when I had effected sufficient change in my appearance.

This I was enabled to do by the help of the wig-maker—who was clever enough with what he put outside other men's heads, though I could not think so highly of what he had got into his own—and by a liberal supply of gold pieces to my tailor.

I was now dressed with some approach to my ideas of what was fitting, and my own satisfaction was only equalled by that of little Christopher.

"Ah, Kit, my boy," I admonished him, for I felt it incumbent on me to contribute somewhat to the general morality of such a household, "I am no more Captain Geraldine in these fine feathers than I was in the scurvy black of the lawyer's clerk."

"But you feel more like Captain Geraldine," the boy said, pertinently enough.

"I do, my boy, I do, for I am still subject to the vanities of the flesh."

"Don't say that," the boy said, half angrily—"that is like they talk at meeting," and I felt ashamed I should have let slip anything before the child that could hurt his sense of my bearing towards what his mother respected, though I was puzzled to rightly estimate his own expression.

"I won't, my lad, but listen!" and I gave my sword a flourish and began the rattling air,

"Dans les gardes françaises
J'avais un amoureux—"

and then I suddenly reflected I had no right to sing these ribald songs before the boy, even though he might not understand a word, and again I was ashamed, so I fell a-story-telling, and I told him tales that made even his favorites of Agag and Sisera seem pale, and the singing was forgotten.

Though these constant talks with Kit, who would scarce be kept a moment from my side, were entertaining enough, and my heart warmed more and more to him as I saw his strong young feeling blossom out, I could not help the time dragging most wearisomely. The evenings were intolerable, and I felt the atmosphere absolutely suffocating at times. Mistress Routh was so completely Mistress Routh I soon realized that the Lucy in her was of a truth not only dead, but buried out of my sight forever. Now if I have a failing, it is of too keen an enjoyment of the present rather than an indulgence in unavailing regrets for the past, so that in a little I began to speculate if the Hugh Maxwell who was the Hugh Maxwell of this buried Lucy had not vanished also. Certainly I was not the Hugh Maxwell she knew. She said so herself; she showed only too plainly I had neither plot nor lot in her present life; and, after all, the life that is lived is the life that is dead. So I accepted what I had done my best to refuse, and turned again to the only life that was open before me—I went to Lady Jane's that very evening.

CHAPTER V.

I ASSIST AT AN INTERVIEW WITH A GREAT MAN.

I FOUND the household in Essex Street in a state of perturbation which was soon

explained. News had come that Margaret's brother Archibald had been arrested, as Lady Jane had foreseen, and was now confined in Fort William. Margaret, though distressed greatly, was such an ardent Jacobite that I verily believe she would rather have seen her brother in some danger of losing his head than have had him out of the business altogether.

She was neither so distressed nor elated, however, that she was oblivious to my altered appearance, and I could see Lady Jane herself was well pleased that her Hughie should cut something of a figure in the eyes of her *protégée*. She had a natural desire to justify her affections.

But I simply mark this in passing; the real business in hand was to devise some means for young Nairn's safety. This was the less serious inasmuch as he certainly had never been in arms for the Prince, and had been prudent enough to destroy all evidence of his secret mission—in fact, his letter informed us that the one man capable of giving evidence against him was withheld by circumstances so disgraceful to himself there was no danger of any direct testimony on this point.

The position could not be more favorable, and it was only a question of the most judicious plan of succor.

The Vicomte, though desirous of alleviating Margaret's anxiety, was debarred by his position from taking any active part, a circumstance of which I was not backward in taking advantage, for though the late distressing revelation—I refer to my meeting with Mistress Routh — prevented my making any personal advances towards Margaret, common humanity prompted me to my utmost efforts for her relief.

Finally it was determined that Lady Jane should obtain a private interview with the Duke of Newcastle, and, accompanied by Margaret, make a personal appeal, which, from Lady Jane's connections, we flattered ourselves had some hopes of success.

"Cousin," I said, "I have a proposal. Let me go with you. I am quite unknown, my accent at least is not that of a Scotchman, so I will not in any way imperil your success, and I have had some small experience with my superiors which may not be without its use."

"Well, Hughie, I may not have the same admiration as yourself for your accent, but I have the firmest belief in your confidence: that will not betray you in any strait. And I am as firm a believer in having a man about; they are bothersome creatures often, but have their uses at times. At all events, I feel safer in their company; they bring out the best in me. Yes, on the whole, I think you had better come."

The following week, through the services of the Vicomte, we were enabled to arrange for a meeting with the Duke at his house, and accordingly one morning we took our way by coach to Lincoln's Inn Fields.

We were ushered into his presence with marvellously little ceremony, and found him seated at a desk covered with a litter of papers before a blazing fire, for it was early in January.

He did not pay the slightest attention to the announcement of our names beyond raising his head and saying rapidly, without even returning our salutation, "Yes, yes, yes; be seated, be seated," with such a hurried, stuttering stammer that I felt reassured at once, though I could see both my companions were somewhat overawed now they were in the presence of the great man.

As he kept shuffling over his papers, now reading a few words from one, then throwing it down, and mixing a dozen others up in hopeless confusion, now writing a bit, and then frowning and waving his pen, I felt still more assured, for it all went to show he was only an ordinary human creature under all his titles and dignities, and was no more free from little affectations than any other mortal might be.

At length he ceased his pretence of work, for it was nothing else, and took notice of us.

"Ladies, I ask your pardon — your pardon. Yes, yes, let me see, you have some appointment with me. Eh, what was it again? Oh, I remember, you are Lady Enderby. Yes, yes—"

"No, your Grace; I am Lady Jane Drummond; this is my ward, Miss Margaret Nairn, and this my cousin, Captain Geraldine; our business is to implore your Grace's assistance towards the release of her brother, Captain Nairn, arrested in error, and now confined in Fort William."

"Awkward, eh? Mistakes like that might be very awkward—very awkward indeed. No doubt he is one of these pestilent rebels—eh?"

"Indeed, your Grace, he has never drawn sword in the matter at all; and what is more, he is an officer in the French service, holding his full commission therein."

"Oh, I have no doubt he is the most innocent creature in the world! but will you explain, madam, what he was doing in Scotland just when the rebels happened to be in full swing—eh?"

"Indeed, your Grace, he never put foot in Scotland until this unhappy business was ended at Culloden."

"That's a pity, now, a great pity. As the vulgar say, he came 'just a day too late for the fair.' Had he only come in time, his Majesty might have had one rebel less to deal with, and—"

But he was cut short by poor Margaret, who, unable to stand the torture any longer, wailed out: "Oh, your Grace, do not say that! My father was buried only a few months before my brother was arrested, and he is the only one near to me now left."

Even the abominable flippancy of the man before us was arrested by the sight of the anguish of this dear soul, and with some approach to sensibility he said:

"There, there, my dear! We cannot mend matters now." And for some minutes he heard and questioned Lady Jane with some show of decency, but evidently with an effort, for it was not long before he broke out again: "How much simpler it would all be if you did not interfere, madam!"

This angered her beyond control, and she replied, "Your Grace may have no feeling for the sorrow that breaks the hearts of others, but this is only a case for common justice."

"You, you, you have a keen sense of justice, madam," he stammered, much nettled. "You are not wanting in courage, either; 'tis a pity you could not have turned your talents to some account."

Poor Margaret, seeing the turn things were taking, now advanced, and throwing herself at his feet, poured forth her heart to him in entreaties with the tears running down her lovely face. At first he seemed much moved, and shifted himself in his chair most uncomfortably, fairly squirming like a worm on a pin; but, to my disappointment, I soon saw he was coming back to his usual humor, even as she was entreating—"Oh, your Grace, your Grace, he is all I have left in the world. I have been a motherless girl since I can remember; I have been away from my father at school for years; and my brother whom I played with, the one person whom I have prayed for more than all the others, is now in danger of his life"—and she ended in a burst of sobs.

For answer he merely yawned, and said, turning to me, "What did you say your name was—eh?"

"Geraldine, your Grace."

"Oh! No particular family, I suppose?"

"No, your Grace, of no family in particular," I answered.

"He! he! he!" cackled his Grace. "Oh, I can see farther than I get credit for! You, you, you'll remedy that some day—eh? Miss— Miss— What did you say your name was?"

"Nairn, your Grace," answered poor Margaret, still sobbing, while Lady Jane stood glowering behind her, and my gorge rose at his heartlessness.

"Nairn. Umph! That's an evil-smelling name these days for any petition," he grumbled.

Then suddenly turning to face me, "Now I suppose you had nothing to do with this barelegged rebellion?" he went on, to my dismay, but answered it himself with a self-satisfied chuckle: "But no, of course not. You never would have come here if you had. No, no! No man of sense would."

"I should think not!" snorted Lady Jane, fairly beside herself.

"Quite right, madam, quite right. You are a woman of perspicacity," answered his lordship, without a ruffle. Then he turned to me again:

"And pray what did bring you here, sir?"

"Your Grace, it was at my earnest recommendation these ladies were moved to appear in person to lay their case before the most powerful nobleman in the Three Kingdoms. They come here, your Grace, not to plead, but to explain. Their explanation is now made, and they are satisfied it is in the hands of one who is ever ready to listen to the suit of innocence, whose whole life is a guarantee to

the exercise of justice, and whose finger need but be lifted to relieve the unfortunate from unmerited disgrace."

To my surprise, he did not seem so taken with my effort as I had hoped. Even as I was speaking he had thrown himself back in his chair, and sat resting his elbows on the arms, staring at me over his finger-tips in the most disconcerting fashion without moving a muscle of his face. I was positively afraid to venture a word more under the spell of that equivocal gaze.

"Yes, yes, yes," he broke out suddenly, drawing himself close up to his desk and seizing a pen, with which he began making slow notes on the paper before him.

"What did you say the young man's name was?" he muttered. "Oh yes, Nairn — Archibald Nairn. Yes. Fort William—eh? French officer in active service. And you can give me your word he was not in arms—eh?"

"I can, your Grace, without hesitation."

The moment I had spoken I saw my mistake. So did his Grace, who wheeled round on me like a flash.

"Then, sir, I take it you are in a position to know!"

My blood fairly ran cold, for I saw only too clearly his folly of manner was but a cloak, and that now it was quite as much a question of myself as of Nairn.

"I am, your Grace," I answered, in my most assured tones.

"Perhaps you are able to produce a muster-roll of the rebel force—eh, Captain Fitzgerald? That would be highly satisfactory in more ways than one."

"Surely, your Grace, this is no laughing matter. Your Grace has my word of honor that Captain Nairn was not in Scotland until after Culloden was fought—"

"—And lost? Captain Fitzgerald. Surely that is not the way for a loyal subject to put it."

"I cannot cross swords with your Grace," I returned, with a low bow to cover my trepidation; "even if our positions did not make it an impossibility, it would be too unequal a contest."

The flattery was gross, and only my apprehensions could excuse its clumsiness, but to my intense relief it availed, and he turned to his desk again, while I held my breath expectant of his next attack. But none came. He muttered and mumbled to himself, while we stood stock-still, scarce venturing to look at each other, for the fate of Nairn was hanging in the balance, and a straw might turn it either way. At length he picked up his pen and wrote rapidly for a few moments; then carefully sanding the paper he read it over slowly, still muttering and shaking his head; but at last, turning to Margaret, who all this time had remained on her knees, he handed it to her, saying:

"There, miss; take it, take it. Get married; get your brother married; but for Heaven's sake don't bring up any little rebels! And Captain Fitzgerald," he added, meaningly, "don't imagine I can't see as far as other men! No thanks! No! I hate thanks, and tears — and — and — Good-morning, ladies, good-morning!" whereupon he rose and shuffled over in front of the fire, where he stood rubbing his hands, leaving us to bow ourselves out to a full view of his back, which, upon my soul, was a fairer landscape than his face, but with Margaret holding fast the order for her brother's release.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW I TAKE TO THE ROAD AGAIN, AND OF THE COMPANY I FALL IN WITH.

I FULLY expected an outburst from Lady Jane the moment we were in the coach, but all she said was:

"Such a man! I have known women silly and vain; I have known women cruel and brainless; but such a combination of the qualities I never expected to meet in man; it makes me blush for the vices of my sex."

"Do not scold him, dear, do not scold him!" cried Margaret, joyously. "My heart is too full of thankfulness to hear a word against him."

"My dear Miss Margaret," said I, "I would not for the world dash your joy, but there is still much to do, for I doubt if even the King could give a pardon offhand in this fashion. Remember England is not France."

"Oh, do not say it is useless!" she cried, in a sudden alarm.

"Not useless, certainly. I doubt, however, if the presentation of that scrap of paper before the gates of Fort William would reward you with anything more

than the most bitter of disappointments and a broken heart. It was an easy way enough for his Grace to rid himself of our importunities, but we'll make it more effective than he guesses. Now is the time for the Vicomte to play his part. He is in a position where, with many anxious to do him favors, he can readily place this in the proper channel where it will go through the necessary hands, of which we know nothing, and could not reach if we did; he can so place it without reflection on his position, without suspicion of his motive, and I'm certain you can count upon his best efforts in your service."

"Come, come, Hughie!" broke in Lady Jane; "you needn't be trying to take any credit to yourself for what Gaston is only too ready to do. That your flattering and ready tongue stood us in good stead with this silly noddy I'll not dispute, but I can readily see as clearly as he says he can; and though your suggestion is good, it should end there. Let Gaston make his offers himself."

So I laughed, and at once abandoned that line of approach. Lady Jane might not always have control of her temper, but she knew every move a man might make, even before he realized it himself, as in the present instance, and possibly this was the reason she was so tolerant of my sex.

However, I had but little time for such reflections. The more I thought over the end of our interview with the Duke the less I liked it, and on comparing impressions with Lady Jane on our arrival at Essex Street, she quite agreed that I was in a ticklish position. London was then infested with spies, most of whom had a keen scent for what the failure of our late enterprise had now fixed as treason, and despite my precaution in keeping out of questionable resorts and company, I knew that in my case 'twas little more difficult to smoke the Jacobite than the gentleman in whatever disguise I might assume.

"Hughie, I'm not one for silly alarms," said Lady Jane, "but I mistrust that doddering old pantaloon, and 'you must build a high wall to keep out fear.' You've done all you can here, and I doubt but you've got yourself in a rare coil in the doing of it. Now to undo it as best we may."

"I'll not deny that things look 'unchancy,' as we say in the North, Cousin Jane, but for the life of me I don't see how they are to be bettered by anything I can do now."

"My heart! But men are slow to see ahead! We will be away out of this the moment we are assured of this young callant's safety, in a week or so at most, I hope. I will take ship from Harwich, and you shall journey with us as my servant, my courier."

"Do you think that is absolutely necessary, cousin?"

"Hughie, Hughie, how long will you continue to walk with Vanity?"

"Just so long as I must lie down with Adversity, cousin. Cannot you understand it is humiliating for a man of my condition to go masquerading about the country as a lackey?"

"Not so readily as I can understand the awkwardness of being laid by the heels, Master Hughie. Now don't have any more nonsense! Do you start off this very night for Huntingdon, and lie at the Bell Inn there until you hear from me. It will not be for more than a week. Let me see, yes, 'Simpkin' will be a good name for you."

"Do I look like Simpkin?" I returned, indignantly.

"My certes, no! You look more like the Grand Turk at the moment," she answered, laughing. "But you must conceal your rank, my lord, by your modesty and 'Mr. Simpkin,' until I can offer it a more effective covering in a suit of bottle-green livery."

"I trust your ladyship will not require any reference as to character?"

"It is written on your face, sir. There! I will countersign it for you," whereat she put her two hands on my cheeks and kissed me.

"'Pon my soul, Cousin Jane, I don't wonder the men raved over you," I said, in admiration.

"No, poor things, it doesn't take much to set them off at the best of times. But do not begin your flatteries, Hughie; even age is no warrant for common-sense when it meets with old gratifications. Be off now, and get back here for supper, ready for your travels."

I hurried off to my old lodgings, and soon made such preparation for my journey as was necessary.

When I parted from Mistress Routh I said: "I have learned during the time

spent under your roof how irrevocable your resolve is, and have accepted it as absolutely as yourself, but now that I am going away from England, which I shall probably never set foot in again, and it is still more probable that we may never meet, I have one promise to exact which you cannot refuse. It is presumable my way in life will be in some degree successful, and that my son may some day need such aid as I may be able to give him; he is yours while you live, but promise me when your time comes you will tell him who his father is. Because you have chosen a different way of life from mine, do not be tempted to allow the boy to go to strangers when you know he has a heart waiting to love and cherish him. I have never done a dishonorable action in my life, so far as I can judge, and if only for his sake, I will always try and keep my conscience free to make the same affirmation. A message to Mr. Drummond, the banker in Charing Cross, will always find me. Can you refuse?"

"No; it is only justice. Your claim comes after mine. I promise I will not die without telling the boy who you are."

For herself she resolutely refused to take a shilling more than was due for my lodging, but I succeeded in forcing her acceptance of a matter of twenty pounds, the last of my own money, not Lady Jane's, to be used for the boy. She stood beside me silent and unmoved whilst I kissed him in his sleep, and when I parted from her she said, "Good-by, Captain Geraldine," with a composure I fain would have assumed myself, but it was impossible.

The supper at Lady Jane's was gay enough, even the Vicomte contributing his modicum of entertainment, no doubt stimulated thereto by the thought of my near departure, and surely, when a man may give pleasure by his goings as well as by his comings, he is in a position to be envied. I sang Jacobite songs that evening with an expression that would have carried conviction to the Duke of Cumberland himself, and when I took my departure with the Vicomte after midnight, I left a veritable hot-bed of sedition behind.

My companion, though outwardly civil, took my little pleasantries with so ill a grace that I was in a measure prepared for his words at our parting before the coach-office.

"Chevalier, you are a man of many charming parts; I trust you will long be spared to exercise them in quarters where they may fail to give offence to any one."

"My dear Vicomte," I replied, "Providence has bestowed on me only my poor talents, but has not granted me the power to provide appreciation in others. Still, if you should feel at any time that I am answerable for the short-comings of which you complain, do not, I pray, let any false delicacy stand in your way. I should be complimented in sustaining such an argument." At which he only bowed in his stateliest manner, and wishing me a safe journey, bent his steps towards St. James's Street.

I must confess such a quarrel would have been infinitely to my taste, but unfortunately there would have been no satisfaction to me even if I had pushed it to a successful issue. My way towards Margaret was stopped by a much more serious obstacle than any man who ever drew sword. Did the Vicomte but know this, possibly my connection with Lady Jane might not have appeared to him so radical a reason for keeping the peace between us. With these thoughts and others germane to them I whiled away the time until the coach was ready, and at the dead hour of two in the morning we rolled out of London on our way to Huntingdon, where we arrived at eight the following evening.

I put up at the Bell, which was comfortable enough, and made shift to employ my time through the long week before me in some manner that would reasonably account for my stay in a dull country town which offered no attractions to a man of fashion.

At length my letters reached me, and my gorge rose at the address:

Mr. Simpkin,

Lying at the Bell Inn,

Huntingdon.

Now it had never cost me a second thought to travel as a peddler when making my escape from Scotland, but this wishy-washy nonentity of a name annoyed me beyond measure. Think you did ever "Mr. Simpkin" salute at Fontenoy, or make a leg at Marly? I doubt it.

Nor is it strange that a man with no more vanity than myself should find some little vexation at the perversity of Lady Jane in fastening this ridicule upon me. That it was intentional I could not doubt from her letter, for she rallied me upon it at every turn she could drag it in. However, I had the consolation that I was to join her forthwith at Harwich, and my journey across the country over bad roads with a pair of wretched nags gave me more material discomforts to rail at, and by these means I brought myself to a frame of mind that I could at least imagine Lady Jane's enjoyment of her childish jest.

When I reached Newmarket, I found, to my disgust, it was impossible to go forward again that night, but was on the road bright and early the next morning; however, it was evening before I was set down at a decent-looking inn beside an arm of the sea, across which I saw the spires of Harwich twinkling a welcome to me in the setting sun.

Having settled with the post-boys, I desired the landlord to attend me within.

"I see you have boats there, which is fortunate, for I wish to be set across the water at once," I said on his entry.

"That is impossible, your honor; it is too late."

"Nonsense, my man. There is for a bottle of your best, and enough to make up to you my not remaining overnight. I must set off at once!"

"But, your honor, it can't be done. No boat is allowed to cross after sunset. The frigate lying there is for no other purpose than to prevent it. 'Tis on account of the smuggling."

"Don't talk such rank nonsense to me, sir. Do I look like a smuggler?"

"No, your honor, you do not, so far as I can judge."

"Then come, my man, I must be put across."

"Oh, sir, 'tis of no use; I should be a ruined man," said the poor-spirited creature, almost snivelling.

Seeing this, I tried him on a new tack. "You scoundrel!" said I, laying my hand on my sword and advancing towards him threateningly, "if you fail to have me on my way before half an hour is over, I'll pink the soul out of you."

"Oh Lord, sir, have a care what you do!" he shrieked in terror, and before I could intercept him he had thrown open the door into the adjoining room, where three officers sat at their wine before the fire.

"Captain Galway! Your honor! I am undone for upholding the law! Save me! Save me!"

"Damn you for a whining hound! What do you mean by rushing in like this?" roared the officer addressed, who I marked wore a naval uniform.

During the babel of explanations which followed from the terrified creature I was by no means easy in my mind, for I could not but think the frigate was stationed there for a purpose that touched me more nearly than smuggling, and certainly King's officers were not the company I should have chosen. But hesitation would have been the height of folly. I advanced assuredly, and addressing the company, said:

"Gentlemen, your pardon, for I am afraid that I am really more to blame than this poor man, who it appears was only preventing an unintentional breach of the law on my part. The truth is, I am most anxious to cross over to Harwich to-night, and had no thought to meet with any obstacle in my design, least of all that I should be taken for a smuggler."

There was a laugh at this, and he whom the innkeeper had addressed as Captain Galway said, roundly enough,

"Thank God, sir, his Majesty's officers have still something above the excise to look after!"

"Then, sir," I replied, though his words confirmed me in my suspicion, "I have but this moment paid for a bottle of our host's best; we can discuss it with your leave, and it may serve as footing for my interruption."

There were bows on all sides at this, and my gentleman introduced himself as Captain Galway, commanding the *Triumphant*, now riding at anchor in the bay, and his friends as Major Greenway and Captain Hargreaves, of the 32d Regiment. In turn I introduced myself as Mr. Johnstone, for I was determined to have done with Mr. Simpkin, come what might.

"Ah!" drawled Captain Hargreaves, "one of the Johnsons of Worcester?"

"No," I answered, shortly; "mine is the Border family, but I come direct from London."

Much to my relief, our host now made

his appearance with the wine, and put an end to this uncomfortable questioning. His sample proved excellent; so good that I doubted if even the smuggling story might not have some foundation, and so exact was it to Captain Galway's palate that before we had made an end of the second bottle he swore by all his gods, whose seats appeared to be chiefly in those parts which went to make up his personal appearance, that I should be put across the water though he had to do it himself.

So far everything seemed to run exactly to my liking; but when at his invitation I took my place in the stern-sheets of his boat, it was not without uneasiness I observed Captain Hargreaves draw him aside and whisper to him earnestly, and on his taking his place I saw his humor was altered.

He ordered his men to give way in a voice that suggested the clap of a prison door, and his first words to me were scarce reassuring:

"You are from the Border, you say, Mr. Johnstone? Possibly from the northern side?"

"Yes," I answered, seeing what was before me, and cursing the ill luck that had drawn me into such a trap, but determined to put a bold face on it. "Yes, I am from Kirksmuir, near Lanark."

"Then you may know my midshipman here, Mr. Lockhart, of Carnwath?" and he indicated a lad about eighteen beside me.

My heart sank within me, for this very boy's elder brother had unfortunately been drawn into this unhappy rebellion, and with him I had been intimate. I had been a constant guest at his father's house, and it was impossible to tell what this youngster might have heard.

"Mr. Lockhart's family is honorably known, sir, throughout our country, and I doubt not he can speak equally well of my own," I returned, in my best manner; and fortunately for me the lad was either so bashful, or so busily employed in racking his brain to puzzle out what family mine was, that he could make no reply, and I went on with my most careless air:

"Surely, Captain Galway, it is unnecessary to keep so far down with the tide as it sets. I would not take you out of your way for the world."

"Oh, nonsense!" he cried, with a poor attempt at heartiness. "You shall come on board. We too seldom meet with one of your quality to part so easily. You must make your excuses to your friends. Say you were kept a prisoner." And he laughed loudly at his wit.

Good heavens! how I despised the man who would make a jest of a fellow-creature in such a strait! Had I been a swimmer, I would have taken the chance of a plunge over the side; but in my case that would have been little short of suicide.

"Come, sir, come! You make a poor return for my offer of hospitality," he continued, banteringly; "you are not at all the same man I took you for at the inn."

"Pardon me," I returned, quickly, for his last remark spurred me to my utmost effort, "you gentlemen who go down to the sea in ships forget that we landsmen find even the wobble of a boat discommoding. No man is the same with an uneasy stomach."

"Next thing to an uneasy conscience —eh, Mr. Johnstone?"

"Worse, sir, far worse. You may forget the one at times, but the other is never at rest."

"Oh, well, we are for a time now, at all events!" he cried, with a ring of triumph in his voice, as we slowed up alongside the great ship, and the sailors made us fast by the ladder.

"After you, sir," said my tormentor, as he pointed upward, and, willy-nilly, I mounted the shaking steps with the horrid thought that perhaps it was the last ladder I should mount save one that would lead to a platform whence I would make my last bow to a howling mob at Tyburn.

"It is fast growing dark, sir; we will not stand on ceremony," said the captain, leading to the cabin.

"Do not, I pray," I answered, with some firmness, for I was now only anxious for the last act of the ghastly farce to end; the suspense was growing intolerable.

When wine and glasses were placed before us, the captain filled them both, and raised his.

"'Pon my soul, Mr. Johnstone, I am sorry to lose so good a companion, but we must not put your landsman's endurance to too hard a proof. I wish you a safe arrival with all my heart! My men will put you ashore at once."



"HE ORDERED HIS MEN TO GIVE WAY IN A VOICE THAT SUGGESTED THE CLAP OF A PRISON DOOR."

I was so fluttered by the unexpected turn and the honest heartiness he threw into his words that I could scarce reply, but in some way I made my acknowledgments. In a few moments I was over the side and speeding towards the Harwich shore with all the force of six oars pulled by six impatient men, and I'll wager none amongst them was so impatient as the passenger they carried.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LABOR AND ART.

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

WITH bits of metal, ivory, and wood
Man makes an instrument and calls it good;
But he that wrought with joy the fair design
Cannot evoke the hidden chords divine.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

Second Paper.

IN my last article space did not allow me to describe in any detail the life of the young cavalry officer, though the subject of cavalry life was dealt with to a certain extent, the experiences of the "last joined" being touched on, and some allusion made to the part played by the ladies of the regiment in the social life of its officers.

The daily life of the cavalry officer when he has got through the training in the elementary part of his profession I have not yet described, and I will now endeavor to repair this omission. In some respects my task is not an easy one, as the daily life of the officer naturally varies with his surroundings, which, in their turn, depend to a considerable extent on the station in which he happens for the time being to be quartered, and also to a certain extent on the regiment to which he happens to belong. Some of the home stations of our cavalry are unfortunately large towns, such as Dublin and Leeds, and in these places the opportunities for indulging in field sports are very limited, and the sporting tastes of the majority of the officers can only be gratified at considerable expense. However, whatever difficulties are in the way, hunting during the winter months will be found to take up the greater part of the spare time of the younger men, at any rate, while nearly all shooting parties in the neighborhood will be usually largely recruited from the nearest cavalry barracks; and in the summer it is possible at most stations to get a certain amount of polo, though the time devoted to this game will depend in great measure on the importance attached to it in the regiment. Some regiments, notably the 10th Hussars, the 13th Hussars, and the 9th Lancers, are great polo regiments, usually hotly contesting the last stages of the inter-regimental tournament; and the amount of time and trouble devoted to the practice of the game in these corps, to say nothing of the very large sums spent on the purchase of ponies, would be almost incredible to many civilians. Polo is, under any circumstances, an expensive game, but when the goal in view is the winning of the above-mentioned tournament, it is of the greatest importance to secure the best possible mounts, almost regardless of cost. In a good polo pony certain qualities difficult to find in combination are of very great importance. To commence with, he must not be more than 14.2 hands in height; he must be very fast, and, moreover, be able to jump off at full speed at the shortest notice; this great pace will rarely be found in any but practically thoroughbred ponies, and animals of this class are usually headstrong and impetuous; but the polo pony must be temperate and handy, though full of courage, and must be able to carry from twelve to fourteen stone, or even more. It is obvious that the man who desires to possess a number of ponies combining all these good qualities must own a well-filled purse, as he will often have to give two or three hundred guineas for the animal he covets; and excellent training in pluck and horsemanship as the game affords to the cavalry soldier, it is a question whether the extravagance entailed thereby, and the consequent loss to the service of many promising young officers, is not almost too heavy a price to pay for the incomparable seat and dashing horsemanship with which the "king of games" rewards its votaries.

Leaving those regiments in which polo furnishes the chief topic of conversation and the most engrossing subject of interest to all ranks during the summer months, we shall find that the game is played in every cavalry regiment to a greater or less extent, the cost of the game being kept within bounds by the adoption of the "club" system. By this system the funds for the purchase and maintenance of ponies are provided by subscription among all the officers, whether they play the game or not, and during the winter months any officer wanting a pony for a hack or a trapper can have one from the club simply by paying the cost of his keep. The funds of the club are managed by a committee of the officers, to one or two of whom is intrusted the replacing of ponies cast for various reasons. Of course regiments de-



A CANNON AT POLO.

pending on the club system are hardly likely to pay the enormous sums necessary to get hold of the speediest and highest-class ponies, and hence are seriously handicapped in an attempt to win the inter-regimental cup; but in spite of this drawback the game is just as useful as the faster tournament game in teaching "hands" and horsemanship, and the young soldier who has graduated in the polo-field will rarely come off second best in a contest for supremacy with an unruly horse. Moreover, even in regiments where the "club" system is adopted, good management often provides the very best ponies. The raw material is cheaply purchased, and where the agent of the corps possesses patience and good judgment, care in training develops the necessary qualities. Besides polo, cricket and racquets take a leading place among the summer amusements of the cavalry officer; in fact, the "pair" sent up by that well-known cavalry regiment the 12th Lancers are the present holders of the Racquets Challenge Cup open to the whole army.

But other amusements, less innocent in some respects than the games I have been discussing, offer very powerful attractions to a large proportion of officers. The turf is a great English institution, and has its adherents among every class of society in the three kingdoms, so it is hardly to be wondered at that men who live in a society in which horseflesh furnishes one of the principal topics of conversation should feel themselves irresistibly drawn into the vortex of racing. The majority content themselves with the rôle of spectators, but some cannot thus satisfy their love of sport and their craving for excitement, and soon set up studs of their own, and in many cases devote themselves conscientiously to an endeavor to emulate the prowess in the pigskin of the best professional jockeys. In the pursuit of this aim some, but not many, have had notable success; in fact, it is only a couple of years since the winner of the Grand National was ridden by a cavalry subaltern on full pay. In some societies feats of this kind would be regarded with an attitude of mild condemnation, or of doubtful approbation at the best; but those who know the courage, readiness of resource, self-denial, and continuous hard work necessary before a success of this kind can be hoped for, are little likely to undervalue the steeple-chase course as a training-school for the young soldier. The gallant Roddy Owen, who, by-the-bye, was an infantry officer, proved that the coolness and courage which had gained him such high honors on the race-course, making his name in very deed a household word, were equally available when the opportunity came for employing them in the service of his country, and eminent soldiers and statesmen soon recognized a kindred spirit in the hero of Aintree and Sandown. On active service, in the moment of imminent danger and great and sudden emergency, the self-reliance and quickness of resolution which are indispensable to the successful steeple-chase rider cannot fail to be of the utmost value to the soldier, consequently I hope that the day is far distant when the amateur jock will be looked upon with disfavor by his military superiors. For the mere spectators the case is different; many of these go racing for many years without coming to grief; but others, less cool-headed, succumb to the fascination of the betting-ring, which, alas, every year claims a toll—though, happily, yearly a decreasing one—from the ranks of our cavalry. As is the case in the regiments composing the Household Brigade, annual "point-to-point" and steeple-chase meetings are held by each cavalry regiment, at the latter function the events usually consisting of the Regimental Challenge Cup, the Subalterns' Cup, and probably a race for some other trophy, the meeting concluding with a race for the farmers or the members of the local hunt. At these meetings the latent talent of the embryo jockey is probably first discovered, and a lad who is found to be the happy possessor of nerve, dash, and judgment, in addition to a good seat and hands, will not be long without offers of mounts from his brother officers, which will soon make his name familiar to the racing world.

Turning from racing and other amusements to what may be termed the interior economy of the mess, the visitor to the institution will probably be struck in the first place by the cleverness with which all the furniture is designed with a view to portability as well as comfort. The necessity for this is obvious, when one reflects that a regiment is rarely left longer than a year or two at the outside in the same station, and that the furniture supplied by a paternal government consists only of a number of Windsor chairs, and



BUYING ARAB HORSES.

a dining-table and sideboard of Spartan simplicity. Carpets, curtains, mirrors, easy-chairs, sofas, occasional tables, book-cases, pictures, etc., all have to be moved about from one station to another at the expense of the corps, which also has to provide the whole of the glass, cutlery, table-linen, etc., required by its members, in addition to the silver mess plate, which is generally exceedingly handsome, and, as a rule, contains many trophies won on the turf or on the rifle-range, as well as the fine pieces of plate presented at different times by individual officers, or purchased out of the funds of the corps.

The care and cleaning of this plate, often of the value of over a thousand pounds, are in themselves sufficient responsibility for one man—as a general rule a private belonging to the regiment, who performs practically no military duty, but devotes his time to the care of the silver committed to him. The whole of this silver is packed in cases specially made to fit each article when the regiment is on the move, and when in quarters is stored in a room in the mess buildings, in which room is placed the bed of the "silver-man" responsible for its safe custody.

Among social functions the weekly guest-night holds a leading place, and it may be of interest if I shortly describe one of these festive occasions. To commence with, it is *de rigueur* in every well-ordered regiment that every officer, whether married or single, present with the regiment should dine at mess on guest-nights, and the party is swollen both by the private friends of the officers and by a sprinkling of the local notabilities asked as guests of the mess. On their arrival the guests are received by their own private hosts and by the commanding officer of the regiment in the anteroom, from which a move is made to the mess-room when dinner is announced, the company in many regiments moving to their seats to the air of "The Roast Beef of Old England," discoursed by the band of the corps posted in a gallery or out-building adjoining the dining-room. On the dining-table and the sideboard the mess plate is displayed in all its gleaming splendor, the historical associations connected with many of the principal pieces possibly calling forth a flow of reminiscence from the senior officers and any old members of the regiment who may happen to be present, which cannot fail to have a peculiar fascination for the interested civilian guest. In a conspicuous place, if dining at an infantry mess, will be seen displayed the colors of the battalion, in many cases the silk sadly defaced and tattered by the storms of many continents, the honored emblems bearing on their folds the record of many gallant deeds, well calculated to fire the blood of youth or to quicken the slackening pulse of the old.

A selection of music is played during dinner by the band of the regiment, the programme concluding with the regimental march blending into "God save the Queen," or, in some regiments, "Rule Britannia." After the dessert has been placed on the table, the wine is circulated, and, all glasses being filled, the officer sitting as president rises from his chair, and raising his glass, calls out, "Mr. Vice-President, the Queen"; on this all rise, glasses in hand; the young officer sitting as vice-president gives the toast, "Gentlemen, the Queen"; the band, which has been on the lookout for a signal from the mess sergeant, crashes out the national anthem, and the health of the sovereign, drunk with enthusiasm, ends the brief ceremony, the flow of chaff, laughter, and conversation, momentarily interrupted, bursting forth afresh. Till the wine has been once round the table after dinner no officer is permitted to leave the room, except by permission of the president—a permission rarely granted on guest-nights except to the orderly officer, who has to collect reports at tattoo and see lights out in barracks. The innocent breach of this rule by newly joined officers is usually punished by a fine, the offender having to stand champagne to all the mess. Fines of this nature are rather an institution in the service, the acts leading to their infliction differing in different regiments, but in all cases the youngster must walk warily at first, or he will find himself with a very swollen wine bill at the end of the month. Fines are usually inflicted for such causes as the following: the drawing of a sword in the premises of the mess, parting company with one's horse on parade or in the school, dropping one's cap under similar circumstances, wearing the belt for the first time as orderly officer, etc.; while other incidents, such as promotion, or the winning of a race, are regarded as legitimate reasons for standing champagne. Before the stage of coffee and cigars is

reached, to return to our guest-night dinner, the band-master is invited into the room to join the officers in a glass of wine, a place being laid for him on the right hand of the president; and this little ceremony over, an adjournment is soon made to the anteroom or billiard-room, and tables are usually made up for whist or less serious games, till the departure of the guests and seniors is a signal for a certain amount of horse-play and "ruxing," which, it must be admitted, is occasionally carried rather to an excess. Sometimes a mock court martial is assembled for the trial of a subaltern for some imaginary crime, a trial conducted with all the form and ceremony of the real article, with the exception that the finding is invariably "guilty," and that there is a certain monotony about the sentences, which usually end in the immersing of the culprit, uniform and all, in the nearest horse-trough. Woe betide any unfortunate youth who is unwary enough to go to bed early when one of these orgies is in progress. When his absence is detected, an escort of subalterns will be warned, the delinquent will be fetched unceremoniously into the mess, and will be lucky to escape with a fine of a dozen of champagne. The frequency of the occasions on which this horse-play goes on will be found to vary very much with regiments. In some corps the high spirits of the subalterns lead to a good deal of noise almost every night, while in others it is only on some special occasions, such as the recurrence of some anniversary specially honored in the regiment, that the juniors break out in the fashion above described. Needless to say, regiments of the latter type are the more comfortable to live in, and also the less likely to acquire a brief but unenviable notoriety in consequence of overstepping the bounds of decorum in an unfortunate direction during one of these saturnalia.

I will now endeavor to describe the *ménage* maintained by the mess of a cavalry or infantry regiment serving at home. The cook is naturally a person of the first importance, and is usually a man, often a Frenchman, in receipt of wages varying from £60 to £100 a year; occasionally, especially in Ireland, where regiments are often split up into several detachments, a woman cook is employed from motives of economy, but in any case every effort is made to obtain the services of an artist in his or her profession. To assist the cook in the "fatigue" duties of the kitchen two men are generally provided from the ranks of the regiment—one, the "kitchen-man," corresponds to the kitchen-maid of civilian life, and the other, the "delf-man," takes the place of the scullery-maid. In the upstairs department the chief place is filled by the mess sergeant, who performs the same duties as fall to a confidential butler in civil life, in addition to other duties which are chiefly concerned with arranging, in concert with the mess president, the daily *menu* of the dinner. Under the sergeant the ordinary duties of waiters are carried out by two or three soldiers under a corporal, who are dressed in livery, often clean-shaved in defiance of regulations, and who, though at first probably rather uncouth and clumsy, yet, being selected for their smartness, soon pick up the ways of the professional footman, and make excellent servants. The above-mentioned staff are obviously unequal to the task of waiting on a large number at dinner, consequently a roster is kept by the mess sergeant of the officers' soldier-servants, and the number required are warned for duty by the mess corporal, usually for a week at a time.

All these servants are provided with the livery of the corps by their masters, and naturally wear it at mess; but their skill as waiters is rarely equal to the smartness of their appearance, and very amusing are the tales of their blunders to be heard in every regiment.

The general management of the mess is intrusted to a committee of the officers, as a rule consisting of a major, or captain, and two subalterns, each of the latter being made responsible for some special department, such as the wine or the catering, while the president exercises a general supervision. In a catering mess—that is to say, in a mess where the officers provide their own food, and do not hand everything over to a contractor—the office of mess president is no sinecure, and the comfort and mode of life of the officers as a body are very much in his hands. By Queen's Regulations the daily expenses of living in a mess (for food alone) are not supposed to exceed four shillings, and if the mess president is a good one, and the number of dining members considerable, this sum usually suffices. If not, there are numerous ways



"GENTLEMEN, THE QUEEN."

of keeping within the letter of the law while breaking it in spirit, which do not require to be divulged.

But the expense of the actual messing is only a small fraction of the expenses to which the members of a mess are liable: subscriptions to the polo team, the regimental coach, the regimental hounds —in cases where hounds are kept—the race fund, added to the expenses of maintaining the mess itself, providing servants' liveries, newspapers, stationery, repairs to glass and china, etc., swell the total very often into quite a large sum. Officers above the rank of lieutenant have, in addition, to pay for the maintenance of the regimental band, towards which the government only subscribes a certain number of trumpets and bugles and a contribution to the salary of the band-master, leaving the cost of the purchase and repair of instruments, the payment of extra bandsmen, etc., to be borne entirely by the officers of the corps. The expense of the entertainments which are expected from the officers of her Majesty's regiments, both horse and foot, by the civilian population among whom they are quartered forms in many cases a heavy additional tax on the purses of the officers, especially of the seniors, as these are subscribed for according to rank — the major, whose dancing days are possibly over, having to pay about three times the amount contributed by the subaltern, at whose instigation the ball may have been given, and who dances conscientiously through every item on the programme. One consequence of this perhaps salutary regulation is that the seniors are more inclined to check than to encourage extravagant entertainments. In some corps an "entertainment fund" is maintained, to which all officers subscribe a day's pay, or some similar sum, monthly: the object of this fund is to avoid heavy calls on the purses of the officers, and it is no doubt a very useful institution.

It would be impossible to quit the subject of the social life of the British officer without alluding to the peculiarities of the soldier-servant, in whose hands the comfort of his master lies to a very considerable extent. In the days of long service little or no difficulty was experienced in obtaining and retaining the services of a well-trained and experienced servant, who usually identified himself with the fortunes of his master to an extent rarely met with in civil life, adding also to the usual qualifications of the valet such valuable accomplishments as the power of being able to send up a very fair dinner if called on to cook in an emergency, and sufficient skill as an armorer to repair and keep in order his master's fowling-pieces, while he very frequently was expert enough as a tailor to be able to keep his master's wardrobe in order, sewing on his buttons, and mending his shirts with all the neatness of an accomplished seamstress. Alas! the soldier-servant of this type has vanished, never, I fear, to return. His place has been taken by a very inferior article. The foreign draft annually strips the regiment of all its most seasoned men, thus restricting the officer's choice to the young soldiers who have completed their drills and are not desirous of promotion to the non-commissioned ranks. For many years this state of things has existed in the infantry of the line; a recent order is responsible for the introduction of the evils of the annual foreign draft into the cavalry. The young soldier-servant, therefore, who very probably has never entered a gentleman's room before, has to be taught the very rudiments of his new vocation, with the result that the domestic experiences of his master are likely for some little time to contain more of the unexpected than is either comfortable or desirable. His clothes are folded in the weird manner taught in the barrack-room; his boots are varnished according to the light of nature; his hunting-breeches are balled with such zeal that their wearer is enveloped in clouds of white dust whenever he moves; and his tops, when they have left the hands of this artist, resemble a *chef-d'œuvre* by a painter of the impressionist school. Time and patience will overcome all these difficulties; but the man will hardly have got into his master's ways before the temptations of deferred pay allure him to the reserve, and the task of teaching his successor has to be commenced *de novo*. Yes, I am solemnly convinced that the soldier-servant as a type of the skilled and faithful retainer is a fraud, which is due not to any degeneration in the individual, but to the entire disappearance of the conditions which called his prototype into existence.

What I have written above with reference to the life of the cavalry officer will apply in a great measure to that of the officer of infantry as well, with the exception that, owing to his means being usually considerably more limited, the latter is unable to take part as freely as he would like in the sports of hunting and racing, and the costly game of polo, which come as a matter of course to his more richly endowed brother officer. The sporting foot-soldier, having no point-to-point to win in his own regiment, consoles himself by having a cut in at the races of the local hunt, and, if a light weight and keen on polo, will manage to see a good deal of hunting from the backs of the game little ponies he has played all the summer. He must console himself with the reflection that every lot has its compensations, and if he cannot break himself by owning race-horses, he is quite at liberty to lose his money in backing the horses belonging to wealthier men. Taking the soldier all round, the sporting blood flows hotly through his veins, and the man who cannot afford to gratify his tastes to the full at home, will find little difficulty in getting transferred to a battalion in India, the poor sportsman's paradise.

In India the life of the young officer is very different from that to which he has been used at home. In the first place, he cannot fail to realize that in India he is the representative of a conquering race, which holds by the sword the possessions which the sword has won. The moral aspect of this situation cannot but have a strong effect in moulding the character of the young soldier, even if in the humblest grade, and doubtless contributes largely to acquiring the habit of command and the air of authority which so soon become part of the nature of the British soldier in the East. The trooper will hardly have been brought to an anchor before she will be invaded by swarms of natives in their picturesque dresses, armed with "chits," or letters of recommendation from previous masters, all anxious to enter the service of the newcomer. If well advised, the novice will be exceedingly chary of engaging one of these gentry, who are quite likely to desert him on his journey up country at the first favorable opportunity, taking with them as much as they can conveniently carry away of their new master's effects. If the young soldier is on his way to join a British or Queen's regiment, so called in contradistinction to the native regiments in the Indian army, his future brother officers will probably have sent a reliable man to meet him and conduct him to his new corps, and under the protection of this individual his journey up country, whether by "dâk" or rail, will probably be made with the greatest comfort possible under the circumstances. The ordinary life in India, and the peculiarities of travel in that country, have been already made so familiar to the world at large that it is not my intention to allude to anything with which the ordinary reader or traveller is likely to be already familiar. Into the *vie intime* of the soldier the enterprising globe-trotter has not yet succeeded in penetrating, and it is with peculiarities in which it differs from the life of the civilian that I now propose to deal.

In his regiment at home the officer is accustomed to living in government quarters, to being waited on by a soldier-servant, and to being dependent for the comforts of his existence on a mess occupying a portion of the barracks built solely for that purpose. In India he will find these conditions, as a rule, non-existent. In very few places are there officers' quarters owned by government; the rule is to find the officers of a regiment occupying bungalows, rented from a private individual, in the neighborhood of the lines of the regiment, while the mess buildings will, as a rule, be similarly rented by the mess as a whole. In most cases the officers will go shares in bungalows, two or more officers to each house, and the younger ones will often have many of their servants in common, though each will, of course, keep a bearer or butler, the title varying with the presidency in which he is serving, exclusively for his own service. In Bengal, in addition, it is usual for each officer to keep a khitmutgar, whose duty it is to wait on his master, and on his master alone, at mess and when dining out. The service of a dinner by these well-trained and silent servitors, moving noiselessly in their bare feet, is as good as can be met with anywhere in the world, and is apt to spoil the man accustomed to it for the rougher ministrations of the home-grown mess waiter.

Life in most parts of India may be roughly divided into the life of the cold weather,

and the struggle for existence during the grilling days and almost hotter nights of the rest of the year, when in many places existence is only possible by the continued use of punkas and thermantidotes, and other appliances indigenous to the country. Needless to say, in the hot weather a determined effort is made to get away to the delights of the nearest hill station, life at which elysiums has been made familiar to all by the graphic pen of Rudyard Kipling, who has also brought vividly before the most unimaginative of mortals the miseries of the lot of the unfortunates condemned to swelter through the arid summer months in the plains. During this trying time military duties are naturally reduced to a minimum, though musketry still goes on in many places, and the professional zeal of the keenest soldier is generally easily satisfied with the one parade a day (Thursday, the general military holiday throughout India, excepted), which parade is held in the early morning before the sun has had time to acquire his full power, being usually over by eight o'clock.

Orderly-room and breakfast have now to be attended to, and when this is over the rest of the day is given up to an endeavor to get cool, to sleep, and to pass away the time till it is possible to venture forth for the game of racquets, polo, or tennis, which is required to provide the exercise necessary for health. This over, the club will be visited for a "peg," *Anglicè* drink, and a game of pool or billiards before dinner, and the evening may be brought to a conclusion with more billiards or a rubber of whist. The hot weather will also afford the sportsman an opportunity of putting in for leave to visit Cashmere, or to make an excursion into the Terai in quest of tiger. Leave is given with a free hand in India. In times of peace within our borders any officer can count on his two, three, or even four months' leave in the year, which compares favorably with the two and a half months' obtainable in the winter at home. But the leave season is brought to a conclusion with the arrival of the cold weather, when the military training of the troops is taken seriously in hand, and when camps of exercise, involving much hard work on all ranks, are annually formed at the principal military centres.

Besides this revival of activity in purely military directions, the cold weather will also witness a great quickening of social activity in nearly every station, the fair occupants of the numerous bungalows in the larger cantonments returning from the hills, where they have been dancing, picnicking, and flirting away the summer months, to enter with a renewed zest on the same occupations with fresh fields to conquer and fresh game to subdue.

In some places fox-hounds, imported from England, which have been sent to the hills during the hot weather, are brought back to their kennels, and the ardent horseman abandons the fascinations of pig-sticking for the tamer pursuit of the jackal, which is in some instances carried on with all the pomp and circumstance of fox-hunting at home. At many places cricket is now in full swing, and race-meetings and the great polo tournaments give a zest to existence which had been sadly wanting in the torrid months, now almost forgotten. The British officer in India is as keen on racing as his brother at home; and if he wants to gamble, facilities for doing so are supplied by the selling lotteries, which take the place of the accommodating book-maker. Horseflesh is cheap in India, though high-class polo and racing ponies certainly command fancy prices, the latter, miniature race-horses of 13.2 and under, taking the place of the thoroughbred in England; but every subaltern can possess his "tat," and the "sport of kings" can be indulged in by men who would find it impossible to be more than spectators at home. For this reason, and for the facilities that exist for the pursuit of every sport at a moderate expense, India is indeed a paradise for the average Briton—that is to say, if he can retain his health, a condition which is more easy to fulfil in these days of improved sanitary knowledge than it was in the past.

Unfortunately, owing to the falling rupee, the poor man is becoming daily at a greater disadvantage in India, but even now the young soldier of a hardy stock, of scanty means, and keen on gratifying the sporting instinct, which forms such a strong characteristic of his race, can do worse than throw in his lot with the British army in the "Gorgeous East."

OUR FUTURE POLICY.

BY THE HON. J. G. CARLISLE.

WHETHER we shall enter upon a career of conquest and annexation in the islands of the seas adjacent to our shores and in distant parts of the world, or adhere to the peaceful continental policy which has heretofore characterized our national course, is by far the most important question yet presented for the consideration of our people in connection with the existing war with Spain. To even the most careless observer of current events it must be evident that the avowed purpose for which the war was commenced has passed almost entirely out of the public mind, and that, if not wholly abandoned before hostilities cease, it will be accomplished merely as one of the incidents attending the success of our arms, while other results having a permanent and controlling influence upon our future national life and character may make this struggle with a feeble monarchy in Europe the commencement of a new era in the history of the great American republic. Spain may not be able to maintain her existing dynasty, or even her present form of government, and yet it may be that she has provoked a conflict which will mark the beginning of a radical change in the domestic and foreign policy of the United States, and possibly the beginning of a revolution in the opinions and aspirations of our people which may ultimately prove fatal to the simple republican institutions under which we now live.

The only causes for the intervention which resulted in the present war, as stated by Congress in a resolution approved by the President, were that "the abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating, as they have, in the destruction of a United States battle-ship, with 266 of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, and cannot longer be endured." For these reasons only it was declared that the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent; that it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the government of the United States does demand, that the government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from that island and its waters; and that the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States, to such extent as may be necessary to carry the resolution into effect. Even if the resolution had stopped here, it would have been perfectly plain that there was no purpose of conquest or annexation, because the right of the people of Cuba to be free and independent, which includes a right to establish and maintain a separate government of their own, was distinctly declared; but, in order to give the world positive assurance of our unselfish purposes, the resolution concluded with the unequivocal statement that "the United States hereby disclaims any disposition to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

This demand, with the disclaimer incorporated in it, was at once officially transmitted to our minister at Madrid for delivery to the Spanish government, with the announcement that a response must be made within forty-eight hours. That government having prevented the delivery of the demand by the summary dismissal of our minister, Congress promptly declared that war existed between the two countries from the date of that act, and we are now engaged in the prosecution of hostilities for the reasons and purposes set forth in the resolution. Unless bad faith is to be imputed to our government, the conclusion is inevitable that if this demand had been complied with, the whole purpose of our intervention would have been accomplished, and no further proceedings of an unfriendly character

would have been taken. If we were actuated by any other motives or entertained any other purposes, then was the time to declare them, in order that our own people and the world at large might fully understand the grounds upon which it was proposed to justify our action. Honesty is the best policy for nations as well as for individuals, and having thus explicitly declared the purpose for which the war was to be prosecuted, we cannot, without serious injury to our national character and standing, enter upon a crusade for the spoliation of the enemy's territory. Such a course would not only forfeit the respect and confidence of other nations, and deprive us in large part of the sympathy which our declared position has secured for us, but might provoke such unfriendly proceedings upon the part of other governments as to embarrass our operations and greatly prolong the struggle. But our national honor is pledged, and ought to be sacredly preserved, no matter what view other nations may take of the subject. Even if the permanent acquisition of the colonial possessions of Spain were desirable under any circumstances, we could not afford to seize and hold them as the result of a war professedly prosecuted solely in the interest of humanity and the right of the people to govern themselves as independent communities.

It is urged by some, however, that we should appropriate the territory of the enemy as an indemnity for the expenditures incurred in the prosecution of the war, but it is obvious that such a course would be wholly inconsistent with the motives avowed by Congress as a justification for the intervention. It would place us in the humiliating attitude of demanding compensation for our humanity and love of liberty. It was perfectly evident from the terms of the resolution that war was expected to follow a refusal by Spain to comply with our demand for the liberation of the suffering people of Cuba, and it was of course well known that war could not be prosecuted without an enormous expenditure of money and a great sacrifice of life and property; and yet a solemn pledge was made that we would not attempt to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over the very territory which furnished the whole cause for intervention. It would be a mere quibble to say that the pledge applied by its terms to Cuba only, and that we are therefore free to seize and appropriate Spanish territory in every other part of the globe. The declarations of the government must be taken as a whole; they announced the motives for the intervention and the object intended to be secured; and the pledge was incorporated only to give additional and positive assurance to the world that no other motives influenced the action of the government, and that no other object was contemplated.

But, independently of the declarations which immediately preceded the commencement of hostilities, are we not impliedly pledged, by our past policy with reference to this hemisphere, not to make acquisitions of territory or establish governments in other quarters of the world? For three-quarters of a century this government has steadily maintained the position that it would not permit European powers to "extend their systems to any portion of this hemisphere," and several times we have been on the verge of serious collisions with other nations on account of a real or supposed purpose on their part to disregard our policy in this respect. At the time this policy was announced by President Monroe it was distinctly understood that it was equally incumbent upon us to abstain from all interference with the internal affairs of European nations. In October, 1823, Mr. Jefferson wrote to President Monroe: "Our first and fundamental maxim should be, never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cisatlantic affairs." And Mr. Monroe, in his message of that year, speaking of our policy in regard to Europe, said it was "not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers." He also declared in the same message, as a part of the policy he was promulgating, that "with the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere." This policy was announced at a most critical period in our history. The Holy Alliance had been formed, and by an addition to its compact in 1822 had declared "that the system of representative government is equally as incompatible with the monarchical principles as the maxim of the sovereignty of the people with the divine right," and the parties to it therefore engaged "in the most solemn manner to

use all their efforts to put an end to the system of representative government in whatever country it may exist in Europe, and to prevent its being introduced in those countries where it is not yet known." One of the well-known purposes of this alliance was to assist Spain in re-establishing her authority over her revolted provinces in South America; but the position taken by the United States, supported by the refusal of Great Britain to countenance the views of the allied kings, put an end to their mischievous plans, at least so far as this hemisphere was concerned; and from that time to the present, by a firm adherence to the policy of non-intervention for political purposes in Europe, and protest against European intervention for like purposes on this side of the Atlantic, we have succeeded in keeping ourselves free from the quarrels and wars of the outside world, and in successfully developing the internal resources of a great republic devoted to the arts of peace and civilization. Suppose it had been announced in 1823 not only that we would not permit European nations to acquire territory or establish their systems of government on this hemisphere in the future, but that we would forcibly expel them from the possessions already held, whether on the mainland or in the seas, and that at the same time we would proceed at our own will and pleasure to acquire territory by conquest or cession, and set up governments in every part of the globe within our reach, can there be a rational doubt as to what the immediate result would have been? The nations already armed and combined to preserve and extend monarchical institutions and to suppress representative government would have resented our declaration by the use of force; and this republic, then just beginning to feel assured of its strength and durability, would probably have been destroyed, and its territory partitioned among the co-operating powers. Even Great Britain, then holding large possessions on this continent, as well as valuable interests in the adjacent seas, would have been compelled, in self-defence, to join in the war of extermination against us, and we would not have had the support or sympathy of a single nation in Europe. The question for us now to consider is whether it would be wise, after maintaining this position for so long a time, and securing the acquiescence of other nations, largely upon the assurance that we would not meddle with their affairs, to reopen the controversy by a total reversal of our policy in regard to the acquisition of territory in remote parts of the world, and thus extend our political interests, power, and influence far beyond the limits voluntarily assigned to them. How can we consistently deny the right of other nations to acquire territory on this continent or in this hemisphere if we at the same time assert our own right to seize provinces and establish governments wherever we may choose? Nations have long lives, and this question is certain to confront us sooner or later if we take the new departure which many of our people now seem to favor.

But even if we were untrammelled by pledges, expressed or implied, or by our past declarations concerning the acquisition of territory in this hemisphere by other nations, there are abundant reasons, affecting our own economic and political interests, why we should not repudiate the conservative and safe policy which has made us the most compact, homogeneous, and progressive country in the world, and enter upon an unjustifiable and dangerous contest for dominion and power beyond the natural limits of our State and Federal systems of government—a contest in which success would prove to be the greatest calamity that could befall us as a nation. That our political institutions were not designed for the government of dependent colonies and provinces is a proposition which scarcely admits of discussion. This was intended to be a free republic, composed of self-governing States and intelligent, law-abiding, and liberty-loving people; and no one has ever heretofore supposed that any territory or community could be rightfully governed by the central authority, except for such period as might be necessary to prepare it for admission into the Union upon a footing of perfect equality with each of the other States. The un-American theory that Congress or the Executive can permanently hold and govern any part of the United States in such manner as it or he may see proper is a necessary feature of the imperialism which now threatens the country; for it is evident that if this theory cannot be practically applied to the proposed additions to our territory, their possession will be a perpetual menace to our institutions. A

large majority of the population which the advocates of conquest and annexation propose to incorporate by force into the body of American citizenship—the Chinese, Malays, half-breeds, native pagans, and others—are not only wholly unfit to govern themselves, but incapable of being successfully governed under our free Constitution. If, however, territory is acquired, it must be governed by either direct Congressional legislation or by the inhabitants themselves, under such supervision and control as Congress can constitutionally exercise. At the close of the war the title to all the territory actually held in subjection by our military forces will, unless otherwise provided by stipulation or treaty, be vested in the United States for all public and political purposes. During the war, and while held by the military authorities, it will be subject to the laws of war, and may be governed accordingly, because it is still enemy's country; and if a *de facto* government has been established by the military authorities during the occupation, and is in existence when peace is concluded, that government may be continued for a reasonable time afterwards, in order that persons and property may be protected until the laws of the new sovereign can be extended over it. This exceptional form of government is justifiable only on the ground of necessity, and consequently it can be rightfully continued only for a sufficient time to enable the new proprietor to establish its own civil authority over the conquest or cession. But this *de facto* military government cannot, after the war is over, exercise any authority inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States. There is no room for a military despotism, or for the exercise of arbitrary power by the civil authorities, anywhere within the jurisdiction of the United States in time of peace; and whenever the Philippine Islands, Puerto Rico, or other islands shall become part of our territory, their inhabitants will be entitled to all the rights, privileges, and immunities secured to the people by the Constitution. While held by the military forces, after the cessation of hostilities, the officials representing the *de facto* government may administer the local affairs and establish rules and regulations for the preservation of peace and order, but the fundamental rights of the people must be respected.

"It cannot be admitted," says the Supreme Court, in a well-considered case, "that the King of Spain could, by treaty or otherwise, impart to the United States any of his royal prerogatives; and much less can it be admitted that they have capacity to receive or power to exercise them. Every nation acquiring territory, by treaty or otherwise, must hold it subject to the Constitution and laws of its own government, and not according to those of the government ceding it."

Whatever power Congress possesses to govern a territory, either by direct legislation or by providing a form of local government by the people, is derived solely from the Constitution, and must be exercised in accordance with that instrument. Every territorial official, whether appointed by the President, designated by Congress, or elected by the people, must take an oath to support the Constitution, and he can perform no valid act inconsistent with its provisions. Under our system no part of our territory or people can be governed by proconsuls or governors-general, but only by responsible officials, whose powers are regulated and limited not only by the express provisions of the Constitution and laws, but by the recognized principles of civil and religious liberty which constitute the bases of our political institutions. The acquisition of territory does not necessarily confer upon its inhabitants the immediate right of suffrage; but trial by jury, the right to the writ of habeas corpus, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of conscience in matters of religion, immunity from unreasonable seizures and searches, the right to acquire and enjoy property free from molestation except by due process of law, and all the other personal rights, privileges, and immunities secured to citizens and others within our jurisdiction, must be respected and enforced in conquered and ceded territory as well as elsewhere.

The great mass of the people of the United States, as now constituted, belong to a race which has been accustomed to the enjoyment of personal liberty and self-government from time immemorial. They are educated in the principles of English and American liberty, and they appreciate the blessings of free government; but the ignorant, degraded, and servile races which it is now proposed to absorb into the body politic know absolutely nothing

about these principles, or the institutions established for their maintenance; and even if they did, they are wholly incapable of appreciating them. All their habits, traditions, experience, and surroundings, especially in the Philippine Islands and the other islands belonging to Spain, are opposed to our theories of government. Not only their political system, but their civilization, their social customs, and their conceptions of right and wrong, are wholly different from ours. The sense of individual independence in the conduct of their own private affairs, and of responsibility to the community and the state in the conduct of public affairs, has never existed in the minds of these people, and it cannot be imparted to them by a mere change of sovereignty. What they are now they must continue to be for many generations, and the political power which their numbers and the popular character of our institutions will ultimately entitle them to exercise will have a strong tendency to debase our legislation, and may even control the choice of the Chief Executive and the whole domestic and foreign policy of the government. The Philippine Islands, with a population of eight or ten millions, must, unless we are to violate the organic law of the land and hold and govern them perpetually as conquered provinces, be erected, within a reasonable time, into several States, each with two Senators, and all together having thirty or forty Representatives; while Cuba, with a population of a million and a half, must also become a State, with two Senators, and at least five Representatives according to the present ratio. But this is not all we have to apprehend, for if we once inaugurate the policy of conquest and annexation beyond the boundaries of our own continent, at what point are we to stop? The possession of the Philippine Islands, Cuba, Hawaii, the Caroline Islands, the Ladrone Islands, and Puerto Rico will not satisfy the aggressive spirit of imperialism; in fact, it will, according to the uniform experience of other nations, stimulate the desire for new acquisitions, and we will almost certainly go on, unless checked by the armed opposition of other powers, until we have fastened upon the United States a black and yellow horde of conscript citizens to debauch the suffrage and sap the foundations of our free institutions. It is a permanent national policy that we are asked to inaugurate, not merely a temporary departure from the course marked out by the statesmen of the past. Visions of a great empire extending into every part of the habitable globe, limited only by the measure of our own military power and the bounds of our own ambition, are already beginning to obscure the popular judgment and silence the voice of sober reason and genuine patriotism. Domestic problems of the gravest character, pressing for settlement, are treated with indifference, while dreams of wealth, of commercial supremacy abroad, martial glory, and autocratic dictation in the great international councils of the world, are inflaming the imaginations of the people, and rapidly driving them, without due consideration, into the endorsement of a policy which, when once adopted, can never be abandoned without a confession of weakness which no administration will ever be willing to make. Every disappointed politician, every adventurous speculator, every ambitious soldier of fortune, and every reckless enthusiast, whatever may be his calling or station in life, will clamor for new acquisitions, and the additional patronage which a compliance with his demands would secure will always constitute a persuasive argument in support of his policy. Every extension of our jurisdiction over inhabited territory acquired from other countries, especially if the inhabitants are ignorant and inexperienced in public affairs, will open a fruitful field for the operations of the unscrupulous politician, which, we may be sure, he will promptly occupy and diligently cultivate. It is said that the Spanish "carpet-bagger" is now the curse of the Philippine Islands, plundering the rich and the poor, the church and the state, with perfect impartiality, and it is probable that his capacity for extortion and peculation has not been exaggerated; but if we appropriate the islands it will very soon be demonstrated that the American species of this pest is much more destructive than the Spanish variety, and that he can easily grow rich and arrogant off the remnants left by his predecessors.

We must not delude ourselves with the hope or belief that the era of conquest and annexation will close when the present programme is completed; it will be the beginning, not the end. After the

first step, public sentiment will be so perverted and the public service so demoralized that it will require more than ordinary moral courage upon the part of the conservative element in the country to resist the aggressive movement, urged on, as it will be, by appeals to patriotism, to national pride, and to commercial avarice. It will take our people a long time to learn, if they ever learn, that the enthusiasm and self-confidence born of successful warfare are not safe guides in matters affecting the permanent policies of the government. The great danger is that they will not learn this truth at all, or learn it too late to save the republic.

While sympathy for the oppressed, and even actual assistance in their struggles for emancipation when it can be properly rendered, are not to be condemned, very few will deny that our first and highest duty is to protect the material and political interests of our own country, and prevent their being subordinated to the real or supposed interests of others, who, whatever may be their condition, are certainly not more meritorious than our own people. Whether Cuba shall be free and independent and shall have a stable government are questions of great importance to the people of that island, and of considerable importance to us; but the question of greatest importance to the people of the United States is whether they shall allow a war prosecuted ostensibly for the independence of a foreign people to be made the pretext or the occasion for changing the very essence of our national character, and for converting their own government into a great war-making, tax-consuming, land-grabbing, and office-distributing machine. No graver question than this will probably ever be presented for the consideration of the American people, for upon its decision depends the preservation or destruction of the vital principle of our federative republic of equal States. If we are to close and seal up the records of the past and begin a new history, it ought not to be said hereafter that it was done without a protest from the friends of democratic-republican government, or without a full knowledge of the probable consequences.

Hitherto we have been exempt from the maintenance of large standing armies and great navies, and consequently the burden of taxation, while much greater at some periods than the real necessities of the public service required, has never been so heavy as seriously to impede the growth and prosperity of the country. Our energies have been devoted to the cultivation of the arts of peace, to the construction of great highways, to the development of our mineral resources, to the improvement of waterways, to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and to the establishment of charities and institutions of learning, and all the other interests and objects which most distinguish the civilization of a peaceful American republic from that of the armed and fortified kingdoms and empires of the Old World. Under this policy our military and naval establishments have been comparatively inexpensive, and as a general rule they have practically constituted mere branches of the civil service. They have not dominated the country or materially influenced the course of public affairs, but have been subordinate to the civil authorities in practice as well as in theory. Fortunately for us, the militarism which constitutes the most conspicuous and apparently the most dangerous element in the social and political systems of France and the German Empire has not, up to the present time, asserted itself to any considerable extent in this country. But if we are to adopt and successfully maintain an imperial policy, the glory of the achievement will belong principally to the army and navy, and the people at large will simply enjoy the privilege of paying the cost. Each successful expedition, each forcible extension of our jurisdiction over an unwilling people, will add to the laurels of the military branches of the government, and the almost inevitable result will be that their social and political influence will grow until they overshadow all other callings and professions. Military Senators and Representatives in Congress will enact laws for a military President to execute, and military Governors of States will not long perplex themselves with questions of civil law when the soldiery under their command can easily cut the knots with their swords. We will be more fortunate than the people of some other countries if our judicial tribunals, under the elective system, shall escape the influence of the military spirit and continue to administer justice between private individuals and between the government and its citizens according to the simple and conservative

rules and processes of the common law of the land.

When territory is conquered or annexed, we must not only govern it, with or without the consent of its people, but we must also be prepared at all times to protect it against the possible encroachments of other powers; its cities and towns must be garrisoned by a sufficient military force, and its coasts must be fortified and guarded by a navy strong enough at least to meet any sudden emergency. This involves an enormous addition to our regular army, and such a permanent increase of our naval establishment as will keep it constantly upon a war footing. This drain upon our resources must be met immediately by exorbitant taxation upon the property of the people, and, sooner or later, by conscription of their persons; for great standing armies and navies cannot be permanently maintained by voluntary enlistment in a country where the opportunities for profitable employment are so great as they are here. The unwholesome climates of our tropical possessions will demand new victims every year, and thousands of our young men must be forcibly withdrawn from the productive industries of the country and sacrificed to the remorseless spirit of imperialism, which has already ruined many nations and impoverished and oppressed many people. Our fathers made what they supposed to be a perpetual protest against it when they forcibly separated the colonies from the mother-country, and established institutions founded on the democratic principle that no people can be rightfully governed except by their own consent; but after the lapse of less than a hundred and twenty-five years we find great numbers of their descendants, inhabiting the country they redeemed, and living under the institutions they founded, openly repudiating the grounds upon which the Revolutionary war was fought, and insisting upon the right to conquer and annex territory and people without affording them the least opportunity to express their will upon the subject. There is absolutely no evidence worthy of consideration to show that a majority of the people of Hawaii or Cuba, or any other island proposed to be conquered or annexed, desire to be attached to the United States, while their character, habits, and past histories strongly conduce to prove that they greatly prefer to remain as they are, or establish independent governments of their own. So far as the example and influence of our republican institutions have educated the minds and encouraged the aspirations of mankind, a repudiation by the United States of the principle that all just governments must be founded upon the consent of the governed would set the world back more than a century, and all the arguments that have been presented, all the battles that have been fought, and all the progress that has been made in the long struggle to emancipate the people from the domination of self-constituted and hereditary rulers will be lost by a single false step taken in the delirium of triumph over a prostrate and dying monarchy. Better a thousand times that monarchical Spain should continue to rule a people against their will than that the United States should usurp her place and hold them in subjection in the name of liberty and humanity.

Here on our own continent we are not only free from molestation by other powers, but free also from any obligation or interest to participate in their quarrels or wars abroad; but the adoption of the imperial policy of conquest and annexation beyond the conceded limits of our political influence will at once precipitate us, wholly unprepared, into the vortex of European and Asiatic complications, and it is not reasonable to suppose that we can successfully maintain our position without co-operating at times with one side or the other in all the controversies that now exist or that may hereafter arrive. We can neither extend the Monroe doctrine to our possessions in Europe and Asia nor maintain it here when we have once crossed the line which has heretofore separated us from the diplomacy and wars of rival nations beyond the seas. If we invade their domain we must leave behind us the traditions and policies of the past, and we must go with arms in our hands prepared to defend what we take against all comers. Presidential messages and proclamations, and even Congressional resolutions and statutes, will not preserve the balance of power abroad, or limit the ambitions of kings and emperors. Wise diplomacy, great armaments, enormous expenditures of money, and the most exacting system of taxation that can be devised will be necessary to establish and permanently maintain our position as

a member of the powerful group of nations now and always contending among themselves for commercial and political supremacy. When we acquire territory we necessarily acquire an interest in all the questions affecting its trade and its material development. The obligation to protect and promote the commercial and other interests of Honolulu and Manila will be precisely the same as the obligation to protect and promote the commercial and other interests of New York and New Orleans, and having extended our jurisdiction over them, we will be bound, by every consideration of honor and duty, to see that no unjust discriminations are made against them by the municipal or international regulations adopted by other countries. At the very outset we are likely to be confronted with the most serious questions growing out of the Chinese situation, and, in the unsettled state of affairs abroad, it is almost certain that other troublesome problems will be presented in the near future. Are we prepared to deal with them? If so, we must enter the field of European diplomacy at once and assume our share of responsibility for the adjustment of European interests, whether peaceably or otherwise. If not, we must, upon a confession of incapacity or indifference, sacrifice the interests of a people whom we have gone half-way round the globe to conquer and annex, and who by our action have been deprived of all other protection. It will be impossible to take part in the discussion and adjustment of European problems, whether they are commercial or political, without committing ourselves to the results, whatever they may be. The great questions of peace and war will no longer be determined exclusively by a consideration of our own interests or the judgment of our own people, but by the controlling influences of European intrigues and coalitions.

Already the most advanced advocates of imperialism, and even some who are opposed to it, are beginning to foresee the results of that policy and to suggest preparations to meet them; but one of the most serious objections to their suggestion is that its adoption would probably provoke at once the very international entanglements which all true Americans desire to avoid. Coupled with the imperial policy, and, in fact, constituting a part of it, an alliance with Great Britain, it is contended, would make us strong enough to hold whatever we chose to take in any part of the world; but the fact seems to be overlooked that if Great Britain is to help us take care of our dependencies, we must help Great Britain take care of hers; and thus, while our power and prestige might be increased, our burdens would be multiplied many fold. Great Britain, by reason of her conspicuous position in Europe, her important colonial possessions in every quarter of the globe, and her aggressive commercial policy, is far more exposed to the danger of frequent wars than the United States, or at least far more than the United States have heretofore been under the wise counsels of our early statesmen. An alliance with Great Britain or any other power would necessarily impose upon us reciprocal obligations and duties, which, when once assumed, could not be disregarded without a breach of good faith, no matter what loss or damage a compliance with them might entail upon us. We have a memorable instance in our history where an alliance with a foreign power, formed during the struggle for independence, afterwards came very near embroiling us in the wars of Europe, and did, in fact, cause a serious rupture, if not actual war, between this country and the other party to the compact. The colonial alliance with France, had it not been for the wisdom and courage of Washington, would have drawn us into the mighty conflicts which convulsed the nations of Europe at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, and we might then have shared the fate of the governments that perished by the sword or were extinguished by treaties and congresses which they were powerless to prevent. Although we escaped the wars, we did not escape all their consequences, and the United States, after the lapse of a hundred years, are still investigating and paying the claims of their own citizens for French spoliations of their commerce. It is best to keep our domestic affairs and the conduct of our foreign relations in our own hands under all circumstances; and if we distrust the power of our own government successfully to prosecute the policy of conquest and aggrandizement, that is a sufficient reason, if there were no other, for condemning the policy itself, but not by any means a sufficient

reason for the formation of an alliance which would require us to assist another nation in extending or preserving its colonial possessions.

Alliances between independent nations, especially when their institutions and interests are dissimilar in any material respect, are always dangerous, even when they appear to be most necessary. Many of the great wars of the world have grown out of disagreements between the parties themselves concerning the character and extent of the obligations imposed upon them by the compact, and out of alleged breaches of good faith upon the part of one or the other; and considering the remoteness of the United States from the theatre of European and Asiatic strife, and the great number and importance of the questions likely to arise in which we could have no real concern, or in which, if concerned at all, our real interests might be opposed to those of our ally, it is, to say the least, highly probable that an alliance with any one of the great powers would not only involve us at once in the diplomatic controversies and perhaps more serious contests with its rivals, but ultimately in a breach of friendly relations between the contracting parties themselves. Undoubtedly, if our traditional policy is to be abandoned, and an alliance is to be contracted with any foreign power, Great Britain is the nation with which we have the most interests and sentiments in common, and therefore the one to which we should look, above all others, for concert of action in matters affecting the general peace and progress of the world. But in order to secure this concert of action in all cases where it may be necessary or desirable, it is not incumbent upon us to tie ourselves hard and fast in advance by a solemn compact. Having a common language, religion, and jurisprudence, and, to a great extent, common interests in the promotion and extension of similar political institutions, the two countries are natural allies, and all that is required in order to make their power and influence practically controlling in international affairs is a frank recognition of this fact on both sides, and the cultivation of the fraternal feeling which it ought to inspire.

Instead of the indiscriminate denunciation and abuse which it has been the habit of a certain class of our legislators and politicians to indulge in for partisan purposes in the past, let them forego in the future the supposed advantages of appeals to the lowest passions and prejudices of the people, and devote themselves to the patriotic task of undoing their own mischievous work. Heretofore it has been impossible to carry on a discussion upon any public question in this country, especially if it related in any way to our economic policy, without having to meet the charge of subserviency to British interests, if not the charge of outright bribery with British gold; and some perverted imaginations have never failed to see the stealthy diplomacy of that government thwarting our purposes in even the most trivial enterprises at home or abroad. According to their view, no policy could possibly be right or beneficial to us if Great Britain was supposed to approve it, and no policy could possibly be wrong or injurious to us if Great Britain was supposed to disapprove it.

The sympathy manifested for us in the present war by the government and people of the mother-country is just what was expected by intelligent Americans who had not allowed themselves to be influenced by the reckless statements and inflammatory appeals of small politicians in and out of office, but it is none the less significant or gratifying for that reason. It will bring the two countries still closer together, and awaken in each a pride of race, a sense of power, and a spirit of moderation and justice in all matters of difference between themselves which will contribute far more to their mutual security and to the promotion of peace with other nations than any mere conventional alliance. When it is understood that there are to be no more wars between people of the Anglo-Saxon race, that all their differences not amicably adjusted by diplomacy will be permanently settled by arbitration, that they are thoroughly united by the ties of blood and a common heritage of free institutions, not for conquest or aggression of any kind, but for the promotion of peace and civilization, and that their combined influence will be exerted for these purposes only, all other nations will realize that a new force has been developed which cannot prudently be ignored in their schemes of aggrandizement in any part of the globe.

AN AUTHOR'S READING, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

FOR some time Sutphen had been in proud possession of a literary club, the leading spirit of which was the lively and exhaustless wife of the chief banker of the town.

People in Sutphen, including her family, her followers, and, last but not least, her husband, never knew what Mrs. Chauncey Stratton was going to do next for the benefit or entertainment of their lives. She rushed them from bazar to out-door play, from concerts to cooking classes. She and her coterie of women-folk had descended upon the editor of the principal newspaper and made him give them one issue of his journal to be edited by them for charity. And about six months before, she had instituted a series of fortnightly meetings, at which men and women were to meet for discussion of books and current events. After the president (of course Mrs. Chauncey Stratton) had accomplished the matter of reading before the assembled club two or three papers embodying her own views of given subjects, and was getting a little tired of it, her friends began dimly to feel that something new would shortly be in order to brighten these occasions — something fresh, metropolitan, *fin de siècle*, that would carry Sutphen again upon the wave of novelty.

But, like all great leaders, Mrs. Chauncey Stratton had malcontents in her camp—close to her person—sharing in her daily councils. The chief complaint made by these unsatisfied ones was, in vulgar parlance, that they were tired of being bossed.

The matter was under discussion one morning in the cozy library of the secretary of the club—a well-to-do spinster, Miss Cornelia Bennett—whose claim to literary cousinship was based upon substantial grounds. For some years she had been in the habit of sending slips of linen cloth to authors in America and Europe, with the request that they would inscribe thereon their names in pencil. These autographs, duly returned to and "back-stitched" in color by Cornelia, were then assembled in a sort of "crazy-quilt," and sold for the benefit of a hospital for incurables. After this signal success in the world of letters, Miss Bennett had been elected, without a dissenting voice, to be Mrs. Stratton's second in command.

She was a meek, ashen-hued female, who, to all appearance, accepted it as her manifest destiny to walk in Mrs. Stratton's tracks, never dreaming of such defiance as pushing ahead of her, or crossing her line of march.

But in reality, while engaged in covering for distribution among the members of the club the batch of new books ordered by Mrs. Stratton from New York, a strange spirit of revolt was kindling in her flat chest. Aiding Miss Bennett in her work sat Mrs. Mark Grindstone, a large, dull, catarrhal lady, chosen to serve as treasurer of their organization chiefly because she lived in a large, dull house, was sustained by a large, dull husband, and wore to church on Sundays a black velvet cloak bursting with jet beads and bugles at every pore.

Dull as Mrs. Grindstone was, she yet possessed the spirit of the traditional worm. "Of what use is it," she asked herself, "to wear the handsomest cloak in Sutphen, if one is always to be ordered to the rightabout by Annetta Stratton?"

And "Why have I been in correspondence with the most prominent brain-workers of two hemispheres," wondered Cornelia, "if here I am actually afraid to portion out the books before Annetta Stratton comes?" And, presently, "If we had only a chance," she murmured, making common cause with Mrs. Grindstone, "to show her that when called upon for independent action we can be her equals in success!"

"We will make a chance," said Mrs. Grindstone, after clearing her throat (rather unpleasantly, Cornelia thought). "What Annetta does not like to think is that other people can do things without her telling them how. It would be a good plan to keep quiet and go ahead and do some big thing exactly as she

means to do it—on the same scale in every way."

"Exactly!" cried Cornelia, with animation, as she wrestled with the crackly brown paper enshrouding the last book of her pile. "One such lesson would be enough for Annetta."

"Just so," said Mrs. Grindstone, fairly slapping her last label into place.

"Look here, girls," interposed old Mrs. Bennett, who always read her morning's paper from the rising to the going down of its varied information, "fine times have come to Sutphen. Here's a city caterer set up in that built-over block on Main Street where Blink's shoe-store used to be before the fire. There's nothing he doesn't offer to furnish to customers—bread, rolls, patty-shells, ice-creams (French and American), birthday cakes, weddin' cakes, salads, cotillon favors, Jack Horner pies—"

"You don't say so!" interpolated Mrs. Grindstone, with housekeeperish relish.

"Yes, and he undertakes to serve 'dinners, luncheons, teas, and receptions with glass, silver-ware and elegant services of china, competent waiters and *chefs*, awnings, camp-chairs, crash, tables, decorations—all in first-class style.'"

"For all the world as they do it in the city," exclaimed Miss Cornelia, excitedly. "Mother, it does look as if Providence had rolled a stone out of our pathway. Everybody knows we could have had just as fine parties as Annetta Stratton, if we'd only not had to ask her how to set about givin' 'em. And so could you, Mrs. Grindstone. Your house is two feet wider than Annetta's—four rooms on a floor, and splendid chandeliers in every room. Just the place for an evening reception, like the one I went to at Professor Slocum's in New York."

"I have often thought of it," sighed Mrs. Grindstone. "Of course there'd be some trouble to get Mr. Grindstone into it. He's sort o' set in his ways, and thinks it a sin to light more than one gas-burner in a room. But we might get over *him*, if there was only any excuse to give a party. Any brides, or explorers, or great folks that we knew, coming to town, that had to be entertained."

"That's it," said Miss Cornelia. "We are as dull as ditch-water in Sutphen—unless Annetta stirs us up," she added, reluctantly.

At this moment enter Mrs. Chauncey Stratton, plump, rustling, well dressed, with red cheeks like a china doll, self-satisfaction in every line of her face, in every movement of her person. At the bare sight of her the two conspirators shrunk into their shells. Old Mrs. Bennett, who had returned to the perusal of a column devoted to the wants of domestic service, alone preserved her equilibrium.

"My dear girls," exclaimed the oracle, dropping into her chair at the literary table, "if I am late, put it down to the claims of excessive correspondence. And as I see you've finished with the books, let me lose no time in informing you that I have just had the good fortune to conclude successfully a negotiation for a lecture before our club by no less a literary light than Timothy Bludgeon, who is at the —— Hotel in New York."

"Bludgeon, the English author?" replied Miss Cornelia, faintly. "Not that I've much opinion of his works, since he refused me his autograph for my quilt, and even sent me a very tart letter through his secretary. But, still, he is the lion of the day."

"Precisely," observed Mrs. Stratton, calmly; "so I made up my mind to get him—and I did."

Mrs. Grindstone made a series of muffled sounds that might have been applause. In her heart she was struck with jealous indignation. Quick as a flash she and Cornelia saw open before them another vista in which Annetta would walk glorified, they remaining part of the inconspicuous crowd ranged on either side of her.

"I asked him to come for our meeting on the fifteenth," remarked Mrs. Stratton, with the same exasperating composure, born of certainty. "And he could just fit it in on his way to Boston. He will arrive on the 11 A.M. train on the 15th, and leave next morning at the same time, thus allowing to Sutphen twenty-four hours. I have decided to give him a dinner in the evening, and to change the hour for the lecture to the afternoon."

"Such assurance!" said both satellites, internally. But they only murmured: "Splendid. Just like you, Annetta," and the like.

"Of course you and dear Mr. Grindstone will be included in my dinner list," went on Mrs. Stratton, addressing her now

speechless treasurer. "And you, Cornelia, will pair with old Major Gooch. Sixteen I can seat easily, all choice spirits, and the rest of the club will have to be satisfied with an introduction to Bludgeon over a cup of tea at five o'clock. Mr. Bludgeon will, I fancy, see that Sutphen is not so far behind New York in her style of doing things."

"And what will the lecture be about?" ventured Cornelia, more than anything to cover her own pique.

"Oh! that is of no consequence. Readings from his own works, possibly. The name of Bludgeon is enough. It will exhaust a good deal of the reserve fund of the club to pay him his price; but I felt sure we could make that all right, Mrs. Grindstone. That I had decided it is best, would, of course, be sufficient for the club."

And the treasurer was to have no voice in this, her own especial branch of service! No wonder Mrs. Grindstone's spirit rose!

Old Mrs. Bennett, breaking in upon the conversation to read aloud an obituary notice striking her fancy, effected a happy diversion.

From that date Mrs. Stratton, absorbed in her own ambitious plans for a feast to the English author that should be described in the local prints, and perchance quoted in metropolitan news columns, saw but little of her two friends. It was observed by some lookers-on that Cornelia Bennett was seen moving about the streets with animation, paying frequent visits to the new caterer, Simonson, and preserving withal an air of pleasing mystery.

Other people saw good Mrs. Grindstone going hither and thither in much the same way. And, putting two and two together, Sutphen decided that there was to be at least a "chicken salad and oyster spread" in store for the members of the Literary Club, following the appearance on their platform of the great man Timothy Bludgeon. The unliterary portion of Sutphen licked its chops at the suggestion!

But, a week before the appointed time, out came a genuine surprise. Two sets of cards were issued simultaneously—one from Mrs. and Miss Bennett inviting their friends to meet Mr. Bludgeon at luncheon on the 15th; the other stating that Mr. and Mrs. Grindstone would be "at home" on the evening of the same day at half past ten o'clock, with the additional words "to meet Mr. Bludgeon" inscribed across the top.

Where now was the wind for Mrs. Stratton's sails? In vain might she whistle for it, when her lion was due to roar at two banquets besides her own in the self-same day.

And, worse than all, Cornelia Bennett, in undertaking to give this ridiculous luncheon of hers, would actually take precedence in point of time of Mrs. Chauncey Stratton! Of course the affair would be a sad failure. Cornelia knew little, her mother less, of the customs of entertaining in modern society. Theirs would be homely doings. Turkey with cranberry sauce, for example; jellies in tall glasses set around a china compotier of floating island. Cakes, big and little. No lobster *farci*, no mushrooms on toast, French chops, birds, tongue in aspic, salads, ices—such as Mrs. Stratton would have ordered. Mrs. Grindstone's festivity would be—equally of course—on the same old-fashioned lines. Oyster stews and moulds of ice-cream the predominating element of the table. A smell of fried oysters enveloping all. Oh, Annetta well knew the sort of thing to expect! She pitied poor Mr. Bludgeon for falling into the hands of these stupid, pushing women, who were not satisfied to sit still and see her take the field of Sutphen's hospitality to distinguished strangers.

One thought occurred to her to fill Annetta's soul with consolation! The weak spot in Sutphen's domestic panoply, as known to all Sutphen's housekeepers, was the general prevalence of plain white or old willow-pattern china on the shelves. Most of Sutphen's lords and masters preferred these varieties of porcelain, and had set their feet down upon any suggestion of change. Strange to say, even the amenable Mr. Chauncey Stratton had once asserted himself so far as to declare he preferred to eat his meals from the dishes he had been accustomed to ever since his wife and he had set up housekeeping.

This was the crumpled rose leaf in Mrs. Chauncey Stratton's couch of down. That her set of white porcelain rejoiced in gilded edges, while those of other people were plain, gave her but limited satisfaction. For two years she had been bend-

ing every energy of her mind toward securing an outfit of Royal Meissen—"onion pattern"—that she had seen in a famous shop in New York. For two years Mr. Chauncey Stratton had resisted her. His attitude was to be accounted for only by the saying of old Mrs. Bennett, "The very best and most biddable of husbands has his obstinate spot, my dear; and when a woman runs afoul of it, she might as well give up."

Of late, coincidently with the threatened dinner to Mr. Timothy Bludgeon, Mrs. Stratton had seen a ray of light pierce the darkness surrounding this question of china for the table. In investigating the resources of Simonson, the New York restaurateur, her eyes had sparkled at the discovery, in the rear of his premises, of an entire service of "onion pattern" Meissen—or, at least, a good imitation of that desired original. What an opportunity was here to deck out her board with an "effect" in porcelain of the latter-day style she aspired to introduce into Sutphen! Little by little the wily caterer had induced her to trust the whole thing into his hands. In cases where Simonson undertook to serve the feast throughout, it was his custom, he said, to supply also the table service—china, silver, dishes, candelabra, rose-colored candles, with shades to match, side-dishes for bonbons—all. Under these conditions, he guaranteed that Mrs. Stratton's dinner should be the finest ever seen in Sutphen. And thus it came to pass that, with a heart lightened of responsibility, but weighted with some apprehension as to the amount of the final bill, Mrs. Stratton had tripped away from Simonson's. Her last word, an afterthought upon the sidewalk, which she returned to the shop to deliver—was to enjoin upon the glib caterer absolute silence regarding every detail of her arrangements.

When the day arrived that was to see the triplicated entertainment of the Englishman, Sutphen was at fever-heat. So much had popular imagination expected of the object of all these cares, it was a distinct disappointment when a solemn little black-a-vised man, carrying an American "dress-suit" case, stepped out of the omnibus of the Dixon House and requested of the clerk of that hostelry one of his one-dollar rooms. Barring a further demand for hot water in a jug—which the bell-boy took to indicate some intention toward a private brew of punch—there was nothing to distinguish the great genius from an ordinary commercial traveller. Some enterprising spirits who had been hanging around the hotel corridor to witness this arrival went home and confided to wives and daughters their opinion that Mr. Bludgeon had better be read than seen. And these ladies, who for days had been conning well-thumbed volumes of his writings, sighed the sigh of disappointment—feeling rather glad, however, that certain entertainers at that moment yearning for his presence were destined to share their disillusionment.

Just before the coming of her twelve guests for luncheon, Miss Bennett received a hasty note from Mrs. Stratton expressing deepest regret that fatigue, resulting from necessary cares of state and home (of which, naturally, there was no one to relieve *her*), would prevent her from being present.

"A positively raging headache, she says," remarked Cornelia, compressing her lips. "Never mind, mother, I don't care. I'll send right over and fill up with little Miss James, the elocution teacher. She is pretty and clever, and can talk up to Annetta any day, if she only gets the chance. And if you'll believe *me*, mother, it's not so much headache the matter with Annetta as vexation because I'm to skim the cream off the milk-pan first; good gracious, I'm tired to death myself; but I'd rather die than give up now."

Curiosity among Miss Bennett's *invités* was fully sated when, upon the arrival of the guest of honor, luncheon was at once announced, and they filed into the well-remembered dining-room, where they had of old partaken of feasts of the frizzled beef and scrambled egg description.

Here, *mirabile dictu!* was a board set out in modern conventional fashion—a silver wine-cooler full of roses in the centre; silver dishlets holding salted almonds, bonbons, and little cakes around it; at each cover a name-card, napkin, glass for claret, another for sauterne, and still another for sherry, setting off a plate of blue Meissen porcelain!

So far Mr. Bludgeon had said little beside hum! and ha! He had devoured his bread and bouillon in silence, and had



"AN OPPORTUNITY TO DECK OUT HER BOARD WITH AN 'EFFECT.'"

drunk a glass of white wine; but now he bestowed upon the listening public his first connected utterance.

"Hum! ha! very fair imitation," he said to his hostess, turning his plate upside down to gaze upon the trade-mark on the bottom. "We use this kind of thing in our own house for every day. Perhaps you knew—but it may be only chance—that this is my favorite pattern in china. Looks clean and tidy somehow, so I tell my wife."

Sustained by this mark of approval, Miss Bennett inwardly blessed Simonson, who, looking unconscious in an evening dress-suit, was occupied at the side table in dispensing platters of fish croquettes to his two subordinates to serve. She only wished that Annetta Stratton might have been near enough to hear. The rest of the meal, whisked along expeditiously by the trained minions, went so fast that Miss Bennett could hardly believe her good luck when all was at an end. True to the instincts of more artless days, she had some thoughts of putting on her bonnet and running out to talk it over with Annetta. But her feet ached, her dress felt too tight, her mother was fretting over the loss of both pairs of spectacles, Simonson's men were overrunning everything, Mr. Bludgeon had gone away without more than the scantiest recognition of her personality—so she went up to her bedroom and had a hearty, nervous cry.

In the Lyceum Hall, that afternoon, when the Literary Club met at 4 P.M. for the "lecture," everybody was buzzing over the reports of the Bennetts' swell luncheon. Mrs. Chauncey Stratton, who had insisted upon calling at the Dixon

House to fetch Mr. Bludgeon to the hall in her own carriage, did not arrive till too late to hear the gossip. Just before the solemn little man stepped upon the platform, the great lady of Sutphen passed up the middle aisle, wearing a bonnet with plumes turning to all points of the compass, a trailing skirt of rich satin, a jet cuirass, and a large bouquet of violets in the bosom of her gown. Smiling, nodding on all sides with conscious pride, this patron of letters took her seat beside Mrs. Mark Grindstone.



"MR. BLUDGEON HAD BETTER BE READ THAN SEEN."

"Seems to me you've 'picked up' since lunchtime," observed that lady, in her customary muffled tones.

"I *do* feel better," said Mrs. Stratton, unable to cease bowing, although in conversation with her friend. "So you were at poor Cornelia's little affair? Do tell me how it went off."

"Six courses—three wines—the whole thing served by Simonson—couldn't have been better done," answered Mrs. Grindstone, lightly.

"Simonson?" The shot had gone home.

"Mr. Bludgeon was most agreeable. He particularly noticed the table service, and seemed so pleased," went on Mrs. Grindstone, who had a long score to settle. "But hush! Here he comes. What do you suppose he is going to read?"

"Didn't you see the programme?" asked Annetta, in a chilly tone. "It was settled with me by letter. In fact, I selected the extracts from his own works, and it will be sure to be satisfactory to all."

We pass over the somewhat subduing effect upon a large mixed audience, alien to him by birth and training, of the Englishman's recital of his own gems of thought. The usual frost accompanying this species of entertainment was deepened while his tragic scenes and interludes were rehearsed successively. Some members of the club were rash enough to whisper between themselves that the entertainment wasn't worth the appropriation from their treasury required to meet its cost.

During the "tea" with introductions, that followed, Mrs. Stratton again rose to the occasion. As the fairy godmother of Genius she was immense. But Genius remained unsmiling. Life was earnest to him during that episode of American homage.

Seated at Mrs. Stratton's right hand at dinner, in her pleasant dining-room, Mr. Bludgeon, in evening dress, unfolding his napkin, looked almost amiable. When he caught sight of the soup-plate succeeding the one on which his oysters had been served, his face actually expanded into a smile.

"Very nice, very nice, upon my word," he said, indicating the object before him with a condescending wave of his hand. "I had always been told you Americans do things in very lavish style, but this, really, is more than I could have expected, don't you know."

Annetta was radiant, although she could not exactly understand why her guest's gratitude for courtesy extended took this form. Evidently Simonson's china, silver, roses, bonbons, decorations, were on a scale surpassing anything in Bludgeon's

previous experience of America. She felt she could afford then and there to forgive Cornelia Bennett for having had Simonson for lunch.

The dinner, rather a weight upon Sutphenites, dragged heavily along, but it ended at last; and after coffee and cigars (Simonson's cigars!) the gentlemen rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room.

"I am sorry to say," explained Mrs. Stratton to her guest-in-chief, "that, as we in Sutphen keep rather early hours, the reception given for you at my friend Mrs. Grindstone's will have already begun. Mr. and Mrs. Grindstone left some time ago, with apologies to you. It is too bad that we should have to deprive ourselves of you, but I hope you will not quite forget our home, and our little efforts in your behalf."

"No, I shall not, by George!" exclaimed the author, who had become a trifle more relaxed: "and when I tell them at home about it, they will hardly believe me, don't you know!"

This put the apex upon Mrs. Stratton's pyramid of joy. In her own carriage, the author seated beside her, facing her husband and Cornelia Bennett, they drove to Mrs. Grindstone's house, on the outskirts of the town.

The most novel revelation of Mrs. Grindstone's party, at first sight, was that all the gas-jets in the house were lighted and blazing—reckless of the monthly gas bill. This was something unprecedented, as also the cloak-room (Simonson's invention), the white-capped maids (Simonson's), and the four pieces of music hid by Simonson in a bower of palms on the stairway. Only the familiar stooping figure of old Mr. Grindstone, in his worn frock-coat, with a large new white silk tie, brought the public to a realizing sense of where they were. If Simonson could have tucked away the host into the hall closet, along with superfluous wraps, umbrellas, and overshoes, that functionary would have been very much relieved.

Mrs. Grindstone, on the contrary, who might always be reckoned upon to come out strong in the matter of finery, wore a brave new gown of black silk and net, upon which had been let loose a whole collection of green beaded butterflies. The splendor of this reality at once effaced the



"VERY FAIR IMITATION."

tradition of the velvet cloak. Mrs. Grindstone's flaxen-gray hair, strained to the summit of her head, was further surmounted by an aigrette of green feathers caught by a diamond brooch. Directly she saw her, Mrs. Stratton knew why her friend had hurried home at the conclusion of the dinner. Mrs. Grindstone had not been willing to expend the first blush of success of such a toilet upon another woman's entertainment.

"Isn't she splendid?" whispered Cornelia. "No such dressing has ever been seen in Sutphen in my time."

"If I didn't feel sure Mr. Bludgeon would think it overdone," said Annetta, shrugging.

But she was herself impressed, and greatly. The revolt of Cornelia and Mrs. Grindstone from her rule, their blossoming forth with all this magnificence of a day, the fact that they would henceforth stand side by side with *her* in the reminiscences of how Sutphen welcomed Mr. Timothy Bludgeon to its literary bosom, made Annetta smart. The one consoling thought was that Mr. Bludgeon had told her his people at home would not believe him when he described to them her dinner.

"Now for the fried oysters and ice-cream," thought Mrs. Chauncey Stratton, when, later on, old Mr. Grindstone offered his arm to her, to follow Mrs. Grindstone and Mr. Bludgeon in to supper.

Here a new surprise—one greater than all the rest—awaited her. Little tables, an innovation undreamt-of in simple Sutphen, were dotting the whole room. At the chief one of these, the two leading couples, flanked by Cornelia Bennett and Major Gooch, were placed. In a trice, that indefatigable Simonson had begun the service of a supper in courses, closely resembling Miss Cornelia Bennett's lunch.

Annetta could have cried with annoyance. Not only were the dishes, the silver, and all the rest, just what had twice already that day appeared before the Englishman, but the china—the imitation "onion pattern"—was identically the same.

Mr. Bludgeon, when this latter fact became manifest to his observation, smiled for the second time in Sutphen. It was not, at best, a gay, hilarious, or even a complaisant smile; but a reluctant smile of flattered vanity impossible to mistake. Presently, when they called upon him for a speech, he arose, holding in his hand a glass of Simonson's (American) champagne. What he said, preliminary to the gist of his remarks, Mrs. Stratton hardly understood. Her brain was tingling with vexation, she even snapped at Cornelia in an undertone, and fairly turned the cold shoulder on Mrs. Grindstone. When she could at last control herself sufficiently to be able to listen, the author had reached the climax of his sentences, and Mrs. Stratton was rewarded for all her labors in behalf of the Literary Club by hearing this:

"Before I came to this country," said the solemn little man, "I may have had doubts about American hospitality. Since visiting Sutphen especially, I have none remaining. You are the most gracious hosts in the world. As an instance of this



OLD MR. GRINDSTONE.



"NEED I SAY THAT IT GOES TO MY INMOST—"

fact, I shall always cite my unparalleled experience to-day. At the luncheon of your secretary, that amiable lady, who sits at table with me here, pleased me with her china service; I happened to tell her it reminded me of home. What was my surprise and gratification to find that your accomplished president, at whose house I was dining a few hours later on—to whom no doubt my remark had been repeated—had, at such very short notice, managed to duplicate the set of china I had commended! And now, again, what can I say? Words indeed fail me when, at the hospitable board of your admirable treasurer, I find a third set of my favorite porcelain. The resources of you Americans really do surprise me. Such a compliment, so conceived, so carried out, has never been paid to me before. Need I say that it goes to my inmost—"

Mr. Bludgeon stopped. He had heard a giggle of hilarity that could no longer be repressed. The company, among whom Simonson and his belongings had of course been under free discussion ever since they had sat down to the tables, fairly exploded with delight.

Mr. Bludgeon hemmed, hawed, colored—finally took his seat. Mrs. Stratton hastily left the room. Mrs. Grindstone and Miss Bennett sat on, mute, unrevealing as two Sphinxes—but evidently not offended beyond hope of recovery.

Some time after Mr. Bludgeon's visit to Sutphen had begun to pass into tradition, poor Simonson's establishment in Main Street was shut up. He had dragged along for some time, but, lacking customers, had finally decided to pack up his "onion-pattern" china and the rest, and had emigrated to a field more promising for a caterer's operations. The day of his great success had proved his Waterloo.

Mrs. Grindstone is now the president of the Sutphen Literary Club—*vice* Mrs. Chauncey Stratton resigned and gone abroad. Miss Bennett is still the secretary. Mr. Grindstone's gas bills remain reasonably low.



The "Wyoming" dashing into the Japanese Fleet.

OUR NAVY IN ASIATIC WATERS.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

AT the date of the expulsion of the Spaniard and the Portuguese from Japan, a new nation was begun by the Pilgrims at the edge of the North American wilderness. Two centuries later, in 1837, the unarmed ship *Morrison*, sent by an American firm in China to take back Japanese waifs into Yedo Bay, was fired on and driven away. "Why," asked the owner, "is the sentence of expulsion passed so long ago upon the Spaniards and Portuguese entailed upon us?" It is creditable to the Great Pacific Power, as President Arthur named the United States, that her very first ships carried the olive-branch. Beside the apostles of gainful trade, our country sent missionaries, physicians, and teachers, planting churches, hospitals, schools, and colleges. In the empire of China, first peacefully opened to American commerce by Shaw, and in Japan and Korea, both led into the world's brotherhood of nations by Perry and Shufeldt, blood has been spilled by our people only in self-defence or after provocation.

I.—EARLY EPISODES IN CHINA.

THE Dutch and British East India Companies opened the eyes of Americans to the rich harvest-fields of trade whitening in the Far East. It was American ginseng that first, through the Hollanders in the Hudson Valley, made the Chinese practically aware of and interested in "The Country of the Flowery Flag." It was the Chinese leaf, tea, shipped from Amoy on British merchantmen, that precipitated the Revolutionary war, bringing about that event of July 4, 1776, which has ever since required an endless supply of Chinese fire-crackers to celebrate it.

No sooner was peace concluded between Great Britain and the United States than the ship *Empress*, loaded with ginseng, and commanded by Captain Green, sailed from New York on Washington's birth-

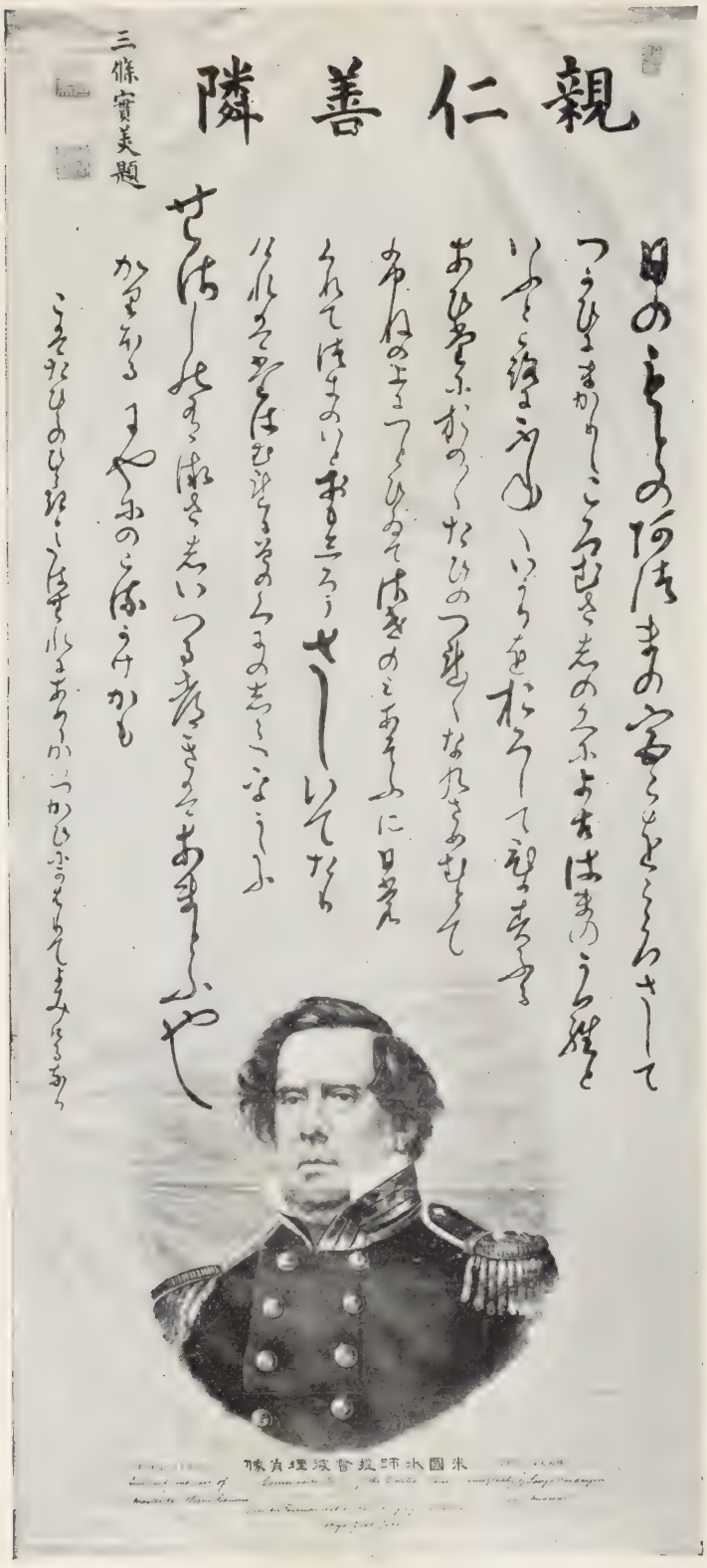
day, February 22, 1784, for Canton. Major Samuel Shaw, her supercargo and ex-artillery officer in the United States army, established American trade in Canton. In the ship *Massachusetts* he returned, and was American consul from 1790 to 1794. The exchange of ginseng and tea, and afterwards of cotton and crockery, became lively and permanent. Captain Gray carried the American flag round the world between 1787 and 1790, during which time he discovered the Columbia River, thus making a basis for the American claims, and opening the way for barter of the furs of Oregon for the silks of China.

The first passage at arms between American citizens and Chinese was in 1809, when Mr. J. P. Sturgis, of Boston, arrived in the ship *Atahualpa*, Captain Bacon, at Macao. The terrible Chinese pirate Apootsae was then ravaging the coast, capturing imperial forts, laying whole towns under contribution, massacring those who opposed him, and terrorizing the mandarins. In vain were rewards offered for his head. Having watched and seen the chief officer and an armed boat's crew leaving the *Atahualpa* for the city to obtain a river pilot, he thought the capture of the foreign devil's ship would be easy. Ranging his junks under color of moving up the river, and feigning to run past the American ship, the pirates suddenly rounded, expecting to leap on board and kill the eighteen or twenty men left there. Instead of quick success, the Chinaman caught a Tartar. Astounded as the Yankees were, their cannon were fortunately loaded, and they made lively use of them, and with Brown Bess muskets, horse-pistols, and boarding-pikes, defended themselves with spirit. The Chinese threw on deck plenty of those home-made hand-grenades which, owing to the quantity of sulphur in the powder, were unpoetically termed "stink-pots," but they killed none of their foes. Amid the shrieks and groans of their wounded, a hellish din with gongs and drums was kept up. The Yankees fired with such effect that the Chinese were beaten off. Apootsae called away his men, and his ships were soon lost to sight. This episode put such courage into the cowardly mandarins that, by means of bribery and treachery, they secured the cutthroat Apootsae, and had him put to death by the slow and prolonged process of hacking, called "the thousand cuts." From this time forth there was intense respect for Americans at Canton and Macao, and business increased with little interruption.

II.—EARLY VISITS TO JAPAN.

THE American flag was seen in Japanese waters as early as 1797, at a time when the future Commodore M. C. Perry and his brother Oliver, boys of three and twelve years old, trained by their Spartan mother, were learning how to conquer self before capturing a squadron and opening a hermit empire. Over-fat Holland, then neither brave nor little, but distracted and bleating like a fat sheep before Napoleon the wolf, had been degraded into the Batavian Republic. The Dutch flag was wiped off the sea, for British cruisers were at the ends of the earth. In order to keep up their trade monopoly with Japan, the Dutch of Java engaged Captain Stewart, on the ship *Eliza* of New York, to go to a place of which—except in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*—few Americans had ever heard. Thus the thirteen stripes and seventeen stars were mirrored on the waters of Nagasaki Bay when President Jefferson was in Japanese eyes the "King of America." In 1799 Captain James Devereaux, in the American ship *Franklin*, performed the same task. When the nineteenth century opened, Captain John Derby, from Salem, Massachusetts, under charter of the East India Company, attempted to open trade with Japan, but failed. In 1803, Stewart, still flying the American flag, came again to this loop-hole which the Japanese kept open by means of the Dutch. Except ginseng, the Japanese wanted none of our products.

Japanese art pictures in symbol the primal introduction of civilization into their "Cliff Fortress Country" by means of a whale, and the god of literature has a brush-pen in one hand and a roll or pad of manuscript in the other, while he stands in festive attitude on the back of a huge sea-monster. In reality it was a whale that introduced the Americans to Japan, and ushered in her present amazing prosperity. In search of this furnisher of oil and bone, American ships moved out beyond Nantucket southward, around Cape Horn, and up the Pacific. Though the blubber industry was nearly destroyed by the Revolutionary war, it revived. By 1812 our men of the harpoon were so numerous in the Pacific Ocean that Commodore David Porter, in the *Essex*, with David Farragut among his midshipmen,



COMMODORE MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY.
A Japanese portrait, with a poem by Yashida Shoin.

was sent out to protect Yankee whalers from British depredation. Already some had gone far north, bringing back stories of how the little brown men of Japan caught whales — as they do yet — in big nets. Commodore Porter, in 1815, urged upon Secretary James Monroe that Japan be opened to commerce, and plans were matured for the despatch of a frigate and two sloops of war; but the vessels were never sent. Now began the long story of the imprisonment of shipwrecked American sailors on the coasts of Tycoonland. John Quincy Adams denied the right of Dai Nippon to be a hermit nation, but his was a voice crying in the wilderness. Neither our government nor people seemed to be properly interested in foreign commerce, much less in any naval application of the doctrine of "manifest destiny" or territorial expansion.

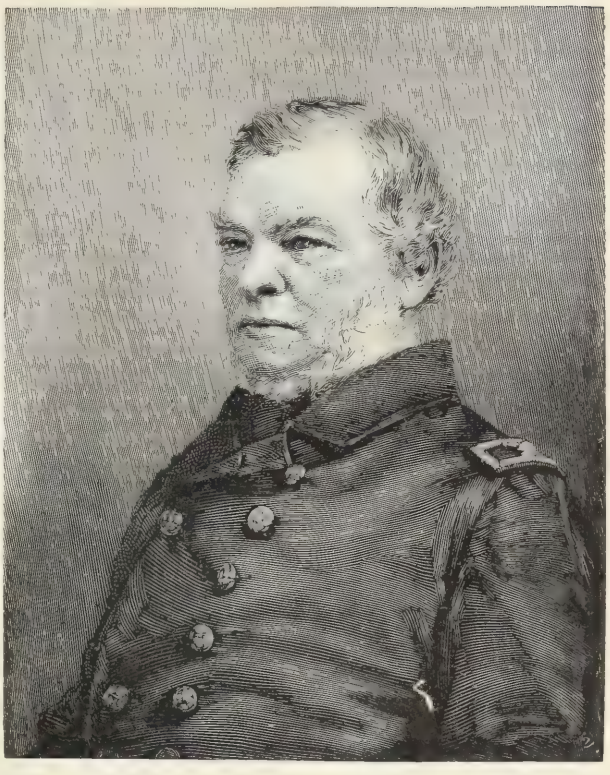
III.—THE ADVENT OF AMERICAN POWER IN THE PACIFIC.

When Andrew Jackson became President, the United States began to formulate something like a foreign policy. Commodore David Porter made treaties with Turkey. The French and the Neapolitans were compelled to pay their debts. One of the most brilliant of American naval operations in the Mediterranean was seen when six of the finest floating fortresses in the world, under "Old Glory," entered successively the Bay of Naples, and ranged their broadsides opposite the beautiful city of King Bomba. Changing his attitude of haughty refusal to pay, he handed over in cash what he owed the United States for his father's depredations.

Even Asia felt the new influence from Washington. Edmund Roberts, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire — posthumously, and perhaps truthfully, called in stained-glass memorial the "ambassador" of the United States, but officially President Jackson's "agent," and navally rated as captain's clerk — became our efficient first American envoy in the Far East. On the sloop of war *Peacock*, after overcoming great obstacles, he made treaties with Muscat and Siam. In Cochin China he failed, where success was impossible. In the expectation of reaching Japan, he died June 12, 1836, at Macao. In August of the next year Commodore Kennedy, in the United

States sloop *Peacock*, reached those islands one of which Captain Reuben Coffin, of Nantucket, had already named, but which were called by the Japanese Bonin, or "no man's land," for they were then claimed by no government. Since 1876 the Bonin group has been made an integral part of the Mikado's empire. The *Peacock* was our first man-of-war in Japanese waters, the forerunner of Dewey and his steel squadron.

Americans took up the torch dropped by Roberts to bear it on in the race. Messrs. King and Co., of Macao, in their own ship, appropriately named after the great missionary *Morrison*, reached Uraga, in Yedo Bay, July 29, 1837. Their freight consisted of shipwrecked Japanese and presents for the people. As on William Penn's colonizing ships, there was not a gun or cannon aboard. The story of their repulse is soon told. Though they explained their mission, and were visited by hundreds of people who saw their unarmed condition, they were fired on before casting anchor, and again the next morning from a fresh battery of cannon built overnight. The same experience met them in Satsuma, farther south. In the eyes of the Japanese, the Spaniard and Portuguese had tarred all aliens with the same brush.



COMMANDER JAMES GLYNN,
Of the United States Brig "Preble."



TOWNSEND HARRIS,
United States Consul-General to Japan.

By the time of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," American naval operations had become so far organized that there was an "East India squadron." The United States ship of the line *Columbus* and the *Vincennes* reached Yedo Bay in 1846, but were at once surrounded by scores of armed boats. To the polite letter of President Polk, an answer of impudent defiance was returned, and Commodore Biddle was insulted. While in full uniform, stepping from a junk, a common Japanese sailor gave the American chief a push which landed him unceremoniously in the bottom of his own boat. Japanese officers promised to punish the man, but nothing was done, and the American ships went away. The immediate result was that the American shipwrecked sailors —who were not indeed always of the loveliest disposition—were more cruelly treated than ever. One of them, on threatening possible vengeance from American men-of-war, was sneeringly told that his government could care nothing for poor seamen, for a Japanese



CAPTAIN (AFTERWARDS REAR-ADMIRAL) ANDREW HULL FOOTE.

boatman had insulted even an American admiral, and had not been made to suffer any punishment.



COMMODORE JOSIAH TATTNALL.

IV.—GLYNN, PERRY, AND HARRIS.

THIS episode made our naval officers, and one in particular, resolve on a different course of deportment. Captain Geisinger, formerly of the *Peacock*, hearing from the Dutch consul at Canton of eighteen sailors imprisoned at Nagasaki, ordered Commander Glynn in the United States brig *Preble* to rescue them. At this time the seas were so little known, the charts so imperfect, and the season so inclement, that naval men at Hong-kong laughed at the idea of the little fourteen-gun brig ever arriving at her destination. At Napa, in the Loo-Choo Islands, the natives openly scorned the notion of Glynn being able to do anything, when, in the "Japanese victory over the Americans"—referring to the episode in Yedo Bay—a ship of the line and a sloop of war had been "driven away."

All this put Glynn on his mettle. Reaching Nagasaki, he dashed through the cordon of boats and dropped anchor within range of the city suburbs. The boom of the cannon announcing his arrival was sweet music to the American sailors in prison. Boarded by a chief interpreter with attendants, who inquired his business, Glynn was ordered to leave the waters of Japan at once. The American's immediate reply was that his mission was to the government. Then, rather ostentatiously, he gave the order to heave anchor, spread sail, and move forward. Visions of involuntary hara-kiri at once excited the Japanese to voluble protests. Nevertheless, Glynn moved into the inner harbor and anchored within two hundred yards of the batteries on either side of the anchorage. He refused to see anybody but the governor, sending word that he would not leave until he had obtained the American seamen on deck. He demanded their immediate release. Fur-

thermore, he made it plain that if the cordon of boats was not quickly broken up, he would blow them out of the water.

During the nine days the *Preble* remained, a great army of soldiers gathered. Extra guns to the number of sixty were mounted, any one of which, rightly trained, might have sunk the *Preble*. Yet, in spite of the glittering arms, the bright and variegated colors of the feudal banners, and the military and naval flags, the American commander, while granting a little longer time, refused to modify his request. Half his crew were on deck all the time, and every precaution against surprise and preparation for attack was made. Glynn was ably seconded by Lieutenant Silas Bent—afterwards with Perry, and the scientific discoverer of the Kuro Shiwo, or Pacific Gulf Stream.



The Japanese Premier Ii.
After a wooden statue presented to the Museum at Washington.

A new governor came into office. Visiting Glynn in the cabin, he asked for three days more time. Making an end to suavity of manner, Glynn dashed his fist upon the table and exclaimed, "Not another hour!" Nor should the governor nor any of the party leave the ship till he got an answer. Instantly the excited Japanese stood up, the interpreter telling Commander Glynn that this was a high officer, and must not be so spoken to. "So am I," retorted Glynn; "I represent the government of the United States." A parley was then asked for by the Japanese. With watch in hand, Glynn waited during the promised fifteen minutes. When the Japanese returned to the cabin, the governor remarked to Glynn that he could have the men on the following day.

Then "grim-visaged war smoothed his wrinkled front." With the frankest cordiality Glynn ordered refreshments, extended every courtesy, and showed the officers the drill, discipline, manual of arms, and general quarters. The next day the imprisoned Americans were brought on board, with every particle of property that belonged to them or their owners. Within fifty-nine days from leaving, Glynn had returned to Hongkong.

Among the captives released was Ronald MacDonald, born in Astoria, Oregon, about 1825. He had reached Japan in the whaling-ship *Plymouth*, and had been voluntarily put ashore for curiosity's sake, but was involuntarily made a prisoner. This bright youth was the first teacher of the English language in Japan — the forerunner of that modern education by American teachers which has so transformed an Oriental people. He was a bearer of the Pilgrim's creed to a nation which now rejoices in a written constitution and is tending to democracy; for, when asked by the Japanese officer to state the source of all power in the United States, and proceed from the highest to the lowest in authority, he answered, first of all, "the people" — a phrase inexplicable to the Japanese of that day. Among his pupils was Moriyama, who served as interpreter in the Perry negotiations.

Commander Glynn put into the hand of Perry the key which that gallant officer used with such success in making the long-closed doors of feudal Japan open to commerce and civilization. By the blending of scrupulous politeness, consummate attention to the details of etiquette, and, last but not least, the display of abundant and most efficient force, Perry was able to win a "brain victory," without firing a hostile shot or shedding a drop of blood. Yet Commander Glynn had paved the way for his success.

When Perry's peaceful armada had sailed away, Japanese officialdom hoped it had got rid of the "hairy barbarians" for a long interval. What was the amazement of the Shimoda officers on August 21, 1856, to behold the United States steamship *San Jacinto*, Commodore Armstrong, with Townsend Harris, consul-general, on board! A residence was asked for, and the common courtesies proper in opening relations of official amity were demanded and obtained. Amid the strains of "Hail Columbia," Harris landed. On September 4 our sailors formed a ring around the flagstaff and cheered "the first consular flag" in the empire. At 5 P.M. the *San Jacinto* left for China.



REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID STOCKTON McDOUGAL.

Meanwhile, without a ship or a sailor, practically deserted by his government for eighteen months, except a brief visit from Captain Foote in the United States ship *Portsmouth*, Townsend Harris won every point, and prepared the way for the diplomacy of twenty nations. Refusing to deliver President Pierce's letter to any one but "the emperor," he entered Yedo, the long-forbidden city, on November 30, 1857, refusing on the way to undergo any of the humiliations common to the Tycoon's vassals. His guard, attendants, and baggage-horses were decorated with the American arms and colors. With only his Dutch secretary, Mr. Heusken, he secured audience of the Shogun, standing. He continued during many weary months the instruction of these political hermits in modern international etiquette, in view of a desired treaty of commerce and foreign residence. While the American ships were in China, the pot of Japanese politics was boiling over in murders and assassinations. The counterplay of forces was between Kyoto, the seat of the Mikado's authority, and Yedo, the place of long usurpation and of the sham emperor. Signature to the treaty being delayed, Harris threatened to go to Kyoto.

V.—FOOTE AND THE "PORTSMOUTH."

THE names of Foote and Tattnall take us across the Yellow Sea. The former



THE PRECURSOR OF MANILA.

The "Wyoming" blowing up the "Lancefield."—[After a painting by a Chinese artist.]

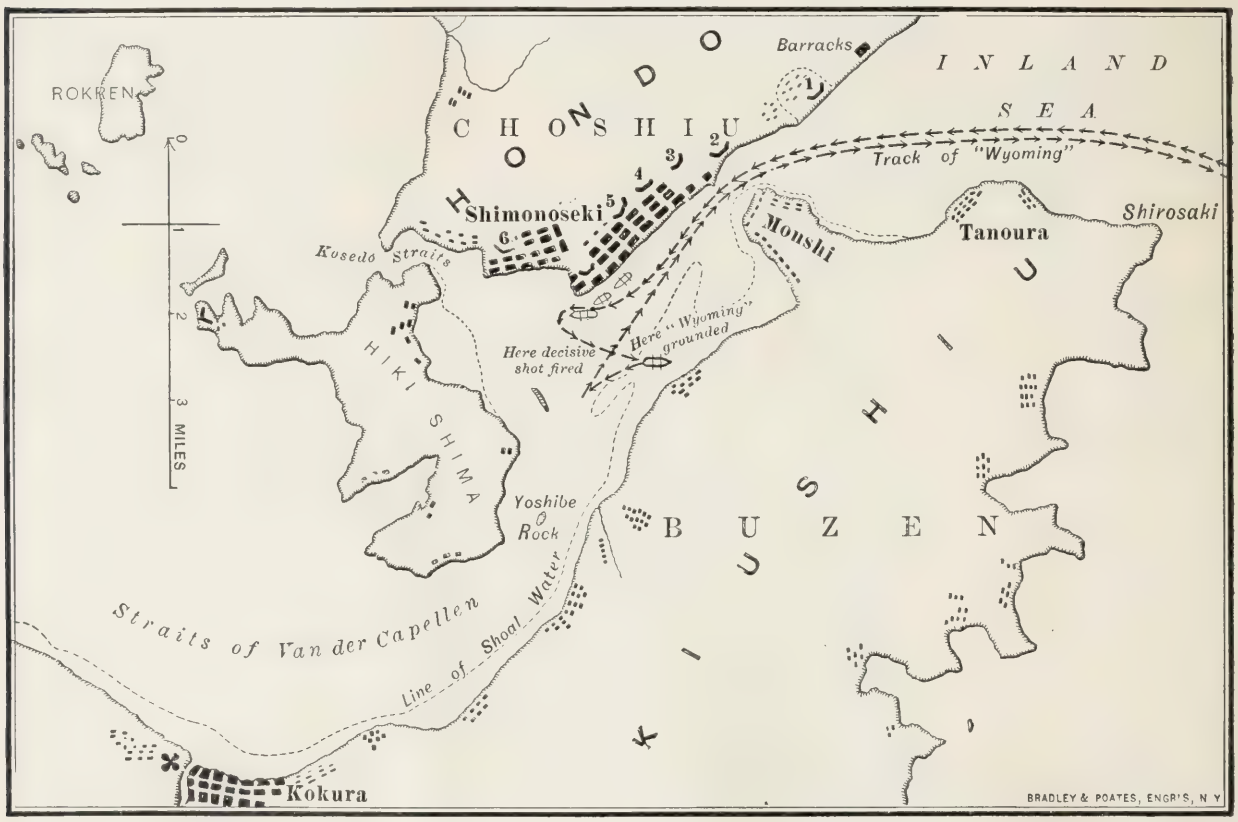
recalls the only passage at arms between the two forces of the governments of China and the United States. The latter revived a famous saying of Walter Scott, "blood is thicker than water," making it mean forever, to speakers of the English tongue, that Briton and American are one in heart and aims, as in their best inheritances.

While Governor John Bowring, Admiral Seymour, and Consul (afterwards Sir) Harry Parkes were having their quarrel with the Chinese commissioner Yeh, American steamers were twice fired on when passing the barrier forts near Canton. It seemed high time to teach the Chinese that all foreigners were not opium-smugglers, and that peaceful neutrals had some rights which ignorant mandarins were bound to respect. Commodore Armstrong ordered Captain (afterwards Rear-Admiral) Foote, of the *Portsmouth*, to bombard, capture, and destroy the forts.

The steamer *San Jacinto* drew too much water to get near enough to use her guns, but the little American steamer *Williamette* towed the sailing-ship *Portsmouth* to within five hundred yards of the largest and lowest fort, which was built of great blocks of granite and mounted heavy cannon. The *Levant*, towed by an egg-shell steam-launch, the *Kum Fa*, struck on a rock. So the *Portsmouth* on the first day had to fight alone.

The Chinese began the war. For one moment that day the long granite walls and darkened embrasures of the fort seemed in harmony with the sleepy repose of the beautiful soft afternoon, but before anchor was dropped, grape and round shot flew around and over the ship. Loud and clear were Foote's orders as, without steam and without wind, in a narrow and unknown channel, and with only the precarious expedient of a spring cable, the *Portsmouth* got into position. To the few non-combatants on the ship—purser, chaplain, surgeon, etc.—the time seemed long before the 8-inch ship's guns began to roar. Then her timbers quivered with the recoil of eight starboard broadside guns,

and the cheers of our men made inspiring and consoling music. The shells from the *Portsmouth's* columbiads were hurled with awful effect, and the splendid marksmanship quickly told inside the fort. Though the Chinese stood to their guns manfully, they had no explosive shells, but only grape and round shot. was struck by a cannon ball and three men killed. Once on the semi-solid land, and in the face of a hot fire of grape, round shot, jingal, and rockets, our men rushed forward. The Chinese fired so rapidly that it is wonderful that our men were not all swept away; but, as a rule, the jingal and rocket men fired too high.



THE PATH OF THE "WYOMING" AT SHIMONOSEKI.

These lashed the water into white foam, or flew over the ship. The *Portsmouth*, caught in the current, was swung round with her stern toward the fort, which exposed her to a raking fire. A thirty-two-pound shot came into the cabin, carrying off the right arm and crushing the hip of a marine. Captain Foote at once ran out a gun from the stern port and continued the fight. When dusk fell, the fort was nearly silent.

During several days, filled up in the interval with diplomacy, the Americans prepared for a land attack. On the 21st the *Levant*, towed by the *Kum Fa*, silenced one fort on the left after an hour's cannonade. Then four hundred of our marines and sailors, in their boats, towed by the *Kum Fa*, moved landward for a charge over muddy fields to take the forts. The launch of the *San Jacinto* As soon as our men entered the forts, they broke and fled. Our total loss was seven killed and twenty-two wounded, all, in the final attack, belonging to the *San Jacinto*. Under the ship's artillery fire, and during the fighting in the fort, at least three hundred Chinese lives were lost. A rocket, with a spear-pointed head and a feathered bamboo shaft six or eight feet long, bounced over the rice-fields and struck one of our marines, entering the leg along with its dirt and straw, and causing his death.

One hundred and seventy-six guns were found in the fort, one of which was a monster brass piece of eight inches bore, weighing fully fifteen tons. It was over twenty-two feet long, and nearly three feet across at its greatest diameter. These four barrier forts were captured between November 20 and 22. Al-

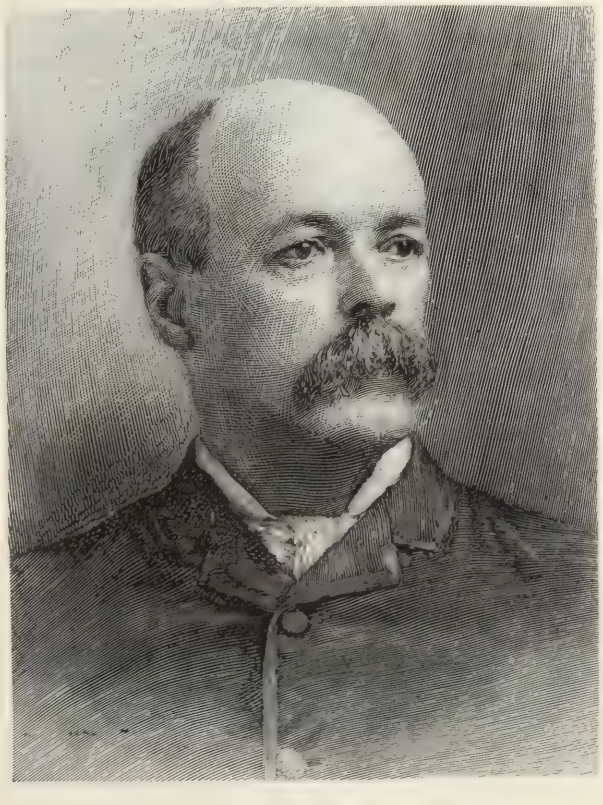
though this gallant exploit was highly commended by the British officers, it attracted almost no attention in the United States. Nevertheless, it greatly cleared the situation, the Chinese learning to distinguish Americans and the American flag as they had not done before. At one of our navy-yards a monument recalls the episode and names of our gallant slain.



THE "WYOMING" AT ANNAPOLIS.
Though now used as a store and training ship, her hull and spars are the same as in 1863.

VI.—"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER."

A FEW months later Commodore Tattnall appeared in Chinese waters. It was Tattnall who, in 1847, at Vera Cruz, wanted to prolong his half-hour's cannonade of a fortress built of heavy masonry, with little steamers mounting one gun each. It was he who said, "war shortens life, but broadens it." Now, in 1860, he was conveying Mr. Ward, the United States minister, on the chartered steamer *Toeywan*, into the Pei-ho River. On the 23d of June the British and French allied gunboats, having blown up one boom, attacked the forts, but being unable to force the second, were caught in a trap under short range of the Chinese guns, and were terribly defeated. Many ships were sunk or silenced. Eighty-five men were killed, and three hundred and forty-five were wounded.



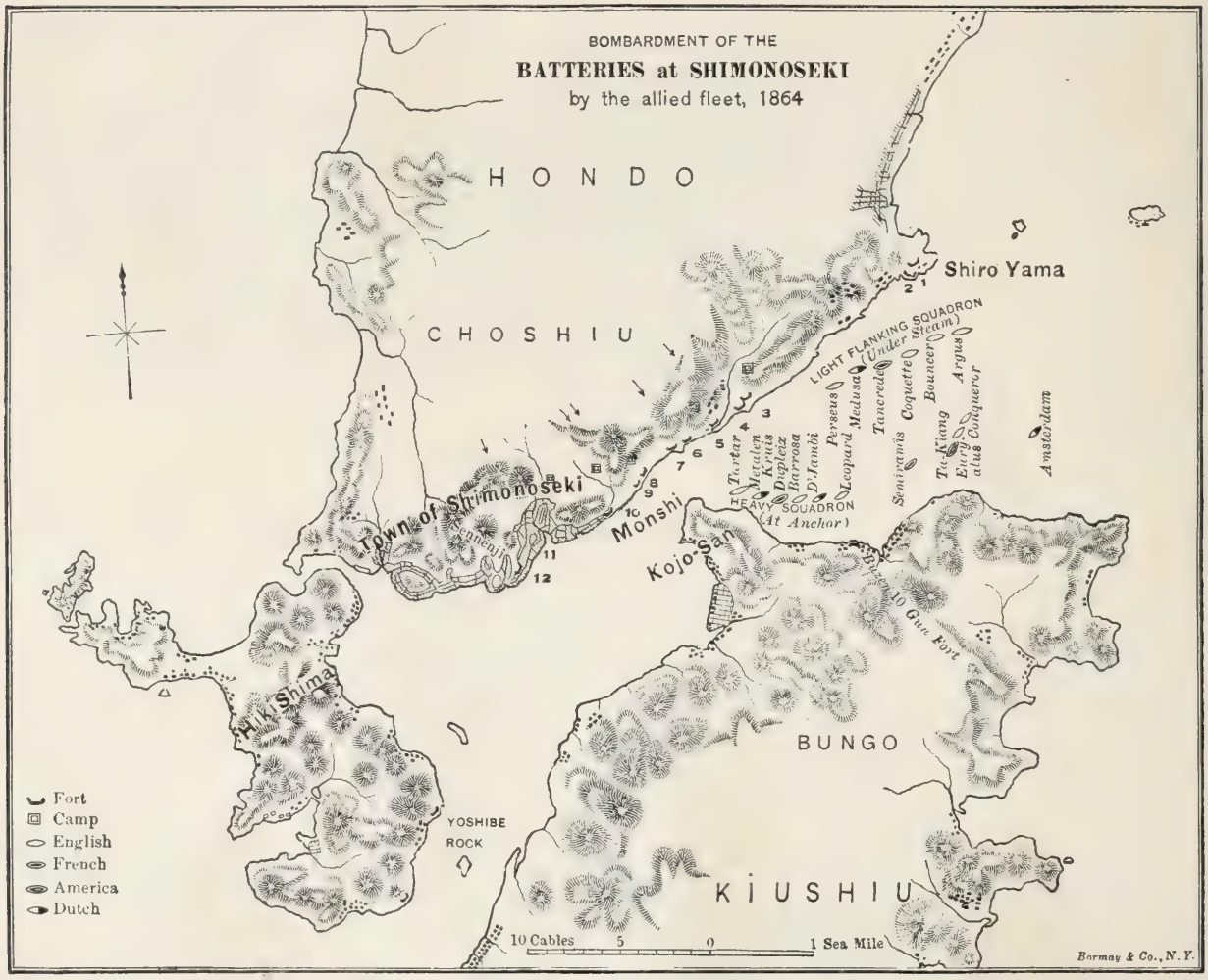
LIEUTENANT FREDERICK PEARSON.

Tattnall, in the American steamer outside of the bar, was a spectator. He bore the sight until things were at their worst. The flag-ship *Plover* had parted her cable, and drifted a helpless wreck until lashed to the *Cormorant*. With the admiral wounded, and all her men killed or disabled, only the one bow gun was still gallantly served by a weary squad. Then the American commodore ordered his cutter, and in the thick of the fight passed through the fleet and the hell of fire to visit and cheer Admiral Hope. A round shot from the Chinese fort killed Tattnall's cockswain and shattered the stern of his boat. This raised the fighting blood of both tars and chief to the hottest. To the British officer's query of surprise at this act of a neutral, Tattnall explained that blood was thicker than water, and that he would gladly aid their wounded. Meanwhile the American

sailors, moving up to the bow, leaped on board the *Plover*, and actually relieved their exhausted British sailor-mates, serving the gun during a round or two until Tattnall ordered them off, even while ap-

VII.—TROUBLES IN JAPAN.

THE American men-of-war *Mississippi* and *Powhatan* were released from China, and in the nick of time reached Japan, then politically like a volcano just ready



proval twinkled in his eyes. His excuse for towing British marines into action, for assisting in an assault upon a Chinese fort, and for other technical violations of international law was, in a phrase, a sentiment, but one destined to strengthen and deepen as the years flow on.

On the other hand, with equal humanity, Tattnall offered the services of his surgeons to aid the wounded Chinese; but neither the Chinese government, nor race, nor nation—if there be such a thing as the last, which we doubt—has ever been particularly interested in saving lives endangered in war. Tattnall's offer was declined. The Pei-ho forts were captured. Our minister, J. E. Ward, reached Peking, refused to make the kotow, or nine prostrations, but ratified the treaty and returned.

to blow off its rock cap. Townsend Harris had, on February 17, 1858, secured the written promise of the Yedo government to sign the treaty, and on the 27th of July the American envoy was at Yokohama with Tattnall on the *Powhatan*, delivering his letter, urging the Premier Ii's signature "without the loss of a single day."

Yet, so far, the anti-Tycoon party at Kyoto had withheld the Mikado's signature. The country seemed ready either for intestine war, or conquest by the "hairy alien." Should Japan become as India or China? The regent-premier Ii answered no. He signed the Harris treaty July 29, and opened Japan first to the United States, and thus to twenty nations. For this act he was assassinated, March 23, 1860, while the Japanese embassy sent by

him was in America. In our days the critical scholarship of Shimada Saburo has set Ii's long-clouded character into the sunlight of honor. The hermit days of the agitated Japan of 1853-1868 are forgotten in the wealth, power, and splendor of the industrial and naval empire of to-day.

Nevertheless, the olive-branch from America meant civil war in Japan. "The steel parted from the wood." Swords flashed from the red scabbards and from the white. Satsuma, of the scarlet sheath, typified the Mikado-reverencing and progressive South. Aidzu, of the virgin white wood covering the steel blade, stood for the loyal and conservative North. Choshiu, in the West, however, held the Strait of Shimonoseki, the great highway of foreign commerce. "In obedience to the [imperial] order," was inscribed on the flag which the clansmen flung to the wind from bluffs which they lined with batteries of heavy guns. They staked out the channel, so as to hit exactly the ships of the "barbarians," who had defiled the Land of the Gods.

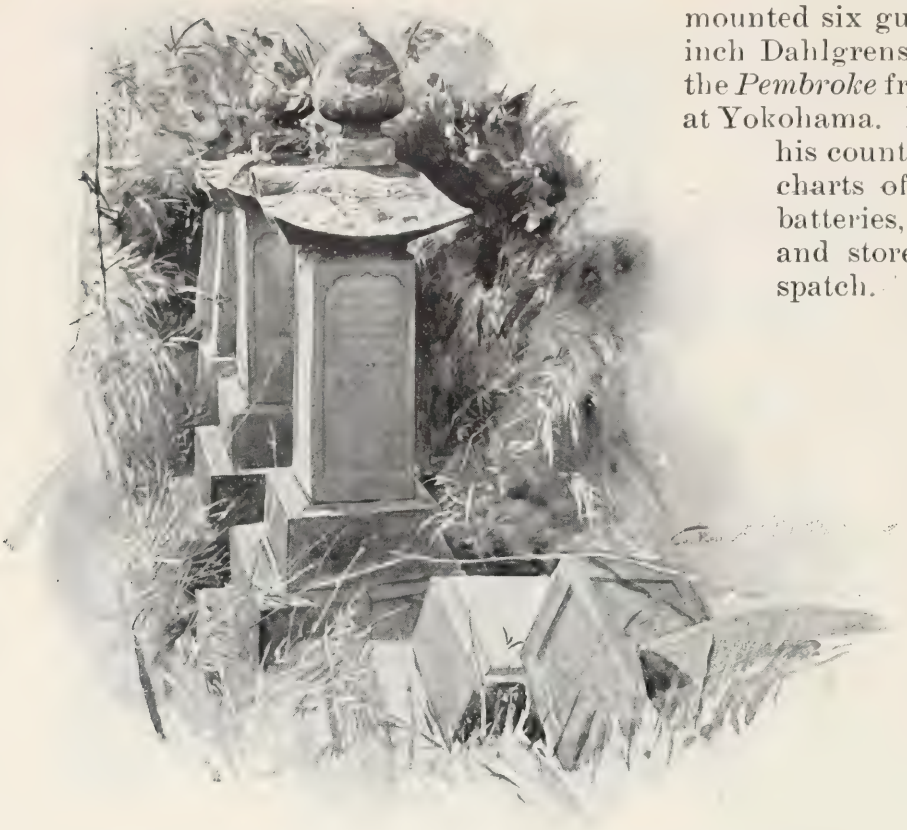


THE LAST TYCOON OF JAPAN.

On June 25, 1863, that eventful day fixed for "the expulsion of the barbarians from the god-country," the American merchant-steamer *Pembroke*, with a pilot furnished by the Yedo government, and with the American flag apeak, was on her way northward through the strait. She was fired upon by the Choshiu clansmen in the batteries and on their armed brig, formerly the *Lanrick*, but was unhurt. The peace of nearly 250 years in Japan was broken. On July 8 the French despatch-vessel *Kien Chang* was hit in seven places, her boat's crew nearly all killed by a shot, and the vessel saved from sinking only by lively use of the pumps. On July 11 the Dutch frigate *Medusa* was hit thirty-one times, seven shots piercing her hull, and three 8-inch shells bursting on board, four men being killed, and five wounded. On July 20 the French gunboat *Tancrede*, though steaming swiftly through the channel, was struck three times with round shot. Not long after a steamer belonging to Satsuma, but mistaken for an alien vessel, was set on fire by shells and sunk, twenty-six Japanese losing their lives, their bodies floating past Yoshibe Rock. The Choshiu artillerists were in high feather at their splendid successes. With their armed brig, their bark (formerly



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER ALEXANDER SLIDELL MACKENZIE.



NEGLECTED TOMBS OF AMERICAN SAILORS AT SHIMODA, JAPAN.

the *Daniel Webster*), and the big steamer *Lancefield* converted into a man-of-war, the Japanese believed that they could whip anything afloat which the foreigners might bring. The Confederate privateer *Shenandoah* had annihilated our whaling fleet in the North Pacific, and our commerce having been swept from the seas by the *Alabama*, Americans living in Japan felt like people without a country.

VIII.—McDOUGAL AND THE "WYOMING."

Captain David McDougal was then in search of the *Alabama*. His ship, the sloop of war *Wyoming*, mounted six guns, two of them being 11-inch Dahlgrens. He heard the news of the *Pembroke* from Minister Robert Pruyn at Yokohama. He determined to cheer up his countrymen. Though without charts of the strait or map of the batteries, McDougal ordered coal and stores on board with all despatch. He learned the exact draught of the Japanese steamer *Lancefield*, and was delighted to find it greater than the *Wyoming's*. On July 16, under a cloudless sky, without a breath of wind, and the sea as smooth as a tank of oil, the *Wyoming*, with her ports covered with tarpaulin, so as to look like a merchantman, arrived in the strait. The lieutenant in the forecastle called out that he sighted two square-rigged vessels and a steamer at anchor close in to the town. Most of the *Wyoming's* men and her Japanese pilot had never been under fire.



THE TOMBS AS RESTORED BY AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY.



THE MONUMENT TO THE MEN OF THE "ONEIDA," YOKOHAMA.

When, therefore, McDougal called out, "All right; we will steer right in between them and take the steamer," not a few aboard turned pale at the thought of their captain's thus "running amuck." Moreover, McDougal, noticing the stakes that marked the channel, and suspecting that the Choshiu guns were all trained on it, ordered the man at the wheel to run the ship inside, between the stake-line and the northern shore. The Japanese pilot seemed paralyzed with terror at the ship's running so close under the batteries. Yet McDougal took his risks, with cool knowledge of the situation and the depths of water, and without foolhardiness.

Even before the ship was thus steered, the 8-inch guns on the bluffs opened fire. The American flag was hoisted at about 10.30, and the artillery of the *Wyoming* began to play. McDougal's wisdom was quickly justified. Great red dragonlike tongues of flame and white clouds of smoke revealed fresh batteries on the hills and behind the town. Shot and shell screeched through the air, but they flew ten or fifteen feet over the heads of the *Wyoming's* men, for the guns on shore had all been pointed upon the channel. There were six finished batteries, mounting in all thirty guns. The three Japanese men-of-war carried eighteen pieces, making forty-eight cannon opposed to the *Wyoming's* six. The first Americans killed were two sailors near the anchor, and then a marine named Furlong, from Maine. Except Furlong, all the casualties were in the forward division.

By 10.50 A.M. the Yankee ship, now in front of the town, dashed directly between the steamer and the two brigs. The Japanese gunners on the *Lanrick*, who were so near that their faces could be seen, fired no fewer than three broadsides from their bronze twenty-four pounders, while the muzzles of the *Wyoming's* four thirty-two pounders nearly touched theirs. The *Lancefield*, having her heavier guns pointed up the channel, was not able to make use of them, but fired swivels and muskets. The *Wyoming* rounded the bow of the steamer, and when out into the clear water again became the target of the batteries behind the town and of one brig, the other brig showing signs of sinking.

Unfortunately the *Wyoming* grounded. Seeing this, the heavily manned Japanese steamer began to move, either to escape into the inner harbor, or to ram the *Wyoming* and board her while stuck in the mud. Fortunately the Yankee's propeller worked the ship off. Then, neglecting the sinking brig, the *Wyoming* manœuvred, in the terribly swift stream, until the pivot-guns had the range of their splendid target. Then both Dahlgrens spoke. Their shots so demoralized the company on board the *Lancefield* that the dignitaries from under the magnificent purple canopy got off in sculling-boats and were rowed away, while the sailors leaped overboard by the score,



THE "MONOCACY."
The most effective of the ships in shelling the Korean forts.

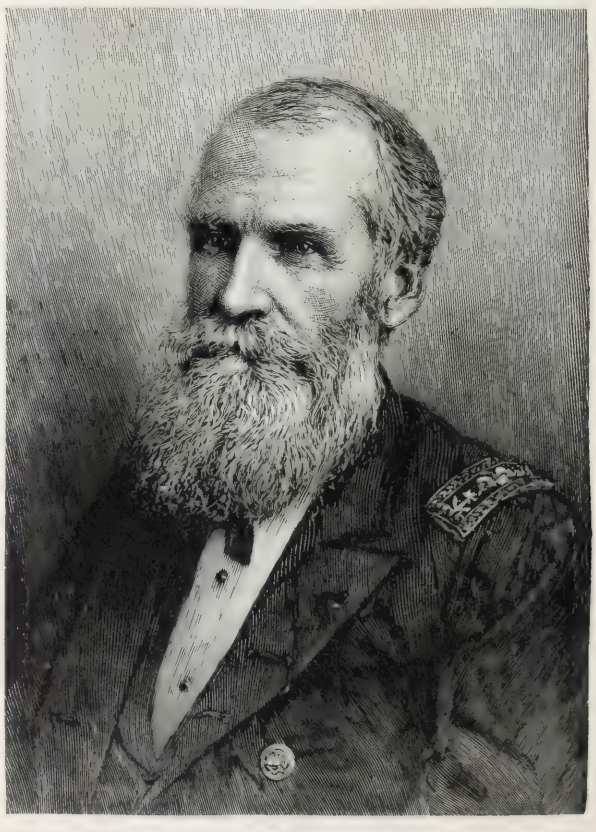
dotting the water with topknots. Again McDougal ordered the gunners of the 11-inch Dahlgrens to fire. At first they seemed to pay no attention, and the order was given three or four times. The gun-captain of the forward pivot was only waiting to get the exact range. The big shell struck the *Lancefield* at the water-line, passed through the boiler, tore out her sides, and burst far away in the town beyond. The frightful explosion, casting out steam, smoke, ashes, iron, timber, and human beings, was succeeded by a gurgling swell, under which the steamer disappeared from sight. On her way back, the *Wyoming* dropped shells with marvellous accuracy into the batteries, one of which was wholly destroyed.

At 12.20 the firing ceased. Fifty-five shot and shell had been fired within a space of one hour and ten minutes. Counting time lost when aground, this meant more than a gun per minute. The *Wyoming* was hulled ten times, her funnel had six holes in it, two masts were injured, and the upper rigging badly cut. The Choshiu clansmen fired chain-shot, grape, shell, and round shot from guns mounted on carriages of improved foreign pattern, able to sweep a wide arc and to change their elevation quickly. Their one hundred and thirty rounds killed five and wounded seven of our men. The loss of the Japanese, beside one battery ruined and two ships sunk, was probably over one hundred.

After studying the original papers and questioning numerous eye-witnesses, both Japanese and American, it is hard for the writer to qualify his matured judgment that in the annals of the American navy no achievement of a single commander in a single ship surpasses that of David McDougal in the *Wyoming* at Shimonoseki. McDougal set the mark for Commodore Dewey. The Manila victory was on a larger scale. It cannot have been morally greater.

IX.—PEARSON AND THE "TA KIANG."

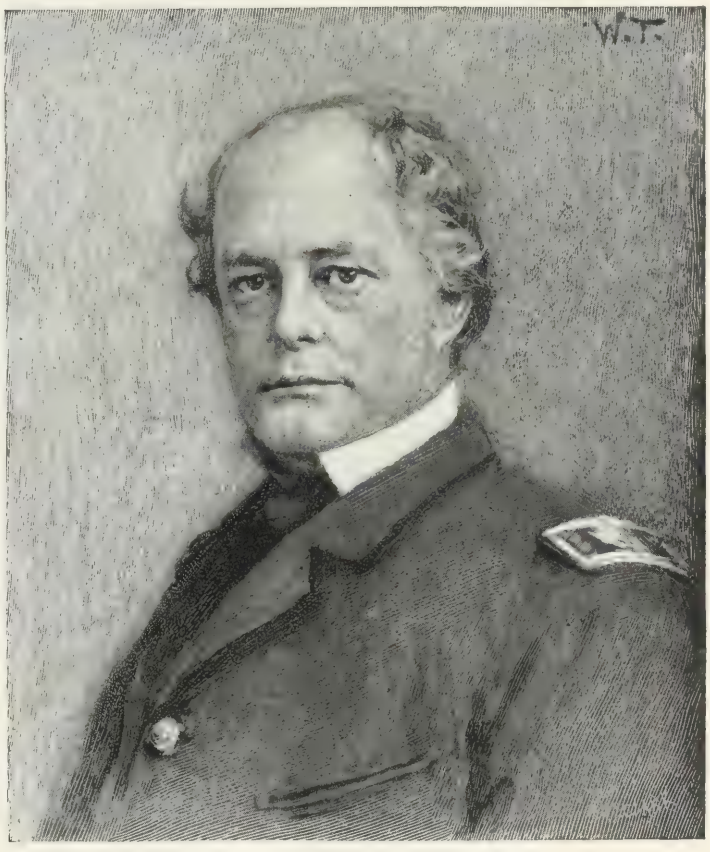
FOUR days after, the French thirty-five-gun frigate and gunboat *Tancrede*, with a land force of two hundred and fifty



COMMODORE HOMER C. BLAKE.

men, with maps made by the Dutch captain, shelled the forts, took one five-gun battery of twenty-four pounders, and came away. Nevertheless, Choshiu became the centre of opposition to the Shogun's government at Yedo. The clansmen, re-enforced by ronins, or free lances, from all parts of the empire, repaired their losses, built new batteries, mounted heavier guns, and succeeded for fifteen months in closing the strait against foreign commerce. The Tycoon being helpless, it became necessary for the treaty powers then represented in Japan to force the passage and destroy the forts.

In the allied fleet assembled to enforce the treaties and chastise the rebellious vassal, out of a total of 17 ships, mounting 208 guns, with 7590 men, the British had nine men-of-war. The heaviest were equipped with splendid new breech-loading Armstrong rifled cannon, of which the English officers were exceedingly proud, not sparing their ridicule of our antiquated muzzle-loaders. The French had three fine vessels, mounting 49 guns, with 1235 men. The Dutch squadron consisted of four heavy ships, carrying 58 guns, served by 951 men.



COMMODORE JOHN RODGERS.

What was the American force? Our civil war was in progress, and the only national ship on the station was the sailing sloop of war *Jamestown*, Captain Cicero Price, worthless in a dangerous strait with a narrow channel and the tide running like a mill-race. Yet the moral influence of the United States was desirable, as showing united action of the powers. So, like a tiny bantam amid big fighting-cocks, the little steamer *Ta Kiang* of 600 tons was chartered. A thirty-pounder Parrott gun from the *Jamestown* was mounted on her deck. Lieutenant Frederick Pearson, with a party of thirty marines and sailors, was sent to co-operate with the fleet in towing or carrying the wounded. The ordinary complement of this merchant ship's officers and sailors were to work the steamer, while Pearson and his men were to give it a martial air. Nothing was said about fighting. Since the government at Washington could not be communicated with, and approval of the action of Pruyn and Price was not certain, Pearson was given orders which he might interpret to suit a Quaker—or otherwise. In reality, despite Washington's warning against "entangling alliances," here was a case in which the United States was allied with three European powers for war-purposes against an Oriental people. It forms a striking precedent. Was it the first?

The greatest of naval battles in Japanese waters was fought September 5 and 6, 1864. The six heavy ships took up a position on the left, fronting the town and the ten batteries, which mounted sixty-two cannon. The five light vessels made a flanking squadron on the right, while in the centre were the largest ships—*Eurya-lus*, *Conqueror*, and *Semiramis*—all finely equipped with heavy rifled guns, and among them was the little *Ta Kiang*. In the battle which followed, lasting during the afternoon and next morning, the *Ta Kiang* took part, doing splendid execution at three thousand yards with her rifled Parrott. In a trial of speed, Pear-



McKee. Chester. Blake. Wadhams.

OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE UNITED STATES CORVETTE "ALASKA."

son's men actually beat the gun-squad of the *Euryalus* with her breech-loading 100-pounder Armstrong gun. It must be remembered, however, that the method of breech-loading was in those days so clumsy that this feature was later abandoned in the British navy. It was resumed when the notable improvement of hinging the breech, and putting in a gas-escape check, and an outward latch on, made breech-loading the only method worth considering.

The *Ta Kiang* assisted handsomely in towing the boats of the landing force which captured and dismantled all the forts, but beat all the vessels and quickly landed the fifty-six wounded on board in the hospital at Yokohama. Pearson was warmly praised by the British, French, and Dutch admirals, and awarded by Queen Victoria the decoration of the Order of the Bath, which Congress allowed him to wear. Yet neither McDougal nor Pearson ever received promotion, notice, or thanks for his superb and shining example of duty nobly done. In May, 1898, a prominent Japanese editor wrote: "The expedition against Choshiu did more to open Japan's eyes than anything else."

X.—THE FORMOSA CAMPAIGN.

Our civil war being over, Farragut's flag-ship, the *Hartford*, Commodore H. H. Bell, joined the China squadron. The American bark *Rover* had been wrecked on the southeast corner of Formosa, and her crew murdered by the copper-colored natives, whose favorite sport was head-hunting. As usual, the Chinese mandarins could do nothing. So on June 13, 1867, guided to the right place by British residents of Takao, a force of 181 marines and sailors was landed from the *Hartford* and *Wyoming*, who were to go into the bamboo jungles to chastise these Indian-like skulking cannibals. After four hours' marching in the frightful moist heat of darkest Formosa, unable to see but a few feet in the tangled thickets, "a fight in a furnace" took place, in which Lieutenant-Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, one of the finest officers in the navy, was slain. The loss of the enemy, who were scarcely visible in the undergrowth, and were only indicated by the frequent flash of a gun barrel in the sunlight or the puff of smoke from their hiding-place, was not known. Beyond burning a few huts, little damage was

done. The body of Mackenzie found a hospitable grave in the garden of the British consulate at Takao, which again showed that "blood is thicker than water." A young officer named Sigsbee, afterward captain of the battle-ship *Maine*, made a sketch of the funeral and burial-spot.

American interests in Formosa were afterward handsomely served by General Le Gendre, United States consul at Amoy.

tery, like those at Shimoda, Yokohama, and other points in the Far East, are faithfully and lovingly decorated by our men annually on May 30. Memorial day is always impressively observed by our men abroad. Usually, in the case of recent burials, our American tars lay flowers on the graves or hang a wreath on the monuments of their British sailor-mates also. "Blood is thicker than water."

Americans could not but rejoice when,



KOREAN OFFICERS ON THE FLAG-SHIP.

A few months later, January 11, 1868, Admiral Bell, with Lieutenant Read and ten sailors, was drowned in the upsetting of a boat off the ever-dangerous Osaka bar, Japan. No American officer of so high rank has thus far died on this station. The graves of the seamen in Kobe Cemein 1895, the Japanese took over Formosa from the Chinese, and began to govern it decently.

XI.—THE CIVIL WAR IN JAPAN.

THE jealous Japanese clans of the south —Satsuma, Choshiu, and Tosa — settled



SEOUL, THE CAPITAL OF KOREA IN 1898.
Showing the American Methodist college and the French cathedral.

their quarrels, "pooled their issues," and made a coalition, the "Sat-Cho-To," which seized Kyoto and the Mikado's person. At the decisive battle of Fushimi, January 27–30, 1868, Tycoonism and duarchy were blown to the winds, and feudalism was dealt a mortal wound. In the war troubles around Kyoto, Osaka, and Kobe eleven French soldiers were slain. The British body-guard of Sir Harry Parkes suffered frightfully in the attack upon them by two assassins in a narrow street of Kyoto, one fanatic's sword doing most of the work of wounding eleven men and five horses.

In Japanese proverbs, "The beaten soldier fears even the moving tops of the tall grass." The defeated Tycoon, Keiki, unrecognized, gladly found asylum on board the United States steamship *Iroquois*, until in his own steam-yacht he took passage northward. Though he resigned his office, his followers fought the battle of Uyeno within the city limits of Yedo. The campaign of civil war was continued in Aidzu and Yezo. The victorious imperialists, led by Satsuma and Choshiu, armed with American rifles, drilled in modern tactics, and full of valor and enthusiasm, won. On the water, the men of the cause which, by reason of its unfitness for the age, was foredoomed to be lost, were at first strong in modern war-ships built chiefly in the United States, and officered by natives educated in Holland. When, however, the iron-clad *Stonewall* arrived from the United States, and the Mikado's party secured her, the war was soon over.

That handsome war-steamer the *Idaho*, whose vitals of machinery were a failure, after costing the "butt end of nearly a million" dollars, became our store-ship at Yokohama. Delightful are the memories of the *Idaho* still enjoyed by resident landsmen, and of naval men whose happy hours of duty were in sight of Fujiyama's snowy crown. Commodore Watson, now looking up castles in Spain, and Captain Chester, now of the United States cruiser *Cincinnati*, illustrated the suavity and social charm, the unquailing courage, the stern devotion to duty, and the strict discipline of the American naval



CHEMULPO, THE TERMINUS OF THE RAILWAY AND THE SEAPORT OF SEOUL.

officer. Nearly all our old wooden ships which had been active in the civil war visited the Japan station between 1866 and 1896.

After three years' service in Asiatic waters the crew of the United States steamship *Oneida* were happy in setting their faces homeward January 24, 1870. Joy soon changed to woe. Within an hour after leaving Yokohama and the cheers from her sister crafts, the gallant ship was beneath the waves. Struck amidships at 6 P.M. by the British mail-steamer *Bombay*, Captain Eyre, off Saratoga Spit, the *Oneida* sunk in fifteen minutes. All on board except four officers and sixty men were drowned. Their monument is annually hung on Memorial day with flowers, the protests of the resurrection hope against the might and mystery of death.

XII.—KOREA.

JAPAN had forged ahead in enlightened progress, but Korea persisted in her mood of morose seclusion. Besides American vessels shipwrecked on her inhospitable coasts, the crew of the schooner *General Sherman*, which, early in August, 1866, entered the Ping-Yang River, met violent deaths. Whether "merchant or invader," aggrieved or aggressors, those on board lost their lives. The Koreans, first with fire-rafts and then with weapons, had attacked and slain them all. The facts in the case were investigated and found about twenty years afterward by Ensign John B. Bernadou, the first naval officer wounded in our present war with Spain.

To inquire into the *General Sherman* affair, and to make a treaty, an American force, consisting of the *Colorado*, *Alaska*, *Benicia*, *Palos*, *Ashuelot*, and *Monocacy*, under "fighting John Rodgers," moved into the Han River, on which Han-Yang, the Seoul or capital of Korea, is situated. With Mr. F. F. Low, our minister in Peking, with whom was the responsibility of peace or war, our men caught sight of the superb scenery of Korea at Boisée Island, May 30. Only the *Palos* and the old double-ender *Monocacy*, now the Noah's Ark of the Asiatic squadron, could enter the river. On June 2, leaving the heavy vessels behind, four steam-launches and the two gunboats moved out to the work of survey-



INSIDE THE LARGE KOREAN FORT.

ing. Around the bend of the river was "a whirlpool as bad as Hell Gate," and a channel only three hundred feet wide. To the surprise of the Americans, there was a fort and a new earth-work mounting several thirty-two pounders, and hundreds of jingals lashed by fives to logs. The treacherous Korean commander was one second too late. A storm of fire burst and clouds of smoke rose over the fort, while the water was torn into foam and our men soused in the splash. One American was wounded, but of the two or three hundred Korean missiles of many sizes not one injured a ship or boat. The bow guns of the launches, the cannon of the moving *Palos*, and the 10-inch shells of the *Monocacy* at anchor quickly cleared the fort of its defenders, the white-coated Koreans flying like sheep before the well-dropped shells.

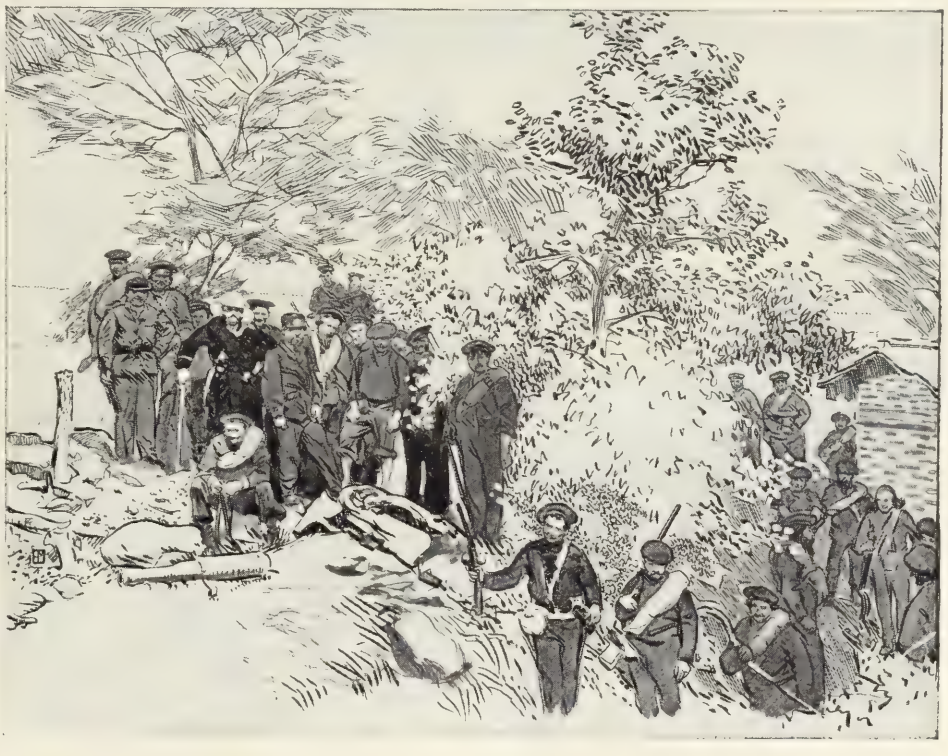
Those who know the inside of the Hermit Nation's history do not wonder at the silliness, obstinacy, and ill-concealed contempt of the Tai Wen Kun's cat's-paws, called officers, who from the first rudely rejected all offers of intercourse. This prince-father, with heart of stone and bowels of iron, an intense hater of foreigners and Christianity, was then the virtual ruler of Korea. Admiral Rodgers allowed ten days for some apology for the treacherous attack, but none coming, an expedition of chastisement was prepared. The two gunboats, four launches, and twenty boats carried ten companies of infantry with seven pieces of artillery, the 105 marines and 546 sailors being organized as a landing force. With the sailors of the *Monocacy* and *Palos*, this expedition, under Captain Homer C. Blake, numbered 759 men in all. Among the active officers were Winfield Scott Schley, Silas Casey, C. M. Chester, L. A. Kimberly, Douglas Cassel, Seaton Schroeder, Albion W. Wadhams, and others now famous.

The *Monocacy*, strengthened with two 9-inch guns from the *Colorado*, led the way up the river June 10, and quickly breached the wall of stone, ten feet high, and emptied with her shells the first of the five forts built on three promontories. Our men landed eight hundred yards below the fort, and went into camp. After destroying everything warlike in the stone fort and the water-battery, they bivouacked under the stars, the marines guarding the outpost. In the dark the white-clothed Koreans moved about like ghosts,

firing on our pickets. The next day, dragging their howitzers over the hills, our men moved towards the next line of fortifications, called the "middle" fort. After the *Monocacy* had shelled it into silence, and the marines found it deserted, the sailors destroyed everything in it.

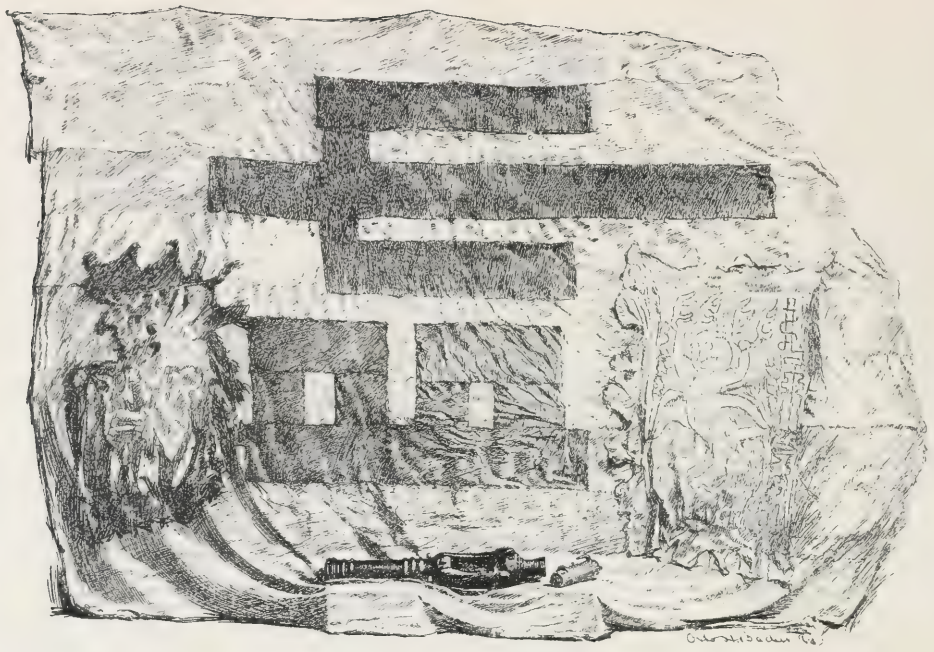
Up hill and down dale in this country, rough to soldiers dragging cannon, but a dream of beauty to tourist and poet, our men moved to the main stronghold, which seemed perched like an eagle's eyry upon a high rocky bluff. How could such a citadel be stormed by men without wings to fly? This fort, mounting 153 guns, large and small, was fully garrisoned by stalwart tiger-hunters from the north. To the left thousands of armed natives were gathering in dark masses on the flanks of the Americans, and in a rush on the howitzer companies of the rear-guard and outposts they might overwhelm their foes. Some of our men were already prostrated by the heat. Something must be done quickly. From a ravine, up the steep incline of a cone 150 feet high, our men must climb in face of jingal and musket fire. Fortunately the shrapnel of the howitzers kept the clouds of warriors on the flanks at a distance, while the *Monocacy's* shells had breached the walls. At the right moment Casey gave the order, and up the ladderlike cliffs our men rushed amid a rain of jingal balls. When the tiger-hunters could no longer load their clumsy pieces, stones, dirt, arrows, and spears were their weapons. Fighting with desperation in the hand-to-hand struggle, the Koreans chanted a death-dirge in melancholy cadence. The majority were slain inside the walls, and the few fugitives were quickly annihilated by the rifles of McLean's sailors and the canister of Cassel's howitzer battery. About 350 Koreans were slain. Only twenty prisoners, all wounded, were taken alive. The other two forts, open to the rear from the main work, were easily entered.

On our side, Lieutenant McKee and two other men were killed, and ten wounded. Five forts, 50 flags, 481 jingals and cannon (27 being heavy guns), and hundreds of matchlocks were captured as the result of the two days' operation. Courage, zeal, and discipline marked our heroes throughout. Except possibly in the disembarkation on a mud flat, it is difficult, from a naval point of view, to see how the operations could have been more wisely planned or more scientifically carried out. Some of the Korean cotton-armor suits, flags, lances, and rude breech-loading cannon, of a model like those used by Columbus, were brought to Washington.



OUR SAILORS AFTER THE BATTLE.

Seen in the perspective of Korean history, it seems now utterly improbable that any treaty could have been made at the time when the Tai Wen Kun ruled the country. Even so sound an authority as the late S. Wells Williams declared to the writer that Rodgers's chastisement of



THE FLAG OF THE KOREAN COMMANDER, THE FLAG OF THE TIGER-HUNTERS, A BATTALION FLAG, AND A KOREAN BREECH-LOADING CANNON, CAPTURED BY THE AMERICANS.

the Koreans helped to make them willing to treat with their fellow-creatures in 1882. After a winter of negotiation in Peking, Commodore R. W. Shufeldt, in the United States steamship *Swatara*, off Chemulpo, May 19, signed the document which ordained peace and friendship between one of the smallest and one of the greatest of nations, and his guns saluted the new flag of Korea. To-day, in Seoul, the young stars and stripes and the age-old mystic symbols and diagrams wave in harmony. Electric lights, an American-built railway, the first in the kingdom, improved machinery and methods, to say naught of schools, teachers, hospitals, and physicians, show the change from isolation and barbarism.

XIII.—MANILA.

It has been only in the nineties that American steel ships with modern armament have been seen in Asiatic waters. On the 3d of January of this year, Commodore Dewey hoisted his pennant on the United States steamship *Olympia*, and his subsequent exploits are known. Let not the lustre of his fame be dimmed, or the credit of his daring acts be discounted. Yet in Asiatic waters there were brave Americans before him. All honor to them!

COMPLINE.

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS.

As evening settles down along the land,
And lamps blink and the wind is lulled asleep,
Then through the spirit moves a knowledge deep
The day denies us; then a living hand
Nestles from Nature into ours, as sand
Slides in the glass: we dream, and half we leap
The barriers that the dumb Recorders keep,
A ray streams through, and half we understand.

For twilight is the spirit's dwelling-place,
Where mystery melts the slow-dissolving world
And ghosts of order step from accident.
Faith that still hovers where the dew is pearled
Steals forth and beckons, and from banishment
Our dearer selves we summon face to face.

AN ANGEL IN A WEB.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FRIEND HELPS TO SPIN THE WEB.

LAURA at last began to bear upon her face the imprints of what she had suffered. Enviable they were from more than one stand-point, for they were the first strong indications of character. One could say that she had grown five years older in three days, but even now she did not look her age, because the growth had been upon a former childishness which had not been consistent with her years. Her eyes had been beautiful only with the beauty of a fawn's eyes, which reflect nothing of the soul. Her face had been pretty only with the charm of an unwritten page. But now character was at work, tracing a faint line here and new-shaping an infantile roundness there, to bring her nearer what she was—a young woman of seventeen and slightly more. She was the better looking for this out-cropping of what was in her, because her soul, which was disclosing itself, was better worthy of admiration than her vacant juvenility had been.

The very temper she was in, when she came out upon the road again, was strong enough to print faint outlines of its shadow on her face, and she had undergone many such trials within a few days. Now she walked boldly towards the town, past increasing numbers of people, whom she noted no more than if they had not been, though every villager turned to look again at her. Her expression was fixed, so that one saw a squareness about her chin which had not before been noticeable. Her eyes were no longer miniature sky-reflecting pools. They held a suggestion of wildness framed in a frown. She moved with some haste, but more of firmness, so that an impudent butcher-boy with his basket got out of her way as if she had been a man.

"Oh," she muttered, like a latter-day Job, "how much must I go through? How long can this keep on? What would I not give to know how to turn—or what to do? If I could only get to New York and find those lawyers, how happy I should be!"

Another quarter of a mile she walked, and then she spoke again, almost aloud:

"I shall beg. I never imagined I could think of it, but I shall ask some one for money, so as not to be so helpless—just for a day, to hold up my head and look around. Surely, surely, I was not born to undergo this. It does not seem that I can stand it."

She came to the hotel, but found herself unable to go in as she had promised. She passed on, and strode on into the open country, over which the shadows were slanting lengthily.

Tappin had been with the old Colonel for nearly an hour, endeavoring to convince him that the girlish wastrel who had drifted into the house could not by any possibility be his middle-aged sister, who went away older than this young lady twenty years before.

"Then she died when she left here, and this was her ghost," said the obstinate invalid. "You knew my sister, Helen—Mrs. Balm, she became—and if you had seen her as I did in this room this afternoon, you would understand why I am not to be argued into doubting my plain eyesight. I won't have it, Tappin; by the Eternal, I won't be faced down about it. Put on your hat and overcoat and go and find her. She can't have gone far. Perhaps you had better take the wagon. See her for yourself, and then come and tell me whether she's Helen's spirit or what."

"I'll find her, sir," said Tappin. "I am as curious as yourself, particularly, if you'll excuse me saying it, because you've not a particle of fever, and you seem quite yourself."

On the main street of Powellton he encountered old Christmas, who called from across the road, and hobbled over to him.

"You may have to wait a bit for her at the hotel," said he. "She wasn't going in, but she'll have to come back to it. I have a sure feeling she will, at least by the time you've been there a few minutes."

"Who are you talking about?" Tappin asked him.

"The young fly in the web," Christmas said. "The same one you had at your house last night. Oh, I know other folks's business—that's all the good I am. I didn't stop her because I couldn't see my way to help her, though she was near crazy with her troubles."

"What do you know about her? Who is she?"

"A fly in a web, sir. 'Pon my word she's nothing else; just a poor little fly, so lonely and helpless and young and good, and yet all tangled up in misfortunes."

"You know more than you'll tell, you old busybody," said Tappin; "but I'll soon find out the little I'm after."

Tappin went on to the kitchen of the Powellton Hotel, and there was Laura, her mind at less tension, and her body tired. He had walked to the centre of the room when, hearing his steps, she turned and faced him. He could not control himself against the shock which the sight of her gave him.

"My God!" he muttered. "No wonder he sent me!"

"Good-morning, Mr. Tappin," said the cook. "What's wrong with you, sir, wandering into my kitchen—into which everybody else has taken to walking, free like, so why shouldn't you?"

"This young lady," the butler said, "was she — I beg your pardon, miss, would you mind saying where you was last night and most of to-day?"

"I stopped at a Mr. Lamont's — the house in the large grounds above the town."

"Right; it is you I'm looking for. Would you mind telling me who I'm addressing, miss?"

"My name is Laura Balm."

"Your mother's maiden name—will you tell me that, please?"

"I do not know it. It may seem strange," Laura said, "but she never told it to me. She always seemed to try to forget her early life. I think it was because she had only a brother in all the world, and they quarrelled. She seldom spoke even of him, and then only vaguely."

"Surely you know what her first name was?"

"Why do you speak so of her?" Laura asked, fearful of evil news. "Have you come from — where she is? Has anything dreadful happened?"

"No, I know nothing about her. Then she is alive, is she, miss?" Tappin asked.

"Oh yes, mother is alive; but she is very ill. I was afraid you had come from her. You asked her given name; it is Helen."

"Ma'am," said Tappin to the cook, "just leave me with this young lady for a few moments, there's a good woman. I want to speak with her, private, you know."

The shrewd old servant, born and bred to listen and not to speak, led Laura to talk of herself for half an hour, while he volunteered nothing except that "the folks up at the house had taken an interest in her." He did do a little violence to his training by hinting that his employers might aid her in seeking her relatives; though, he said, this depended on many things, the household being so upset by the illness of the Colonel, which was why she had been asked to leave the place sooner than was intended. He quizzed her to good purpose. Her resemblance to her mother convinced him that she was as she described herself; but her hardest task, of which she was as oblivious as of all that was being imposed upon her, was to assure him of her good character. He had heard that she had been wayfaring with loafers through the country, and he was cognizant of the episode of the safe key at the Clock House. Very shrewdly, without in any way betraying his suspicions, he induced her to defend her character. As she had nothing to conceal, her whole story was easily drawn from her. He was soon satisfied that she was a pure girl, and that her brief experience with Heintz had left no stain upon her. Her account of the manner in which she came to visit the Colonel's bedside was so frankly and innocently narrated as to make it evident that she thought only of the opportunity it gave her to render a slight service in return for the kindness of the gentleman who requested it. What she emphasized was her regret that the housekeeper had happened to come upon her in the room, and been startled into arousing the invalid from his sleep.

In recalling the very little she knew of her mother's earlier life with her brother, she startled the butler more than once.

"Mother told me," she said, "that a portrait of herself, at just about my own

age, is framed in the oaken panelling of a beautiful room in her old home. Opposite is the picture of her brother, and on the other walls are paintings of her mother and father."

Tappin knew that Mrs. Balm's portrait and the others had once occupied this exact relationship in the dining-room at the Clock House, but he kept his knowledge to himself.

"Go on, please," he urged; "try to think of something else she told you."

"Well, once when I asked mother how she came by a deep little scar on her forehead, just beneath her hair, she said that in a great garden behind her old home there were two iron statues, one of a little boy standing beside a goat, and the other of a little girl beside a lamb. Once she was romping at a game of tag around the statue of the boy and goat, and the whole statue, pedestal and all, fell over and nearly killed her. She was ill in bed for weeks. When her mind gave way recently, the doctors said it might have been because of the wound she had got at that time."

"Yes, miss," and "how awful, miss!" was all that Tappin said, though he remembered the incident clearly, for he had been a boy on the place at the time, and had helped to carry the little girl into the house when she lay stunned beneath the fallen statue. He was very proud of his self-control as he listened, to all appearances unmoved, for he really wanted to grasp Laura's hand and bid her welcome to a beautiful home of which she was in ignorance. But a lifetime habit controlled, and a servant's limitations beset him.

When he took his leave of Laura he merely said, "I wish you would stay right here, miss, until you get a message or some one is sent to you."

Out in the open air he felt like shouting. Never had he performed such important service as this. Of all the servants at the Clock House, he alone had known Mrs. Balm. He alone could say positively that the old Colonel's insistence that Laura was like her was entirely reasonable and well founded. And now he had what he considered the most positive proof that the girl was Mrs. Balm's daughter; yes, more, an instinctive assurance that she was a good girl, who would bring credit to any family, even that of the Lamonts. He felt his importance as if it might lift him off the ground, and yet he presently flung it all to the winds by the very reverse of the course he had maintained in his interview with Laura.

This was when he met young Lamont loafing about Powellton. Tappin meant, when he caught sight of the man approaching him, only to salute him and pass on, but Jack stopped him, saying, "Well, Tappin, have you got rid of that girl tramp up at the house?"

This was more than even the sage Tappin felt called upon to pass over in silence. "If it's your cousin you refer to, Mr. Lamont, we have not got rid of her."

"My cousin? What's the matter with you, Tappin? I have no girl cousin. I mean that girl there was such a fuss about at the house this morning."

"So do I mean the same one, sir," said Tappin. "Miss Balm, daughter of the Colonel's sister. I have just left her at the hotel, sir, after satisfying myself that she is what I say; though, for the matter of that, sir, it was the Colonel who suspected it first, from a mere glance he got at her face. So, Mr. Lamont, she's not got rid of—for all that you call her a tramp, and worse; it's my opinion she'll not be got rid of, either, in many a long year."

"The devil you say! Is this true? Well—damn it—old fellow, how could I know who she was, or that she wasn't like any other fly-by-night one meets? Well, well, well; this—is—a surprise."

"The Colonel would have her back even when he'd only his suspicions," said Tappin, "so that you may be sure she'll be warmly welcomed now that them suspicions proves true. I can say that to you and no harm done, though I did not say it to her. I merely asked her to wait at the hotel, saying, I says, that maybe she'd have a message, or, says I, somebody would come and take her back to the house."

"You always was as shrewd as they make 'em," said Jack, craftily. "Stop a moment. Take a cigar. Light up and smoke it now, I sha'n't mind. I'll walk a little way with you."

"I'll enjoy it some other time," said Tappin, pocketing the cigar. "Really, I must hurry, for the Colonel is wild to hear the news. And, to tell the truth, I'm crazy to be telling it to him."

"I don't wonder at it—not a little bit," Lamont said. "That's right, hurry along,



"HE SPOKE IN BROKEN SENTENCES."

and I'll keep up with you a little way. Wonder at it? No, indeed. It's the most surprising thing that's happened in the family in my time. I'll bet the young lady was surprised when she heard the facts—one of the heirs to a fortune, and the owner on his death-bed."

"She will be surprised, poor young lady," said Tappin; "but I didn't tell her. Not a thing did I tell her. It was she who told me all I wanted—her whole history, even down to little things that happened her mother before she was born; things I was a witness of myself." And here the silly old servant repeated parts of several revelations of Laura's that went to prove her the daughter of Helen Lamont.

"And you never told her what you was questioning her for, or what she proved herself to be?"

"I never gave her a glimpse of a shadow of an idea of what it was all about," said Tappin. "I just remarked that the folks wanted, says I, to know something about her, and perhaps, I says, they'd help her to find her people. What right had I to pass my own judgment or to be making promises to be carried out by the folks I work for?"

"Oh, but you never lose your wits, do you?" Lamont said. "You never are caught napping, are you?"

"Well, I never thought myself so very wise," said the butler, whose vanity was swelling like a turkey's feathers. "But I must hurry along, sir, if you'll excuse me."

"Don't let me keep you," said Lamont. "Good-by. You'll make a great sensation at the old house."

It was a great sensation indeed. Tappin reported faithfully to the old Colonel all that he had seen and heard, and the impressions these discoveries had made upon him, in confirmation of his master's instinctive feeling of Laura's kinship. The effect upon the Colonel was magical. He sat up in bed, and, with a stronger light in his eyes and a stouter voice than it had been thought he could summon, he cross-questioned his old servant, commented on the news, and philosophized about the change in the family fortunes which the finding of the girl would bring about. The apparent new flow of strength and enthusiasm proved to be the final outputtings of his energy.

"I shall leave you all directly," he said to Mr. Borrowes. "This is all I have waited for. I have dreamed of my sister for several nights, and have felt that she—or some one near her—was coming." He spoke in broken sentences, like a man whose breath eluded him. "I've waited very long—very long—and patiently, Borrowes. I'm glad—now—that I can soon go."

"Nonsense, my dear sir," said the lawyer. "You have slept well, and are distinctly mending. Let's have no such talk. Old fellows like us are knotty, and hard to cut down. You've been fighting against odds. They've had you with your back to the wall, but now you've as good as won. Think of that old port you've got left in the cellar and the laugh we'll have at the doctor and the dominie—and the sweet girl who will cheer the house after this. All you need is quiet and rest for a few days more. Calm yourself, now; to-morrow will be time enough for us to talk over this new situation."

"I shall never see to-morrow's light," said the old man. "Don't deceive yourself. Death's close to me, and—I know it, and am not afraid. Send for my niece—quickly. Let me look at her and hear her voice. God bless her for bringing me such relief! At last Providence has given me an heir—and my harshness to Helen can be expiated. I'm tired, Borrowes—tired of going on my knees to beg some one to take my property. Send for my niece, and let me see her made mistress here to-night."

The lights were being lit and the Etherians were reassembling when the housekeeper hastened to her room to dress for the grateful task of fetching Laura back to the Clock House, back to her own roof-tree, out of the storm and stress of the most perverse circumstances that ever, within the knowledge of these new-found friends, beset a simple, innocent, and noble girl.

The Colonel slept heavily with clogged breathing, greatly weakened by the strain he had undergone; but Tappin did not spare him.

"Colonel. Please, sir. Colonel," he called, while he bent over the bed.

"Yes, yes, Tappin. What is it now?"

"I'm very sorry, sir. It's about the young lady—your niece, sir. She's gone,

sir. She's gone to New York on the 6.10 express. Your nephew, sir, has taken her off."

"Jack?"

"Yes, sir."

CHAPTER IX.

BOTH SIDES OF A GRAVE.

THE invalid dropped his head back upon the pillow and was quiet, except for his breathing, that rasped its way to and fro in his throat. After a moment, stretched to many times its actual length in the butler's anxious mind, the Colonel roused himself.

"I must be kept awake," he said, with awesome huskiness thickening the treble of his voice. "If I sleep now I'll never wake again: do you understand, Tappin? And I have too much to do. How has this—this new deviltry—been managed? What made her—how did he induce—"

"He got news of who she was, sir. And he went to her, pretending to be sent by you, and told her she was to go to New York with him to find her relatives. I'm very sorry, sir."

"*You* told him then," said the Colonel. "He got the news from you, or Miss Johnson. Nobody else knew it, and nobody but you has been to the village. It was you who told him, Tappin."

"I did, sir," said Tappin. "I deserve anything for it. I met him on the road, and he spoke of her — very badly, sir; indeed he did—and I answered without thinking."

"Well, it doesn't matter; it's done. You've been a good servant to me, Tappin—and now you've got your hands full to bring her back when I'm gone. It's annoying. I wanted to see her — but what does it matter? Jack is up — to some of his deviltry—but he won't succeed, for she's a good girl. There was only one rascal ever born—to this family —rascal or fool—the same thing. He won't succeed. Bring her back — when I'm gone. Promise me, Tappin. Now get Borrowes. Why can't he stay by me — just this little while? Call him quickly, for I'm tired — tired of all this worry."

To the lawyer, when he came, the dying man talked earnestly and clearly, though in broken phrases separated by his struggles for breath.

"It's a race between you—and death, old friend," said the Colonel. "And death's got the start of you, so be quick—do be quick. And, Tappin, you keep me awake. The best way—will be to tell me —how you came to talk to Jack—about my niece. Go on; tell me, man. That will make me very angry, and keep me awake—perhaps—though I fear I can't get angry as I ought to. It is too much trouble, Tappin. When I'm gone—think of what I said—that it is too much trouble to get angry; trouble for nothing.

"Leave everything to my niece, Laura Balm—do you hear, Borrowes? Sole heir, you understand. Say that if she's foully dealt with—or dies—or can't be found—then Archibald — Archibald will inherit all. Now, then, Tappin, you muddling old —old— Go on, go on. Tell me how you came to make such a fool of yourself."

Tappin talked, and the Colonel strained at his weakening senses to keep himself awake, while the pen of the lawyer raced to and fro across the paper. At last the old man was lifted to a sitting posture, a pen was put in his hand, and he executed his signature, clearly and firmly, though almost mechanically, as men of affairs write their names after a lifetime's constant practice.

He tried to speak as he was being lowered back upon his pillow, but no words came. And in an hour he had passed life's barrier to join the spirit of his mother, leaving his worn-out body on the bed.

"What, mother! you here?" he said to her. "Why, then, it was you who kept coming to me while I was ill, and counselled me about my sister and my niece. Of course, I know it now, but I did not understand it then. I was constantly on the verge of grasping the knowledge that it was you, and yet I kept forever slipping away from it again. You know that feeling, don't you, of having a name or a word at the tip of your tongue and then losing it? Your presence tantalized me in just that way. My! how well I do feel—but how strange, too; so light and free!"

"You don't realize that your body is dead, my son."

"Dead? I? How can I be dead? I am not even dreaming!"

"No, not dreaming," his mother said. "But look at your body there on the bed. Remember that you are speaking to me—standing face to face with me—whose body

was laid aside forty years ago. Your moments are precious, for you are about to pass for a time from sight and knowledge of earthly affairs."

"How extraordinary! And I was feeling that I had recovered from that awful illness. But I see; it must be so, of course. Why, here's Editha!" the Colonel said, as the spirit of his wife appeared before him. "How glad I am to see you, dear Editha! There was not a day after you were taken from me that I did not think of you more than once. No one ever took your place in my heart, Editha. And you too have been frequently with me of late. I know it perfectly now, and it seems so strange that I did not realize it at the time. It was you who made me think so constantly of yourself; you led me to dream that you were by my side—caressing and comforting me. How plaguily that knowledge did evade me! A thousand times I seemed on the point of realizing your presence, and each time the recognition slipped by and left me unsatisfied. But how good it is to see and be with you both! If this is death, it is an improvement upon—"

"Listen, my son. You must not lose an instant," said Mrs. Lamont. "Only a few moments of this after-consciousness are allotted to you at this time. It is not fit that any spirit should remain while its earthly senses are fresh and keen to witness what occurs immediately after the passage from mortal life. Your new powers are not developed; your earthly ties are too newly broken. Therefore the grief, confusion, disturbances of your plans, the possible quarrels and ingratitude of relatives, are things you cannot alter or mend, and so you may not witness them. Be quick. You have already tarried long. Have you any questions to ask?"

"I cannot adjust my mind to this so hurriedly," he said.

"Your niece?" his mother suggested. "You would like to ask about her."

"Yes, my niece," he repeated, eagerly. "Will she be found, and become the mistress of the—"

Even as he spoke the two Etherians saw the ray that was his soul fade and disappear. And where he had been there remained nothing that even they could see.

"So," said Mrs. Lamont, as calmly as if her son had merely stepped into the next room, which, perhaps, is precisely how she regarded his change of condition, "he has gone from all care and trouble, and only things too stupendous for our comprehension will concern him any more. But, Editha, you seem to me to retain a great deal of the old mortal interest in earthly things. You and Deborah both display an enthusiasm here which spirits seldom feel except where an injury or grievance, like murder or moral wounds, outlives the grave. It all seems trifling to me. I came to ease the Colonel's sufferings and welcome him to his new state, and I have felt little interest in anything more."

"I love Laura," said Editha. "She is so sweet—and helpless. But you cannot say I have enthusiasm. If I had, what agony I would suffer to see her thrown out of her only home and decoyed to New York by that wicked man while I may only look on! I must let her misfortunes run their course, it sometimes seems, and may only calm and comfort her. If it were not for the philosophy that comes with everything else, I could not endure my impotence."

"Yes," said the elder Etherian; "but you should be with her now. Open her eyes to his character. She thinks him a good man and her friend. Enlighten her quickly. Do you dare to say that the power to warn and guide a helpless soul is a little gift? What you can do counts for more in the end than if you were a mortal. Look at Jack. He has her in his power. Yet he will fail, and she will triumph, through your assistance."

In the mean time the 6.10 express from Fishkill was darting over the country and through the gathering darkness with every seat taken, and with Laura Balm and Jack Lamont in opposite ends of it. It did not agree with any part of Lamont's plan to be separated from her, but, as it was, he was glad to find a seat for himself in the smoking-car, and to get her the only other place there was, in the drawing-room of a parlor-car, beside an elderly man.

While she had waited in the tavern kitchen for a message from the Clock House, Lamont came and told her that he had been deputed by his family to take her to New York and help her to find her father's lawyers and her people. He urged her to make haste in order to

catch the stage that would meet the only fast train of that night. Doubting nothing, wholly grateful, rejoiced to find herself on the way to New York at last, she bade farewell to the agitated cook at the tavern, and entered the omnibus which was about to start for Fishkill. After it, on a baggage-wagon, Christmas followed, dubious in mind and disturbed at heart. There was just room for Laura and Lamont in the stage, but the shade of Deborah Lamont also found space there. Editha, too, made the journey also, but not with the runaways.

Deborah clung close to her son, stilling his conscience, applauding him, crying constantly to his brain: "Now manage to make her love you. Marry her—marry her—marry her. She is simple, young, trusting. Keep others away from her. Your way is paved. She is grateful. Act quickly. Marry her—marry her. Then all the Colonel's wealth is as good as yours."

Jack Lamont listened, enchanted. What voice counselled him he knew no more than any of us do when two promptings besiege our consciousness, contrarily or in unison. He only knew that this second voice carried agreeable counsel. His earlier impulse had been to play with Laura as the toy of a season. Even when he learned who she was, he still planned to bind her to him in dishonor, and share what he could get of her property with her disgrace. But then came the urging of this newer, second conscience: "Marry her! marry her!" Why not, indeed? Then there would be no danger or scandal, and all her fortune would be his.

Editha did not counsel her, did not caress her; never once came close to her. Deborah knew why, just as Editha divined Deborah's whisperings to Jack. Editha spent her time and counsel altogether on old Christmas, although her communications were not welcomed by him. Any mortal on-looker might have seen that they perplexed him. He would stand still to receive them. Then he would walk on, shaking his white locks and muttering. It was evident that the impulses with which she stirred his mind almost excited him to rebellion against his gentle monitor. But she came to him again and again, and repeated her injunctions until his judgment, from floundering midway between his own promptings and hers, was at last dragooned over to her support.

On the platform of the sprawling railway station at Fishkill Laura was left to herself, while Lamont bought the tickets and a box of fruit and sandwiches for her. She came upon Christmas on the platform, and spoke to him cheerily, saying that at last she was on her way to New York, where she would find friends, or, at least, would be directed where to find them.

"You call it going to New York," said Christmas, gravely. "I call it to the shearing. Ay, the shearing first—but, pray God, no further."

"Why, Christmas, what makes you talk to me like that?" Laura asked. "It is not nice of you to treat me so, after letting me see how kind and friendly you can be. You did not talk so to me after you got to know me, when we walked to Powellton together the other day. I am so much in your debt. Let me always feel that you are my friend."

"I would have given an arm to help you the other day, miss," said Christmas; "now I would give my head and body. But heed what I say—no matter how I put it. I see too much. It ain't good for an old man like me to see so many things. It's muddling."

"Do you see something more about me?" Laura asked, with a friendly smile to cover her amusement at his pretensions. "I am not afraid to have you tell it. It must be good, for my dreams and hopes are both coming true. Tell me what you see."

"The same web—wherever you turn," said Christmas, in the artificial manner and tone of his prophetic mood—"the same web, miss, still catching your feet. No, no; stay, miss, and listen. I'm muddled; fearful muddled, I'll admit. But I never muddle no one else with my seeings. What I see by myself is that you are in wicked hands. God and the angels (and the fairies, miss) keep you out of harm, I say. Now here's what the fairies say: They told me to-night, and they told me last night, that you was a-going to New York. I have even seen you there, with my own eyes, when I was looking yon. But I couldn't see no further. So you've got to go, miss. I'm sorry indeed, but you've got to go."

"Yes, yes," said Laura, eagerly. "Then I'm right, you see, and you must be wrong.

Why, I've prayed to get there—to find my father's lawyer, and to be able to write to father, and to go and see my mother. Oh, Christmas, you should be glad, instead of trying to frighten me."

"But the web—the web!" said Christmas. "It reaches over New York. There's nothing but the web around you, there and here and in between, tying your feet and tripping you up. I meant to warn you and to tell your friends up at the Clock House, for they are your true friends, miss, not this man here—oh no—but the others at the house. Ah, then comes the fairies, who've touched your forehead and your eyes. They are at my ears now. I heed what they say, because they are your friends too. They say to old Christmas that you are to go to New York. I'm sure they're wrong, and yet they must be right. That's what muddles me. And when you're muddled, miss, the best thing is to say nothing at all."

Lamont came out of the station and approached the speakers.

"Thank you so much, Christmas," said Laura. "Good-by. Don't worry about me any more."

"Go away! Get out, you dirty beggar!" said Lamont, in a tone as heartless as his words.

"Oh, don't speak to him like that! I shall not think you kind," said Laura. "Here, Christmas, shake hands for good-by."

"Deeper and deeper in the tangle of the web," said Christmas. "Heed me, miss, though I'm so muddled."

"He has been a true friend to me," Laura said to Lamont, as she turned away from Christmas.

"Surely you can make other friendships than with dirty tramps like that, Miss Balm," said Jack.

"He is not dirty. I shall not hear him abused," she retorted, with spirit. "My only hope is that whatever other friends I may have will all prove as kind and good as old Christmas."

"Well, well," said Lamont, "we won't quarrel over a bunch of rags, clean or dirty. You will soon find plenty of friends in your own walk of life, I hope."

When the train had taken up its roaring flight, Editha joined Laura in the parlor-car. This was after old Mrs. Lamont had pointed out how she could serve Laura. Now she threw about the girl her soothing interest. Her presence came to Laura as night falls upon the excitements of the day when men are busiest. It came as rest comes to the work-worn, as mother-love comes to a restless babe in its cradle. All over her consciousness—and it was as if her consciousness was a separate entity larger than herself—she felt this sudden flood of peace. She settled back and down in the upholstered seat.

"Is it you?" she murmured, softly, yet quite aloud. "Have you come? How glad I am—my angel!"

At the first purring words the elderly man beside Laura looked at her with surprise. As she followed short sentence with short sentence, his surprise shifted into kindly amusement. Her eyes were closed, and he fancied her asleep and dreaming aloud. She was unconscious of everything except the presence of her comforter.

The earthly soul and the spirit were now tuned nearly in concert. The Etherian easily led the mind of Laura to turn her own thoughts into whatever channel she directed them. She could not generate new thoughts; she could only mould those that came to Laura. The space between the two intelligences was almost as nearly bridged over as it ever could be. Let us see how they got on. Knowing Laura's trust in Jack Lamont as we do, and her gratitude to him, and knowing precisely how she regarded her day's experience at the Clock House, we may judge by her thoughts precisely how the Etherian moulded her mind's operations.

"It's queer," Laura said to herself, "I had not thought of it before; in fact, I thought he was so kind. But he was very rude, and frightened me dreadfully last night on that dark road. Perhaps he meant nothing; but, no, he wasn't nice."

"Be on your guard," counselled the Etherian. "Think of all you know about him. You believe he took you to the great house. But did he?"

"How strange that he should have left me with the gardener alone in that little lodge! It looks as if he did not know I was to be taken to the house; as if the housekeeper had done that. The gardener certainly told me I was to have Mr. Lamont's room in the lodge. That looks as if he did not live in the house. But he came there. It was in the house

that he— Oh, how mean it is of me to put such suspicions together! But it is all so strange. When I think about that key—how very odd all that was! He was to come back at once to get it, and he never came, though I was there half an hour; more than half an hour."

"Did you offend by waking the sick man?" the Etherian whispered. "Think. Think."

"Good gracious! Am I going crazy—or am I wicked—to have such ideas? I kept on saying I was sorry for waking that poor sick man, but I didn't wake him, and the housekeeper knew I didn't. She paid no attention to what I said about that. 'But this key,' she asked; 'what were you doing with this?' Mercy! I see everything now. When I said Mr. Lamont was in the other room, she rushed in there, and how strangely she looked at me because he was not there! 'I will see if what you say is true,' she said, with such a cruel look at me. I knew she doubted me, but—oh, good heavens! can she have thought I crept into that room to steal something—to steal the key? But she found out afterwards that I told the truth. And yet, did she?—for she ordered me out of the house. And when I instantly asked for Mr. Lamont, they said he had gone. Then she could not have talked with him, after all."

"Watch. Be on your guard," whispered the Etherian.

"How fearful to harbor such thoughts!" Laura reflected. "I, who all my life was taught to think it wicked to leap to evil conclusions, and about a friend! Before, I was so grateful, and now—I cannot help it—I begin to fear him. I am afraid of him, and yet I am going with him, alone with him, to New York."

All that Editha could do was to soothe the troubled mind of her charge with the conviction that a friend was by her side to guide and admonish her. It is true that she whispered to Laura to be brave and fear nothing, to rely on her own virtue for protection; but it is more than likely that her actual ideas melted into mere solace and relief when they reached Laura's mind.

CHAPTER X.

LAMONT'S INDUSTRIOUS VILLANY.

LAURA had a double seat to herself at Tarrytown, where the elderly man got off, but Lamont came immediately and sat by her, forcing her to try to keep awake and second his efforts to maintain a conversation.

Lamont had only a slight acquaintance with good women, and may seem peculiar in this respect, but not to any man who knows the times we live in, and the men who are numerous among those who have developed club life and bachelor-flat life to their present conditions. He was simply one of the flowers of that selfish and animal contingent which makes the most use of the living and lounging quarters that are so much more complete and luxurious than any home the average young man can create for himself as to wean the more selfish ones from thought of marriage and the company of good women. In the larger cities there are coteries of men of this type, inhabiting clubs and flats which one might liken to the receiving-vaults of great cemeteries, because in them are buried so many of the traits which self-respecting men prize most highly. To enlarge upon that subject, however, is to begin a different book from this. At all events, before Lamont's money ran out and left him desperate he had been a prize blossom of this species of exotic life. He was now capable of greater wickedness than before, but this, if he practised it, would merely be a superstructure upon the earlier foundations. When he had money he was the idol of the other vegetables in the clubs and bachelor-apartment houses.

If any of his companions had asked him why he did not marry, the chances are that he would have replied with a witticism which would be regarded as very clever in a French novel, but which should not contaminate a sheet of paper. But if he answered seriously, he would say, as he often had said, that he had not married because he never knew what to say to a good woman, and was too uncomfortable in the presence of one to pay her the smallest number of visits that would constitute a courtship. Even the most pronounced of these human weeds still think of a wife—at least, of a wife for themselves—as a good woman. They wish we had copied the customs of the Australian bush, so that they could hunt a girl with a spear and a knife, and get her in one violent afternoon. Fancy such a man as that intent upon marrying Laura, and finding himself beside her, and she in his care!

After a few commonplaces, he spoke of his three meetings with her. To suggest the manner of his conversation I will repeat what he said on the subject of his having noticed her in tears in an out-of-the-way country lane:

"I couldn't help stopping and risking a snubbing, you know, because such a pretty girl doesn't often come in a fellow's way. I suppose you're used to being told how pretty you are by this time, eh?" Laura, in fact, was so unused to it that she blushed scarlet, and felt as uncomfortable as she was ashamed. But Lamont went on to say that now that he had met her three times, he was going to make her thorough acquaintance in the pleasantest way, and if she did not have a first-class time in New York, it would not be his fault.

"But I don't want a good time," said Laura. "I shall not impose upon your generosity for a thing more than to be taken to where my father's lawyers have their offices."

"Oh, that's all right," said Lamont. "That's the main thing, of course; but we must not bolt in upon them as if we needed them too badly. That's never a good way to do with lawyers. First, you must have an address to give them, so I must put you up at a good hotel. After I have come around to enjoy a good breakfast with you, we will go to one of the great department stores, where they have stylish clothes all ready-made, and you shall pick out a pretty walking-dress and modish hat and gloves and shoes, for, you know, though you may look all right in New York, a new dress will make you feel more sure of yourself, because now you're dressed for the country, you know. No lady can have too many new dresses, can she?"

"You are very kind," said Laura; "but —and now I hope you won't be offended at what I am going to say—I must ask you not to make any such plans for me at all. I must go somewhere to sleep, and to that extent must be a charge upon you until morning, when I shall get what I know is waiting for me and pay you back. I do not even need to put you to the trouble of going with me to the lawyers', because — well, I made my way about Paris when I was a little child, so I am sure I can find any address in New York."

"I do not doubt you can find your way about," said Lamont, "but the point is, I'm not going to let you do it. I'm in charge of you, don't you see. My people have deputed me to take care of you until you can be united to your family. And because you have not seen New York—where I know every lamp-post and hole and corner—and because you have been unhappy, I propose that you have a real good time for a few days, and that you accept the few things to wear which will put you at your ease when we go to the theatres and swell restaurants to which I want to take you."

"No," Laura replied, earnestly—"no. Please believe me. A night's lodging is all I can accept, and even that is more than I wish to ask."

"My dear Miss Balm," Lamont persisted, "you are not reasonable, and you are not even fair to me. You have been in a heap of trouble, and now it is all over. Friends are found, and you are soon to make your whereabouts known to your relatives. You owe all this to me. I do not want to boast—wouldn't even have mentioned it, only you make me do so. But you do owe all your good luck to me. Well—wait a second—in return, I ask for the pleasure and honor of two or three days of your company in the city. Most ladies would have made me feel that what I proposed would be kindness to them, which is how I mean it. If your independence makes it different with you, please consider it kindness to me."

"I do not want to seem ungrateful," Laura responded, "so I hope you will not say any more about it to-night. Take me to any modest lodgings, and in the morning you will have thought it over and will see that, as I scarcely know you, and am not certain of my future, it is impossible for me to incur such obligations."

"Are you—I don't know how to put it, Miss Balm, but—have you any particular friend? You know what I mean?"

"I have no friends at all," Laura replied. "I have a father, whose address I don't know, and a mother lying dreadfully ill in a—hospital; no one else."

"Then you are—what I mean is—you're not engaged to be married, are you?"

"Oh!" Laura almost gasped. "The idea! How can you ask such a thing?"

"But are you? I want to know."

"No, indeed," said Laura, emphatically, while her face flamed. "I wish you—Oh, no one ever spoke to me of such things!"

"I spoke of it," Lamont went on in a very low tone, "because—and now it is your turn not to get angry, for I am very sincere—because ever since I first saw you, in tears down that lane, I have felt that we were—I mean that you were my—that there was some magic force in you that makes me think of you all the time, keeping me awake at night, making me feverish and anxious whenever we have been separated. May I tell you, Miss Balm, what the truth is about my feelings?"

Laura replied, excitedly: "No, no! I do not want to hear it. I shall not listen, Mr. Lamont."

He continued, with skilful mockery of earnestness: "But you do not know what I'm going to say. I love you, Miss Balm. There, that is why I want to have you to myself for a few days in town. Will you not agree to my plans now that you see how much it means to me?"

The frightened girl drew away from him, pressing her body hard into the further corner of the upholstered seat. "Oh, I wish I had not come! How can you be so wicked?"

"Wicked, Miss Balm? Since when," Lamont asked, "was it wicked to tell a girl she has inspired the most sacred feeling a man ever knows?"

"Ugh!" Laura exclaimed, as an escaping groan and a shudder came together. "You are not honest. You do not mean what you say. You are making sport of me, because you see that I am ignorant, and no one has ever spoken so to me before. I have been nothing but rude to you, though I have tried not to be. You have seen me once for a minute, in passing, on a country road. Afterwards you walked with me a little way in the dark, almost without speaking. After that you came and asked me to get you that key, causing me to be suspected of something horrid, and to be sent away from the house of your relatives. How can you speak of my—inspiring—having such an influence on you, when all the time I have shown you that I do not trust you—I, who have never been more than barely polite to you?"

"Miss Balm, I—"

"I do not trust you," she repeated, while her agitation grew. "I never could trust you. You are twice as old as I am, and cannot think of me in such—in that way—the way you're talking. It is wicked to keep on until I am afraid of you."

"I am sorry. Only one word more, my dear girl," said Lamont, "then I will drop the subject. I do not mean to alarm you, but neither do I deserve that you should doubt me, for I am in earnest. I love you, little girl, and cannot live without you. If I am patient and silent, do you think you could regard me differently?"

"No, no; please stop. I never could like you," said the trembling young woman.

"But if you find you have misjudged me?"

"Oh, you make me tell you; I like you much less, and am more afraid of you, every time I see you," Laura said. "I never was so rude to any one but you. You frighten me, and you are just taking advantage of me by talking of such things, when I have told you no one has ever spoken so to me."

"Only let me say this, and I'll drop the subject," Lamont urged. "I love you, and want to make you my wife. I mean to do it, too—oh, with your consent, of course."

Laura stifled a groan.

"Think of what I say when you are alone to-night," continued Lamont. "You are penniless and helpless, and, as sure as there is a sky above us, you'll stay so, because you won't ever find those lawyers; or if you succeed they won't do anything for you. And I am offering you everything—home, comfort, protection, money. You'll think differently in a few days, of your prospects, and of me too, I hope."

"I may misjudge you," Laura replied, "but I shall not think of—of—the other thing—for years and years. If I do not find friends, there will be plenty in that big city for me to do to earn a living."

"Umph!" said Lamont, sneeringly. "Thousands who think like you come there every year. They find New York a monster that kills them by slow torture. Young girls are its especial prey. They arrive all hope, and soon they are glad to get in the almshouse, merely to escape the jail, or the gutters, or the fate of suicides."



"THEY DO BE ALL DOWN THAT WAY, MUM."

"Take me to a hotel, that is all I ask."

"Have I no thanks for what I have done already?"

"I do thank you."

"But you do not respect me?"

"Let us not talk of ourselves all the time," Laura pleaded. "There, the man is calling 'New York.'"

The train was jangling across many pairs of rails to find its own track into the great station. The passengers were gathering their parcels and putting on their wraps and overcoats. Lamont bit his lip, while self-reproaches for his ill luck and a determination to gain better success on the morrow by any means, good or bad, shot through his brain. An Etherian was at his side, but another was with Laura. She determined that if Heaven only guarded her during the night she would be up and out early, before Lamont could call for her, making her way alone to the lawyers' quarter of the great city.

CHAPTER XI.

A VIOLENT COURTSHIP.

THE hotel which Lamont chose for Laura was on Broadway near Twenty-third Street. He left her in the ladies' parlor while he obtained a room for her, and presently he returned with a hall-boy, and said that he would accompany her up stairs to see that the room was suitable.

"I'd rather you would not," Laura said, decisively. "It's sure to be good enough for a night."

"Oh, very well," said he, evidently disappointed. "Of course it will be a nice room—but I want to say a word in private."

He came near her, and bending close to her ear, whispered: "I've registered you as Miss Nevill, and your address as Albany. I'm sure you see why it is best."

"Really I do not see," Laura replied. "I am not ashamed of my name."

"I don't mean that; no, indeed. But when a young lady is travelling alone it is safest, in a large city like this, for strangers not to get hold of her right name."

"Well, it doesn't matter to-night," Laura said, thinking aloud; "but when I find the lawyers I must give my address, and shall have to give my own name here. I am sure you will understand. I cannot go by a wrong name. Good-night, Mr. Lamont."

"Can you not say more than that?" he asked, affecting a sad tone and injured air.

At this Laura melted a little. She was most natural and happiest when she was kindly.

"Thank you very much for what you have done for me," said she, venturing a timid smile, and then turning to follow the boy, who stood jingling her room key farther up the hallway.

The fatigue and excitement of the day caused her to sleep late, so that nine o'clock the next morning found her in a whirl of nervous excitement, fearful that Lamont would call while she was in the hotel. She hurried into her clothing, and was quickly out upon the street, basket in hand, without a thought of breakfast. To her delight, she found herself upon Broadway, undaunted by what must have been a hopeless search, since the lawyers she sought bore names she could not remember. By a question put to a newswoman on the corner of Twenty-third Street, she learned which direction to take.

"There'll be none of 'em up here," the woman told her; "they do be all down that way, mum, below Canal Street."

Broadway at that time was as we remember it who knew it before the cable-cars ran there. It was in the days of Jacob Sharp's orange-hued horse-cars, that rocked along behind slipping and stumbling horses, hung with little tinkling bells. The fever and whirl, the present pandemonium, ushered in when the country awoke to the fact that it was four hundred years old, was not then upon New York. The hysteria of modern enterprise had then only broken out in Chicago. Broadway seems to us now to have been almost as somnolent as when Stuyvesant used to wake its echoes with his wooden right leg. The signs along the fronts of the miles of wholesale stores were nearly all as Jewish as if the place were Jerusalem in its heyday, but scores of big buildings, marked "to let," awaited more Jews, and further trade in buttons, fans, laces, ready-made clothing, toys, music-boxes, furs, and miscellaneous job lots for the humbler Hebrews, who sweat under packs, and regale prophetic eyes with the sight of their sons riding in carriages from brownstone dwellings to marble-fronted stores.

Occasionally Laura saw a theatre, or a stock of the rubbish with which the Japanese now caricature the arts they once possessed; but, look as she might at the myriad signs which reached twenty-five feet, fifty feet, one hundred feet across the great buildings, she never saw a single huge board announcing a firm of lawyers.

Fortunately the great canyon of marble and granite led her on with its interminable vista to the southward, and she came upon the district of the dry-goods jobbing houses, haberdashers' shops, and railroad-ticket offices to spur her with the hope of greater changes to come, so that she walked on lightly, buoyed up by expectation, and stimulated by the roar and racket of the noisiest place but one on earth.

"Hullo! I've been looking for you! You ran away from me, or tried to, but it is not to be, you see. Have you had your breakfast?"

It was Lamont, who had followed hot upon her heels in a horse-car, and by rid-

ing in front and scanning the crowd, had happened to find her readily.

"I did not want to be any more trouble," Laura said, as she felt her heart sink.

"But have you had your breakfast? Come, no fibs, now."

"I never tell stories, sir." And then she unwittingly told one. "I do not care for anything to eat, thank you."

"What nonsense! Come, I know a nice old place across the street a block down, where they've made famous coffee for fifty or sixty years; and another block away, on Church Street, is a first-class German place. I've gone without my breakfast on purpose to enjoy it with you, so do not keep me waiting any longer."

"Really, I do not feel hungry. You must excuse me."

"But don't be unreasonable. You are human, and we all have to eat; so why not come along?"

"I have only one wish—to find those lawyers," Laura replied. "I have been dependent and helpless until the feeling has become torture. I will think you kind if you will leave me, and let me go on by myself."

"That's just what I want to speak about. I have great news for you. Let me tell it to you over a cup of coffee."

"Oh, Mr. Lamont, can't you see that I want to be alone? Please let me go my own way."

"But I have found your lawyers—"

"You have?"

"At least, I have found out this: that there's a society or company—a sort of guild, you know—of all the lawyers in New York," said Lamont, who lied as easily as most men tell the truth, "and they have an office uptown where each lawyer registers the names of all his clients. They are obliged to do this, you know, so that no lawyer can pretend he is acting for you or me when he is in reality retained by some one else. I called on my lawyer this morning and he told me about it. It is in Twenty-third Street, and the clerk or superintendent is there from five until six o'clock every evening. I will take you there, and in five minutes we will get the name and address of the lawyers for whom you are looking, and in another five minutes we will telephone to them to come there, or to your hotel to see you."

"But why should I bother you to go there? I should like to be no further trouble; I am sure you appreciate how I feel."

"My dear Miss Balm, you can go alone, yes," Lamont replied; "but do you understand what that would mean—a young lady, with no knowledge of business, not knowing how to guard herself against the wiles of those sharks? Why, you had better stand here and beg, for that is what you would come to. They would simply smile and bow, and put papers in front of you for you to sign, and then show you to the door, and you would find yourself stripped of every claim and right and penny you possess. I suspect you don't know what lawyers are. Well, I do."

"But my father would not employ such men as that."

"Not knowingly, of course, but they are all alike; all honest with shrewd men, all thieves when they get a woman or child or greenhorn in their clutches. No, no; you must have me with you, or some other man who knows their tricks. Otherwise they will find out your business; in fact, the moment you mention your name they have only to turn to their books, and there is everything about you written down. They manage it so that you cannot deceive them, and they can trick you. But if I go with you, I say, 'Now, then, this is Miss Balm, and she has shrewd advisers, and knows her rights, and wants prompt attention and square dealing.' After that they will never try any hugger-muggery as long as they deal with you, because they will know you have a man behind you."

"I never dreamed such things were possible. Why, it is horrible! It hardly seems safe to walk about in such a city."

"That's true; if you've money, it really is not safe."

"But my money is nothing. It can only be a few dollars every fortnight."

"A few dollars!" Lamont exclaimed, pretending great surprise at her innocence. "Whew! if it's only a dollar, it's a dollar, isn't it? Well, ninety-nine others just like it make a hundred, and a hundred hundred are ten thousand, and a hundred times that are a million. When they get that much they retire."

"And I thought it so safe and simple to go there by myself," Laura remarked.

"Well, now, come and have breakfast, and we'll kill the time till five o'clock."

"No, really, I will leave you now," Laura insisted. "I will be at the hotel at five o'clock if you will be so kind as to call and take me to that place."

"How anxious you are to get rid of me!"

"It is that I want to be by myself."

"You are very unkind," Lamont pleaded. "Believe me, I will not speak of my —my love—for you until you give me leave."

"But you do—you have just spoken of it. It is you who are unkind."

"How unfortunate I am! I could never have thought that any one who put himself in your hands as I do could be so unhappy. I live upon the certainty that you will be as kind as your pretty face promises when your mind is at ease. I must try to be patient. Shall I call for you at your room?"

"I will be at the hotel door, the one at which we went in, at five o'clock. Good-by. I wish you would believe how sincerely thankful I am to you."

"Ah, but you are a wicked little puss. You want to make me angry, but you sha'n't. Now you will wander about by yourself all day, and I will mope around by myself until I see you and hear your voice again."

"I'd much rather be alone," said she, and turned away, full of an instinctive fear of him.

He stood looking after her, inwardly cursing, as did that other man outwardly who gave his name as Legion because of the number of devils that possessed him. This modern Legion took his devils, or was taken by them, to a bar-room for the third cocktail required to tone his system up to the point of taking breakfast. Then he ate a meal in which oranges and Apollinaris played the principal parts; and, after having burned three or four cigarettes before a morning newspaper, in the manner of most latter-day heathen, he boarded an elevated train and rode to Twenty-third Street. Arrived there, he walked westward from Sixth Avenue a short distance to where two tall buildings made noted land-marks, facing one another; the one a great house of flats, and the other a towering pile of lofts. Into this latter building he strode, and mounted the dusty, paper-and-straw-littered staircase to the top, where he pushed a door open, and then another, and found a man of his own age in a sort of office-box built of sashes and glass, and set up like a hot-house on the floor of the loft. It was evident that the building was otherwise untenanted, and that the man he found there had come solely to keep this appointment.

"Morning, Dave. Get my letter?"

"Yes, old man, but—"

"That's all right. You'll do it, won't you, old chap? There's nothing crooked in it, give you my word. All you do is to clear out a little before five o'clock, come back when I'm in here with the other party, turn the key in the door—both doors—and go home. By-the-way, give me a duplicate key to this door and the other one right away. Lord! I wouldn't like to be caught in the trap myself."

"I know, Jack," said the other; "but what's the game? If there's any chance of the police or the papers getting wind of anything the whole business falls on me, and father'd never forgive me."

"Trust me, old fellow," Lamont replied. "I'm not going to give my game away; but I don't mind saying this: it's a little country girl, greener than grass, whom I mean to marry for what there is in it. She's never thought of marrying, and she's so damned near crazy with the adventures she has had that she won't listen to me. But I'll give her nothing else to think of, and then, when she's mine—why, the wind's tempered to this lamb for the rest of his life, that's all. It's everything to me, and I'll make you glad you helped me. On my honor I will."

"Is she so rich?"

"Rich? Who said she was rich? She isn't rich. That isn't it at all. It's this —that if I marry her I inherit a big pot, and if I don't, well, the ghost walks; and, between you and me, the ghost's getting devilish tired."

"You don't mean to hurt the girl? Nothing—"

"Oh, come, come! I want to keep her here to-night, and leave her to think she's going to stay till she dries up and sifts through the cracks. If she's as game as I'm afraid she is, I may ask you to keep away from the loft to-morrow and to-morrow night; there, that's all."

"It mustn't go past to-morrow night,"

said the person called Dave, "because father will be home by the next day."

"All right; give me thirty-six hours at the outside. That 'll do for her, you may be sure. Now, positively, no scrub-woman comes in here to clean up?"

"Only Mondays. She was here yesterday."

"No letter-carriers, or boys, or anybody?"

"Nobody comes here except father, and he only comes now and then, to get away from people at his office when he is very busy."

"Bully! Dave, you'll wear diamonds for this," Lamont said.

"Look out it ain't handcuffs in your case, Jack."

"Oh, that's not possible. The jewelry I'll get will be the most costly ornament man ever devised."

"What's that—a brandy nose?"

"No—a wedding-ring."

"Cigarette, Jack?"

"Thanks."

"Light?"

"Thanks, old man. Now give me the keys and I'll go," Lamont added. "I'll be back at a few minutes after five, and you be scarce at that time, won't you? Then come back, turn the key on us, pocket it, and go home. You're awfully good, old chap. I'll do as much for you, and you know it."

The appointed hour for Laura's meeting with Lamont at the hotel door was the twenty-ninth that she had spent without food. It is not straining the truth to say that she was but just beginning to feel the first pangs of hunger, which excitement had allayed. Even now she more than half satisfied herself that before night, by some magic, inscrutable to her, but dependent upon her finding the lawyers, she would be fully equipped with a home and food, money, and a mind at rest. Thus hopefully she met Lamont, and they walked together the short distance to the warehouse in which we took leave of him an hour or two earlier. As she had never visited a lawyer's office, or seen a lawyer, to her knowledge, she had no idea of what sort of places such men inhabit, and her suspicions would not have been aroused had Lamont taken her into a tenement-house, or even the office of a factory.

"Here we are," he cried, pushing open the inner or office door of the topmost loft. "Why, hullo! No one here? Well, he'll be in directly. Take a chair, Miss Balm, and be comfortable."

He set the example, and picking up a newspaper, began to read it. As he was rather making-believe read than heeding the print before him, he let his eyes roam over the little ruled-off spaces upon a page of advertisements. Suddenly his eyes fell upon the name of the young lady beside him. And further along he saw her name again. He uttered an exclamation, and then, to cover his confusion, remarked: "Well, I'm glad I saw that," and folded up and pocketed the newspaper.

A moment afterwards footsteps were heard crossing the loft, and Laura straightened up to be ready for the meeting with the representative of the lawyers' guild. The steps came to the office door, and a hand touched it so that it rattled. Then the click was heard of a key turning in the lock. And then the footsteps retreated, an outer door was opened and closed, and silence was restored.

"Why, the man locked the door!" Laura exclaimed.

Lamont got up calmly, and walking to the door, tried it.

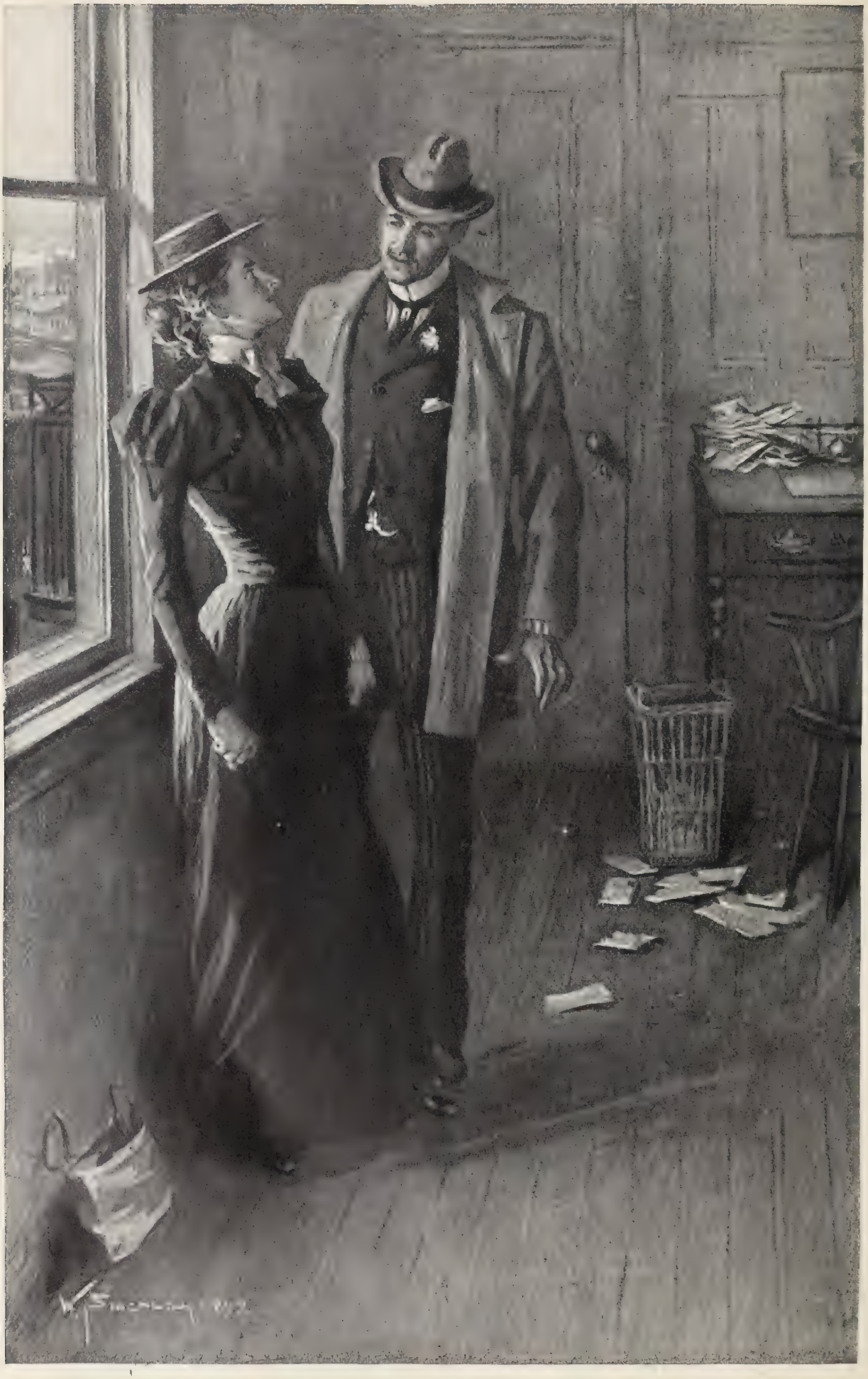
"Yes, sure enough. He locked it," said he. "And now he's locked the outer door," he added, as the louder grating of the key in the further lock sounded through the thin office partition.

"Mercy!" Laura loudly exclaimed in her excitement. "Why? Do call out—or shake that door, or something—quickly! We are locked in! Why do you stand so? Oh, what shall we do?"

"Miss Balm," Lamont said in a perfectly gentle, calm voice, that was studied for the occasion, "we are locked in, and we are alone in this great building. It is not a lawyer's office. I have deceived you. I have brought you here and planned just what has happened in order that I may say to you what I want to, undisturbed."

"You? What! You sha'n't do this! Let me out! Call to that man; it is not too late yet. No; let me out, I say. You shall not stop me!"

She ran towards the door, but he stepped in front of her, and, without raising his hand or even his voice, bade her to be calm. "There is nothing to be alarmed at, Miss Balm. On my word I am not going to hurt you."



"I WARN YOU—NEVER TOUCH ME!"

"You dare to try it! I am not afraid! I will kill myself—you bad man!"

"Please calm yourself. I am not even going to stay here; not five minutes if you do what I ask, not ten minutes anyway. If you are not reasonable, I shall go and leave you here until you are able to see what is best for yourself."

"I? You shameful, horrid— What have I done? Oh, merciful Heaven! what have I done, except trust myself to you?"

"You have refused my offer of marriage. I am a gentleman. I give you my word my family is one of the best, and I am a single man. In every way, my offer is honorable. Dear Miss Balm, I am reckless because I am so madly in love with you, and will not be cast off. But think of your own case. You have nothing. Your search for those lawyers is hopeless. You are alone in New York, and I offer you a home, a name as good as any, and comfort—everything to make you happy."

"Go away; leave me! Never, never will I listen to you! You may lock me up—and beat me and starve me; you may cut me into pieces, and with my last breath I'll say the same: 'I hate you! I hate you!' "

"You don't mean that. You cannot hate a man for loving you. Be serious, dear Laura, and listen to reason."

"I will never, never marry you. There, that is my last word. Never! never! never! Now, what will you do?"

"I will leave you here till morning. Every time you refuse me I will leave you for a day or a night, until you decide to make us both happy; for I swear to God I will make you happy."

She flung up her hands with the gesture we make when we abandon a hopeless argument. She was both angry and frightened, and she was bent upon escaping, if it were possible. As he barred her way to the door, she walked in the opposite direction—to the window—and began to try to open it. The paint had stuck the sashes together, and do her best she could not budge the lower one. Baffled and out of breath, she dropped one hand by her side, and leaving the other high as it would reach upon the window, she rested her head against the upraised arm.

Lamont came behind her, and bending so as to bring his mouth above her shoulder, began to plead with mock passion for his suit and a favorable word from her. She hung upon the hand that clutched the sash and swung upon it, making believe that she did not hear him. He saw her other hand hanging limp beside her. It gave him a chance, he thought, to fondle her a little without offence—as lovers do to punctuate their pleadings.

She whipped the hand away and turned upon him with ferocity—eyes gleaming, breast heaving. Think of a tigress all grace and softness in the sun: that was this heroine as she was wont to be. Fancy that tigress wounded, cornered, and fighting for her life—and that is the Laura Balm who now faced Jack Lamont.

"Don't touch me!" she shouted. "I warn you—never touch me! I am not afraid to die, and I am not afraid to kill you."

"Pshaw!" said he, not contemptuously, but regretfully. His whole plan had been to win her regard, and yet he was obliged to acknowledge that every moment increased the velocity with which it sped from him.

"I do not care," Laura went on, feverishly, panting as she spoke. "I am all alone and helpless, as you know too well, and I have been tricked and tortured until I can stand no more. I am no longer good. I am wicked. You can easily kill me if you want to. I am willing. But I warn you that you will have to kill me to save your own life, if you lay a finger on me."

"I am sorry you are so excited," he said.

"Oh, don't waste time!" she snapped at him, with her eyes ablaze and her fingers twitching. "Either leave me quickly or touch me again. Touch me—and we'll have this over!"

"I told you I would not harm you—not for the world," Lamont said. His tone and his manner both showed how unprepared he was for her violence. "But, Laura, I can't promise to be always patient, for, if ever a woman was worth going to hell for, it is you."

"Don't wait. Touch me now. I want you to."

"I'd rather not," said Lamont, with his sense of humor twitching at the corners of his mouth. "I'll come again in the morning."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Old Chester Tales.

By MARGARET DELAND.

WHERE THE LABORERS ARE FEW.

I.

MISS JANE JAY used to think that she discovered Paul Phillips; but really and truly Dr. Lavendar saw him before she did, and so did her sister, Miss Henrietta.

It was one hot August afternoon that the old minister, passing by the open door of the tavern bar-room, saw a lazy, sweltering crowd gathered inside, where, it seemed, some sort of entertainment was going on. Dr. Lavendar stopped and looked in, his hands on either side of the doorway, his hat pushed back, his face red with heat. He smiled, and blinked his kind old eyes, and then he frowned: an acrobat, in black tights and scarlet breechcloth, was vaulting over chair backs and making high kicks. His work was done with remarkable grace, but with exertions which it was painful to witness; for he had but one leg, and had to use a crutch. Still, his face, which was dark and very handsome, and streaming with perspiration, was sparkling with interest and enjoyment.

It was the one leg that offended Dr. Lavendar. "Trading on his infirmities," he said to himself, frowning, and shook his head. Van Horn, who, in his shirt sleeves, was trying to keep cool in a big rocking-chair, shook his head also, as if to say that he didn't approve, but what could he do? Then he turned his eyes back to the man, who, with astonishing ease, spun round on his crutch and kicked lightly up into

the air so far above his own head that he dislodged a hat balanced on top of the clock. There was a round of applause, and the acrobat, panting and leaning on his crutch, bowed and laughed and showed his handsome white teeth. Dr. Lavendar snorted under his breath, and opened his umbrella, and went back into the sun and heat, plodding along towards home. He stopped once to speak to Miss Henrietta Jay, who was coming down the street, her square faded countenance full of agitation and dismay.

"Oh, Dr. Lavendar!" she said, with a gasp, "have you seen—*have* you seen a large white cat anywhere about?"

Poor old Henrietta's voice shook as she spoke. She had no umbrella, and the sun beat down on her bent shoulders. She wore a faded black dolman which had a sparse fringe of narrow crinkled tapes. Her rusty bonnet was very much on one side, as though the green velvet rosette over her left eye weighed it down. "It's our Jacky," she said, her lip shaking. "He's lived with us fifteen years; and he's lost!"

"Oh, lost cats always find their way home," Dr. Lavendar said, comfortingly.

"Do you think so?" she said, in a despairing voice. She did not wait for his answer, but went on down the street, with wavering, uncertain steps, as though feeling always that she might be going in just the wrong direction. She stopped now and then at a gateway or an alley, and called, softly, "Baby! baby!" but no white cat appeared. It was then that she too passed the tavern door and looked in, but only to say to Van Horn, "Have you seen a large white cat anywhere?" Afterwards she remembered that she had seen the acrobat, but at the moment she was blind to everything but her own anxiety.

Dr. Lavendar looked after her and sighed; but when he met Willy King coming out of Tommy Dove's shop, and smelling of dried herbs, he burst out with his disapproval of the performance in the bar-room. "There's a man down there at the tavern," he said, "jumping around on one leg to get coppers. I wonder Van Horn allows it!"

And Willy agreed, gloomily: Willy was very gloomy just then, because his wife was dieting him to reduce his weight. "That kind of beggary is blackmail," he said. "It makes an appeal to your sympathies, and you give, in spite of common-sense. At least, you want to give; but I won't. It's the same thing with these women who knit afghans and things that you can't use. Your mountebank at the tavern ought to be in the workhouse."

"As for knitting," said Dr. Lavendar, thoughtfully, "I suppose you mean the Jay girls? Well, poor things! they've got to do something that's genteel; and knitting is that, you know. Jane refers to it always as 'fancy-work,' which soothes her pride, poor child."

"Jane is a goose," said the doctor, irritably. "Maggy is the only one that has any sense in that family."

"Willy," said Dr. Lavendar, chuckling, "I am confident you've bought an afghan, or maybe baby socks?" Willy looked sheepish. "William, you always remind me of the young man in the Bible who said he would not, and then straightway did. Well, I'm glad you did, my boy; they are straitened, poor girls!—very straitened, I fear."

As for Willy King, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter, he went down to the tavern to drop in his quarter when the mountebank's hat went round. But when he got there the crowd had dispersed and the man had gone.

"Well, Willy," said Van Horn, who had known the doctor when he was a boy and used to steal apples from the tavern orchard, "I swan, that was the queerest fish! He hadn't only but one leg and a crutch, and he kicked as high as your head, sir. Yes, sir, as high as your head. And then, I swan, when the show was over, if he didn't turn to and preach to them there fellers; preach as good a sermon—well, now you won't believe me, but it was a first-class sermon! Well, sir, them fellers listened. Tob Todd listened. Yes he did. He listened. And that man he told 'em not to patronize my bar, so he did. Well, for the soakers, I hold up both hands to that. But to see a one-legged dancing tramp setting up to preach in a bar-room—I swan!" said Van Horn, who could find no words for the occasion.

The doctor looked disgusted, and put his quarter back in his pocket. "You'd better keep your eye on the till," he said, briefly.

But Van Horn was doubtful. "Seemed like as if he was all right," he ruminated; "still, you can't never tell."

So it happened that Willy King had

his views about Paul when Miss Jane Jay came, white and breathless, to tell him that the poor man had "hurt his limb" on the road near her sister's house, and would he please come and fix it? "At once, Dr. King," said Jane, agitatedly, "at once!"

Miss Jane was the youngest of the Misses Jay. There were three Misses Jay, who lived "the Lord knows how!" their neighbors used to say, in their tumbled-down old house out on the river road. Dr. Lavendar had referred to their circumstances as "straitened," but he had no idea of the degree of their straitness. Nobody knew that but the Jay girls, and they kept it to themselves. The family had known better days two generations back; indeed, many a time, when their dinner was inadequate, the Misses Jay stayed their stomachs on the fact that they were Bishop Jay's great-granddaughters. Besides that, their father had been a clergyman; so they had, poor ladies! in the midst of their poverty, that gentle condescension which is the ecclesiastical form of Christian humility. They took a great interest in church matters, and they were critical of sermons, as behooved those who knew the dark mysteries of sermon-writing. Still, they were kindly, simple women, who tried to do their duty on a very insufficient income, and to live up to their clerical past. This family pride was most noticeable in fat Miss Maggy—there are people who would be fat on a straw a day; Henrietta, the oldest, devoted to her cat and her canary-bird, and the real genius of the family in regard to afghans, read her Bible through twice a year on a system arranged by the bishop, and merely echoed Maggy's views; Jane realized her birth, but with a vague discontent at its restrictions. Indeed, she and Henrietta, without Maggy's influence, might even have slipped down into what Miss Maggy called "mercantile pursuits." They would have been dressmakers, perhaps, for Henrietta had a pretty taste in turning dresses wrong side out, right side out, and wrong side out again; and Jane might have trimmed bonnets with (she used to think to herself) a "real touch." But Miss Maggy was firm. "I am sure," she said, "I have the greatest respect for working persons. Great-grandfather Jay wrote a tract for them—don't you remember?—'The Virtuous Content of Poor James, the Brickmaker.' But still, I know what is due to our station. And besides," she ended, with that pathetic shrinking of elderly, genteel poverty, "if you trimmed hats, Jane, everybody would know that we are—are not well off." The other sisters sighed and agreed, and were somehow oblivious of the fact that Willy King had no need of a dozen pairs of baby socks, and that Mrs. Dale's order of an afghan every year implied either that these brilliant coverings wore out very quickly, or else that Mrs. Dale's purchase was only—but it would be cruel to name it!

"We do fancy-work," Miss Maggy said, "for recreation; if our friends need the product of our needles, well and good. Were our circumstances different, we would be glad to give them what they wish. As it is, we make a slight charge—for materials."

So the Misses Jay knitted and crocheted; and one day in the year put on their shabby best clothes and made calls; and one day in the year entertained the sewing society, and lived on the fragments of cake afterwards as long as they lasted. It was a harmless, monotonous life, its only interest the anxiety about money—which is not an interest that feeds the soul.

On this hot August afternoon—the afternoon following, as it chanced, the meeting of the sewing society, the Misses Jay's ancient cat, disturbed, perhaps, by the excitement of so much company, had disappeared. Henrietta had hurried down into the village to look for him, and Jane had gone out in the other direction; Maggy staid at home to let him in if he came back. But Jane did not go far; not that she was not anxious about Jacky, only "there's no use getting a sunstroke," she said to herself, wearily. However, she did look, and called among the bushes, and then, feeling the heat very much, in a hopeless way she gave it up.

There is a wooden bridge across a shallow run just beyond the Jay house, and Jane thought how cool it would be in the deep shadow underneath it, where the run slipped smoothly over wide flat stones, or chattered into little waterfalls a foot high—and perhaps Jacky might be down there, she thought. So she climbed down the bank, holding on to the bushes and tufts of grass, and found this dark shel-

ter, with the cool sound of running water. "Jacky! Come, kitty!" she called out once or twice; and then she sat down on a water-worn log washed up under the bridge and caught between two stones; there were tufts of dried dead grass here and there, swept sidewise by the winter torrents, and left above the shrunken summer stream, bleached and stiff with yellow mud; overhead were the planks of the bridge, with lines of sunshine between them as thin as knitting-needles. Once, as she sat there, a wagon came jolting along, and the dust sifted down and spread in a flowing scum on the water. It was very silent, except for the run, chattering and bubbling, and chattering again; sometimes, absently, she picked up little stones and threw them into the water: she was thinking of an afghan she was making for Rachel King's little adopted baby; but Miss Jane had no interest in her work; it was something to be done, that was all. Indeed, she was tired of the touch of the worsted in her fingers, and the hot smoothness of the crochet-needle, slipping in and out, in and out. She dabbled her fingers in the water, as if she would wash the feeling away. She thought vaguely of the years of afghans and socks and endless talk about colors; there was never anything more exciting to talk about than whether pink and blue should be used together, or the new fashion of using green and blue, which Miss Maggy declared to be shocking; nothing more exciting, except the sewing society meeting once a year; or, now, Jacky's getting lost. Nothing rose up in the level dulness of her thirty-four years—not even a grief!

As she sat there listening to the low chatter and whisper of the run, there came to little Miss Jane a bad query—"*what is the use of it all?*" I suppose most of us know the peculiar *ennui* of the soul that accompanies this question; it is a sort of spiritual nausea which is never felt in the stress of agonized living, but only in sterile peace; indeed, that is why we may believe it to be but the demand of Life for living, for love, or hate, or grief. Miss Jane, thinking dully of afghans, made no such analysis; she was not happy enough to know that she was unhappy. She only said to herself: "I wonder what's the matter with me? I guess it's Henrietta's cake."

She sighed, and dropped her chin into her hand, leaning her elbow on her knee. Her face was thin, but it had a delicate color, and her eyes were violet, or blue, or gray, like changing clouds; her pathetic mouth, drooping and patiently discontented, had much sweetness in its timid way. But there was no touch of human passion about her. She was fond of her sisters, she told herself, as she sat there wondering what was the use of it all, but nothing stirred in her at the thought of them. "If somebody told me just now, here under the bridge, that something had happened to sister Maggy, I don't believe I'd really mind. Of course I'd cry, and all that—but it wouldn't make any difference. I just *don't care.* And I don't care whether Jacky comes back or not."

Some one came down the road whistling. Jane lifted her head and listened; when the walker reached the bridge there was a curious sound: a footstep, then a tap; a footstep, then a tap. The dust jolted softly down, wavering across the strips of sunshine, and then vanishing on the flowing water. "It's a lame person," said Miss Jane, listening. A footstep, then a tap—then a snap, a crash, a fall! Jane jumped up, breathlessly; from a knot-hole in the planks above her a broken stick fell clattering on to the stones; it had a brass ferrule and ring. "Some poor man has broken his crutch," Jane thought. "Wait a minute, and I'll bring it up to you!" she called out, and began to climb up the bank, the end of the crutch in her hand.

As for Paul, when he had pitched forward into the dust, he was so astonished that for the moment he did not feel the keen pain of a wrenched knee. But when Miss Jane, out of breath, with the end of the crutch in her hand, appeared over the edge of the bank, his face was white with it.

"Oh, you've hurt yourself!" said Miss Jane.

"Yes, 'm," said Paul; "but never mind!" His brown eyes smiled up at her in the kindest way.

"Oh, you are—lame!" she faltered.

"Yes; but that's nothing," Paul said, the color beginning to come back into his face; "I guess I put the end of my crutch into that knot-hole. I was whistling away, you know, and I never took notice of the road."

"I heard you whistling," said Miss Jane; "but—what are you going to do?"

"Oh, somebody 'll come along and give me a lift," he said; then he looked ruefully at the parted strap of his knapsack, which had burst open, scattering his possessions in the dust.

"You can't stay here in the sun," she protested, "and so few wagons come along this road."

"If I could get over there to the other side," he said, "there's a good lot of shade, and I could just sit there until a cart comes along. I'll get 'em to drop me at one of these barns. I'll get a night's lodging in the hay, and my knee'll be all right tomorrow." He tried to scramble up, but the effort made him blanch with pain.

"Oh, do let me help you," said Miss Jane, her color coming and going. "Oh dear, I know it must hurt! Do put your hand on my shoulder; do, please!" Paul assented very simply; with a gentle, iron-like grip he took hold of her thin little arm; but it was so little and so tremulous that he let go almost instantly, and would have had an awkward fall but that she caught him; then he got his balance, and leaning on her shoulder, sweating and smiling at the pain, he managed to get to the other end of the bridge.

Miss Jane, standing up beside him, in her striped barège dress, and her hat, with its flounce of lace around the brim, pushed back from her flushed and interested face, began to protest that she must get some help immediately. But even as she spoke Paul suddenly turned his head a little and fainted quite away.

So that was how it happened that, a man and cart coming along most opportunely, he was not carried to a barn to nurse his sprained knee, but to the Jay girls' house, where he was put down on the big horse-hair sofa in the parlor, and given over to the ministration of Willy King.

II.

William King was not sympathetic. He said the man had hurt his knee badly, and had better be sent to the workhouse to recover. "He ought to be in jail," Willy said to Miss Maggy, who lifted her hands in horror at the word. "He's a vagrant. I'll send some kind of conveyance, and have him taken to the workhouse. It's too bad you should be bothered with him, Miss Maggy."

Then it was that Jane, standing behind her sister, and quite hidden by her ponderous frame, said, in her light, fluttering voice: "Poor man! I think it would be wicked to send him to the workhouse."

Dr. King shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, of course it is just as you and Miss Maggy say. You'll be very kind to keep him for a few days; but I hope you'll not be repaid by having your spoons carried off."

Miss Maggy's mouth grew round with dismay. "But ladies in our position can't refuse shelter to a poor man with an injured limb," she said.

"And his only limb too," Jane added, with some excitement.

As for the danger to the spoons—"We haven't but six," said Miss Maggy, sighing, "and we can hide them under the edge of the carpet in Henrietta's room. Go and meet her, Janie, and tell her about the poor man."

Henrietta was coming up the road, her bonnet still very much on one side, and her old face quivering with anxiety. "Did you find him?" she called out as soon as she saw Jane, who shook her head, and began to tell her own exciting story. Miss Henrietta listened, absently.

"His name is Paul," Jane ended; "a very romantic name, I think. You don't mind his remaining, do you, sister Henrietta?"

"No, I don't mind," said Miss Henrietta, sighing. "Is he a circus actor? One of the servants took me to the circus once, when I was a little thing. Janie, ask him if he saw a large white cat as he came along. Poor man! I'm sorry he hurt himself. Oh, Janie, Jacky may be hurt! I keep thinking that he may be suffering," she said, her poor old eyes filling; then, as they came up to the door, she called again, faintly: "Baby! baby! Come, pussy; come, Jacky!"

As for Miss Maggy, when it was settled that the man should remain, she thought of the pantry and sighed; but it was she who informed him that he might stay until his "limb" permitted him to walk.

Paul, however, had his own views. "No, 'm," he said, "thank you; but I see you have a stable back there behind the house; I'll go there, and lie in the hay till my knee clears up. Then I'll go along."

"But you can just as well stay here," Jane said.

Paul shook his head with cheerful

stubbornness. "No, ma'am; I'm much obliged to you, but I'll go to the stable."

"As you please, my good man," said Miss Maggy.

But Jane still protested. "Oh, a stable!" she said; "I wouldn't do that."

"There's been One in a stable, ma'am, that didn't think it beneath Him. I'm right apt to think about that, sleeping round the way I do," the man said, simply.

The two ladies stared at him with parted lips.

"It must have been a pretty sight," he went on, thoughtfully. "When I'm lying up on the hay, I get the picture of it in my mind real often—just like as if I saw it. There's the cows standing round chewing their cud; and maybe some mules—you'd hear them stamping. And the oxen would be rubbing up against their stanchions. I always think the door was open a little crack, and you could see out—the morning just beginning, you know. And there'd be a heap of fresh manure outside, smoking in the cold. And there, in the manger, Mary and Him. I like to think that to myself—don't you?"

"Why—yes; I don't know—I suppose so," Jane Jay said, breathlessly.

"My great-grandfather wrote a sermon on the Nativity," Miss Maggy said, kindly; "I'm sure he would think it very nice in you to have such thoughts."

But after that they did not oppose his plan of leaving the house. The butcher-boy was asked to help him limp out to the stable, and some hay was shaken down for his bed.

"He talks like a Sunday-school teacher," the boy said when he came back for the five-cent fee that had been promised him; "but I don't mind. And you'd ought to 'a' seen him jump—down at the tavern! My!"

And indeed, with open pride, the acrobat himself bore testimony to his ability. "I get a good living out of this leg," he said, "and I don't know what I should do if it was to stiffen up on me." He sighed and looked anxiously at Willy King, who had come in to see how he was getting along.

"If you keep quiet, you'll come out all right," Willy said, gruffly; "but if I were you, I'd try to find a more decent way of earning my living."

Paul laughed. "It's decent enough," he said, "so long as I'm decent. That's the way I look at work—your trade's decent as long as you are. It isn't being decent troubles me; though I will say I don't like to hand round the hat. Not but what I've a right to! I do good work; yes, sir, first-class work. There ain't a man in my class with two legs, let alone one, that can touch the notch I do. No, sir. I'm proud of my profession; but the trouble is—"

"Well, what's the trouble?" the doctor said, crossly.

"Why, it's so uncertain," the man said. "I have got as high as $1 75 at a performance; and then, again, I won't get but twenty-five cents. But if this darned knee was to stiffen up on me—"

"It won't," William King said; "but I should think you could do something better than this, anyhow."

Paul looked perfectly uncomprehending. "But I'm A 1," he insisted. "Before my accident I was 'way up in the profession. Of course this is a come-down, to travel and hand round the hat; but I'm mighty lucky I've got a trade to fall back on to support my little sister: she's an invalid. And then, I do get good opportunities," he added.

"Opportunities to perform?"

"No, I didn't mean that," the man answered, briefly.

"What was your accident?" said Willy King. He was sitting on a wheelbarrow, and Paul was stretched out in the hay in front of him. The barn was deserted, for the cow was out at pasture; now and then a hen walked in at the open door, and pecked about in a vain search for oats; on the rafters overhead some pigeons balanced and cooed, and from a dusty cobweb-covered window a dim stream of sunshine poured down on the man lying in the hay. Willy King took off his hat and clasped his hands around one fat knee. "How did you hurt yourself?" he said.

"Trapeze. That was my line. Well, it wasn't just an accident. There was a rope cut half through—"

"What! You don't mean on purpose?"

"Well, yes," the man said, easily. "I guess there was no doubt of it. Well, I was up there right by the main pole—My, that's a sight! I suppose you never was up by the main pole during a performance?"

"Well, no," the doctor admitted.

"Yes, it's a great sight. You sit up there on the trapeze, and look down at all the rows and rows of faces, and you can't hear anything but a kind of hum, you're up so high—right up under the canvas; you can hear it, though, flapping and booming, cracking like a whip once in a while! Half of it may be in the sun, and then a big shadow on half of it; and all the people looking up at you, and the band squeaking away down below for your money's worth! Yes, it's a sight. Well, that's all there was to it. I saw the rope giving, and I jumped to catch a flyer; and I missed it. But I wasn't killed. Well, it was wonderful; I wasn't killed!" He smiled as he spoke, but there was a brooding gravity in his face.

III.

Paul improved very slowly; the fact was the barn was comfortable and the perfect cure of the knee important, so with simple confidence in the hospitality of the three ladies, he gave himself up to the pleasure of convalescence. And it certainly was pleasant. The Misses Jay were very kind to him. Miss Henrietta visited him every morning, bringing his breakfast, and telling him many times how, when she was a little girl, she had been taken to the circus. "I saw a young lady ride on a horse without any saddle," Miss Henrietta would say; "it was really wonderful; I've never forgotten it." And then, after this politely personal reminiscence, she would talk to him about her poor pussy, whose affection and intelligence gradually assumed abnormal proportions. Sometimes, as she carried his plate away, she would stop and call feebly, "Jacky, Jacky! You know he might be lying sick under the barn," she explained to Paul, who was very sympathetic. Miss Maggy went every day before dinner to inquire for his "limb." As for Miss Jane, she came to the barn door upon any excuse. Into the starved, thin life of little Miss Jane had come suddenly an interest. Perhaps that reference to the stable in Bethlehem had first given her something to think about. It was startlingly incongruous, but there was nothing offensive in it, because it was so simple; indeed, that it was the natural tenor of the man's thought was obvious at once. The first morning, when Miss Henrietta took his breakfast out to him, she found him reading his Bible. The next day, Maggy, hunting for eggs in the shed, heard some one singing, and listening, heard:

> "Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah,
> Pilgrim through this barren land.
> I am weak—"

Then there was a pause. Then a joyous burst: "yes; but Thou art mighty (I bet Thou art!)," and then the rest of it:

> "Lead me with Thy powerful hand!"

Miss Maggy, who had the unreasoning emotion of the fat, repeated this with tears to her sisters, and added that perhaps it might help the poor man in his effort to be a Christian to give him one of Great-grandfather Jay's sermons to read. Miss Henrietta agreed vaguely, and then said she knew that he was a good-hearted person, because he had sympathized so about Jacky. But Miss Jane, crocheting rapidly, thought to herself how strange it was that a man who had been a circus rider should be—religious! The fact caught her interest, just as sometimes a point in a wide dull landscape catches the eye—perhaps the far-off window of some unseen house flaring suddenly with the sun and speaking a hundred mysteries of invisible human living. The commonplace, healthy way in which, once or twice, Paul spoke of those things which, being so vital, are hidden by most of us, was a shock to her which was awakening. It was like letting hot sunshine and vigorous wind touch suddenly some delicate, spindling plants which have grown always in the dark. But it attracted her with the curious fascination which the unusual, even if a little painful, has for all of us. So she went very often to the barn to inquire about his health. Sometimes she took her knitting and sat on the barn door step, and tried, in a fluttering way, to make him talk. This was not difficult; the acrobat was most cheerfully talkative. Propped up in the hay, he watched her, and sometimes held her big loose ball of zephyr in his hands, unrolling a length or two in answer to her soft jerk; he told her about his "business" and the difficulties of his "profession," and once in a while, very simply, there would come some allusion to deeper things. But for the most part he talked about being "on the road." He blushed under his dark skin when he said that he had to hand round the hat after a performance; "but it's for my

sister Alice," he explained. He had a good deal to say about this little sick sister. She lived out in Iowa, he said, and he didn't believe he'd ever take another long tramp so far east as Pennsylvania. "It's too far away. If Alice was to be taken bad, I might not be able to get back in a hurry; I mightn't have my car fare. I'm going to tramp it home in October, and then I guess I'll dwell among mine own people, as David says." One day he showed her a little dog-eared account-book in which he kept the record of his receipts and expenditures. "In a town, I've got to put up at a tavern overnight, and that counts up. That's why I like to go to little places where there are barns. Now there's Mercer on that page; I had to pay for a license in Mercer; and the barkeepers, they charged too; so I only made $1 the first day, and 75 cents the next, and $1 20 the last day. You'd 'a' thought I'd done better in a city, wouldn't you? On that page opposite is my expenses. See? At the bottom of the page is what I sent Alice — $3 25 that week. I have sent her as high as $5 once."

It was raining, and Jane was sitting just inside the door; she ran her hand along her wooden knitting-needles, and then took the account-book, holding it nervously, as though not quite certain what to do with it.

"I made most of that $5," said Paul, "in a saloon that was run by a man named Bloder."

"I shouldn't think," Miss Jane said, hesitatingly, "that it would be pleasant to—to perform in saloons."

"Oh," he said, eagerly, "they're just my place! I'd rather go to a saloon than have three open-air turns."

Jane Jay shut the little book and handed it back to him, a look almost of pain about her delicate lips. The acrobat glanced at her, and then his handsome face suddenly lighted. "Oh, not the way you think — bless you, no! I get more men in a saloon, that's why; and when the show's done, I get a hack at 'em. I believe that when I go into a saloon, dirty, like as not, with old musty sawdust on the floor all dripped over with beer, and a lot of fellows just shaking hands with the devil—I believe I'm preaching to the spirits in prison."

"Why, do you mean," she demanded—"do you mean that you talk—religion in those places?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why, you ought to be a clergyman!" she said, impulsively.

"I wish I could be," he said, with a sigh. "Of course that's what I aimed for; but you see, with Alice to look after —no, I don't suppose it'll come about. This is the best I can do—to talk after the performances. But it isn't like having a church with red seats and a pulpit. But my vow was to be a preacher, ma'am."

"And then you decided to be a—to—to give performances?"

"No, ma'am; 'twas like this," he said. "I was doing trapeze business. Well, I was advertised all round; you ought to have seen the bill-boards, and Signor Paulo, in his great act, shooting down with his arms folded—this way—across his breast! That was me. I got good pay those days; and—and I was—well, ma'am, I was a great sinner. I was the chief of sinners. Well, I had enemies in my line: a star always has. The greater you are," said the acrobat, with perfect simplicity, "the more folks envy you. So somebody cut a rope half through right up under the canvas. The ropes are tested before every performance, so it must have been a quick job for the fellow that did it. I was sitting up there, and I seen the rope giving. Well, I don't know; I don't know"—his voice dropped, and he looked past her with rapt, unseeing eyes—"it was a vision, I guess — *I seen my sin.* 'My God!' I said, out loud. I don't know to this day if it was because I was scared of being killed, or scared of my sin. Of course nobody could hear me—the horses tearing round the ring, and mademoiselle jumping through fire-hoops, and the band playing away for dear life. Well—it was jump, anyhow; so I just yelled out, '*You save me, and I'll give You the credit!*' Then I jumped."

"Oh," said Jane, panting, and knitting very fast.

"Well, that was all there was to it. He saved me. And there was my bargain with Him. At first, seeing that my leg had to go, I wasn't just sure we was even; and then I says to myself: 'Yes; He saved me. He only just gave me a pinch in the leg, for fear I'd get too stuck up, starring, and forget my bargain.' I don't know as I would have seen it right off, but a minister came to see me a good deal in the hospital, and he gave me a lot

of ideas. He just pointed out that so long as my life was saved, my bargain was good. 'You give God the glory wherever you go,' he said — which is the church way of saying give Him the credit, you know. Well, at first I took it to be that I'd preach, respectably, in a church; I've a good deal of a gift in talking. But it wasn't to be," he ended, with a sigh.

"Why not?" Jane demanded, boldly. In her interest she rolled her work up in her black silk apron, and came and sat down beside him in the hay. Paul turned a little on his side, and leaning on his elbow, looked up at her, his dark, gentle eyes smiling. She would not have known how to say it, but she felt a dull envy of the passion and emotion that had illuminated his face. She wished he would talk some more about—things. It was as if her numb, chilled mind tried to crouch closer to the warmth of his vital personality. She bent forward as she talked to him, and her breath came quicker. "I don't see why you shouldn't be a clergyman," she said.

"Well, I haven't any education," he explained. "I couldn't stand up in a real church, with nice red cushions, and talk. You see, I don't know things that church people want to hear. I don't understand about election, and foreordination, and those things. You've got to have an education for a church; and an education costs money. And then there's Alice: I can't stop earning, you see." He lapsed into silence, and Jane was silent too. But she looked at him again sidewise, and the beauty of his large frame—the broad deep chest, the grace and vigor of the long line from the shoulder to the knee, the powerful arm and wrist—held her eyes.

"My knee's getting on," he said, suddenly; "and I think I can make a start in another week; but before I go I want to have a performance for you and the other two ladies—and any of your lady friends you'd like to invite in. I'll give you the best show I've got," he said, his face eager and handsome, and all alert to return favor with favor, and to reveal the possibilities of his profession.

"Oh, you are very kind," Miss Jane said, with a start; "I'll tell my sisters. They'll be very much interested, I know; but—but I'd like it better for you just to preach."

"I guess you ladies don't need my kind of preaching," he answered, good-naturedly; "you're 'way up above that, you know. You're all ready to hear about the Trinity, and how much a cubit is, and what a centurion is, and free will—and all those things. If I ever get my education, and know 'em, I'll invite you to come to my church. But now I'll just have to stick to the gospel, I guess."

IV.

Those were strange days to Miss Jane Jay. Into the even dulness of knitting afghans, and bemoaning Jacky, and wondering whether the weather would be this or that, had come the jar of vigorous living, as vulgar as the honest earth—loud, courageous, full of toil and sweat and motion. Once, walking home in the rainy dusk, she stopped before a deserted cow-shed by the road-side, on which, long ago, had been pasted a circus advertisement. It was torn at one corner, and was flapping idly in the wind. The colors were washed and faded by summer rains, and some boys had thrown mud at it, but Miss Jane could still see the picture of a man hanging by one arm from a trapeze, ready for the downward dive.

"Mr. Phillips used to do that," she thought. She called him Mr. Phillips now, not Paul, as the others did in familiar and condescending kindness. She was glad he did not do those things now: the preaching lifted him to another plane in her mind.

The other sisters were interested in Paul too, but the atrophy of years cannot be easily vitalized, and they did not think very much about him. Henrietta was patiently trying to accustom herself to Jacky's loss. She used to sit making baby socks hour after hour, her poor vague fancy picturing the pussy's wanderings and sufferings, until for very wretchedness the slow painful tears would rise and blur the crocheting in her wrinkled hands. Still, she listened when Jane told her this or that of Mr. Phillips; and she and Maggy were especially moved when they heard of his desire to preach the gospel.

"He's kind to animals," said Miss Henrietta, sighing; "I saw him patting Clover the other night. Yes, I think he'd make a good clergyman. Oh dear, how he would have loved Jacky!"

Miss Maggy nodded approvingly, and said again that it was very nice for a



"I HAD ENEMIES IN MY LINE."

poor person to be religious. "Perhaps I'll copy out one of Great-grandfather Jay's sermons for him, and he can take it away with him, and read it aloud after his performances — though perhaps he ought to have a license for a bishop's sermon," she added, doubtfully. "As for his performing for us"—for Miss Jane had repeated Paul's offer—"I suppose it would seem ungracious not to let him do it."

But when the day came that Paul's knee was strong enough for gymnastics, the two older ladies were really quite interested in his "show," as he called it. "He is going to do it to-night," Miss Maggy said; "and he says that it will be in the finest style! He said he would wear tights. I didn't like to ask him what they were, as it is not, I think, delicate to refer to any special garment of a —a gentleman's wardrobe; but I did wonder."

"It means stays, I suppose," said Miss Henrietta. "I don't see why he mentioned them, I'm sure."

"Oh, well, a person in Paul's walk of life does not realize the impropriety of such an allusion before ladies," said Miss Maggy, kindly. "He is a well-meaning man, but of course he does not make delicate distinctions. I hope he's not disappointed because we are not asking any one in; but we couldn't do that. Henrietta, would you put a white border on this baby blanket, or a blue one?"

"I think," said Jane, breathing quickly, "that Mr. Phillips is just as delicate as any one."

"I like blue best," Miss Henrietta said.

Jane's hands trembled, and she put her knitting down. "I'm going to ask him if he doesn't want another lamp for to-night. We can let him have two," she said, indifferent to poor Miss Maggy's sigh that it would use up a good deal of oil. She went swiftly down the garden to the stable, where Paul welcomed her with enthusiasm, and asked her if she didn't think he had made things look pretty nicely. "I feel nervous about my knee," he said, "but I'm mostly worried for fear I won't do my best before the ladies. It's more embarrassing to have a little select audience like this, than a big dress circle." His tone seemed to range her on his side, as opposed to the "audience," which gave her a new and distinct feeling of responsibility that was almost anxiety. She told him about the lamps, and advised him as to which end of the open space between the stalls and the feed-bins should be the stage. She laughed, in her flurried way, until the tears came into her eyes, at some of his jokes, and she asked questions, and even made one or two suggestions. Perhaps she had never been so excited in her life.

Then she went back to the house. "We'll put on our best dresses," she said to her sisters, in a breathless way.

"Oh, Janie, not to go and sit in the barn?" protested Miss Maggy.

"I will," Miss Jane said, with spirit. "I think it's only polite. And please, girls, each of you bring your bedroom candle over with you. He says he wants as much light as possible. Oh dear! he is so much superior to his profession!" she burst out, her face flushing.

The best clothes were wonderingly conceded by the two older sisters, and after tea, in the September dusk, before the moon rose, the three Misses Jay stepped out across the yard to the barn. Each had a lighted candle in her hand, and each held up her petticoats carefully, and walked gravely, with a troubled consciousness of the unusualness of the occasion.

The barn was very bright: Paul had borrowed some lanterns from a neighbor, and added two or three he had found in the loft, and all the lamps Jane could bring him from the house. The narrow space in front of the stalls was swept and garnished, and at its further end were three chairs, each with a bunch of goldenrod tied on the back. The lanterns swung from the rafters, and the lamps stood on the top of the feed-bin, and the three bedroom candles were deposited, at Jane's command, on three upturned buckets in front of what was evidently Paul's end of the open space. When the sisters entered there was a rustle among the pigeons overhead, and the cow, rubbing her neck against her stanchion, stopped, and looked at them with mild, wondering eyes, and then drew a long, fragrant sigh, and went on chewing her cud.

"This is very strange," said Miss Henrietta.

"It is very exciting," murmured Miss Maggy, nervously.

The gleam of all the lights, the candle-flames bending and flaring in wandering draughts, the gigantic shadows between

the rafters, the silence, except for Clover's soft breaths, Paul's impressive absence—were all strange, almost alarming.

As for Miss Jane, she looked around her but said nothing.

"Shall we sit down?" Miss Maggy asked, in a whisper. "Where is he, Janie?"

"He will come in a few moments," said Jane. "Yes, sit down, please."

She went over to the bin to turn up one of the lamps, and looked, with anxious responsibility, towards the unused stall which Paul had told her was to be his dressing-room. Suppose he didn't do well? She was nervous to have him begin and get through with it.

Suddenly, back in the shadows, Paul began to whistle:

> "I'm dreaming now of Hallie,
> Sweet Hallie, sweet Hallie;"

then he came bounding out, bowed, whirled round on his crutch, and stood still, laughing. Jane caught her breath, her feet and hands grew cold; the other two sisters murmured, agitatedly. Paul was clothed in his black tights and scarlet breech-cloth; a small scarlet cap was set side-wise on his head, and his crutch was wound with scarlet ribbons.

"Ladies," he began, "I shall have the pleasure—"

"I really think—I really feel—" said Miss Maggy, rising.

"I—I'm afraid, perhaps—such a costume—" murmured Miss Henrietta.

Paul looked at them in astonishment. "Is anything wrong, ladies? If you'll just be seated, I'll begin at once."

"Do sit down," Miss Jane entreated, faintly; "people always dress — that way."

The two older sisters stared at her in amazement. "But, Janie—" whispered Miss Henrietta.

"You can go," said Jane, "but I shall stay. I think it's unkind to criticise his clothes."

"If he only had some clothes," Miss Maggy answered, in despair. But they sat down. They could not go and leave Jane; it would have been an impropriety. As for Paul, he plunged at once into his performance, with his running commentary of fun and jokes. Always beginning, "Ladies!" Once inadvertently he added, "and gentlemen," but stopped, with some embarrassment, to explain that he got so used to his "patter" that he just ran it off without thinking. His agility and strength and grace were really remarkable, but Jane Jay watched him with hot discomfort; once, when he turned a somersault, as lightly as a thistle seed is blown from its stalk, she looked away. But the rest of the "audience" began to be really interested and a little excited. "Just see that!" Miss Maggy kept saying. "Isn't it wonderful!"

"But if any one should call," Miss Henrietta whispered, "I should swoon with embarrassment. Still, I am sure it's very creditable. Once, when I was a child, I went to the circus, and saw a man jump that way."

Jane's face was stinging. "I don't like it at all," she said, under her breath. She looked at one of the lamps on the feed-bin until it blurred and made the water stand in her eyes. "Oh, I wish he would stop!" she said to herself.

"If," said Paul, "any lady in the audience would care to hold her hat up above my head, I may demonstrate a high kick!"

"I will, Mr. Phillips," Miss Jane said, briefly.

"Oh, Janie—" said Miss Henrietta.

"Oh, my dear, really—" murmured Miss Maggy.

"If you'll stand up on this bin, ma'am," said Paul, taking off his cap with a sweeping bow.

For just an instant Jane hesitated, which gave Miss Maggy the chance to say, "Oh, Jane, my dear—really, I don't think—"

"I don't mind in the least," said Miss Jane, breathlessly.

"Well, wait," Maggy entreated; "if you must do it, let me run back to the house and bring over one of my skirts. I'm taller than you are, and if you put it on, it will be longer and hide your feet."

Miss Jane nodded. "I'll come in a moment, Mr. Phillips," she said, in a fluttered voice; and when Miss Maggy, very much out of breath, brought the skirt, she slipped it on, and climbing up on to the bin, stood, the long black folds hanging in a clumsy and modest heap about her feet, and held out the hat; her face was stern and set. She was miserably ashamed. The two other sisters gaped up at her apprehensively, but with undisguised interest. Paul, however, did not share the emotions of the moment; he leaped over three chairs arranged in a

pyramid, twirled round on his crutch, and then, with a bound up into the air, lifted with his foot the hat out of Jane's nervous hand. Then he stopped, by force of habit, to wait for applause; the two ladies before him said, faintly, "Dear me!" But they whispered to each other that it was wonderful.

Jane, gathering up the long skirt in her hands, looked down at him, and said nothing.

He turned, kissed his hand to her, and bowed so low that the scarlet cockade on his cap swept the floor; his dark eyes, looking up at her, caught the flare of the candle-light in a sudden flash.

Jane Jay's heart came up in her throat.

That was the end of the show. The three candles of the foot-lights were burning with a guttering flame; the cow had gone down on her knees, and then come heavily to the floor, ready for sleep. Paul, out of breath, but very much pleased with the condition of his knee, sat down on one of the overturned buckets and fanned himself.

"This is the time you preach, isn't it, Mr. Phillips?" Miss Jane said. It was as if she were trying to bring him back to his true self.

"When I get through a performance? Yes, ma'am. People are pretty good-natured then, and willing to listen, you know."

He laughed as he spoke. There was always a laugh ready to bubble over when he talked.

"It is a pity," said Miss Henrietta, vaguely, "that Paul's circumstances in life did not permit him to study for the ministry."

"That's so," said Paul; "but my folks couldn't have afforded it when I was growing up, even if I'd had a mind to—which I didn't, till I was converted, and I was twenty-four then."

"It isn't too late yet, is it?" said Maggy, sympathetically. "Perhaps Dr. Lavendar could help you to get a scholarship somewhere. I know he wrote letters about a scholarship when the Smiths' oldest boy wanted to go to college."

Jane's face flushed suddenly. "I never thought of that! Why, Mr. Phillips—why shouldn't you study now?"

Paul had stopped fanning himself, and was listening. "I've heard of scholarships," he said, "but I never had anybody to put me in the way of them."

Miss Jane, in her excited interest, did not notice that her sisters had risen and were waiting for her. "Come, Janie," they murmured; and Jane came, reluctantly. "You must see Dr. Lavendar to-morrow," she said, as they drew her away. "Oh, I believe, I believe you can do it!"

And as the three sisters, with their empty candlesticks in their hands, walked back in the moonlight to their own door, she said again and again, "Yes, he must be a clergyman—he must!"

Miss Maggy smiled indulgently, and said that she supposed Jane had it in her blood to work for the church. "Great-grandfather Jay was always encouraging young men to enter the ministry," she said, "and Janie inherits it, I suppose." And then Miss Maggy said that she was worried to death because she didn't think the new pink worsted was a good match for the pink they had been using.

When Miss Jane went to her room she was too excited to go to bed; there was a spot of color in her cheeks, and her eyes shone;—a clergyman! yes; why not?

It seemed to Miss Jane, because of the beating of her heart and the swelling of her throat, that her hope for Paul was desire for the Kingdom of God. How much good he would do in the world if he only were a clergyman; if he had a church, and wore a surplice! He would talk differently then, and not say "ain't"; and he would take dinner with Dr. Lavendar, and go to Mrs. Dale's for tea; he might even be assistant at St. Michael's! For Dr. Lavendar was getting old, and by the time Mr. Phillips took orders, there would have to be an assistant at St. Michael's. Jane Jay sat down and leaned her elbows on the window-sill, and looked out into the misty September night. She could see the black pitch-roof of the stable, where a lamp was still burning. It came to her that perhaps Paul was kneeling there. Something lifted in her like a wave. She felt a strange longing for tears; she, too, wanted to pray, to cry out for something—for pardon for her sins, perhaps, or for death and heaven. She said to herself that she loved her Saviour;—this was what Mr. Phillips called "conversion," she thought. "Oh," she said, in a broken, breathless way—"oh, I am a

great sinner! He has converted me." She murmured over and over that she had sinned; in the exaltation of the moment she did not stop to search the blank white page of her life to find a stain.

Then she covered her face with her hands, and knelt down and prayed passionately.

V.

Paul Phillips was to set out on the road the next day; but the hope that had leaped up at Miss Maggy's words made him eager to follow the suggestion of seeing Dr. Lavendar.

Jane Jay, her face pale, but full of some exalted consciousness, went early to the rectory and told the story of Paul and his aspirations. "It is very interesting," Dr. Lavendar said, "very interesting. Of course I'll see him. Jane, my dear, it is wonderful, as you say. The Lord is able to raise up children to Abraham out of—anything! Send him along. Tell him to be here at ten o'clock."

Jane went back to the stable and gave Paul the message. He was kneeling down, packing his few possessions in his knapsack, unwinding the scarlet ribbons from his crutch, and taking the cockade out of his cap. He looked up anxiously. "Does he think—" he began.

"You are to go and see him at ten, Mr. Phillips," she said; "and—you will be a clergyman!" Paul drew a long breath and went on with his packing; but there was a light in his eyes.

"Do you know," he said, "sometimes it seems to me that our disappointments are His appointments? Just drop the *dis*, you know. It makes 'em real pleasant to look at them that way. It was a disappointment to wrench my knee; there's no use denying it; and yet look what may come out of it!" He gave a smiling upward look of the frankest, most good-humored affection, as though communing with Some One she did not see.

Miss Jane watched him without speaking. She stood leaning against the feed-bin, twisting a bit of straw nervously, looking at him, and then looking away.

"You will be a clergyman," she said, in a low voice. "But I want you to know now,—I want to tell you—"

Paul had risen, and had gotten his crutch under his arm; but there was something in her voice that made him look at her keenly; then, instantly, he turned his eyes away.

"I want you to know—that I—oh—until you came I never thought anything—mattered. I never really cared; though I went to church, and my father was a clergyman, and Great-grandfather Jay was a bishop. But I—I didn't really—" She faltered, trembling very much, her throat swelling again, and her face illumined. "You've made me—religious—I think," she ended, in a whisper.

"I thank the Lord if He's spoken a word through me," the man said, tenderly; but he did not look into her face.

Miss Jane went away hurriedly, running, poor girl! the last half of the way to her own room; there she lay upon her bed, face downward, trembling. She was very happy.

When Paul came limping into the rectory, the old clergyman gave him a steady look; then all his face softened and brightened, and he took his hand into both his own. "Sit down," he said, "and we'll have a pipe. Well, you had an ugly fall, didn't you? How's your knee?"

"Well, the darned thing's all right now," said Paul, with his kindling smile, "but it's been slow enough. I don't know what I would have done if the ladies hadn't been so kind to me."

"And you are starting out again now, are you?" said Dr. Lavendar. "Oh, that's my dog, Danny. Danny, give your paw, sir, like a gentleman."

Paul seized the dog by the scruf of the neck and put him on his knee. "Ain't he a fine one?" he said, chuckling. "Look at him licking my finger! Yes, sir; I'm going on the road again; but Miss Jane Jay, she told me that maybe you could put me in the way of getting an education, so as I could be a preacher."

"But I understand you do preach now?" said Dr. Lavendar.

"Yes, sir; but not properly. I just talk to 'em. Plain, man to man. I get at them after I've given a show on the road or in the saloons. But—it's a hard line, sir. I—used to be a drinking man myself," he ended, in a low voice.

The old minister nodded. "You go right into the enemy's country?"

"Yes," Paul said, briefly.

"It gives you a hold on 'em?" Dr. Lavendar suggested.

"That's so," Paul said. "I sometimes think if I hadn't been there myself I wouldn't know how to put it to them. Still," he said, thoughtfully, "you can't apply that doctrine generally. It would be kind of dangerous. We don't want to sin that grace may abound. Well, it's mixing. You see, that's where I feel the need of an education, sir. That, and people going down to the pit: the pit ain't just according to my ideas of fairness."

"How do you explain those things?" asked the old man.

"Oh, well, I just say to myself, '*He understands His business.*'"

"The Judge of all the earth shall do right!" said Dr. Lavendar. "Tell me some more."

So Paul, stroking Danny's shaggy little head, told him, fully. Dr. Lavendar got up once, and tramped about the room, with his coat tails pulled forward under his arms, and his hands in his pockets; once his pipe went out, and once he took his spectacles off and wiped them.

When the story was finished he came and sat down beside the younger man, and struck him on the knee with a trembling hand. "My dear brother! my dear brother!" he said. "Go back to the roads and the saloons, and prepare the way of the Lord, and make straight His paths!"

Paul put Danny down, gently, and looked up with a puzzled face.

"Sir," said Dr. Lavendar, "the Lord has educated you. You don't need the schooling of men. See what a work has been given you to do: Paul, a minister to the Gentiles!"

"Yes, sir," said Paul, "if I can just get some education. If I can know a few things."

"My dear friend," said the old man, smiling, "you know what is best worth knowing in the world: you know your Master. He's put you to do a work for Him which most of his ministers are not capable of doing. You have a congregation, young man, that we old fellows would give our ears to get. Who would listen to me if I went into Van Horn's and talked to them? Not one! They'd slink out the back door. And I can't get 'em into my church — though I've got the red cushions," said Dr. Lavendar, his eyes twinkling. "No, sir; your work's been marked out for you. Do it! —and may the Lord bless you, and bless the word you speak!" His face moved, and he took off his glasses again, and polished them on his big red silk handkerchief.

Paul's bewildered disappointment was evident in his face. So evident that Dr. Lavendar set himself to tell him, in patient detail, what he thought of the situation; and as he talked the light came. "I see," the young man said once or twice, softly, as though to himself; "I see—I see." It came to him, as it comes to most of us, if we live long enough, that when we ask for a stone, He sometimes gives us bread—if we will but open our eyes to see it.

But when he rose to go, there was a solemn moment of silence. Then the old minister, with his hand uplifted above the young minister's head, said:

"Almighty God, who hath given you this will to do all these things, grant also unto you strength and power to perform the same, that He may accomplish His work which He hath begun in you, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Paul, leaning on his crutch, covered his face with his hands, and said, passionately, "*Amen.*"

When he went back to the three ladies, the uplifting of that moment lingered in his eyes. He came into the sitting-room, where Miss Henrietta and Miss Maggy were at work; it was a cool September day, and a little fire crackled in the grate. The room was hot, and smelt of worsted; Miss Henrietta's canary hung in the sunny window, cracking his hemp seeds, and ruffling his feathers after a splashing bath. The two ladies were rocking and knitting, and Miss Henrietta had been saying how much she missed rolling her big pink ball along the floor for Jacky to play with. "Though he didn't play much," she said; "he was getting old."

"I used to think he was lazy," observed Miss Maggy, comfortably.

"No, he wasn't," Miss Henrietta retorted. "You never appreciated Jacky."

"Yes, I did," Maggy remonstrated; "only I never called him human."

"Human! Well, I think that some cats are nicer than most people," old Henrietta replied, with heat.

It was just then that Paul came in to report the result of his interview with Dr. Lavendar. He was very brief about it, and as he talked the solemn look faded, and he spoke with open cheerfulness,

though with reserve. "I guess he's right," he said; "the place for me is the place where I'm put; I guess he's right. Well, ladies, I came to say good-by, and to thank you, and—"

"Do you mean," said Jane, from the doorway behind him, "that Dr. Lavendar won't help you to be a clergyman?" Her face was pale, and then flooded with crimson; she was trembling very much. "It is wicked!" Her voice was suddenly shrill, but broke almost into a sob. "You ought to be a clergyman!"

Paul held up his hand with a certain authority. "I have been called to do my own work," he said.

"I guess Dr. Lavendar's right, Janie," Miss Maggy said, soothingly. "Paul, I'm going to give you one of Bishop Jay's sermons. I've copied it out, and I'm sure you will make good use of it."

Then she asked some friendly questions about his route, and brought him the sermon, and a little luncheon she had prepared; and then Paul began to make his adieux. He said much of their kindness to him, and his wish that he could ever have the chance to do anything for them; while they politely deprecated anything that they had done. Miss Henrietta shook hands with him, and said that if he should meet a white cat anywhere, to be sure and see if he answered to the name of Jacky. Miss Maggy bade him be very careful of his limb, and hoped he would find his sister better. "And if you ever get so far east again, you must come and see us," she said, kindly.

Jane gave him her hand; but she let it slip listlessly from his fingers. "Good-by," she said, dully.

Paul, shouldering his knapsack, waved his hat gayly, and started off, limping down the path to the street.

"Well, now really, for a person in his position," said Miss Maggy, "he has behaved very well, hasn't he?"

"Yes, indeed," old Henrietta agreed; "and he was so sympathetic, too. See, Maggy, this needle does make a looser stitch—don't you think so?"

Jane leaned her forehead against the window and looked down the road, where there was a little cloud of dust for a moment; then it disappeared.

MR. GLADSTONE.

REMINISCENCES, ANECDOTES, AND AN ESTIMATE.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

IV.

SAID the late Mr. Abraham Hayward, "There is but one fault I have to find with Mr. Gladstone: he won't look out of the window." Mr. Bryce says "he was too self-absorbed, too eagerly interested in the ideas that suited his own cast of thought, to be able to watch and gauge the tendencies of the multitude." And again, "It was the masses who took their view from him, not he who took his mandate from the masses." With reference to the matters Mr. Bryce is discussing, the Irish Church, the Turks, and home-rule, this last is true. Both are as true as epigrammatic sayings can well be. Certainly he took account of the public opinion of the time; he could not have carried on the business of a party leader for a day unless he did that, or the business of governing an empire. His own statement was that he looked about him; that he found enough to occupy his mind and inform his judgment in that way—that sufficient unto the day was the business thereof. "To-morrow, yes; but much beyond that, no."

Mr. Hayward was one of the men most constantly in contact with Mr. Gladstone, one who made it his business to acquaint him with the state of mind prevailing in that world, which Hayward knew as well as anybody, or better than anybody—the world of society and of politics in London. And yet Hayward, with all his daily replenished stores of knowledge, could not make such an impression on Mr. Gladstone's mind as satisfied him, after years and years of familiar intercourse, that he really did give heed to what was going on about him—heed enough to make him steer a safe course.

You might have heard something like this from others. The whips in the House of Commons are good authorities on such a point. It was their business to keep

their chief informed of the state of opinion in the House, and especially the opinion of his own party in the House. They did. They saw him constantly. From two or three of the best—for there was an ever-changing succession of these useful personages—I have heard the same account of their relations with Mr. Gladstone. He always listened. He was never impatient. He could accept ill news as readily as good—that is to say, he desired to know, so long as his mind was in the formative state, the exact facts. Yet he often appeared to make up his mind without much reference to them. He often disregarded the opinion of his supporters. A leader sometimes must—that is what he is a leader for; but those about him sometimes thought he overrode the judgment of others when he might have conformed to it and still carried his point. In other words, he never was a first-rate party leader.

He did not keep his party together. Sometimes he would not take the trouble. Sometimes his masterfulness was too plain. Men like to be ruled gently; and Mr. Gladstone, though always considerate, was not always gentle. Sir William Harcourt describes him as the kindest and least exacting of chiefs. That is the testimony of one who knew him five-and-forty years, and was often and long his colleague; himself a man of such force of character, and liking to have his own way, that his evidence is of great value.

When he chose he could do almost anything with almost anybody. I will take the split of the Liberal party over home-rule as a brilliant instance of Mr. Gladstone's defect as a party leader, and also of his genius in dealing with men when he cared to take the trouble. First of all, he took few of his chief colleagues into his confidence. His somersault into the Irish camp was, to most of them, a surprise. They knew of his resolution only after it was formed; and to say that it was formed is to say that it was irrevocable. If he had wanted to carry with him such men as Bright, as Lord Hartington, as the Duke of Argyll, as Mr. Chamberlain, the least he could do was to discuss his new policy with them before it was settled. But he did not. Bright he counted on, because he knew well Bright's personal devotion to him, and his perfect loyalty of nature. But Bright was loyal first of all to his convictions and sense of duty; that also Mr. Gladstone ought to have known—and must have known, but failed to consider.

Lord Hartington's is a nature not less sincere and not less self-centred than Bright's. He was long known—before the break—as one of the two or three men who told Mr. Gladstone the full truth, and exactly what they thought on all matters of high politics. The fact that most men did not, makes one reflect a little. Why did they not? Was it because their counsels were coldly received? Did it require a certain amount of courage to face the great man in cabinet, or in his private room in the House of Commons, where so many momentous consultations occurred? Lord Hartington, at any rate, was, and is, absolutely independent in his judgment. But Mr. Gladstone asked no counsel of Lord Hartington and gave him none of his confidence while the new home-rule policy was still embryonic.

He held aloof from Mr. Chamberlain for different reasons—the two men were antipathetic to each other; perhaps, in a sense injurious to neither, distrusted each other. That is a case where Mr. Gladstone's policy of silence is more easily explicable; but in negotiation with Mr. Chamberlain afterward he showed precisely the same want of flexibility as a party leader. The two men very nearly came together, but not quite. Mr. Chamberlain, I don't doubt, was as stiff as his former chief. "If I had been Chamberlain," said Lord Randolph Churchill, "I am sure that Mr. Gladstone and I could have struck a bargain." Lord Randolph had in him that proneness to compromise which makes combined and continuous action in public life possible to men whose temperaments differ, whose views on minor matters differ, but who are agreed on essentials, and ought therefore to act steadily together.

But when we come to look at the other side it is to be seen that wilfulness was not always a trait of Mr. Gladstone. One of the men he carried with him, when he marched over to Parnell and took service under that great Irish chief, was Lord Spencer. He saw Lord Spencer's importance. He had been twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was Lord Lieutenant when the Phœnix Park murders were committed, and after. If any man knew how deeply the so-called home-rule

movement was stained with crime, Lord Spencer knew. It was believed by those who best understood that upright, gallant, loyal nature that nothing could induce him to enlist under the same flag with the allies of the physical force party. But he did.

"How can it have been brought about?" asked a friend. The reason is illuminative:

"If you had ever been shut up in a room as Spencer was with Gladstone for half an hour, you would not ask."

It is no reflection on Lord Spencer. Few men would have resisted, or ever did resist, the mingled charm and authority Mr. Gladstone knew how to exert when he was bent on making a convert. The trouble with him, or one trouble, as a party leader was that he would not exert it often enough.

There grew up a notion, on more occasions than one, that Mr. Gladstone would not readily embark in war. Readily, perhaps, he would not. The surrender to the Boers was thought an act of cowardice. Whatever it was, cowardice had nothing to do with it, nor with any other act of Mr. Gladstone's public or private life. But the notion spread, and the influence of it abroad was mischievous. Russia presumed on it; so did France. At the time of the Penjdeh incident Mr. Gladstone took a tone which ought to have convinced Europe, and particularly Russia, how dangerous it was to press him beyond a certain point. But they were not convinced.

One of his colleagues, himself a man supposed to have no great eagerness for conflict, was so convinced as to become alarmed for peace. In the midst of the Afghan dispute—about the time when Mr. Gladstone declared so impressively in the House of Commons that the book was not yet closed, and that another chapter might have to be added—I met this peace-loving colleague. He loved Mr. Gladstone also, and resented the current criticisms on him, which sometimes passed into sneers. He said:

"True, Mr. G. will not fight to please these jingoes, nor perhaps for the same objects which would lead them to war. But give him a cause he thinks just, and the old man will fight harder and longer than any of them. He will fight for the empire. He is an imperialist; nothing of the Little-Englander about him. Make no mistake. He knows that the empire was won by the sword, and must be kept by the sword."

A just estimate, I thought, and still think. Who could look into his face and doubt it? Who that ever saw the deep fire in his eyes when he was angered could doubt that the *gaudium certaminis* was his whenever the contest was worthy of him or of his country?

After the Emperor of Russia had rewarded General Komaroff for his share in the Penjdeh business with a jewelled sword, I met again this peace-loving colleague of the Prime Minister. The Emperor's shifty tactics, and his reward to the officer who had improved them into open perfidy, were mentioned. "I should like," said this English lover of peace, "to cram Komaroff's sword down his lying throat." Then, after a pause, "And, you may depend upon it, so would Mr. Gladstone." I did not in the least doubt it.

How ill Mr. Gladstone was often informed in foreign politics, how little he cared about them, as a rule, except so far as they affected politics at home, and how little he troubled himself to anticipate events, is known. It happened to me to see more than one curious instance of it. I was staying in the same house in, I think, January, 1884; whatever the year, it was the occasion of a ministerial crisis in Egypt, which everybody knew to be imminent, and which promised to be, as it proved to be, a turning-point in the government of that country, and therefore in that Anglo-Egyptian policy for which Mr. Gladstone was responsible.

Lord Granville, then Foreign Minister, was with him. It was eleven o'clock of a Sunday morning, and the two sat on the veranda looking into the grounds and talked. The *Observer*, the one paper then published in London on Sunday which ever had any news, had arrived some time before, and lay on a table unopened. It contained the announcement that the Egyptian ministry had resigned. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville were conversing tranquilly, and, it was evident, on matters remote from Egypt. I asked if any despatch-boxes had arrived from the Foreign Office. No, I was told; they were expected shortly, but nobody seemed to care deeply whether they came or not. The indifference struck me as curious, and I still felt sure that the Prime

Minister and Foreign Minister knew nothing of what long before this all London, and certainly every minister on the Continent, knew and was eagerly discussing.

So I asked Lord Granville, as carelessly as I could, whether the overthrow of the Egyptian ministry was likely to have any serious consequences. "What!" cried Mr. Gladstone. "Are they out? Why do you say that? How do you know?" I handed him the paper. The two gray heads bent over it together, read the despatches, consulted hurriedly, then sent word to their host, who appeared, and Lord Granville announced that he must go up to town at once. Trains are infrequent on Sundays; the last morning train had gone; there was no other for hours. It ended in his being sent up in his host's private hansom—a twenty miles drive. The despatches he ought to have received from the Foreign Office came down by rail and special messenger not long after Lord Granville had left. With that degree of precision were the foreign affairs of Great Britain at that time conducted. Mr. Gladstone was not primarily responsible for the slackness of the Foreign Office. But he was responsible for himself, and this leisurely way of considering a critical situation abroad was entirely characteristic of him.

An estimate? Each American will inevitably form his own, and none can be final, none complete. Mr. Gladstone indicated some time before his death his own view of his own public life and services. He spoke of the period as one of emancipation. He would like us to believe that during sixty years he had been chiefly occupied in enlarging the liberties of the people of England, and from time to time of other peoples as well. That is true in part, but only in part. He did not begin as a champion of liberty. At no time during his great career was he the first to take up any great political or social reform. There was none which he did not at first oppose, or at least hesitate to support. He was an opportunist — the greatest of his time. His devotion to reforms began in each case when each reform began to have a fair prospect of political success. He had the spirit neither of the missionary nor of the martyr. It was his business to give legislative form and effect to such measures of political amelioration as seemed likely to secure a majority. That he did with consummate skill and capacity. He swept away abuses. He removed obstacles. He opened the doors. Those measures with which his name is most closely connected were not measures of construction. His genius was not constructive. He was not an idealist. Speculative politics had no attraction for him. The enunciation of a principle distressed him; he resented and invariably resisted the introduction into the House of Commons of an abstract resolution. He was for practical politics. He did a vast work, in which somebody else was always the pioneer. In free trade, in freer suffrage, in education, others led, Mr. Gladstone followed. His adhesion to each cause coincided with the moment when its success had become, to his mind, certain, when the movement of forces had become irresistible. That was his conception of statesmanship. It may or may not be the highest. But, granted the conception, no man ever acted upon it with greater energy, more abounding resources, more patience, tact, or courage.

The same is true, though with a difference, of his Irish home-rule venture—the great catastrophe of his life. He embarked upon that scheme as a crew leaves a sinking ship. It was his sole resource —his one chance, as he thought, of regaining power. He believed the English mind was in a state when it could be brought to accept Disunion—the disintegration of the United Kingdom. No act of his life showed him so clearly out of touch with the English, so incapable of appreciating what lay deepest in the English character. The disaster he brought upon himself and his party was deserved, but the gallantry and resource with which he strove during all these years to turn inevitable defeat into an impossible success were magnificent. He never was so hopelessly wrong, and he never showed higher qualities—nor ever, I must add, resorted to so many political devices which even his friends thought of doubtful morality.

The mark he has left which will prove ineffaceable is on finance and on the financial system and thought of England. His incomparable dexterity as a financier there is none to dispute. Blot out everything else, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would remain a great

figure. Yet, to the world in general, how slight a part it seems, and is, in comparison with the whole!

In social movements his name has no place. He was to the last a conservative in social matters. He was for things as they are. He democratized the government of England. He was one chief instrument in surrendering the control of political affairs to the working-men. But he never meant that they should use that power to overturn society or to remodel it. He stood as a bulwark in defence of the existing order. It is one of the highest eulogies that can be bestowed on him.

He was equally conservative in religion and in matters ecclesiastic. If he finally came to contemplate with equanimity the disestablishment of the Church of England, it was because he believed that separation of church from state would strengthen the spiritual life of the church, increase its hold on the people, secure reform from within, re-enforce the church in its warfare with science, wherein he thought it destined to triumph. He sacrificed the Irish Church to a political necessity. He was ready to do the same with the Welsh and Scottish churches. He was under a strong temptation to yield to the same motive with regard to the Church of England, since, during all the latter part of his career, the great body of his political support came from the non-conformists. But he resisted, and his final view was the one which led to the same destructive end purely for the good of the thing destroyed.

His fame will not rest on his foreign policy. He did much to belittle England abroad, to reduce her prestige, to impair her influence in the councils of Europe. If he reversed her traditional policy in the East, that was not an unmixed benefit—still less was his passionate advocacy of impossible causes, of which Armenia may be taken as a type. I have no space for details. I should make exceptions—some of them, as in the guarantee of Belgium at the outbreak of the Franco-German war, brilliant ones; but of foreign affairs as a whole, while they were actually under Mr. Gladstone's influence as Prime Minister, it will have to be said that they generally suffered from that influence.

As for the United States, he did us much harm and much good, the good preponderating in the end. He had magnanimity of character, which enabled him to acknowledge the mistake of his attitude in the civil war. But whether he liked us or not, he said and declared often that England and the United States ought to be friends. He was one of the authors of that movement of nearer friendship in which both countries now happily unite. That clear vision of the identity of interests between the two branches of one great race is the best legacy he has left. There are sentences on Anglo-American relations which will never be forgotten; the beneficent effect of them will endure while the nations endure.

The fame of oratory is said to be evanescent, like that of acting, with which it has much in common. But Mr. Gladstone's work in public life was connected with public speaking, and rested upon it in a way which must insure permanence to his renown as an orator. His place with posterity will depend on that far more than on anything written which he leaves behind him. His writings have many qualities, but no promise of immortality. He was not a good writer. His exuberance ran away with him. His diction was over-copious. He had neither restraint nor simplicity, and little sense of style, with all his vigor in the use of words. Nor will the matter of his books save him. He had literature in a degree possessed by few Englishmen in public life; he had scholarship. He wrote on topics both of literature and learning; yet the result is in no way commensurate with his real capacity. He never concentrated himself, except for the moment, on either.

Of Mr. Gladstone's oratory much has been written, but, as Mill remarked, on all great subjects much remains to be said. No doubt it was one chief factor in that authority to which he attained. Yet it was almost never of the highest order. It was only of the highest order for the purposes he had in view. He was a magician, and he used words to bewitch the souls of men—his own first of all. Mr. Forster's account remains the true one:

"He could persuade most men of most things, and himself of anything."

But his power over the House and over a popular audience was not so much oratorical as personal. And on this, as on all other branches of this immense

subject, the same may be said. You may leave aside the particulars and make an effort to consider the general. You must try to look at the man as a whole. The attempt will not be successful, but it will be an attempt, a step; as you move forward you may get a glimpse here and there of his true majesty.

The estimates of Mr. Gladstone by his contemporaries were not all, of course, in one spirit. Some of them are well known. Carlyle detested him. Froude called him a Puseyite Radical. Tennyson, who loved the man, hated his politics. None of these are political criticisms. Many others are well known. Not the least interesting of the less familiar is Jowett's. The Master of Balliol had a shrewd judgment of men. He met Mr. Gladstone first in 1869, at Lord Camperdown's, and the two were much together.

The Master was "absorbed" in Mr. Gladstone, said his host, and "they talked incessantly for hours in the library and about the grounds."

It was sixteen years before Mr. Gladstone's conversion to home-rule, and it was all the more striking, therefore, that he tried to persuade Jowett no one had hitherto understood the Irish, or had rightly sympathized with them. The remark is extremely characteristic of Mr. Gladstone; there were few cases in which he doubted that his own view was the right one. It was also very apt to be the original one after he had formed it.

"It was the first time," said Jowett, "that any one of such great simplicity had been in so exalted a position." The remark goes deep. I don't recollect that any one else has made it. But the great man had simplicity in many worldly matters to the last. He lived for many purposes in a world of his own, and did not always trouble himself about the other. Jowett's remark may be compared with Hayward's, quoted above. Oxford, of course, was a bond between the two guests at Camperdown House, but the two Oxfords of the two men were very different—as different as Christ Church in 1830 and Balliol forty years later.

Many a man saw portents of mischief in Gladstone. Lord Palmerston was one who did. Jowett thought the future full of peril because he was "so powerful and so unsound." Gladstone, he said, "failed to recognize the truth that the moral excuses for political crime ought not to make a statesman less firm in repressing it." The whole Irish question is there, but to the last the great home-ruler refused to see it. Jowett thought Lord Frederick Cavendish a victim to this blindness. In a letter written in 1885, after the Gordon catastrophe, he says that neither Gordon nor Lord Frederick need have been sacrificed if the ministry had taken the right and obvious means to support and protect them. Then he adds, "I should like the authors of the calamity to be punished, *especially the arch-offender*." The italics are his.

There are always deductions. It is of little avail to catalogue them. They come out in life and act, and a man's faults of character necessarily leave stains on his career, and on the final record of it. I have indicated some as I wrote. One of the least amiable was Mr. Gladstone's coldness in friendship. He was sympathetic in the sense that he attracted the sympathies of others, but gave few. He repaid Bright's affection with a carefully measured regard. His sympathies were with mankind rather than with men. He accepted much. He never seemed to hesitate to put himself under great obligations to friends like Lord Rendel, Mr. Armitstead, the late Lord Wolverton, and others. They were obligations which involved the spending of money in his behalf. Yet no man ever suspected him of being influenced in this way.

In private life he was open, generous, easy, and always delightful. In public life he has sometimes been thought vindictive. He had, they said, the Scottish fidelity to a dislike, and the Scottish patience in treasuring the memory of a wrong. He would turn the stone in his pocket at the end of seven years, and keep it seven years more, waiting his opportunity. He used power mercilessly. He tyrannized over his party, over the House, over his cabinet. It was his tremendous power with the constituencies which made him master. He used it for what he thought good ends, but they must be his ends. But why dwell on defects, when the character as a whole remains splendid?

When he had formed a conception of character he changed it as reluctantly as he did a conviction. An intimate friend said to him once, about one very distinguished colleague whose ecclesiastical position seemed to have been fixed for him by inheritance,

"I doubt sometimes whether A. B. is a man of very deep piety, or a very consistent and convinced Churchman."

Mr. Gladstone put up his hands with an expressive gesture, not unusual with him, as if to repel this unwelcome suggestion, and answered,

"You shock me beyond measure by such an imputation."

The colleague in question was, to put it mildly, a Laodicean, alike in religion and in politics. But Mr. Gladstone, early in their long friendship, had seen reason to resolve that he was in truth a devout member of the Church of England, a devout believer, an ardent Christian like himself. Nothing would induce him to relinquish that view of his friend's religious nature. Yet, when this same friend took a hostile view of Mr. Gladstone's policy, he readily saw how lukewarm he was in personal loyalty and how unstable in political faith. The danger, therefore, of his blindness in the other matter was less than it might seem.

What has been said of Mr. Gladstone's courtesy is just; no appreciation of it could be too high. Perhaps courtesy is not a quite adequate word. He was courteous and something more. He had a sense of what was due to himself and due from him. "I will endeavor," he said, in 1888, "to avoid personality, and, above all, to avoid that kind of personality which is sheer and rank scurrility." He did avoid both. Of course he often struck at an opponent, and struck hard, but ever with fairness, or at least with fair intention. The period at which he made the remark I quote was one when rank scurrility pursued him daily and hourly. That he often felt it is certain. That he ever descended to the level of those who used it, nobody can affirm. He could crush an opponent, but he was incapable of vilifying him, of attacking his private life, of underhand means to injure him—of any arts, as Burke said, but manly arts.

I write these concluding sentences after Mr. Gladstone's death, an event on which it is impossible for any one who knew him to reflect without emotion. But look at it as a public event, and what will strike you is this: There is in England and here a serious effort to present by speech or writing an estimate of the man who is gone. Some of the finest minds, some of the men who knew him best, some of those nearest to him in public and private life, have said their say. Much of it is admirable. The eloquent sincerity of Lord Salisbury, of Lord Rosebery, of Mr. Balfour, of Sir William Harcourt, and of others, impresses those who heard or read them. They would be—indeed, they are—the first to regret the suggestion that their summaries of his character, any or all of them, are adequate. Their value is that of personal impressions. Each adds something to what we knew before. No one has said the final word.

Perhaps it may never be said. Yet in most of these eulogies there is an agreement on the main points. Courage first: it is a trait of character in which Mr. Gladstone was never surpassed; it is visible in his whole career and in every great act of his life, and in his death, and the long suffering which preceded it. His was an august personality. He had not only elevation of character, but the power of elevating others—not merely those with whom he came in contact, but the public life in which he bore so great a part. The House of Commons, which yielded to him as to no other, the audiences he addressed, the nation, the empire he ruled — all rose with him to a higher level. He had a sustained dignity of character and conduct in all circumstances. His nature was a profoundly religious nature, and with his religious convictions mingled a chivalry which was perhaps rarer still. Passion he had—an intensity of passion when he was roused or opposed which burned and consumed what stood in his way. It was this passionate and emotional quality which stood him in such stead as an orator. But he was greater than his oratory, greater than his deeds. It is not what he did, but what he was, which was felt most deeply and will be longest remembered. Gladstone the man, the extraordinary being who for more than sixty years fascinated the world in which he lived, overmastered it, compelled other men to do his will because he was a greater force than they, because he had qualities they had not, because he was of other fibre, of other mould, of loftier, broader, nobler nature than almost any of his time—that is the Gladstone before whom the world has bowed. It is the Gladstone whose memory his countrymen and ours in all time to come will treasure as a possession like none other.

THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

I.

WHEN the transports hove to off Santiago, on June 20, 1898, there was not a man upon them whom Spain's ancient sentinel, Castle Morro, standing high at the harbor's entrance and silent and picturesque against the afternoon sky, failed of stirring to emotion.

In some it was that thrill of alert expectancy which comes with approaching conflict; in others it was hot desire to see at closer range the very first bit of foreign land they had ever beheld; in all it was a sensation of relief—the grateful satisfaction of the hunter who suddenly views his quarry after long hours of weary chase and worrying delay.

Six days had intervened since our deliverance from Tampa. They were long dull days, abounding in discomforts, and lived out listlessly by men in whom enthusiastic interest in the expedition had been deadened by dispiriting waiting and repeated postponement.

So the cheers of the Jackies on the *New York*, *Iowa*, and *Oregon*, which greeted the arrival of the thirty-five transports and their escort of fourteen war-ships, drew generous and heart-felt response from the 16,000 soldiers who had come to set Cuba free.

And on board the army flag-ship *Segurança* the bugles sounded salute and the troops presented arms as Admiral Sampson came over the side to greet General Shafter and conduct him to a conference, already arranged for, with the Cuban General Garcia.

II.

The Spaniards gave us our first considerable surprise in failing to oppose our landing at Daiquiri on the early morning of June 22. Surprises, however, were the order of that day, and the enemy received his share. From three miles west of Santiago to sixteen miles east, by bombardment and feints of landing at four different points on his coast-line, we kept him guessing. Nevertheless, a proper disposition of Spanish forces could have made our landing one of great difficulty and costly fighting; and the farther inland we advanced, the more our wonder grew that in a country so adapted for defence they should have offered so little resistance in the earliest and, for them, most important days.

Nature had done her best by Daiquiri as to strength of situation, and the Spaniards ably seconded her by a series of block-houses, trenches, and barbed-wire entanglements. The little settlement itself lies in a snug half-moon cove at the base of the mountains, just where a rift in the hills permits of one level road to the sea. To the right rises a commanding bluff, with fort on top, and trenches extending down half its face, while on the left the hills approach the water more gently, showing block-houses on the prominent points.

There was no lazy lolling on decks that morning. Daylight revealed our transports ranged in a semicircle about five miles off shore, while close in were the war-ships *Detroit*, *Castine*, *Wasp*, *New Orleans*, and *St. Louis*. The *Segurança* was but a mile back of the war-ships. It seemed as though the *St. Louis* were a part of the landscape, so large she loomed on the horizon.

Every one knew there was to be a bombardment of the town, followed by a landing, in which the Second Division of the corps was to lead. Every one, consequently, had the best vantage-point he could secure. Yards and decks were covered with men, only very few of whom had ever witnessed cannon fired with deadly intent. There was a chance, too, of being shot at from shore; but each held his place, though, even, he were merely to fill the rôle of spectator. Activity was evident in every direction — transports bearing regiments of the Second Division swinging out their davits, troops getting their rolls and haversacks in order, war-ships moving into position. The sea was literally alive with saucy little launches, carrying rapid-fire 1-pounders in their bow and the American ensign at their stern, darting hither and thither with tows of cutters, pulling boats, and

life-boats, which had been furnished by the ships of war and the transports.

Meantime our attention had been directed to several explosions on shore, followed by huge volumes of smoke and flame, that marked where the Spanish were burning their bridges behind them. And now the launches had drawn up to the transports, and the boats began to fill, while the war-ships drew nearer the shore and prepared for action.

To the west six miles we could see the *Helena* and two other gunboats shelling Siboney, and ever and again a distant boom told that the attack on Aguadores—yet nearer to Santiago—had also begun.

There were cheers from the men on the transports, who envied the one thousand lucky ones first to go, and by half past nine the sea seemed covered by boats, towing and rowing, rising and falling, advancing in many lines shoreward.

With a vicious bark from the *Wasp* the shelling began, and for ten minutes by the watch such a roaring of great guns ensued as few of us had ever heard. Clouds of dust and flame in the town and great gashes in the bluff rudely showed the course of our shells, while the air hung sulkily about us, heavy with report and smoke and hoarse cheering. But no response came from the shore; and at twenty minutes after ten, while the watching soldiers on the transports cheered wildly, the leading boats of the flotilla landed the first of the American army on Cuban soil, and ten minutes later the stars and stripes were raised over a block-house where, the day before, had hung the flag of Spain.

All day long the launches and row-boats plied industriously between shore and transports, and by night six thousand five hundred troops had been landed, with three days' rations in their haversacks, and pluck enough in their hearts to meet legions of Spaniards, and a spirit equal to any emergency. The landing was difficult, for the surf ran high, and but a small wharf did duty, until subsequently enlarged by the beaching of a lighter alongside.

To say confusion reigned would hardly express it. No active executive appeared to be in authority, and the strife between loaded boats for places at the wharf was like the scramble for elevated-railway tickets after a big football game in New York. That only two men were drowned, by the upsetting of a boat, must be attributed to a merciful Providence rather than to good management. Men, mules, and horses mingled indiscriminately along the beach or on the landing, and, in the little flat beyond, strove to adjust themselves so as to push on after General Lawton, who was already moving towards Siboney with such of his division as had reached shore.

Throughout the road to Siboney, which for eight miles wound up and down, in and around, a broken but densely brushed and good-looking country, strung out regiment after regiment, and I marvelled at the dexterity of their officers, who had extricated them from the chaos at Daiquiri and set them on their journey of conquest.

If the unresisting abandonment of Daiquiri by the Spaniards had occasioned us surprise, the desertion of Siboney increased it tenfold, for here was a veritable stronghold indeed.

Abruptly on the right of its insignificant beach towers a bluff, whose base forms a shelf for an old fort, and whose surface is terraced by successive trenches that rise to a heavy block-house guarding the top. Opposite, a steep ridge reaches back to the mountains, and sweeps straight out to sea for a mile before it turns to form another fortress at Aguadores, and farther on to terminate at Morro. Between these arms lies Siboney, with block-houses commanding the roads from all directions, a small creek that comes out of the hills, and a railroad, which, creeping along the sea-shore to Aguadores, arrives finally at Santiago with iron ore from the mines back of Daiquiri and Siboney.

The day before our arrival the place had been occupied by five hundred Spaniards, who now were driven from the town by the navy's shells, and into the hills by the Cubans under General Castillo. It became forthwith the field headquarters of the American army, and the so recently deserted house of the Spanish commandant furnished shelter for Generals Wheeler and Young and Colonel Wood while they planned the Las Guasimas fight for the morrow.

III.

The Las Guasimas fight of Friday, June 24, has been spoken of and written about by those who did not see it as an ambush and a needless waste of life.

It was neither one nor the other.

General Castillo's Cubans, hurrying from Daiquiri after our landing, had in the afternoon of that same day overtaken and, with few casualties, been repulsed by the Spanish rear-guard on a part of the very ground which so soon was to furnish our first battle-field. Moreover, General Wheeler had personally reconnoitred, on the afternoon of the 23d, the scene of the Cubans' attack and the country back of Siboney, and those of us with the advance party had viewed our first dead Spaniard. Having located the Spaniards, and learned of their being re-enforced from Santiago, it became patent that to clear our immediate front of an enemy growing stronger and more menacing daily was obvious logic.

The gap between the hills, which lets in the creek and makes the town of Siboney possible, runs east and west, and two roads make their escape Santiagowards. One, a wagon road, starts off east towards the mountains, but slowly swinging around the hills of Siboney, goes north, and finally nearly due west. The other, a trail, climbs straight up and over the big ridge to the north of the town, and gradually bearing to the west, finally runs into the other road about four miles out. The one winds through a valley overlooked by block-houses and trenches; the other passes directly over trenches and in front of block-houses. One is a short-cut in times of peace, and each can be made a hell-hole in time of war. Both are shut in by close heavy underbrush and occasional barbed wire.

In the absence of General Shafter, still on the *Segurança*, General Wheeler was the ranking officer of the landed army, and together with General Young, Colonel Wood, and General Castillo, he had discussed the situation that night of the 23d, and arranged for a concerted movement against the Spanish position at dawn of the following day by those commands that were immediately at hand, camped at Siboney.

General Young was to take four troops each of the First and Tenth Regular Cavalry (dismounted), about 423 men, and four Hotchkiss mountain-guns, and follow the wagon-road; Colonel Wood, with his five hundred Rough Riders—who, from being of the last to leave Daiquiri, were yet, by hard marching, among the first to report of five thousand troops camped in the vicinity of Siboney that night—was to take his full force and go by the trail up over the hill; General Castillo was to support General Young with his two or three hundred Cubans, many of whom were already in camp along the wagon-road.

So, as the day dawned, General Young set out around the hill under the block-houses and trenches, and Colonel Wood started up over the hill and the trenches and in front of the block-houses. General Castillo failed to keep the tryst.

For a while General Young's command —which I had joined because its earlier start suggested first view of the enemy— followed a creek leading through a more or less open valley that appeared at one time to have been cultivated, but shortly fell into a narrow defile, thickly overgrown, and impassable for wagons. By-and-by we passed some of Castillo's Cubans; later on we passed more, and again more; indeed, one camp could not have been over half a mile from where the fighting finally began; but none reported to General Young until after the fighting had ceased.

At first we had swung along the rough muddy road, chatting, slipping, speculating as to what kind of a fight the Spaniards would put up, and hoping Wood would not get there before us. And it was exceedingly difficult for me to realize we were going into a serious engagement.

But when we had advanced probably one and a half miles a sudden quiet spread throughout the troops. Not that there appeared any apprehension; for, as the road narrowed, and I fell into the ranks of the First, I was not a little entertained by the good-natured jesting which ran up and down the line, without a thought that perhaps in a little while they would be facing death. Yet the tone of voice was always quiet—lest mayhap we disturb the meditation of the enemy. But we were moving cautiously all the time, and through some of the best suited country for ambush I ever beheld; though attention was jokingly called to such spots as we passed; every approach was thoroughly scrutinized by the pickets well in advance of the command. In another half-hour we had come to a halt in a little opening on a slight elevation, and here the click of the rifles, obedient to the order of "Load magazines," sent a responsive quiver up my back, and down my arms to set my fingers twitching. It

seemed as when you had winded your game and were preparing to do him to the death.

Evidently we were drawing near the danger line.

We moved forward now with one troop somewhat in advance of the others, and a strong line of pickets reconnoitring every step of the way one hundred yards in the lead. Aside from the soft cooing of doves, beyond in the trees we could not see, no sound broke upon the still morning air, save the squash of feet in the mud, and the occasional rattle of a canteen as it swung against the metal bayonet-scabbard at the soldier's hip. There was no talking in ranks now; every man was alert and silent.

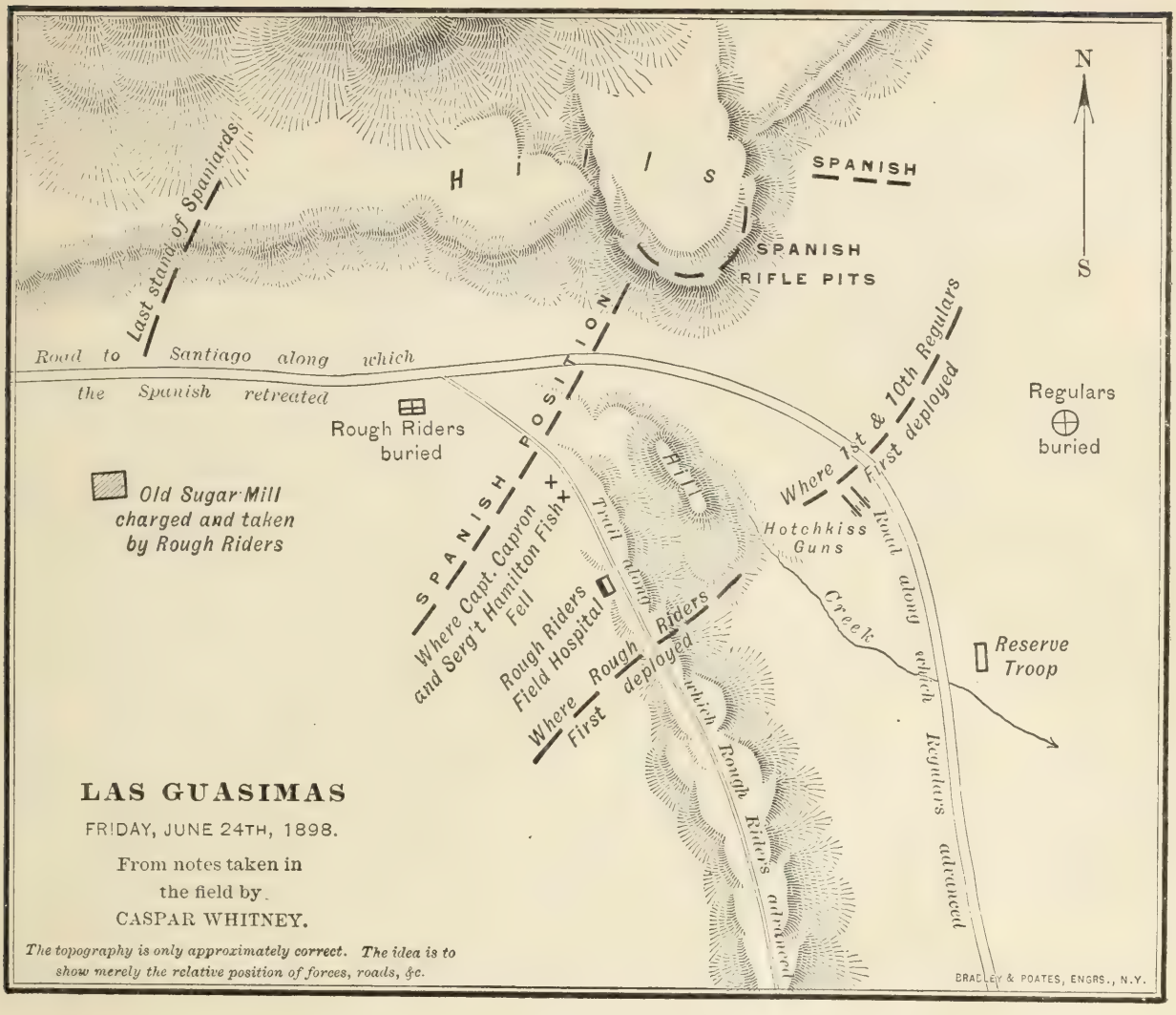
Soon there came another halt, and going forward beyond the outermost picket, across a creek, and up a gentle rise of ground, Lieutenant Byram and I found General Young, Colonel Bell, and Captain Watson crouched behind the bushes, diligently studying a prominent hill on our left front, about one thousand five hundred yards away. As Byram and I drew near, crouching in emulation, General Young faced us, and nodding his head in the direction of the hill, said, quietly, "Spaniards," and then, equally as quietly, to Byram, "Order the Hotchkiss guns forward at once; ten minutes later bring up the troops; tell the men to go quietly."

It was easy to make out the Spanish position, and with glasses to distinguish an individual here and there, but the tall grass necessitated careful searching, and we could not know of course how much of their real position presented. That which showed, however, was suggestive of the strength subsequently developed. What we saw was a long ridge running out from the north, ending abruptly in a prominence which overlooked the continuation of the road we had been travelling, and its meeting-point with the trail on which the Rough Riders were coming. In one more or less open place we saw stone breastworks, and directly on the point facing the road I could pick out several of those straw hats which, behind trenches, were later to become such familiar and hated objects. Meantime General Wheeler had joined us.

When the two Hotchkiss guns had been put in position, as near the bend of the road as we dared go without revealing our presence, it was seven o'clock, and we sat down to wait a little while, that the Rough Riders, who had started over their shorter road half an hour later than we, might be within touch of the enemy when we opened fire. As we discussed the situation, I noted our guns were just to one side of the tumbling walls of an old church and a small graveyard. And above our conversation sounded again the peaceful and persistent cooing of doves. Surely the surroundings were incongruous for the work in hand!

It is probable the Spaniards had discovered us; for when the Hotchkiss gun uttered the first challenge of Las Guasimas at twenty minutes after seven, it was answered by a volley that came so quickly, and with such accurate direction I had scarcely time to replace my watch ere one of the men who had served the gun fell, within an arm's-length of his piece. Three troops of the First Cavalry had already been deployed out in the brush in front of the guns, with instructions to work towards the Spanish position, and save their fire until they saw something to shoot—and up the little creek to the left, deploying as it went, had advanced the remaining troop of the First under Galbraith. We had been aware only of the Spaniards in our immediate front, but with that opening volley of the enemy began such a rapid succession of crashes you could hardly tell where one ended and another began; and yet above all could be distinguished the demoniacal sing of a machine-gun that later was to be turned with such deadly effect on the advancing Rough Riders.

We had evidently stirred up a hornets' nest of a persistent mind not in accord with the then popular conception of Spanish quality in battle, and the bullets rained about us in so furious a storm as to cause us surprise so few were hit, rather than fear we should be.. Not that the feeling was created by poor marksmanship of the Spaniards, but that curious and inconsistent impressions often come to one under conditions of great danger. For instance, with the cry of "Hospital man" sounding in my ears, and while I went to offer my canteen to Captain Knox, just badly hit, I found myself observing one of the battery mules scratching its neck against a small tree, and noting how indifferent it appeared to the frightful racket.



There were no dull moments during any part of the fighting, but the first half-hour contained perhaps a trifle more of excitement than we had expected. The four troops of the First, working toward the hill, received a galling fire, from which K, being nearest the road, suffered most severely—losing, one after another, its captain, first lieutenant, and first sergeant. It is a mournful coincidence that the troops sustaining the heaviest fire in their respective commands each lost the services of its captain, first lieutenant, and first sergeant early in the fight. Of the eight regulars killed, K contributed five, while of Rough Rider losses L furnished three of the eight killed, besides nine wounded.

For a time a well-directed fire came from our right front, creating an impression that the Spaniards were working around our flank, which General Young answered by sending two troops of the Tenth to the extreme right, and Beck with another troop of the Tenth up the creek to the left to support Galbraith. Thus working from right to left, and firing not one volley to the enemy's half-dozen, we kept moving forward through brush too thick to see into, with the Hotchkiss behind us firing seldom, because its smoke gave too good a line on the men advancing before it, but placing some shells with disastrous results to the Spaniards.

Meantime what of the Rough Riders?

They had come up over the big hill back of Siboney, marching, as did we, in double file where the road permitted it—which in their case it very seldom did—and in single file where it did not, with one troop in advance doing picket-work, and no single feature of the thickly overgrown country escaping either Colonel Wood or Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt. The trail is a long stiff climb before it reaches its level, and then winds for quite a distance through small trees set on the hill-top in bunches of varying size, with the usual dense brush showing back and just over the edges. Once in a while quite a piece of open meadow shows off to the left. Toiling over the rocky

trail that morning, after the hard march of the afternoon before and the rainy night at Siboney, a majority of the troopers must have felt—as we all did at one time and another—that actual fighting appeared to be the least part of war.

Reconnoitring every step of the way with utmost care—for the character of their surroundings suggested the need of it—the pickets piloted the troops through the bunches of trees and bits of opening to where the trail, whose ups and downs had been about even, now went forward on a more or less continuous decline. Here on either side the country immediately adjoining the trail opens out a bit, and here Colonel Wood deployed his troops, continuing a strong picket-line under Captain Capron, who, leading the outermost point, which included, among others, Fish and Russell, pushed guardedly along the trail.

Perhaps they had travelled a quarter of a mile farther, when Captain Capron came upon the body of a dead Cuban—ghastly evidence of the Spaniards' work of the day before, and suggestive of their probable present nearness. Up till now, however, no one of the Rough Riders had seen a Spaniard.

It was doubtless off on their left, where the deployed advancing line of the Rough Riders would be most likely to come first in touch with the Spanish, that the first shot sounded; but whether there or at the point where Capron led, it ran up and down the line like a flash of powder, and in less time than it takes to write it the whole Rough Rider front was sustaining the fire of an enemy it could not see. On the trail, where Capron, Fish, and Russell were shot down by almost the very first fire, glimpses of the enemy could be obtained now and again straight ahead, as he dodged hither and thither. Along the line, however, no Spaniards were visible, until the Rough Riders, charging in the face of the leaden hail, drove them forth and over and beyond the place where they had lain in wait for the Americans. The troops deployed to the left of the trail had had the hottest of the work from the start, and as they swung into the comparatively open ground ahead in pursuit of the retreating enemy, they were exposed to that devilish machine-gun and to the rifle-pits on the hill, which at the same moment were also engaging our attention.

It must have been a quarter of an hour after our opening fire that we became aware of the Rough Riders on our left; but when the reports of their rifles did reach us, it was at the fiercest period of our fighting, and gave great relief, for the persistency and varied sources of the enemy's fire had set us wondering if we had engaged a force too big for us to turn. It was great joy, from under the little knoll where Beck was working out towards the Spanish rifle-pits, to see a Rough Rider guidon, of one of the troops that had deployed to their right, waving as a warning to us against firing into friends.

This was half after eight, and our cool, deliberate fire and persistent advance were beginning to make an impression on the enemy. The cross-fire on our extreme right had ceased, the Spaniards there had been driven out and back on their main position, and the volleys from the rifle-pits had decreased in volume and rapidity. Undoubtedly some of the enemy on the hill were working over to their own right to strengthen the opposition in that quarter making against the Rough Riders.

Our progress was slow but continuous. I was surprised to note the utter absence of excitement, and, on my own part, of even enthusiasm; there was altogether lacking the tingling stimulation which comes with the stalking of dangerous game, whose hot tracks you may be following, and whose charge may come at any moment from any part of your path. But here we were in dense bushes, one thousand yards from an unseen enemy, who was peppering at us from behind a stone wall. No exciting element offered in that situation. There was but to bend your steps in the direction whence came the storm, determined to get there, and abiding your time until you reached a position where you could grapple with your enemy.

So the Tenth Cavalry on the extreme right, the First in the centre, and Beck's troop on the left held their way; and at nine o'clock, while Galbraith's troop, from a position it had secured on a little hill opposite, poured volley after volley into the Spaniards, the regulars charged up the hill, sweeping over the rifle-pits with their dead Spaniards, and driving the living ones before them—a long way before them, as they had fled early in

the charge—down the road towards Santiago.

Meantime the left of the regulars and right of the Rough Riders had come in touch, and in one long line, through a heat that, even so early in the day, had prostrated many, raced across the meadow-land on either side of the road in pursuit of the retreating enemy—raced unrewarded, however, for the Spaniards had too long a start on us, and were fleeing for very dear life.

Had cavalry or even fresh infantry been at hand a considerable capture of Spaniards could have been made, for they were in full and apparently disorganized retreat. As it was, the first advance on Santiago had been gloriously successful. Less than one thousand American troops, at a loss of sixteen killed and fifty-two wounded, after two hours' fighting, had routed twice their number of Spaniards, after driving them out of a position of great strength. How many the enemy lost we were not able to learn. Refugees from Santiago told us of nine wagon-loads and many litters of wounded taken into town; and counting those I saw and those reported, they left forty-three dead on the battle-field.

Las Guasimas may have been only a skirmish, but it cleared the road to Santiago, and thoroughly tested the courage, determination, and marksmanship of the present generation of Americans, from the lowest to the highest born, from the wage-worker to the gentleman of fortune, and not one of them was found deficient on any count.

That afternoon I walked over the battle-field of the morning, over the rifle-pits and the country across which the regulars and the Rough Riders had advanced against the Spaniards. I could almost trace the course of battle by the empty cartridge-shells on the ground. First, scattering ones of nickel, where the Americans had begun their advance, firing at will as a target offered; then rows of the same color, shells lying in isolated groups of five, told where our troops, advancing, had fired by volley; and yet farther on, increasing distance between the rows showed where they had advanced faster than they fired. After a while, a mingling of the nickel with countless groups of the brass shells of the Spanish Mauser rifle; farther along, such a sprinkling of brass shells as to lose the nickel ones. Then great heaps of a larger brass shell, that marked where two machine-guns had severally hurled a frenzied rain of lead into the regulars on their front and the Rough Riders on their right. Then rows of nickel groups showing prominently in a heavy sprinkling of brass. By-and-by scattering shells of both colors in about equal numbers; then more nickel than brass; then all nickel; then no shells at all; and then an old sugar-mill, which the extreme left of the Rough Riders—immediately under the command of Colonel Roosevelt, himself leading the charge, rifle in hand—had carried, driving the Spaniards from their last stand at Las Guasimas.

Back two miles was the evidence of what the day had cost. On one side the tumbling wall of the old church on the road lay eight bodies, with peaceful faces turned skywards; on the other side, in a hospital improvised out of bushes and shelter-tents, lay Colonel Bell, Captain Knox, Lieutenant Byram, and fifteen others, more or less grievously wounded.

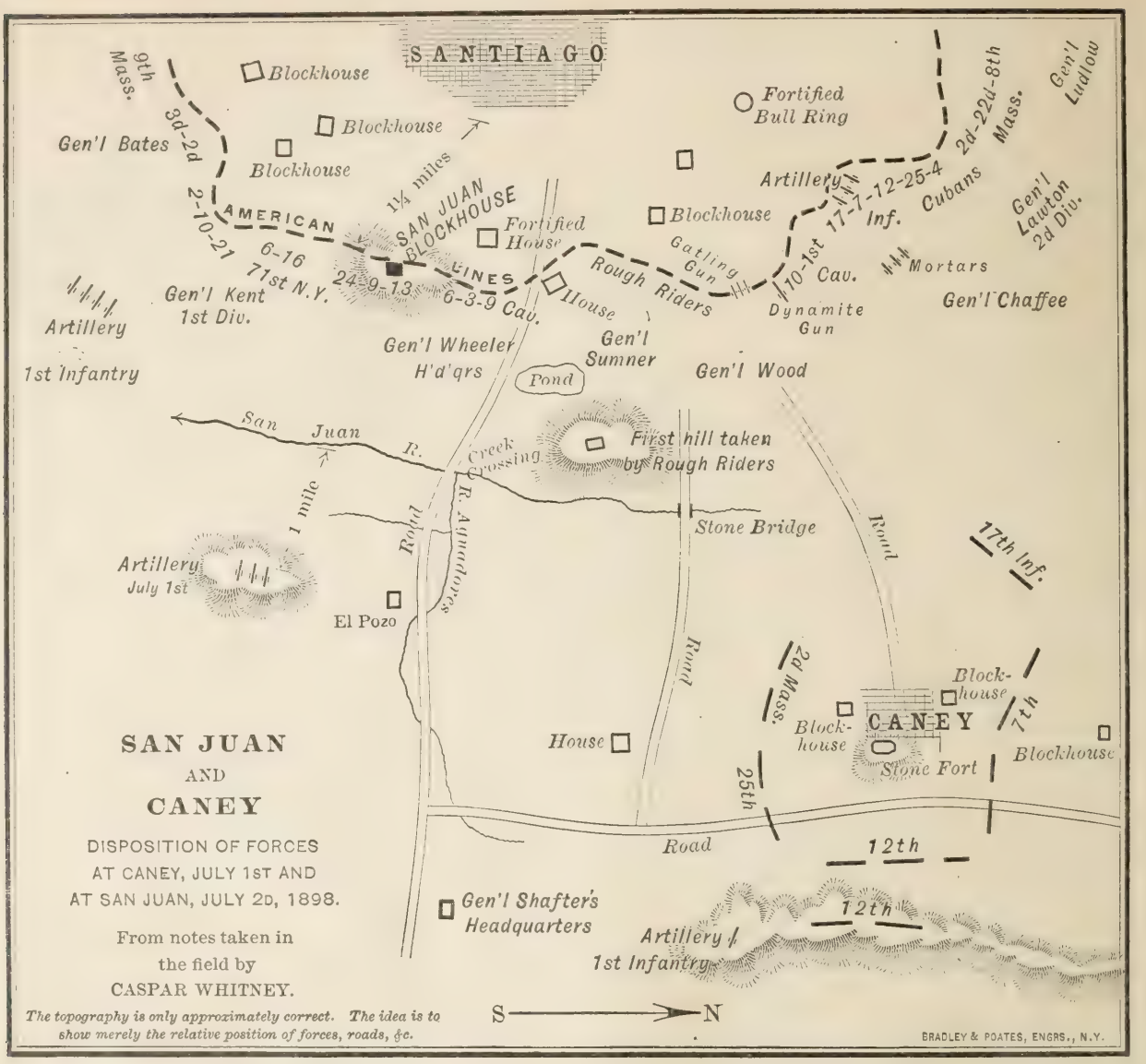
The last time I had seen Byram we had joked about the hissing of the bullets about us.

Over on the trail, along which they had journeyed in the morning, under a large spreading tree, lay the dead body of Captain Capron, and the wounded ones of Captain McClintock, Lieutenant Thomas, and others of the thirty-four disabled Rough Riders. Down in the quiet shady lane of a trail which led from this rude hospital the hideous land-crabs scuttled slantwise into the rustling dry leaves, and in the restful-looking spot where Capron and Fish and Russell met their death the many little groups of nickel shells were silent tokens of how resolutely and bravely they had defended the honor of their country and their regiment.

IV.

The week following Las Guasimas was one of settling to the business of the campaign, and of preparation for the assault on Santiago itself, to which, Cuban scouts informed us, the Spaniards had retired.

It was also a week of experiences and of object-lessons. A week of infantry doing the work of engineers, of engineers doing work which some one else subsequently seemed to do better, of line-officers doing the work of quartermasters,



Artillery and Mortar positions shown on San Juan Ridge—were not taken until after July 3.

while the quartermasters discoursed on the "good old days" of bobtail horse-cars and single-entry bookkeeping—or whittled sticks. A week in which it first became apparent how much more quickly and thoroughly the country surrounding us could be reconnoitred if the 2200 horses of our 2400 cavalry had not been left at Tampa. The four troops that had horses were occupied a greater part of their time doing messenger or escort service.

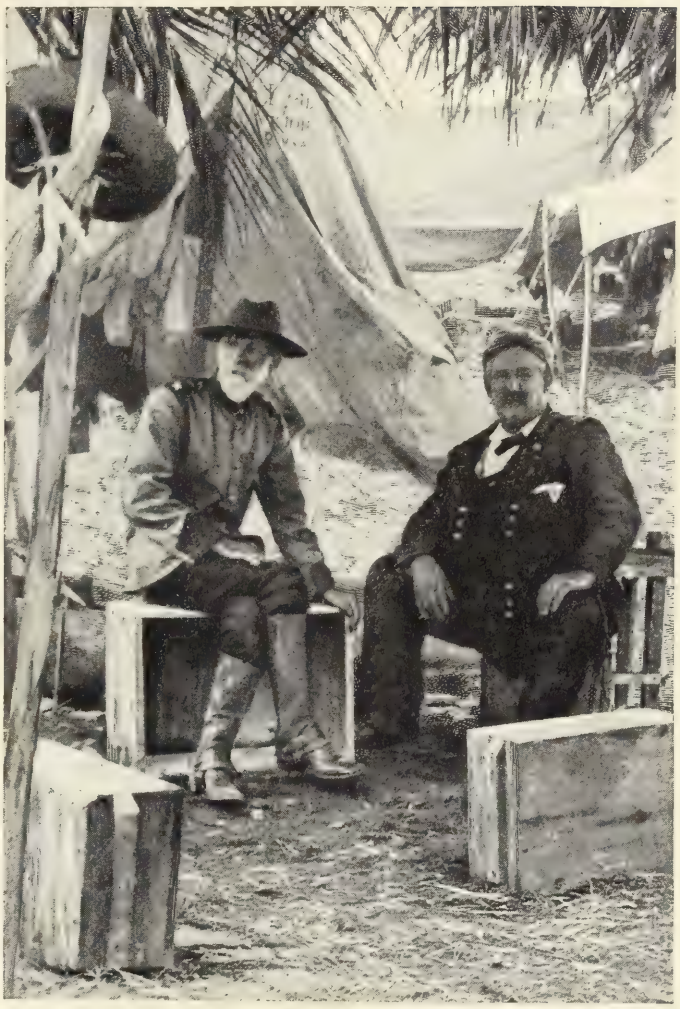
Assuredly it was the line-officer's week of triumph, if of desperately hard work. He reconnoitred the country, made maps, hustled forward the necessary rations and transportation, superintended the mending of roads, performed the work of assistant adjutant-generals, and apologized to foreign attachés and correspondents for the discourtesies and shortcomings of the staff. The troops had left the ships with only three days' rations in their haversacks, and so they appreciated the efforts of the line-officers, and were grateful to them when, four days later, enough hardtack and bacon to permit of issuing about half-rations all round began coming up to the front.

General Chaffee, with his brigade of the Twelfth, Seventh, and Seventeenth, moved to the front immediately following Las Guasimas, and established a strong picket-line within four miles of Santiago, and about three miles west of where the battle of Las Guasimas had been fought. Each subsequent day brought other troops, and in four days the army was practically in the field—General Lawton's headquarters, just beside General Chaffee's, with the nine regiments of his division camped on both sides of the road, reaching to General Wheeler's headquarters, half a mile east, where the cavalry division extended still farther east half a mile. On the opposite side of the road were five regiments of General



COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND SOME OF THE MEN ENGAGED IN THE FAMOUS CHARGE OF JULY 1, ON THE SPOT WHERE THEY FIRST SAW SANTIAGO FROM THE SPANISH TRENCHES.

Kent's division and four Gatling guns. Two days later the remainder of the infantry and all of our light artillery, four batteries of four guns each, also arrived, leaving the corps rations, ammunition, fodder, and hospital supplies at Siboney, under a paltry guard of about fifty men, while three miles away was Aguadores, one of the enemy's garrisons.



GENERALS WHEELER AND SHAFTER

At that time, indeed, we at the front, seven miles from Siboney, would have been none the wiser had the entire Spanish force of 12,000 marched down from Santiago, through Aguadores, and on to our base of supplies at Siboney, for not until several days later were our pickets in touch with or even aware of the enemy's movements on our extreme left front. Nor at that time was there any telephone communication between General Shafter in the rear and General Wheeler at the front, although the poles of a destroyed telegraph-line followed the road all the way, and, too, for considerable lengths, even the cut wire lay along the ground. Very likely the signal corps was just then too much engaged with that cursed balloon, which subsequently caused such unnecessary loss of life before San Juan, to concern itself about opening communication between the front and rear of the Fifth Army Corps.

All the camps were pitched amidst splendid grazing for the horses and mules



SIBONEY—THE HILL TO THE LEFT SHOWING TRAIL TO LAS GUASIMAS.

and near good running water. In fact, those essentials were not lacking throughout the campaign. When it rained, the ground along the road and everywhere except on hill-sides became very swampy; but later, under the trenches on the ridge before Santiago, the distance to water was somewhat farther. There was no need of boiling any of the running water for drinking, although some did so.

Time offered during these days to look around the country a bit, feel the climate, and consider our adaptation to conditions. No one had a thermometer, and consequently no record was made of the temperature. It was hot during the day, very hot indeed in the sun, and especially wilting if you happened to be in full marching order, with filled cartridge-belt about your waist, and rifle, blanket-roll, haversack, and canteen dragging on your shoulders. But there seemed to be usually a breeze, and the shade of the trees, when you had time to enjoy it, was refreshing. The nights were cool enough to demand a single blanket, and although I heard a great deal of a "deadly chill" and a dousing night dew, I never became aware of the chill at all, or of the dew in such quantities as reported, although I slept out in the open with head bared to the heavens. I must confess that, except in the height of its rainy season, I know few countries in which I would rather camp. Plenty of wood, water, and grass, no mosquitoes, cool nights, and a landscape as attractive to the eye as one could wish. What more would one ask for a camp?

Given ten years of civilized rule, the province of Santiago de Cuba will, from end to end, bloom like a garden.

Meantime ammunition had been accumulating in a large pile of boxes, and a mule pack-train was doing its utmost, with a fair measure of success, to keep the troops supplied with hardtack and bacon and coffee. The monthly wage of those packers was probably only a few dollars; mayhap, along with the correspondents, they were even classed as "mere ship's stores" by the commanding general; but the accomplishments of that train, only half the size it should have been, were enormous. I saw nothing of the kind to equal it during the campaign. I have never seen such extraordinary efforts anywhere by men and mules. Literally, the army would have starved but for the indefatigable labors of those packers—and the only reward I heard of their receiving was curses from headquarters and fever from exposure and over-exertion.

On June 29, seven days after the landing, General Shafter moved his headquarters from the *Segurança* to a position on the road near General Lawton. On the same day the appearance of four heavily laden six-mule wagons started the rumor that the commissary was at last sending forward beans or tomatoes or rice to break the monotony of continuous bacon —sickening diet indeed for the midsummer of a tropical country. But the wagons carried a balloon! And when we asked why some por-



BARB-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS.



BLOCK-HOUSE.

tion of the 1,800,000 complete rations, which included flour, canned beef, canned beans, and canned tomatoes, was not forth-coming from the holds of the ships, we were informed that the engineers had not yet constructed a wharf at Siboney (to which harbor the transports had now moved), and that the landing through the surf in small boats was slow and tedious. It was actually July 12 before the engineers had constructed a wharf, about thirty-five feet deep by ten feet wide, although thousands of feet of lumber were lying at Siboney!

V.

With the coming of General Shafter rumors of a forward movement prevailed, and there appeared no reason for further delaying our advance. The fact that the troops were consuming rations about as rapidly as the United States transportation company (limited) could deliver them, bespoke the hopelessness of establishing a provision *cache* nearer us, while the activity of the Spaniards on their trenches along the San Juan ridge, and the daily and increasing rains, suggested we had best get about the business on which we had come to Cuba. The men were in good health, kept in good spirits by the promise of an approaching issue with the enemy and by the evening concerts of the bands, that never failed to include "Hot Time in the Old Town" and "Star-spangled Banner." The first, which, I must add, really developed into our only campaign song, invariably aroused cheers, and the second brought every man along the entire line to his feet, silent and bareheaded.

The army was ready to fight—the infantry keen to get even with the cavalry, which had monopolized Las Guasimas, and at three o'clock on the afternoon of June 30, while the rain descended in torrents, orders came for the expected move forward.

It will aid to a better understanding of what followed, the next three days, to remember that the road on which the troops were all camped runs westerly past El Poso Hill (one and a half miles out), and crosses water four times in the four miles to the San Juan block-house and



A 6-INCH SPANISH GUN OF THE DATE 1768 AT SANTIAGO.



A ROAD-SIDE COMMISSARIAT.

ridge. At the last crossing, two creeks, one from the north and one from the eastward, join to form what we called the forks, but which in reality become the San Juan River, which runs south to the sea. To the right of the forks, several hundred yards from the road and almost shut out of view by the thick brush on the road-side, is a small rounded hill, an outpost of observation for San Juan, of fairly gentle approach except on its east side, which commands all the country east and south.

The road goes on past the forks for three or four hundred yards, with dense brush on both sides, and then suddenly leads into open meadow-land, which is three hundred yards across, directly in front of and under the San Juan block-house hill, but narrows to north and south as it runs under and emphasizes the San Juan ridge. Northeast of San Juan about three and one-half miles is Caney, and three miles almost due south of Caney is El Poso. The country between these points is a densely brushed basin, with three roads bearing east and west, and one north and south.

The plan was to fall upon Caney with one infantry division, while the artillery at El Poso opened against San Juan, and the Thirty-third Michigan Volunteers made a demonstration against Aguadores, south several miles, on the sea. Having taken Caney, the forces there engaged were to sweep west, join the other troops, and the entire army was then to make a combined and vigorous attack upon San Juan and the entire ridge before Santiago. It was uncommonly obliging of us to direct our attack upon San Juan, the very strongest point of the Spanish line, and to storm the face of the very ridges where the enemy had been industriously digging trenches since our arrival in the province. The Spaniards confidently expected us to march boldly against their all but impregnable front, instead of against their comparatively weak flanks—and we did not disappoint them.

Those who planned this attack fully expected the American troops would march into Santiago the first day (July 1) of the fighting. And so indeed they might, and at a much less loss of life than finally attended them, had the artillery figured more prominently in the fighting, had the engagement on our left not been precipitated by absence of reconnoissance immediately before San Juan, and had there been no balloon ascension to reveal

our presence and position to the enemy. There was brilliant work, magnificent work, on July 1, but it was done by the soldiers and the line-officers.



STONE FORT AT CANEY AFTER BOMBARDMENT.

By way of consolation for getting none of the Las Guasimas fighting, General Lawton's division was to have the honor of taking Caney, so he had the right of line, with General Wheeler's dismounted cavalry division on his left, and General Kent's division of infantry on the left of the cavalry. Lawton also took one hundred Cubans as scouts, the remainder of Garcia's force having been sent to head the Spanish General Pando, who we heard was marching from Holguin to re-enforce Santiago with 3000 men.

Leaving the cavalry and General Kent's division marching, on the afternoon of June 30, out to El Poso, where they camped that night, come with me and the English military attaché, Captain Arthur Lee, who seemed to carry a charmed life into the thickest fighting, towards Caney with General Chaffee, the noblest old Roman of them all, who had the ex-



EARTH-WORKS AND TRENCHES AT CANEY.



BOMB-PROOFS.

treme left with the Seventh, Twelfth, and Seventeenth. The road to Caney turns from the main road off to the north (a few hundred yards west of where had been the front of the army, but which now became General Shafter's permanent headquarters), and skirting the foot-hills, emerges about a mile from Caney into a good open highway. At the turning we kept north on a trail along the foot-hills, sliding and slipping through the sticky mud until after eight o'clock, when we camped without cooking-fires or loud talking—for we wished to surprise the enemy—in an open field just back of a ridge, in front and to the east of Caney.

The country immediately before Caney is cut by a series of grass-covered broken ridges that run back into the foot-hills. On one of these, about 2400 yards from Caney, we had left a battery of artillery the night before, and along several others Chaffee's brigade began its advance at 5.15 on the morning of July 1. The Seventh was to make a *détour* around the north end of one ridge, approaching Caney from the northeast; the Seventeenth was to make a wider sweep around another, approaching the town on the northwest in support of the Seventh; and the Twelfth, with which Lee and I identified ourselves, was to go almost due west and engage the enemy at once. After about one and a half hours of climbing down into the valley made by one ridge, and up over the crest of another, we came finally to where (at about 1500 yards) only one smaller ridge with a rocky point lay between our front and the Spanish fort. Quite plainly we could see Spaniards—ten of them I counted—standing and sitting just outside the fort, and two thousand yards to our right, due north, around a block-house just under the hills, were other Spaniards.

That they might not see us, we crouched in the bushes, and the men of the Twelfth, as they filed over the ridge, bent double lest they be discovered. I remember so vividly how concerned we all were lest the Spaniards get wind of our approach, and run. Later in the day we began to wonder if they were ever going to run.

General Chaffee had instructed the battery to open as soon after seven o'clock as it was ready, and at 7.25 the first shot of Caney was fired, the shell seeking a road far off to the west, where some of the enemy's cavalry had been seen. Before the report of the exploding shell came back to us from the hills, the Spaniards had disappeared inside the fort and the block-house on our right. Then, while

the battery kept firing at fairly frequent intervals, our troops worked around to where they could view the enemy, and fifteen minutes later, at ranges of from 800 to 1200 yards, the opposing forces were engaged.

When I had crawled out upon the rocky point to which I have already alluded, the artillery had been at work a long half-hour, and I fully expected to see a few holes in the fort. But at that time it was absolutely unmarked. Having a little later thrown a couple of shells against the base of the fort, where they did no damage, the artillery, to our amazement, ceased firing. Meantime we were getting a very hot and continuous fire from the fort, block-houses, and the town. We did not then know that Caney had been re-enforced by about five hundred troops the preceding night, but the stout opposition suggested something of the kind.



GENERALS MILES, SHAFTER, AND WHEELER RETURNING FROM THE CONFERENCE.

From where I sat on the rocky point, shared by a company of sharp-shooters, the scene of battle opened before me like a panorama. Directly in front, about 1000 yards away, and in a little depression, was Caney, a very small but compact village, with earth-works and block-houses plainly to be seen at either end of the town; immediately above the southern half of the town, on a commanding knoll just big enough to hold it, and 800 yards from us, was the stone fort, about forty feet square, loop-holed, and surrounded by trenches, which in turn were surrounded by barbed wire. About half a mile straight back of the town was a large and prominently placed block-house, and north of our position about 2000 yards was the block-house we had seen from our first point of observation. The Spanish position was just about as strong as could be, and I did not wonder at their confidence in one thousand men holding it, or, in the belief of its impregnability, remaining until nearly half their number were dead or disabled.

At 9.40 some of the Twelfth had worked to the left a bit, enfilading one of the Spanish trenches; and others of the Twelfth were working to the right to connect with the Seventh, just moving towards a long easy sloping rise which faced the north side of the town. Meantime the artillery, after its rest, had been sending only an occasional shot that showed no results, and our men were being bored by the fort and block-houses, that should have been knocked to pieces.

Reports on our far left told that the battery at El Poso Hill had opened on San Juan.

We were having a very hot time of it about eleven o'clock; the artillery, vigorously urged to effort by messenger from Chaffee, had struck the fort several times, and, encouraged by this evidence of renewed co-operation, our lines had drawn nearer the Spanish trenches. Below me, at the foot of the point and reaching well to the left, was the Twelfth; on its right, almost at right angles and on the north



FINAL POSITION OF OUR TRENCHES FRONTING SANTIAGO.

of town, was the Seventh; and on its right again, and facing the northwest corner of Caney, was the Seventeenth, that had just run the gauntlet of an open field and the block-house on the extreme north, and lost several men in doing so. To the northeast some Cubans were engaging at long range a block-house, and retired after half an hour or so of shooting.

The firing was incessant and general, that nearest sounding like never-ending strings of fire-crackers completely encircling you, while 500 or 600 yards away it seemed as if the crackers had all been tumbled into barrels. It was easy to distinguish the sharp metallic crack of the Mauser from the crash of the Krag-Jörgensen volleys, which assailed the ears like continuous quick ripping of linen. By noon there had come a lull, broken only now and again by the spiteful report of some cracker that had not got off in the bunch. We again noted the artillery fire at El Poso. We could also see that balloon, and surmising what had started it, were much distressed by the very heavy rifle-fire in the direction of San Juan.

Meantime our own artillery had auspiciously knocked the flag-staff off the fort, and put holes enough in it to make it untenable. That was the beginning of the end at Caney. Gradually, slowly, but certainly, the American lines drew closer and closer upon town and fort and block-houses and trenches. But the Spaniards were fighting desperately and making a bold stand, as, indeed, well might they from behind earth-works and the double planking of block-houses. One thousand Americans behind the fortifications of that little town could have stood off the entire Spanish army. There was no swearing, no loud talking, no gesticulation; when the men had occasion to speak, it was with a strange calm. Every one of them realized he was performing the work of artillery, but, patient, good-natured, determined, he kept drawing nearer the enemy. I took off my hat that day to the regular soldier, I can tell you, and yet again to him and to the Rough Riders when I had heard the story of San Juan.

From the rocky point on which I held my place, together with eight or ten sharp-shooters, I could look straight down the line of the Seventh, who for over one hundred yards lay prostrate just back of the brow of the rise I have already mentioned. Their elevation above the block-house and the earth-works at the north end of Caney was so slight that to even raise on elbow was to expose one's self. But the men did rise, and they did some splendid shooting, encouraged by General Chaffee, who, with one button and part of his shoulder-strap shot away, walked up and down behind the line, encouraging and steadying his men in their trying position. There was one young officer, Lieutenant Wansborro, whom I noted especially, crawling on hands and knees among his men, jumping up, regardless of Spaniards, every little while to go to the assistance of some man who had dropped in his vicinity. Once as he started on his errand of mercy he dropped—a bullet through the heart. The fire directed at that ridge was the hottest I witnessed during the campaign. In the length of line I could see there were twenty-five dead in an hour.

'Twas strange what slight impression death all around made on one; death came so often and so sudden you accept-

ed it without comment or surprise; it greeted you everywhere and under all conditions; one of the sharp-shooters sitting next me on the point, just in act of returning my uncorked canteen, shot through the neck, fell against me—and I stooped to check the wasting water before noting he was dead; a ball struck a rock just alongside another man of our party, and he and we all were interested in the doubling of the ball against the rock rather than in his escape; one of two men supporting a third, wounded, dropped with a ball through the head, and the other two made their way as best they could; and so on to the end. Surely enough, familiarity breeds contempt!

Meanwhile the sharp-shooters around me had been devoting their attention to the trenches around the fort, until I noticed many Spaniards in the town firing from behind trees and house corners, and then we set out to lessen their number. As the flecks of blood on the snow, announcing game done to death, stirs the stalking sportsman to triumphant joy, so each Spaniard dropping at house corner or tree sent wild exultation into our hearts. Every successful shot from our point meant one less angry Mauser pumping into our boys.

Nearer and nearer drew the American lines. The fort had been deserted, the trenches before it heaped with Spanish dead. The left of the Twelfth I noticed was closing in, apparently for a charge, which in fact went forward with a cheer at once. As I reached the charging party, after a race I fancy I shall never forget, with the Mausers popping apparently directly back of my ears all the way across the opening, the gallant little band was just crossing the trenches.

The fort had been carried (3.30 o'clock), but the fighting was not over. From the town and from the block-houses on both sides the Spaniards maintained a dogged fire. But the end was near. We simply riddled that town, and at half after four those Spaniards who were left retreating towards Santiago assembled on a small



SAN JUAN HILL TERRACED FOR TENTS OF OUR TROOPS.

hill half a mile off and fired several volleys at us, defiant to the last.

Considering that Lawton's first brigade was somewhere off to the west when, at four o'clock, the Spanish remnant began its retreat westward towards Santiago, the capture of only 158 prisoners was small. Vigorous pursuit by comparatively fresh troops would have taken every one of them.

In the trenches, around the fort and the block-houses, many of the Spanish dead lay where they had been shot. In the town — which we found completely intrenched — along the streets, at house corners, in the trenches, lay the dead and wounded.

And as I thought of our dead and wounded out on the hill, I took actual material pleasure in the scene of carnage before me. It had taken us nine hours' steady fighting, and cost about 377 killed and disabled, to carry that little town, which artillery in advantageous position, with little loss, should have annihilated in less than half that time.

And what was happening July 1 on the left?

Over at San Juan was making another extraordinary exhibition of infantry, practically unsupported by artillery, accomplishing what only an American or an Englishman would have the temerity to attempt. While General Chaffee's brigade was carrying forts and trenches at Caney, the infantry division of General Kent and the (dismounted) cavalry division under General Sumner were charging block-houses and sweeping through barbed wire and over trenches on the ridge before Santiago.

Early in the morning, according to programme, the light battery on El Poso opened fire upon San Juan, and was immediately replied to with considerable accuracy by the Spanish. El Poso Hill is the site of a deserted fort of the enemy, who, it was natural to suppose, would have the range exact. There were other hills to the left front that commanded San Juan we might have chosen for our battery, but those positions would have surprised the Spaniards, and we were avoiding that element of modern warfare as much as possible, regardless of consequences.

According to programme, too, the troops began moving to the front, the cavalry division having the right of way. By the time the road and its immediate sides were filled by the two divisions marching to take up a position before San Juan, up went the balloon, revealing their presence, and at once drawing heavy fire from the enemy. It was not enough that the



TAKING WOUNDED TO DIVISION HOSPITAL.



THE TRUCE IS ON

balloon should be sent up from the main road on which the troops were marching, but it was actually dragged along after them until it finally collapsed from shrapnel wounds.

The scene on that road thereafter beggars description. From the San Juan block-house directly before them, from the hill to the right of the forks, where no one had known Spaniards were in position, and from sharp-shooters apparently everywhere, a continuous fire was delivered upon those men, while for nearly two hours troops were coming and a battle-line forming. Officers told me they lost more men while the line was forming than during the charge.

Through it all Lieutenant J. D. Miley, A.D.C., stood at the creek, near what became known as "Bloody Bend," representing his general (Shafter), who was somewhere in the rear near El Poso.

Meantime our artillery was doing no damage commensurate with the fire it was attracting. That the divisions could not remain on or near the road was evident; they had been pushed into country which had not been reconnoitred (a statement proved by the fact that General Hawkins had been ordered to bivouac in the very place where now we were losing so many men); they must either advance or retreat.

To set those two divisions in full retreat along that road under that fire meant disorder; for, while men will advance steadily under such conditions, an irresistible inclination to run comes upon them when they have turned their backs. Besides, it meant repulse by the enemy. And so they went forward (at about 12.30), breathing the spirit and strength and pride of a nation that has not known defeat.

Forward and up they went; Colonel Roosevelt (Wood having been appointed to a brigade, *vice* General Young, ill) leading the Rough Riders to the charge of the hill on the right of the forks, and then joining in the general cavalry advance on the right of the San Juan ridge. Up the right of the Fort San Juan hill, led by that gallant veteran General Hawkins, swinging his hat and cheering his men, charged the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry. On the left side of this hill charged the equally brave Ninth, Thirteenth, Twenty-fourth, followed by two or three companies of the Seventy-first Volunteers, the Thirteenth securing the Spanish flag on the fort. Farther to the left, a little later, charged the Tenth, Second, and Twenty-first Infantry, and the San Juan ridge, with its line of trenches, its loop-holed brick fort surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements, had been wrested from the Spanish by as brilliant and courageous infantry work as any history relates. To gain the ridge had cost the infantry 12 officers and 77 men



SPANISH FORT AND TRENCH, SANTIAGO.

killed; 82 officers and 463 men wounded; the cavalry, 6 officers and 40 men killed, 29 officers and 223 men wounded; to hold it cost, in addition, 1 officer and 9 men killed, 4 officers and 93 men wounded.

In the afternoon of July 1 General Chaffee had received appeals from headquarters to draw off from Caney and go to the assistance of Kent's and Sumner's divisions, which had by that time gained the San Juan ridge and were fighting hard to hold it. Obviously, however, Chaffee could not retreat from Caney, in the face of the strenuous resistance the Spaniards were making, without setting the stigma of defeat upon the American troops. But there seemed no good reason why parts of Lawton's second and third brigades could not have gone on to San Juan at noon-time. This could only be realized by a general on the ground. After Caney had been taken, however, the order was given, and while troops on San Juan ridge worked all night digging trenches, those of Lawton's division marched on the Caney road to the stone bridge, within about half a mile of the ridge, were fired upon by Spanish sharp-shooters, and with no reconnoitring of the front to see how serious the opposition, were marched back over the trail they had followed the night before, all the way round past El Poso, taking their place on the right of the cavalry division early on the morning of July 2. Another brilliant move of the army in Cuba!

It will be many days ere the scenes on that El Poso road, in the gray dawn of July 2, are effaced from my memory. Dead men lying beside the road, ghastly in their unstudied positions; men dying, men wounded, passing back to the division hospital, some being carried, some limping, some sitting by the road-side, all strangely silent, bandaged and bloody. Beyond the second crossing the road was strewn with parts of clothes, blanket-rolls, cups, pieces of bacon, empty cans, cartridges; at the forks the marks of bullets were everywhere—the trees shot through and through.

There were plenty of live bullets coming over the ridge that morning, too. For the Spanish had begun with daylight, and until nightfall kept up a rifle-fire, augmented by the hiss of shrapnel. We could hear the heavy guns of our fleet in the morning engaging La Socapa battery, but all through the day our troops—obeying orders—did no firing except as a target offered. Our artillery had spent its time on the 2d looking for a safe position—and fired not a shot.

As General Shafter was riding towards El Poso that evening to hold a council of war, a stretcher bearing a wounded soldier who looked like death was moving slowly toward the division hospital. As the two were meeting, the wounded man suddenly

raised himself on his elbow with evident difficulty, and saluting, said, "They gave us a hell of a fight, general, but we drove them out." The general saluted in return, and passed on, visibly affected, as were all who witnessed the incident.

One or two of the generals advised retiring from the ridge, but, to the credit of the American army, the majority were for remaining and strengthening our position. That night at half past nine o'clock the Spaniards made a vigorous assault on our line, but were quickly and completely repulsed, with no casualties on our side. The next morning our fleet annihilated Cervera's cruisers, and the spirits of the drenched and tired troops rose with a bound. Before that news came to us, however, General Shafter had, under a flag of truce, sent a demand of surrender to Toral, the Spanish general.

VI.

The days following the cessation of hostilities were days of suffering and work and wonderment—suffering by the wounded, hauled to the rear in great, lumbering, six-mule wagons; work by the troops, who continued industriously to strengthen trenches and build bomb-proofs to protect the reserves from Spanish shrapnel; wonderment by all that now, with transportation facilities increased by wagons, no other rations than bacon, hardtack, and coffee were brought up for the wounded—not to mention the well; wonderment that hospital supplies were so limited and arrangements so wretched; that wounded and fever-stricken men were permitted to sleep on the rain-soaked ground, with abundant brush and bamboo all around, and unemployed soldiers enough to build beds for all; that, inasmuch as a bombardment of Santiago was proposed, the siege-guns remained on the transports; wonderment that the refugees at Caney were permitted to come about the camps, with the excellent chance of spreading fever.

I do not remember all that caused wonderment. There was much of it.

Toral had refused our demand to surrender, but the next day the foreign consuls asked for and were granted a continuance of the flag of truce, to give women and children a chance of escape from the town. When General Wheeler returned from the big tree between the American and Spanish lines under which the surrender was finally concluded, he read us a telegram from General Miles, which, while congratulating, also reminded us that the day was the Fourth of July, and at noon we celebrated by all the bands on the ridge playing "Star-spangled Banner." Two days later Hobson and his companions of the *Merrimac*, with the setting sun on their backs, came up over our trenches, liberated from Spanish prisondom.

To give foreigners ample time to vacate, and the Spaniards to get in all their wounded from Caney, the truce was extended to the 9th, and then to 4 P.M. of the 10th. Meanwhile the mortars and the light batteries had been put in position, and our line extended to the right, until its total length was about four miles, and covered three sides of Santiago, and cut off every avenue of Spanish approach or escape. This extension, however, came after Garcia and his Cubans had failed to keep Pando from getting his 3000 re-en-



SAN JUAN RIDGE AND BLOCK-HOUSE.



SPANISH SOLDIERS IN SANTIAGO AFTER THE SURRENDER.

forcements into Santiago. We did not rely on the Cubans after that experience.

At 4.20, Sunday, July 10, we opened our bombardment of Santiago, as promised, but it never seemed a very determined affair, even though for two hours our artillery maintained a fairly heavy fire, to which the Spaniards replied vigorously, sending one shell at least into the trenches of the Second Infantry, which I was unfortunate enough to see explode and kill Captain Rowell. The musketry was sharp and continuous on both sides until dark, and then all settled to quiet.

Next morning we opened again with desultory artillery fire, to which no reply came, and at noon the order to cease was followed by another flag of truce, and another demand on Toral by General Shafter for surrender.

That afternoon the arrival of General Miles gladdened our hearts, for though he came unofficially, his presence along the line was inspiring. The next day General Randolph arrived with the artillery he should have been permitted to bring at the beginning. Had Randolph been with us at Caney and at San Juan, there would be, indeed, a different story to tell of the artillery.

Meantime re-enforcements had arrived —Ninth Massachusetts, Thirty-fourth Michigan, First Illinois, First District of Columbia,and Eighth Ohio—but they were too late. On July 13, Generals Miles, Shafter, Wheeler, and Toral met under a spreading tree for a conference; and the next morning, at the close of a communion service held just beside the San Juan block-house, General Wheeler gave those who happened near the first intimation of Spanish surrender.

Three days later, at precisely noon, Old Glory was raised over the Governor's palace in Santiago, and was saluted by the two mounted troops of the Second Cavalry and the Ninth Infantry which surrounded the plaza.

One mile away, on their trenches, where they could see none of this ceremony, were the troops whose magnificent fighting had made it possible. There, by a signal, twenty-one guns announced the raising of the flag in the town, and then a cheer arose that swept from end to end of the line, while the bands played "Star-spangled Banner," and old hymns that stirred almost as much emotion, and the men shouted and danced about, and knew the Santiago campaign had come to an end.

VII.

The Santiago expedition developed much hysteria (both before it started from Tampa and after it had begun operations in Cuba) in superficial critics, in sensation-seeking reporters, in volunteers who had never before strayed from the beaten paths

of civilization and comfort, and in timorous people generally who believed all they read in the newspapers.

Men go to war to fight. To fight means at times to march all night, to go hungry, to get wet. Those with no stomach for such adventure should stay at home; it is not a pleasuring outing. But the deprivations that come as the natural result of things may be greatly and unnecessarily increased through unlearned, stupid management, and of this there was much in the Santiago campaign.

It might not inappropriately be called a campaign of blunders. First of all was the infirmity of purpose at Washington; then the choice of Tampa, utterly unsuited to be either a point of mobilization or departure—its one railroad track was blocked for miles and for days with the supplies for which the troops were waiting at Tampa. The quartermaster deficiencies alone would fill a book—deficiencies so glaring as to make one stare—the lack of system in loading transports, which made confusion in the unloading; separation of articles that should be together; mixing of hospital supplies with general merchandise; and the storing deep in the holds of the transports things wanted first, while things not wanted were heaped on top.

There were incompetent officials in plenty—but how could it be otherwise when we consider the attitude of our government towards the army for the last thirty years? Not in the memory of the present generation of officers had there before been an assembling of the army—nor even manœuvres in divisions or corps. Distributed throughout the country, broken up for post and garrison duty, what else but confusion and blundering could be expected to ensue when quartermasters and others who had never seen more than fragments were called upon for swift and systematic handling of large bodies of men? For years the government has cut the army into fragmental duty, scattered its staff organization, denied it facilities for corps drill, and its staff experience in transportation, refused to keep reserve stock of munitions, equipment, etc. And suddenly, when called on to exhibit all these, naturally we have incompetent and floundering of-



THE TREE UNDER WHICH FINAL CONFERENCE WAS HELD.



BARRICADES IN THE STREETS OF SANTIAGO.

ficials. Some excuse can be found for the individuals, but none for the government.

Officers were needed at outbreak of the war who had proved their ability to think clearly and act quickly, who had had experience in organization. Some of these were at hand, notably Generals Miles, Merritt, Brooke, and Wheeler, and one of these should have led us to Santiago. The general who did lead us, through no especial fault of his, except that of being a friend of the Secretary of War, found himself overwhelmed by the scope of an undertaking beyond anything he had ever known. Perhaps the greatest blunder was arming volunteers with Springfield rifles shooting 1000 yards and burning black powder, to fight against Spanish rifles shooting over 2000 yards and burning smokeless powder. This was not a blunder; it was criminal.

Apart from the Rough Riders, the volunteers did not figure prominently in the campaign. The handsome showing of the Rough Riders is to be attributed to the quality of their two leaders—Colonel (now General) Wood — quiet, forceful, persistent; Colonel Roosevelt, dashing, energetic, determined—both courageous, both young; and to the quality of the officers; and to the remarkable personnel of the troops, in which the man who had hunted big game, who was fond of out-of-door sport, the college athlete, the cow-puncher, and the miner predominated.

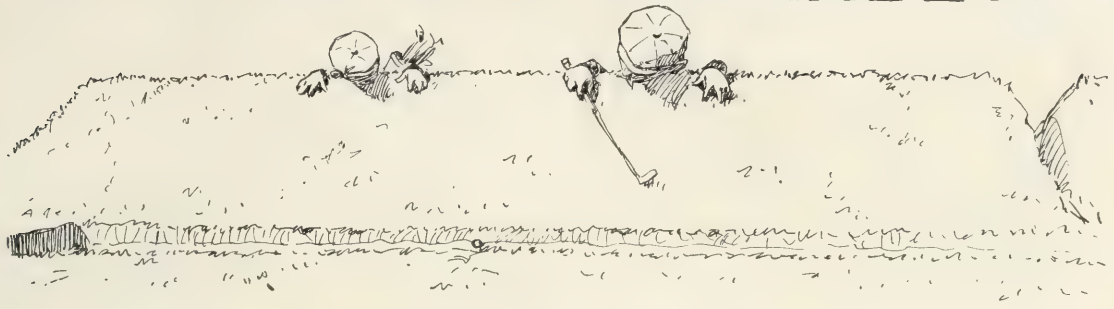
Among those who won especial distinction we shall remember General Wheeler—who, when some of the officers advised retreat from the San Juan ridge the night of July 1, gave them picks and shovels, with instruction to dig trenches and hold them—Generals Hawkins and Chaffee, Colonel Roosevelt, Major Wessels, Lieutenants Wansborro, Ord — and about all the privates.

Let it be remembered that to the magnificent qualities of courage, patience, and determination of the line-officers and the soldiers we owe Santiago's capitulation July 15.

The campaign has taught us the need of a regular standing army of 100,000, of reorganization that will provide a staff interchangeable with the line, of reorganization of our militia into national rather than State bodies, of the need of an Aldershot, and of the need of more of our wholesome pulsing Americans taking active interest in national questions.

THE DRAWER

THE GOLFER'S ALPHABET.



BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST.



A is Arithmetic, handy to know
When the score figures up to a hundred or so.

B is the Bogey, whose luck is infernal,
And happy is he who can win from the "Colonel."





C is the Card, that began with a three,
And was torn into bits at the seventeenth tee.

D is the Duffer, the Drive that he cuts,
And the Something he says when he misses short putts.





E is the Eye, and its least little quiver
Spells ruin. The moral: Look after your liver.

F is the Folly that leads us to Force,
And the Foozle that follows in regular course.





G is the Game we expected to play,
But which didn't come off on the tournament day.

H is the Hole that was easy in four,
And also the Hazard that made it six more.





"I may be a Jay," said a humorous wight,
"But how is that pond for a drive out of sight?"



K is for Kitty, whose Kirtle is *chic.*
Watch her skelp up the green with her sweet little cleek.



L is the Lie, and the Luck that it brings,—
But here I omit some unprintable things.



M is that Moment of agony keen,
When it's one for the Match on the very last green.



N is the Niblick, retriever of blunders,
And now and again it accomplishes wonders.



O is the Odd that we play for the tin,—
Peculiar indeed that it doesn't get in.



P is the Putter that Philp never made,
Though the stamp it was there, and the price it was paid.



Q is the Quest for some wonderful Quirk
That *would* lengthen our drive, if it *wasn't* a jerk.



R is the Rub that may lay us up dead,
Or leave us in sand buried over the head.



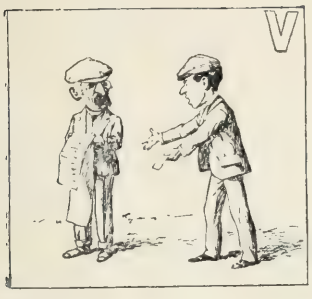
S is the Swing that we learn from the books,—
But, oh, if we only could see how it looks!



T is the Trap that is seldom or never
The fitting reward for an honest endeavor.



U is the Unction we lay to our soul
With the other man stymied a foot from the hole.



V is the Vigor, with which we insist
Upon eighteen, or more, in the handicap list.

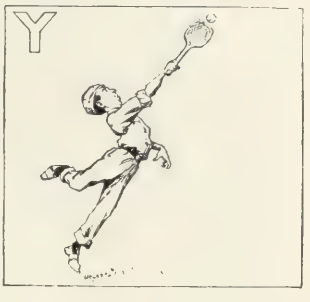
W in a Whisper: "Between you and me,
I have just done the round in a pat 83."





X is the X-pletive sometimes employed,
For a golfer is human, and easily annoyed.

Y is the Youth when at tennis we toiled.
Alas, that a glorious golfer was spoiled!





Z is for Zero, the sign of despair.
"Awa' wi' your gowf! we will play it nae mair."

& as it has happened again and again,
We're at it to-morrow by half after ten.



DANGER TO THE REAR-GUARD

When the war began with Spain the people in the South were as much interested as those in any other part of the country, and all classes were eager for news from the fleets and the army. The colored people were even more numerous than the white around the bulletin-boards, where the newspapers mixed up, in true yellow fashion, fiction and fact. One day, in Asheville, a negro man, who showed by the marks on his dress that he was a whitewash artist, was on the outskirts of the crowd. A lawyer of local note spoke to him:

"Are you going to the wars, Jim?"

"What I goin' to de war fur?"

"To fight for your country, of course."

"I don't know nuthin' 'bout fightin'."

"That won't do, Jim. The last war was all about you niggers, and this time you have got to do the fighting. This is your country now, and the niggers must be made to save it."

"Who goin' to make de nigger fight?" asked Jim, in a sulky tone, and showing more white in his eyes than usual. "How yar goin' to make de niggers fight?"

"Oh, we'll make 'em fight easy enough," said the lawyer. "We'll put the niggers in front, and then the white soldiers will stand behind, and make the niggers do the fighting."

"'Pears to me," said Jim, slowly, and with much gravity, "dat de white folks gittin' ready to be run over."

LIMITED ACCOMMODATIONS.

An American family now residing in Mexico think they have a very good joke at the expense of a young lady from the States, who came to make them a visit recently. Mr. and Mrs. H—— met her at the train, and she introduced a distinguished-looking gentleman who had made her acquaintance on the trip, and as they were leaving the station she invited him to call.

"Does your friend know our address?" inquired Mrs. H——.

"Oh yes," replied Miss Wisconsin, airily; "I told him *Apartado* 29. I remembered it from having written it on your letters so often, you know. And," she added, complacently, "I was very proud of knowing so much Mexican."

"Well," said Mr. H——, as they were driving off, "I suppose you are expecting to put up with all sorts of deprivations down here in this queer country, but I feel that I ought to tell you that you are likely to find your quarters uncomfortably crowded, especially for entertaining."

"Why, won't your parlor hold two?"

"Well, yes, I think our parlor will, but I have my doubts about our *post-office box!*"

THE HUMBLING OF ABE WHYDELL.

"WANT to know about Abe Whydell, hey?" said the Old Settler. "Then you've come to the right shop. Knowed Abe Whydell fer ten years. Knowed him throo and throo. Knowed him all around. Abe Whydell was the *fightin'est* man that ever lived in *these* parts—that's what *he* was."

"Wasn't afraid of anything, I suppose," suggested the visitor.

"Afraid? Abe Whydell afraid? Now look here; do you want to *know* about Abe Whydell? Do you want to have his character made *clear* to you? Do you want to feel that you've knowed him *yourself*, and 'sociated with him, and had *business* relations with him, and *lived* with him, and felt towards him like a *brother?*"

"I—I think so."

"Then see here: Abe Whydell would fight a rattlesnake and give the snake the first bite. He fit because he *loved* it. His *heart* was in it. He throwed his whole *soul* into it. Says a Boston man that seen him clean out a sheriff's posse that had been posseing after him two days—says the Boston chap to me, 'That feller ain't no billytantee; he's a perfessional—that's what *he* is.' Which is what I say, too.

"Not that Abe Whydell was a quarrelsome man—fur from it. I think I may say deliber'tly, hefting each word as I use it, that Abe Whydell was the peaceablest man I ever knowed. That's what he fit fer—peace. Where there was trouble, there you would find Abe Whydell putting up his dukes for peace. That was his watchword—peace. Many's the time I've saw him, when there was a fight, snatch up a wooden-bottomed chair, and as he waded in yell out, 'Gentlemen, wot I want is peace, and durned little of that!'

"Well, things run on, and finally Abe Whydell had licked everybody in town. Natur'ly this had a bad effect on him. He begun to get proud and stuck up. This wasn't to be wondered at—it's reg'lar human nat're, and Abe did have human nat're about him. He was head and shoulders and *some* back above his feller-men, but he were human, after all. So he begun to get haughty and overbearing, and when you asked him to have a drink, mebby he'd do it, and mebby he'd say he wasn't thirsty. Think of it, wasn't *thirsty*—couldn't make up a *reasonable* excuse and let the man down easy, but must rip out the most insulting and impossible thing he could—wasn't *thirsty*—just as if a man says to you, 'How balmy the air is this morning,' and you should snap back at him, 'I don't know; I ain't breathing this morning.'

"Well, as I said, Abe kept wearing his nose higher and higher, just like Napoleon Bunnyparte, and we seen that fer his own good he'd got to be took down. We held a public meeting and talked it over, and the best we could see was to send right to New York and get an A1 prize-fighter to come on and whale the conceit out of him. I was the committee ap'pinted to graft the letter. It went like this:

"'*Post-master, New York:*

"'DEAR COLONEL,—We've got a bad man in this town. For a private citizen we jedge him the worst man that ever looked through a shirt collar. He has walloped us all. He finished the last man two weeks ago, and has begun to go round again. Now what we want is the best fighter in your town to come out here and pound this man. We want a thorough job done, and are willing to pay the market price. We've got the money, because the City Free Library Association has disbanded, after voting to use the funds on hand fer this purpose. We would prefer a man from around Five Points somewheres, as we hear that they are intelligent, reliable citizens, and understand the upper cut. Don't send no man that has ever been convicted of any crime, nor a furriner. We believe in America fer the Americans. No Irish need apply. The Chinese must go. Yours truly,

"'SECRETARY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.'

"That's just the letter we sent, except that, after it had been read and approved of, I slipped in one of these here little gable-end marks after 'walloped us all,' and wrote up above the line, 'except Me.'

"It was some time before we heard anything, then we got a letter from a man signing himself Maguire, saying as how the postmaster was so busy with official dooties that the matter had been turned over to him. He said he had a good man, champion heavyweight of the Sixth Ward, that would come out and do the job fer $300 and expenses. We held another meeting to get the best sense of the community, and decided to have him come on.

"The stage he arrove on got in at nine o'clock in the evening. We looked him over, and found him about Abe's size and general build. We'd been hoping he would be bigger. Some said he couldn't do it, and that Abe would just do him up as he had the rest of us. But the man said we could depend on his science, and we hoped we could. We decided to app'int a committee to wait on Abe and lay the matter before him. Nobody seemed anxious to serve on this, so we writ a letter and sent it by a stranger who happened to be in town, telling him it was a propersition to tender Abe a reception and give him a gold-headed cane. That stranger wa'n't in no fit shape to make an intelligent report when he got back, but after the doctor finished working over him, as near as we could make out, Abe accepted the challenge. You see, he had got out of bed and fell on the stranger 'cause he was proposing to stir up strife with his letter. Always fer peace, Abe was.

"The next morning at sunup we staked out a ring back of the Methodist church. The man



THAT GENTLER SEX.

SHE. "George, I think if a woman wrote a good letter to the newspapers about women usurping men's occupations, it might do some good. Don't you?"

HE. "Yes, dear."

SHE. "Well, George, you might write the letter, and I'll sign it."

sot down on a box at one side, wrapped in a hoss-blanket, and soon Abe come along. The seconds was arranged fer, and Abe took off his coat, and the two of 'em stepped into the ring. The next minute we was the sickest crowd in the Territory. There never was no fight in *that* ring," and the old gentleman paused sadly. "That is, none c' the kind that we was particularly anxious to hand down to posterity as showin' our prowess as warriors."

"Why?" asked the visitor.

"It was this way," the old gentleman continued, with a melancholy shake of his head, which caused the visitor some regret that he had asked the question: "they stepped into the ring just like this. Then they looked at each other like this. Then says the man, 'Heavings, is it possible that's Abe!' 'It are, Jim, it are!' says Abe. Then they rushes up and throws their arms round each other, like this, and burrows their heads down in each other's necks, and just reg'larly bust out crying. Long lost brothers, you see. *Twin* brothers, too. Hadn't seen each other fer fifteen years. And there they stood and cried and moaned and sobbed and took on, with the tears a-running down on the ground and making it so slippery that they couldn't of fit if they'd wanted to without spikes in their shoes. Then the rest of us caught it, seeing them two strong men standing there braced, weeping and wailing and blubbering 'bout the old home, and their sainted mother, and their angel sister, and their brother that was hung, and all such; and you may snatch me baldheaded if there was a dry eye at the ring-side. And as we all stood there wringing each other's hands and boohooing, and trying to find somebody in the crowd that had a handkerchief, suddenly the two men stopped, and sort of mopped off their tears, and turned round, and said Abe, 'Jim, let's wade in together and lick the crowd—every *one* of 'em—not leave no sound man *stall*.' 'All right, Abe,' says Jim. And I *never* seen such a scattering. Every last man there, except me, run like a cat in a dog show; and them two fellers didn't *catch* me; I run as fast as was really *necessary*."

And the old settler lapsed into a musing silence.

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

CONSISTENT.

So democratic was he, having penned
A novel that the millions much did please,
He made no money on it in the end,
For he'd have naught to do with royalties.

CARLYLE SMITH.

AN IMPORTANT DEBATE.

"THESE here two fellers, old Waldo and Jarley McCracken, would always argue," said Mr. Milo Bush one day while in Shanks's grocery-store. "Argue about anything. Took contrary sides on *every* question. Why, if old Waldo said that Injuns was pizen, Jarley McCracken would up and dispute it, just as if the whole world don't know that Injuns *are* pizen, and ought to be exterminated off the face of the yearth.

"One day Jarley McCracken was speaking of whiskey, and happened to mention, keerless like, its *food* value, and what did old Waldo do but up and dispute it. Said whiskey as a beverage to supply the necessary liquid for the proper asswimulation of the solid food was all O K, but he denied its value as a food *per se* — them was his furren words, just like that — *per se*. It was the general view that if he couldn't make out his case without dragging in French, that he'd better keep still.

"Another time they got arguing about great men. Old Waldo said that Napoleon was a greater man than Daniel Webster. Jarley McCracken of course said it was no such stuff. Shanks was just closing up, so we all went up to the school-house and organized a regular meeting, and let 'em debate percisely 's if they'd been in Congress, with Doc Ballister for the referee, just like the Senate.

"Old Waldo led off on the Napoleon side. First, says he, let us make a inquiry into what constitoots troo greatness. Is it words, or is it acts? Is it talk, or is it get-up-and-get? The idee of the present speaker is that it is acts. Here we find the difference between the two men —Napoleon done things, but the alleged fame of Daniel Webster rests wholly on words. Consider the familiar motto of Napoleon [here Mr. Bush consulted a well-worn note-book], '*Honey soyt qui mall why pense*,' which, for the benefit of those present who do not understand Greek, *if any there be*, I may translate, 'If you are going to do a thing, do it.' Of course Daniel Webster's Dictionary was a great book. Present speaker had heard it said that it weighs ten pounds. But Napoleon fired cannon-balls which weighed a hundred pounds. A copy of Webster's Dictionary would scarcely have made wadding for one of Napoleon's cannons. Napoleon was a great man, take him as you will. See how he spiked the enemy's fire-engines before he applied the torch to Moscow! Even in defeat Napoleon Bonaparte was great. Beaten back by overwhelming numbers at Waterloo, did he throw up the sponge? Hardly! When his charger was shot from under him, leaving him in the air hanging to the limb of a tree with one hand, he cried, 'My kingdom for a hoss—lay on McDuff!' Napoleon Bonaparte faced the enemy to the last. When they came they had to saw off the limb to get him down, like a hornets' nest. That's what Napoleon *was*—a hornets' nest on two legs. Then old Waldo sat down, and Jarley McCracken got up.

"First, he said he reckoned that if Napoleon had been what he is cracked up to be, that he'd have had an extra hoss along for his a-de-kamp to lead under him. However, it was not necessary to belittle Napoleon in order to enlarge Daniel Webster. As the great Henry Clay had said of Webster, 'There he stands—look at him!' The present speaker denied that Daniel Webster did nothing but compile the great dictionary which bears his name. He was a statesman as well as a leximographer. Who stood on the top of Bunker Hill Monument and uttered these words, 'Gentlemen, give me liberty or give me death'? And if they'd shot the monument from under him, he'd have hung to a star—a star, I say, and still put up a stiff fight for blessed liberty. The dictionary was a side issue, compiled on rainy days when he couldn't work. When he thought of a new word he wrote it down on his cuff or somewhere, and when he got home socked it into his dictionary. So it grew. Did Napoleon do any such thing? No! Napoleon simply set about straddle of a hoss about four sizes too big for him, and had his picture took. He was better at facing the muzzle of the camera than he was the muzzle of the cannon. If Daniel Webster's legs had been no more than eighteen inches long, he'd have known enough to have kept off big draught-hosses.

"Right here old Waldo couldn't stand it no longer to hear Napoleon abused. He hopped up, grabbed the big school globe, and banged Jarley McCracken with it. His head crashed through the South Pacific Ocean, and his nose busted out in the northern part of England. It made Jarley McCracken pretty mad, and he bunted old Waldo, his head still in the bowels of the yearth. The coast of Norway caught old Waldo on the chin, and they both went down in a heap. The yearth all busted to flinders, and chunks of the arctic regions and North America went flying through the air. Doc Ballister jumped in and parted them, and we went home; so the question about which was the heftier man, Napoleon or Webster, was never settled."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

FROM Kansas City she wrote to her English cousins as follows: "Of course it is a great change to us; but George likes the place, the people, the climate, and the work; and we will remain all winter in Missouri (Providence permitting). Note the address." And they did!

More or less familiar with the occasional eccentricities of local nomenclature in the New World, "Yuba Dam," "Dead Man's Gulch," "Poker Flats," "Hell fer Sartin Creek," and the like, the reply from Notting Hill came in due season, in an envelope bearing this inscription:

MR. GEORGE STEBBINS,
Providence Permitting,
Missouri, America.

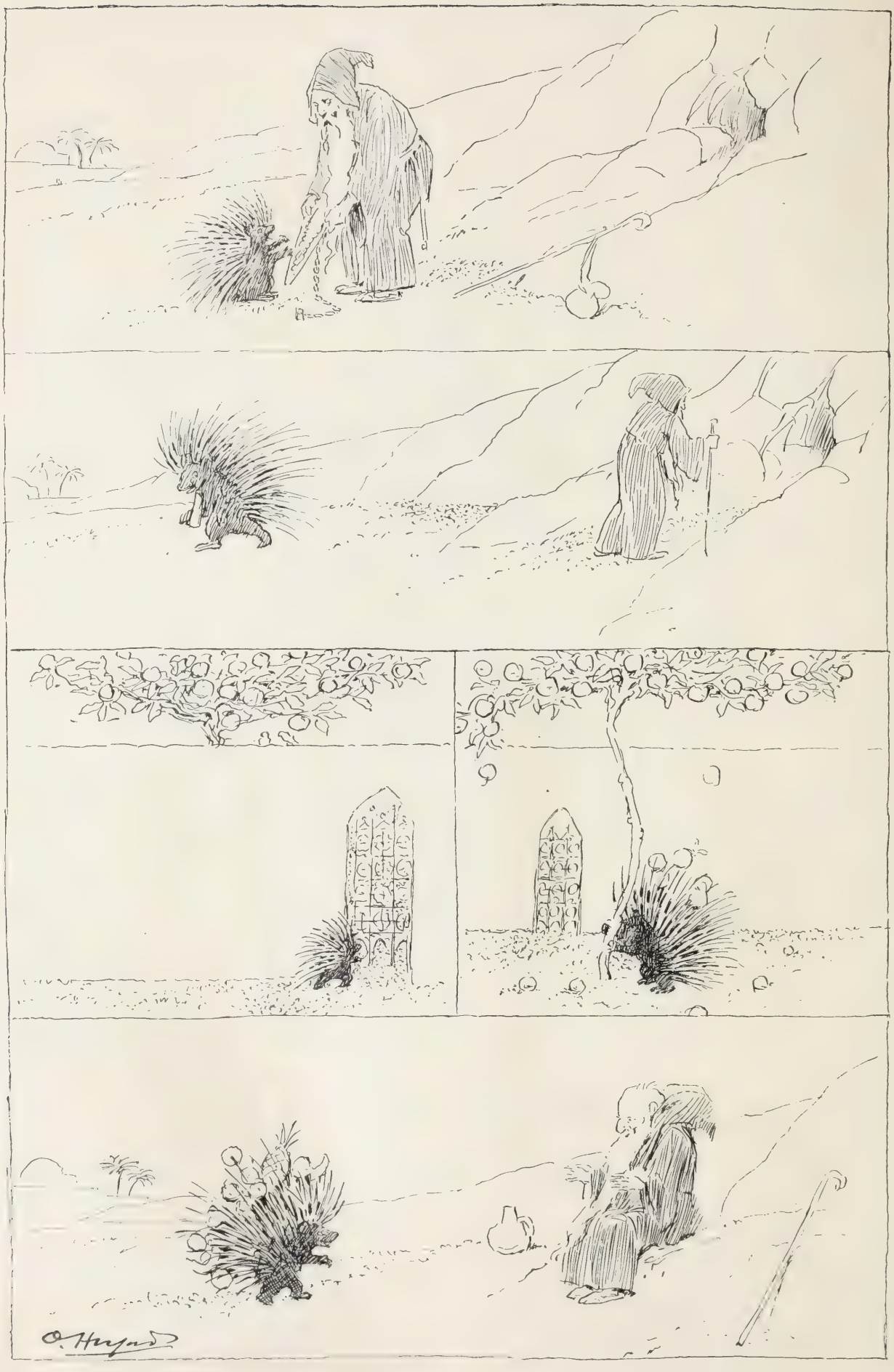


MIZPAH.

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

For him the bugles blown at dawn,
The quest of glory's smiles,
And ruddy skies that dim to fawn
Above the southward isles:
For him the gallant swirl and stir
Where battle's banners burn:—
But long, long, lonely days for her
Who waits her lad's return.

Ah, soldier-boy, across the sea
Who craves the call to roam,
God make you strong, God keep you free,
God send you safely home!
And strong and free and safe are you
Within whose heart are shrined
The true and tender eyes of blue
Of her you leave behind!



THE GRATEFUL PORCUPINE.



See "With the Fifth Corps."

CAPTAIN GRIMES'S BATTERY GOING UP EL POSO HILL.

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TORPEDO-BOAT SERVICE.

BY LIEUTENANT J. C. FREMONT, U.S.N., COMMANDING THE "PORTER."

A TORPEDO-BOAT is a most delicate mechanism, or rather a collection of delicate mechanisms; it is a bundle of whims and tricks. It is to the ordinary steamer what the finest chronometer is to the rough dollar clock, and needs the most intelligent and constant care and watchfulness.

Its only formidable weapon of offence is the torpedo, and to use this successfully it must approach its prey within five hundred yards. To do this and to remain undiscovered—invisible—torpedo-boats are constructed as small as possible, and painted a color that will blend with the tone of sea and sky at night. Great speed is given them to enable them to catch up with or avoid an enemy. In order to secure this speed the hulls are frail and lightly constructed; they are only just strong enough to stand the propelling power of their tremendous engines when these engines are in perfect adjustment and all parts are working smoothly. The slightest derangement of parts, the slightest bend in the blade of a propeller, and the high speed is gone; the boat commences to vibrate, and any attempt to drive her and leave the readjustment to be attended to later, as could be done in an ordinary vessel, would result in a collapse of machinery, or the breaking of a steam-pipe and the scalding to death of men who are shut in compartments from which there would be no possibility of escape. Torpedo-boats are the race-horses of the steamer world, built for short dashes at high speed. Yet during the earlier part of the Spanish war circumstances forced the use of our torpedo-boats for long-continued strains in weather that proved trying to the much larger vessels that were with them. The discomforts and the trials borne by their crews during this period will never be known, nor could they be appreciated by any one but those who were in the service.

Before proceeding further in this sketch of torpedo-boat service, it may be well to describe the general features of one of the boats. The *Porter* is a vessel about 175 feet long and 17.5 feet wide—ten times her own beam in length. She draws but little water—her hull less than five feet. Her rudder and propellers project below the hull so as to get the fullest and most unobstructed effect on the water. Her hull is constructed in the strongest and lightest manner consistent with the power it has to contain. The thickness of the hull plating—except in certain stringers meant to take strains—is only one-tenth of an inch, and the framing and construction generally are in proportion to this. But even after what the *Porter* has been through, her hull is as good as the day it was built, not a leak having developed nor anything given way. Into this frail craft are put three boilers and two main engines, developing the tremendous energy of 4000 horse-power, and capable of driving the boat over thirty knots, or with the speed of a railroad train. Many other engines, pumps, evaporators, etc., are crowded into the vessel, until five-sevenths of the ship are taken up with machinery and coal; the other two-sevenths —the extreme ends—are left, and into these is put the boat's crew—officers forward, men aft. But even into these spaces are introduced engines—anchor engines, steering engines; and steam-pipes for various purposes lead through all, rendering them unbearably hot in a tropical climate. Torpedo-boats are a compact mass of machinery, not meant to keep the sea and to live in, but to be used for short runs out from a base, to which they can return at any time and find rest for the crew and repair facilities for their ma-

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chinery. The exigencies of the earlier part of this war required them to be used otherwise, and that the boats and their crews have so creditably sustained the unusual test is a matter for congratulation to their builders and to the service.

April 22 found the torpedo-boats tuned up to the highest pitch and anxious for a chance to try themselves, and it was with great hopes and unlimited enthusiasm that we started across to Havana that memorable morning.

It was rough—rough even for the Gulf Stream—and that day and night showed us that the life on board the *Porter* was going to be a struggle with nature, a test of physical endurance. The *Porter's* motion in such a sharp sea as nearly all the time runs off the coast of Cuba is, to say the least, uncomfortable. The roll is from 30 to 45 degrees each way, and twenty-five times a minute, with occasionally an extra roll thrown in, which goes beyond the registering limit of the indicators, and makes you wonder why she takes the trouble to come back, it seems so much easier just to go on all the way round.

To rest and sleep in such conditions is very difficult, and is only possible when physical exhaustion overcomes every other feeling; and then the sleep is so broken that it ill fits one to renew the exacting duties of handling the delicate mechanisms of the boats, or exercise the cool judgment and instant decision demanded by the service.

In addition to this, the heat below was such that no one went there except on duty. The life was on deck: those on duty at their posts were on their feet; the remainder, if not struggling with their very simple meals, were trying to get some sleep, stretched out and wedged in between torpedo-tubes and rail, or in some place that prevented their sliding round.

In spite of its apparent severity, this open-air life proved most healthful, for whenever the boat went into port for a day or two, or had comparatively smooth water, every one at once recovered his energy and good temper. The absence of routine and routine drills, the constant excitement of the rapid motion, the frequent accidents to the machinery, and the struggle to repair the latter and at the same time keep the boat going—all kept up a feeling of excitement and expectation which reconciled us to every hardship, and made us feel that we were right where we wanted to be; and all we asked for was a chance—something that never came for the torpedo-boats during the war.

Hopes that our chance had come were high on the *Porter* the first day off Havana. A man-of-war was sighted under the land, and the *New York*, *Marblehead*, *Wilmington*, and *Porter* started in for her; but it turned out to be an Italian, and the only guns used were those fired in salute. Immediately afterwards the *Porter's* sorrow at the lost opportunity was partly assuaged by the capture of a schooner within range of the guns of the eastern batteries of Havana. When the crew of the schooner found they were not to be murdered at once, as they had been led to believe, they were not only reconciled to their fate, but voluntarily gave us information of more sugar-laden vessels due the next day. The roughness and tedium of that day were easily endured in the hope of more prizes on the morrow. The hopes were realized; daylight found the *Porter* steaming slowly for the flag-ship to report, with a 200-ton-schooner-load of sugar in tow.

This ended the first forty-eight hours of the war. No one in the *Porter* had slept a half-hour at a time, and every one was looking hollow-eyed and worn out. Fortunately the next few days were the smoothest seen off Havana, and regular blockading duties were taken up, the *Porter's* station being on the inside line, as near the Morro as possible. The nights were spent in working in as closely as we could, waiting for a chance at anything that might attempt to get out of Havana, to capture it if a merchantman, to torpedo it if a man-of-war. If it were a torpedo-boat bent on attacking our blockading line, we were to engage and destroy or interfere with it as much as possible. It was known to us that there were torpedo-boats and torpedo gunboats in Havana, and an attack from them was constantly expected. From what we saw during our duty off there, it was thought that one, possibly two, feeble attempts were made by the Spanish torpedo-boats to make an attack, but they never got any distance outside their own batteries, always being discovered and signalled by our inside line of scouts. Anticipation and excitement ran high at such times, and mistakes that came near being seri-



BAD WEATHER.

ous were several times made. The duty of the torpedo-boat was, of course, to investigate and ascertain beyond doubt the character of any strange vessel sighted. This on a dark and stormy night meant getting into very close quarters. A signal, which was changed every night, consisting of a combination of red and white lights, was ordered for the purpose of identification among our own vessels. But to display this signal was to become a target for the enemy's fire, and it was therefore used as little as possible.

Frequently, in the anxiety to discover whether the strange craft were friend or foe without betraying her own presence, a torpedo-boat was fired on by her own friends. The blockading squadron were taking no chances of any kind of approaching dark little craft, and used the Western method of shooting first and inquiring afterwards. In the excitement consequent on the signal "Enemy's torpedo-boat sighted," even torpedo-boats engaged each other. This happened one of the first nights off Havana. The moment the signal was made, all the scouting vessels in that vicinity converged at full speed towards the point where the signal stars had been seen. Suddenly out of the gloom of night, and right across the bows of the *Porter*, rushed a dark object, the sparks from its funnels and the dim outline marking it distinctly as a torpedo-boat. No questions were asked by the *Porter*, for we knew no other torpedo-boat of ours was on that section of the blockade. There was a heavy sea, and dense clouds of

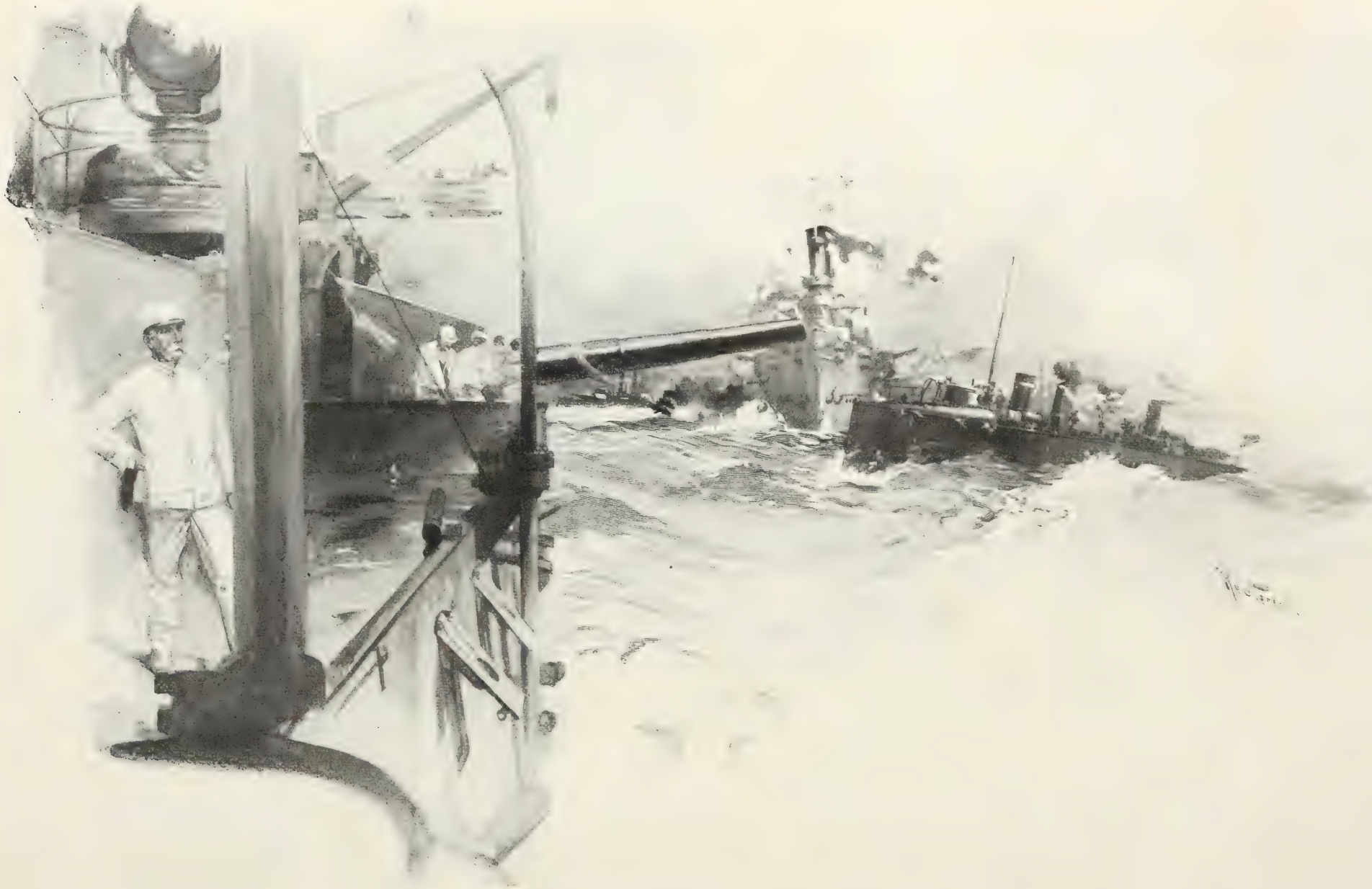
black smoke were sweeping down between us from our low funnels. This fortunately caused the first shots to go wild, and instantly, in answer to our fire, the night signal was shown. It was one of our own boats that had come from Cardenas with despatches, and she was looking for the flag-ship. A joking apology and a hearty laugh from us all ended our little encounter, and the two boats parted, not to meet again for weeks —not until the *Porter*, returning to Key West from her cruise to Porto Rico, found the *Winslow* battle-scarred and torn by the enemy's shell, her captain wounded, and her executive and five of her crew dead. It was no laughing matter this time; but, with all its horror, the uppermost feeling in us was that of pride in the gallant fight they had made in all but hopeless circumstances—circumstances that would have proved fatal to all on board had it not been for the gallantry of American sailors—the crew of the *Hudson*, who, literally fighting with one hand and helping the wounded with the other, remained under fire until they could pull the disabled *Winslow* out to safety.

About two o'clock one morning a steamer was reported running towards Havana. It was an ideal night for torpedo attack, dark, with a strong wind blowing and occasional light rain-squalls. She was allowed to pass, but nothing definite could be made out, and as the *Porter* was well off to the eastward of Havana, the supposition was that it could not be one of the blockaders.

Dropping into her wake, our speed was increased, all hands were called to their stations, and every preparation made for attack. The *Porter* was now closing rapidly in, and through the smoke we could make out that the vessel ahead was a man-of-war, and a large one. At this time the whereabouts of the Spanish armored cruisers was unknown, and from what we then could see of the vessel ahead, she answered their description perfectly. More steam was put on, and the *Porter* rushed up close on the quarter of the chase, well within torpedo distance, and still undiscovered. Being now so close that, even if discovered, we could not be stopped before the torpedo was discharged, and wishing to make no mistake, the night signal was made for an instant and then turned off. It brought no answer.

Excitement on the *Porter* was at fever-heat, and the enforced silence and the nervous tension were hard to bear. That we had found the enemy, and that we had him all to ourselves, and had him where there was no possibility of his getting away, was such an unhoped-for opportunity that nothing short of firing and cheering would express what we felt, and the effort to repress these was most difficult. To make assurance doubly sure, the night signal was again made, and the forward gun fired, immediately followed by a second. That we were now discovered was evident, and in a moment signal-lights were shown, and a gun fired at us. The signal-lights shown were the *wrong ones* for that night, and only served to strengthen our conviction that the chase was an enemy. Full speed was rung on the *Porter*, and the final rush to torpedo was made, when, just in the nick of time, the identity of the ship was recognized, and amidst shouting of orders to cease firing, and hails through the megaphone demanding explanations, the vessels were brought to a stand-still within 100 yards of each other, and mutual explanations made.

This incident is given to illustrate the fact that the torpedo-boat, acting under the conditions for which she was built, is a most dangerous weapon. Reasoning from the superficial facts, much has been written of the uselessness of the torpedo-boat. It is as well to correct this impression now while events are still fresh in the popular mind. The idea of torpedo attack is attack under cover of darkness, rain, or fog. The construction and painting have this object in view. There is no protection against even the lightest projectile, and to make a successful attack the boat must remain undiscovered until almost the moment for the discharge of its torpedo. Our vessels fully comprehended the dangers of torpedo attack, and all precautions were taken to guard against one. In spite of this, one of them had a narrow escape from being torpedoed by the *Porter*, not having been discovered until well within striking distance. In this case the cruiser was a lost ship, and ever after had the utmost respect for the possibilities of successful torpedo attack. Had the *Porter* been certain that the vessel sighted was an enemy, and had it not been



THE "PORTER" WITH THE SQUADRON, AWAITING THE ADMIRAL'S ORDERS.



THE "PORTER" ENGAGING THE BATTERIES OFF SAN JUAN.

necessary to disclose her presence by signals, etc., the attack could have been successfully made, and the *Porter* would have escaped without harm. No lack of discipline, lookouts, or attention was in any way responsible for the incident, all these being fully up to the high state of efficiency in our navy. Only the favoring darkness of a stormy night and the advantage which we took of the cruiser's smoke made such a result possible. Contrast these conditions with those under which the Spaniards made their gallant but foolish efforts at Manila and Santiago. They showed splendid heroism, but how was it to be expected that thin torpedo craft could live and approach through a fire that destroyed armored cruisers? Their chief defence — invisibility — was lacking. Torpedo-boats have sufficient speed to choose their time of attack, and, to be successful, the time chosen must be one favorable to the torpedo-boat—not favorable to her enemy, as was the case in both attacks in this war.

Through our lack of preparedness, the opening of the war found us deficient in many things, and necessitated the use of torpedo-boats for anything and everything except legitimate torpedo-boat service. When we finally got proper vessels to take blockading despatches and to perform the other duties to which our torpedo fleet had been diverted, it was too late. Some of the boats were worn out by the arduous service they had been through. Both the boats themselves and their crews have established records for endurance, and have shown sea-going qualities which have excited the admiration of foreign experts in such matters. It has been a fine experience in the *possibilities* of the uses of torpedo-boats, but it was a very exhausting experience to the boats and their crews.

The variety in the life went far to reconcile the crews of these boats to their discomforts and to the extraordinarily hard work they had to do. Such variety came at length to the *Porter*. Blockading

duty had settled down into a steady, monotonous routine, and we welcomed the orders that sent us to communicate with the shore after dark and try and get a messenger from Havana. Though unsuccessful, this led to the *Porter's* being sent off 200 miles along the enemy's coast, away from all our blockade-line, and directly into the haunt of the enemy's gunboats, to land messengers to General Gomez. We found the enemy's gunboats at the entrance of the very bay we were ordered into, and in the morning had the pleasure of driving three of them before us. They returned in the afternoon, re-enforced by two larger vessels, and nearly closed the exit from the bay to us before we could get out. We expected more trouble with these vessels on our proposed return to pick up the messengers, but we never went back, as we found orders awaiting us at Key West to join the flag-ship in the expedition to Porto Rico.

There had been no real fighting up to this time, and we started with pleasant anticipations of seeing some. The cruise proved to be the hardest and longest ever made by a torpedo-boat. It lasted three weeks during which 2800 miles was run by the *Porter*, some of it at high speed; and while no breaks or accidents occurred that could not be remedied by the crew, it proved one continuous struggle, with small but incessantly occurring breakages, due to the strain of constant running in a heavy sea, and allowed but little rest for the vessel's mechanics. Running as the squadron did, without lights, it required the most ceaseless vigilance to keep in position and not run into some vessel. For the torpedo-boats this was especially hard, as there were but two officers to a boat, and one of these had to be on watch night and day. This severe duty, taken in connection with the fact that what rest we got was of a very unsatisfactory kind, made the duty extremely wearing. Had the weather been as hot as that the *Porter* experienced later on the south coast of Cuba, it is probable that the crew would have succumbed. As it was, we went through in fairly good state, only two men giving out on that cruise.

At the bombardment of San Juan the *Porter* took a more prominent part than was either intended or desired, but, fortunately, escaped without harm. From all information that had been obtained, it was understood that no guns were mounted on the wall to the eastward of the Morro. To this apparently safe station the *Porter* was ordered, being directed to remain there during the bombardment, prepared to torpedo any armored vessel that came out of San Juan entrance. The assigned position was taken, and the first round of the attacking vessels was completed, when the wall that was supposed to be without guns developed a strong and active battery. As the attacking ships were then making the turn out at sea preparatory to returning for the second round, the little *Porter* occupied a position of undue prominence, and in consequence received the entire attention of this battery, directly under which she lay. It is hard to understand how such a storm of projectiles could all have missed her; but it was not a chance to be risked a second time, and before the battery could fire again the *Porter* was turning out at full speed, firing back with her 1-pounders, and swallowed up in a cloud of black smoke from her own funnels. It was a narrow escape, and it was evident our report of "no damage and no casualties" was received by the flag-ship with much relief.



THE CAPTURED SCHWARZKOPF.

Cervera's fleet was now reported as being behind us, and the squadron start-



ENSIGN GILLIS ATTEMPTING TO UNSCREW THE WAR-NOSE ON A SPANISH TORPEDO.

ed at once back towards Key West, the *Porter* keeping up connection through the cable stations at the various ports along the homeward track. It was tough service, for high speed had to be made, however rough the water or however thick the weather. Unknown ports must be entered, as often as not at night, without pilotage; and on that coast a mistake means in all probability the loss of the vessel, for the sea is always heavy and the shore is a net-work of coral reefs. Good luck, however, attended the *Porter*, and when she did finally strike a reef it was inside a harbor and in smooth water, and she escaped with slight damage—so little, in fact, that she was able to steam to Mobile and repair damages, joining the flag-ship again on the sixth day, just in time to accompany the *New York* and *Oregon* to Santiago.

On this trip and on the blockade of Santiago the possibilities of the torpedo-boats being able to keep the sea and do cruisers' duty was more than ever exemplified, but at the expense of ruining the *Porter* as a torpedo-boat. The waters off Santiago are exposed to the continual sweep of the easterly trade-winds, and the sea is always rolling along in big furrows. For more than three weeks after our arrival off Santiago the *Porter* had to just stay and take what came, like her big sisters the cruisers and battle-ships, and while those great structures lay almost still, their engines stopped, and neither wind nor sea having any perceptible effect on them, the *Porter* had to keep engines going, and had to be kept moving, either head to the sea or running off with it. Even then the motion was bad, and soon pulled all the crew down to a state of physical inefficiency, while their nerves were put on edge from loss of sleep. The ceaseless vigilance required at night, and the constant messenger and despatch service required during the day, left little of our time unemployed. It was expected that the Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers would make an attack on the fleet at night, and this idea was further strengthened by an alarm the second night after our arrival, during which nearly all the vessels of the Eastern Squadron were hotly engaged, supposedly with torpedo-boats, but in reality with caves in the shore-line, moving trains on shore, and the tops of the big waves. Next day the *Porter* found floating off Santiago two bronze torpedoes which had evidently been recently fired. This find, of course, strengthened the argument of those who had seen torpedo-boats, especially that of the vessel which had seen a torpedo-boat with two funnels and had sunk her. Later it was found that these

two torpedoes were fired by the *Reina Mercedes* at the *Merrimac* on the night of her run into Santiago Harbor, and having missed her, floated out amongst our fleet. These torpedoes were still extremely dangerous. Any ship striking the forward end of one would have fared exactly as if the torpedo had run into her. It was therefore necessary either to destroy or recover these machines. Recovery was preferable, of course, but extremely dangerous in the heavy sea running, unless they could be rendered harmless by the removal of the firing-pin or war-nose. There was a gallant attempt to do this by a young officer attached to the *Porter*, who jumped overboard and wrestled with the torpedo single-handed, while trying to unscrew the firing-pin. One of these torpedoes was lost during these operations, sinking despite all efforts to recover it. The other was taken on board the *Porter*, where it remained an object of curiosity to all until, on our arrival at New York, it was transferred to the torpedo depot at Newport.

The routine of blockade in rough water was fast wearing us out, but when Guantanamo was taken a port of refuge was at last open to us. Heretofore we had been obliged to coal at sea from our colliers, or in some instances from the battle-ships—an extremely dangerous and unsatisfactory undertaking for a small boat with thin sides. But now we could coal in comfort, and occasionally have a few hours in smooth water. The daily run of forty miles up from Santiago to Guantanamo, and back again in the evening, was thought by us to be a very little price to pay for the rest and sleep it meant, and the chance it gave us to stop the engines for a while and make much-needed repairs. Things moved quickly now towards the finish. The marines arrived and fought their way into possession of the hill-top at Playa del Este, and the bay of Guantanamo began to fill up with our ships—battle-ships, cruisers, torpedo-boats, and colliers—all glad to get out of that everlasting sea and get their anchors down in smooth water. Then came the arrival of the transports and the landing of the troops—incidentally the arrival of three other torpedo-boats, to bear the *Porter* company under the Morro at night, and share the despatch and messenger service. This had now got to be greater than ever, on account of the necessity of keeping touch with the army. The blockade was drawn closer at night than ever, and the torpedo-boats and auxiliaries lay right under the Spanish guns, getting so close that even in the dark nights they were often seen and fired at from both sides of the entrance. It was expected that Cervera would come out at night. The torpedo-boats recognized that this was to be their opportunity, and each one passed the hours of darkness with all hands ready for attack and the vessel as close in to the entrance as possible. No one for a moment thought that the Spanish fleet would make an attempt to escape by daylight, and all the torpedo-boats left at early daylight, going to Guantanamo, there to stay and rest till dark, ready for another night's vigil. But the unexpected happened—as usual—and caught not only all the torpedo-boats absent, but the battle-ships and cruisers, which had taken that day off to coal—all too far away to do anything but hurry down to Santiago in answer to the telephone message, "Cervera is out," railing at their hard luck in being away, and hoping the Spanish would turn east, and that we would still meet any vessels which had broken through and got away. But again fate was against us, and Cervera turned to the westward, and of all the battle for which we had waited and watched during the tedious days and nights of blockade we only saw the burning wrecks, the crowds of wounded and prisoners being brought on board our vessels, and the cheerful, happy crews of our own ships who had been lucky enough to be in it.

This practically ended the service afloat for the torpedo-boats, and it closed without their ever having had a chance to prove the value of the torpedo in action.

But this strain of duty had put the final touches to the already failing motive power of the *Porter*, and the struggle to keep her going and not lay off for repairs was over. It was a cruise of trial and hardship, but of change and excitement enough to balance the account. It was an experience one is glad to have had, but that one does not want again.

HANNAH THE QUAKERESS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE.

HANNAH the Quakeress sat
And knit, by the parlor door;
And she heard within the Brethren's feet
Pacing her sanded floor;

For to-day—in the hour of fear,
Of defeat by land and sea,
When despair had clutched the hearts that fought
Or prayed for Liberty,

When lives and gold seemed flung
In a useless, hopeless fight
Waged by a handful of ragged boys
Against great England's might,

They had met at Friend Isaac's house
To vote for a shameful peace.
(Better their gold with a tyrant's bond
Than Freedom's beggared lease!)

And Hannah, who curtsied them in
By two and three and four,
With their brooding lips and their troubled eyes,
Thought, as she scanned them o'er:

"They're wanting no woman's word;
My counsel they'd scorn and mock;
But I'll set my chair by the parlor door,
And turn the heel of my sock."

She was the gentlest dame,
The most dutiful wife, in town;
Never a glint of her heart's fire slipped
'Neath the veil of her lashes brown.

But swifter her needles clicked
As the wavering footsteps went
To and fro till for "Peace!" for "Peace!"
The clamorous voices blent.

"Peace!"—and her knitting stopped
As the dastard votes were cast—
As the Elder read them one by one—
And Isaac's name was the last!

Ah!—in through the wide-flung door
Burst Hannah the Quakeress then,
And with heaving bosom and storming brow
She faced the astounded men.

The blue yarn sock in her hand
  Shook with its bristling steel
As she snatched the votes from the Elder's grasp
  And ground them beneath her heel.

"Shame on you—traitors—cowards—
  Who fail at your Country's need!
Who would sell your birthright, sell your souls,
  In your paltry selfish greed!

"We want not your Tory gold!
  The Lord God shields our right!
Yea, as He guided Israel's host,
  A pillar of fire by night,

"He will lead our Armies on!
  And when our land is free"—
The blue sock waved like a flag of war—
  "Traitors! where will you be?"

Speechless the Council stood,
  Dumb 'neath that storm of shame,
Till Isaac gasped: "She is distraught!
  Out!—to thy knitting, dame!"

Then how she flamed and turned!
  "Distraught with shame of thee!
Yea, Isaac Arnett, hold thy tongue—
  Thou'lt take this word from me!

"Now, as the Lord doth hear,
  Choose thou 'twixt peace and strife.
I married thee for an honest man;
  I'll be no traitor's wife!

"Thou canst keep thy house and thy King.
  I know my Country's worth!
I'd rather starve in her frozen fields
  Than feed at a traitor's hearth!"

Flushed Isaac's cold cheek then;
  The Brethren hung their heads;
And the Elder lifted the trampled votes
  And tore them into shreds.

"Thank God in this nest of fear
  There beats one loyal heart!
Hannah Arnett, to us this day
  A Flame of the Lord thou art!

"Friends, when a woman leads,
  No man is laggard found!
Here, to my Country's need and War
  I pledge an hundred pound."

Then the Elder lifted his pen
  And wrote his gift and name,
While with ten and twenty and fifty more
  The Brethren crowding came;

And stirred as the great deep stirs
When a tempest smites the sea,
They pledged their honor, wealth, and lives
Again to Liberty!

And what of Hannah the dame,
With her heart of fire and steel?
Oh! she smoothed her kerchief, and set her cap,
And finished her stocking heel.

PANCHO'S HAPPY FAMILY.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER.

I.

IT was the close of the long hot afternoon of April 30 in Manila. Little Pancho was having his heart's desire, a ride on the tramway. He had had many joys this day; for had his papa not taken him down the harbor to see his beautiful big ship, the *Santander?* What a grand time Pancho had had, trotting over the deck on his sturdy little legs, poking into every corner, and being carried below by the sailors to see the big guns and the huge engines! His large, wondering eyes had gazed at everything, and his little tongue had wagged incessantly with question after question. His parents had followed him about, bursting with pride over his quaint sayings and gallant appearance — a boastful, manly little three-year-old, in white linen blouse and short wide skirts, a huge red and yellow sash round his fat waist. His plump sunburnt legs were bare, the feet incased in low white socks and smart red ankleties. A straw hat with enormous wide brim and red and yellow streamers crowned the gay little figure, and from underneath peeped out the chubby olive face, with its big, searching, knowing eyes.

"When are you going to lick the Yankees, papa?" he asked.

"Oh, they will be along in two or three days," said the young lieutenant, airily. "You can come and see the ship again to-morrow, after mass, but I expect we shall be getting up steam by Sunday night, and by Monday or Tuesday you will see us sail out of the harbor to meet the Yankees and give them their deserts."

They were alone in the tram-car—practically alone, that is, for the Malay driver did not count; he was too busy whipping his lazy mules—so the proud parents could give way to their long pent-up feelings. They put the little chap between them, took each a chubby hand, and leaned over him adoringly.

"What are we, Pancho?"

"Happy Family!" shouted Pancho, with a joyous chuckle, kicking out his bare legs.

They fell to hugging him and devouring him with kisses. They were a pair of young things, the lieutenant and his wife, she not a day over twenty, he perhaps three or four years older. Lieutenant Don Alejandro Alvarez was not any ordinary every-day Alvarez, but a genuine Alvarez de Toledo y Porto Carrero, scion of a famous military family, younger son of a younger son of a marques and triple grandee of the bluest blood of Castile. And she—well, it had been a queer match for an Alvarez de Toledo. She was pretty, sixteen-year-old Trinidad Scholz, of Malaga; her father, a German by birth, was a naturalized American citizen, who had made money in the States, and after middle life had gone into the wine trade in Malaga, and married the daughter of his Spanish partner. The old gentleman had retired from business a number of times, but always found himself bored to death in idleness, and his latest business venture led him to Manila. This was very convenient, for Trinidad lived with her father while her husband was at sea, and as he was now stationed with the Pacific squadron at the Philippines, the little family were frequently reunited.

Franz Scholz lived in the suburbs, on

the edge of the foreign quarter, where he could have gardens and shade trees, fountains and wide verandas, to alleviate the heat. At the beginning of his residence in Manila he had floated the American flag from the front portico, but now he was in a quandary between adoptive patriotism and other sentiments conflicting with it. He had no quarrel with the Spaniards; he had lived among them for years; his business interests were with Spain and her dependencies; the wife of his old age had been a Spaniard; his daughter had married a Spaniard, an officer of the Spanish navy. It cut the old man to the heart to pull in Old Glory, but when the war talk began, prudence and affection combined to advise this step. Now his heart was torn anew. His bosom swelled at the thought of Uncle Sam's fleet sailing in its majesty to plant the flag of freedom on the soil of the Philippines; but, on the other hand, there was his well-beloved son-in-law, his only child's husband, going forth on the Spanish war-ship to defend his country against the invader. It was a hard position.

It had been a hard position, too, for the young lieutenant. He had a genuine affection for his Yankee father-in-law, who had always brought up his daughter to call herself an American; and though it seemed a little far-fetched in her case, as she had been born on Spanish soil of a Spanish mother, and had never set foot in the United States, yet Trinidad had always seemed to share her father's enthusiastic devotion to the stars and stripes. Since the relations between the two countries had been strained, she had said little. She knew her husband must fight for his country, and she would not wish him to fail in his duty; so, whatever her feelings might be, she held her tongue and gave them no expression. But this was not satisfactory to the proud, sensitive young Spaniard, who longed for his wife's whole allegiance. When the day came that war was declared, he ventured to say to her, timidly,

"I am sorry, Tarta, that it is my duty to fight against your country."

She turned towards him with a quick flash in her eyes, and gazed at him curiously for a moment. Then she said, "Where have I failed towards you, Alejandro, that you do not know, at the end of four years, that your country is my country, and your God my God?"

He caught her to his breast; but even as he did so she dashed away a tear, and a few minutes later she was pacing the court-yard with her old father, her arm thrust affectionately through his. There was peace between the Yankee and the Spaniard, because Love stood between them.

So Papa Scholz had a friendly greeting for his gay-uniformed son-in-law when the little family returned from their trip that Saturday evening. The old gentleman sauntered out on to the veranda, cigar in mouth, and fanning himself lazily.

"Well, Ally Handro, couldn't you find anything cooler to do this hot day than to drag your family out on the baking bay and into a stuffy ship? Better have staid right here with me. You look as if the little fellow had dragged you through a knot-hole. I bet you he asked a few questions! So, Tarty," kissing his daughter, "you don't look much the worse for wear, after all. Never dreamed your husband would let you go down there in your best bib and tucker to flirt with all those gay Castilians. He doesn't scare worth a cent, does he? Hulloa, Buster!" tossing his grandson in the air till his skirts spread out like a parachute. "Never thought I should see *you* again; thought they would want to make you captain of the ship right off. Come, tell your old grandpa how many of the big guns you fired off, and how the world looked from the maintopmast yard."

They had a grand frolic together, the old man and the little man, till Trinidad interfered, and said the child would never sleep if he got so hot and excited. Then Pancho's colored nurse loomed up on the horizon, signalling bedtime, and there were more hugs and embraces and blessings showered on his little person, till he was borne off, kicking joyously, and shouting: "Happy Family! Happy Family! God bless Happy Family!"

The Englishman dropped in at the evening meal, which consisted of well-seasoned dishes of fricasseed meats, abundant vegetables, salad, and black coffee. The Englishman often turned up, and evidently felt at home with the little household. He was fifty years of age, and alone in the world, but in the days when he was as young as Don Alejandro he too had a pretty young wife and little boy. He had once or twice referred to

those days before the young couple, and they always had a welcome for him, and understood why it was half pleasant, half sad, for him to see them together, and why a fancied resemblance between Trinidad and his love of long ago gave him a peculiar air of chivalrous deference and tenderness towards her. He had been for thirty years in the East India civil service, and his wife and child had early succumbed, partly to the Indian climate, partly to the terrors and fatigues endured in an insurrection of native tribes. He had come to Manila about the same time as Papa Scholz, and they had become good friends from the first.

The evening meal finished, the young lieutenant and his wife strolled into the garden, while the old gentleman beckoned the Englishman into his sanctum—a high, vaulted, airy room, looking out over palm and orange trees and plashing fountains.

"Come in here where they can't hear us," he said, sinking into a chair and lighting a cigar. "I must talk or bust! I have to be holding in all the time before those young things. Of course Ally Handro has got to fight for his country; I shouldn't have any respect for him if he funked; and of course she thinks it is all right, and it is best she should feel that way; but, oh, how I should like to get with a lot of Yankees and just let off a whoop and a yell, with the band playing 'John Brown' and 'Marching through Georgia'! Yes, sir, I fought through the civil war, and I don't like war; there's nothing comfortable or pleasant about it to either side; but, I tell you, there's nothing like talk of war or sight of the boys to stir the blood and set the old hearts beating! Yet here's our glorious fleet with the blessed stars and stripes making for these shores in the cause of humanity and freedom, and I have got to hold in and not say a word, on account of those poor young things out under the trees there spooning."

"Poor young things! Let them be alone together as long as possible," said the Englishman, solemnly. "It may be their last evening on earth together."

"No! you don't say! Why, our fleet can't possibly get here for two days yet. What's the danger?"

"I think there has been a serious miscalculation, and that the Yankee fleet may be here to-night. The Spanish fleet cannot stand up before it for a moment. They have hardly three ships that are fighters, and those are not as swift and have not as long-range guns as the Americans. Their only hope is in some shrewd strategic move and the most vigilant watch, and there they are lying quietly at anchor under the shadow of the Arsenal, without steam up or a single patrol on the lookout. It would take them several hours to get into battle-array, and the mouth of the bay is wide and hard to defend. You may be sure that the Yankee commodore knows their weakness, and will take advantage of it by some quick decisive action."

"Glory hallelujah—" began the old man; then he suddenly remembered, and checked himself. "Poor Ally Handro!" he added, in a more subdued tone. After a pause he remarked, mournfully: "I wish I could hate the Spaniards with a good red-hot hatred; but I can't. I have lived among them so long and know them so well, and, hang it! I can't help liking and respecting them, though they have got a rotten government."

Alejandro and Trinidad were calling to him now to say good-night, for the young lieutenant must board his ship before nightfall. The Englishman accompanied him, and they sauntered through the gayly lighted promenade on the banks of the yellow Pasig.

"You have always had a kindly feeling for my wife and myself," stammered the young man. "I dared not alarm my father-in-law, but for her sake I know I may treat you as a friend. You will guard her and the child, will you not? You have been in these parts long enough to know that my fears for them are not from the Americans, but from the natives." He shuddered. The Englishman clasped his hand. Alejandro swallowed hard, then went on: "A soldier ought not to marry. It makes him a miserable coward to think his loved ones are in danger and he is helpless to protect." He waved his arm towards the men-of-war at anchor off Cavité. "Whatever we may say before the world, there is not a man of us but knows," he said, with set teeth, "that we are not fit to meet the Yankees. We hope to defend the city, but in an open fight those ships are mere death-traps. But if we cannot save Spain, at least we can die for her, and she will rejoice that her sons were

faithful unto death!" Again the Englishman gripped his hand.

"Guard my dear ones," faltered the young man; then dashing the drops from his eyes, he sprang lightly on board the launch that was to take him to Cavité.

"I will, I will, God helping me!" said the Englishman, and the launch was soon lost in the darkness that brooded over the waters of the great bay.

II.

The thunder of cannon had ushered in the dawn of Sunday. Now it had ceased, and the sky for miles around was lighted with the fierce glow from burning wrecks, and the freshness of the morning was withering in smoke. Having a solemn charge to fulfil, the Englishman hastened through the streets of the panic-stricken city, driving recklessly through swarming thoroughfares out to the almost deserted suburbs. His mind was in a daze of pain, and he could frame no words to convey his awful message. He entered the house, trembling with sympathy for its desolation. He turned mechanically towards the sanctum of Papa Scholz; and there, cowering in the depths of a huge leather arm-chair, was the poor old man, his arms embracing Old Glory, his face buried in its folds, and his whole body shaking with smothered sobs. He held out one hand to the Englishman, but did not lift his face. Before they could exchange a word the door suddenly opened, and Trinidad stood on the threshold, wide-eyed and tearless.

"I saw you come. I know you will tell me the truth," she said, forcing herself to be calm. "They are afraid to tell me, but I know there has been a battle and we are defeated!"

"Yes," stammered the Englishman.

"And those flames?" she asked.

"The *Castillo* and the flag-ship are on fire," he said, wretchedly.

"And the *Santander*? Tell me of the *Santander*," she cried, breathlessly. "Is she burning too?"

"No. But—"

"Did she surrender?" She almost screamed.

"No!" shouted the Englishman. "Not a man of them surrendered. They nailed the colors to the mast and sank, fighting to the water's edge!"

She drew a long breath. "Thank God!" was all she said. Then she turned white and still.

He caught her in his arms and laid her on the lounge. Her father sprang up, and the two men labored to bring her back to consciousness, even the consciousness of desolation and life-sorrow. She did not fully arouse, however, until a glad gay shout struck their ears, the door was flung open, and little Pancho came dancing and prancing into the room in all the glory of freshly starched linen and bright sashes.

"Don't tell him," pleaded the mother, in an agonized whisper.

"Hurrah! We beat the Yankees! I knew we should," called out the child, dancing up to the Englishman. Then he stopped short. "I thought you were papa," he said, disappointedly. He looked round at the grave faces with sudden misgiving.

"We did beat them, didn't we?" he asked.

"Of course we did," said the Englishman, adding under his breath a muttered "God forgive me!"

"Hurrah!" cried the child again, twirling round and round till his skirts stood straight out and his sash wrapped tightly round him. His mother tried to smile and clap her hands. But he suddenly caught sight of his grandfather, and a new thought struck him. He ran to the old man, climbed upon his knee, and wound a loving arm round his neck.

"Don't mind, dear grandpa," he said, soothingly. "We wouldn't hurt you for anything. We love you dearly, even if you are a Yankee. Dear grandpa, don't look so sad."

For the tears were rolling down the old man's cheeks and he raised his eyes to heaven. The child was affected by this grief, and the corners of his little mouth began to twitch. His mother sprang up with an effort at gayety, took him by the hand, and led him off.

"Come with me, Pancho, and we will try and find Pépé and Carlos, and you shall get your drum and play soldier with them in the court-yard."

But as she led the child out of the room he was still looking over his shoulder in a troubled way at the old man, and called out consolingly from the doorway:

"Never mind, grandpa; nobody will hurt you. I'll get my gun and protect

you. We love you, and we're Happy Family."

When the door closed after them old Scholz took the flag in his arms, kissed it and stroked its folds, and talked to it as if it were a live thing.

"Old Glory, Old Glory!" he said, sadly. "It's a famous victory, perhaps, but it's a cruel thing you've done this day, and Heaven knows if it will bring you any good! God bless you, Old Glory, but you have broken our hearts this day!"

The Englishman touched him on the shoulder. "Mr. Scholz, I do not think you are safe here. I should like you, with Mrs. Alvarez and the child, to come to my house, where we shall be under the protection of the troops. Let me help you remove whatever is necessary as soon as possible."

"Are you crazy?" asked Scholz. "Do you wish us to leave this remote place, where we are safe from shot and shells, and take us right into the thick of danger? Why, man, if the Americans bombard this city, or land troops, you would get the hottest of the shelling. On the contrary, you had much better come and stay with us here, where you will be out of harm's way."

The Englishman shook his head gravely. "There will be no bombardment," he said. "The Yankee admiral has the sense to know it would be useless when he has no troops to hold the city against the Spanish soldiery. But, my dear friend, there are worse things than shot and shell. What I fear is not the fire of the Americans, but an uprising among the natives. This victory will weaken the power of the Spaniards, and the lawless element that hangs round the city will break loose, and there will be riot and bloodshed before night. I know these Eastern tribes better than you, and I know that when pillage and massacre begin, woe to any one that comes in their way! They torture before they kill, and no woman should be allowed to fall into their hands alive."

"My good friend," said old Scholz, "if there is any uprising it will be in sympathy with the Americans. I am an American citizen and I have no fear. The American flag shall fly from my door, and they will respect it and not enter. At the worst I am fully armed; our servants are faithful; I can arm every man of them. But our best protection is Old Glory here."

There was no persuading the old man; but the Englishman was determined to say a word to the daughter that might avail for their safety. In the court-yard Pancho was merrily at play with some young companions under the supervision of the colored nurse. The young mother was traversing the court-yard wearily, but hastily, evidently desirous of reaching her own room, to be alone with her grief awhile. But the Englishman stopped her for a moment.

"Mrs. Alvarez," he said, "I want to beg you, if you feel the slightest alarm in this unprotected neighborhood, to take refuge at my house at any hour. I turn it over to you. Your father thinks that the United States flag will protect this house from annoyance from the natives, but I beg you not to trust too much to that." He hesitated. "Mrs. Alvarez," he went on, "your husband asked me, as a last request, to look after your safety. I should have done so in any case for the sake of one whom you resemble. Twenty years ago I had a young wife and child. My duties compelled me to leave her at a time when the little colony where we lived was threatened by an uprising of the natives." He drew a small silver pistol from his vest. "I gave her this," he said, with trembling voice, "and she solemnly promised me that she would never fall into their hands alive. Thank Heaven! she never had to use it; but the terrors and privations suffered during that insurrection shortened her life, and the little one did not survive her long. But there are worse things than death. Mrs. Alvarez, I have few mementos of my poor wife, but may I give you this? Will you accept it in memory of her?"

She gazed at him abstractedly. He hardly knew whether she understood him, but she murmured, "Thank you," with dry lips, and took the little weapon from his hand.

"Take care! It is loaded!" he exclaimed; and she smiled a little, held it carefully, and again said, "Thank you." He knew that it would be mercy to leave her. She stretched out her hand, and he took it awkwardly, saying, "Remember that my house is safer than yours, and is at your service;" and so he left her to face her sorrow alone.

III.

The Englishman spent a weary day tramping from consulate to consulate, buttonholing officials, and seeking interviews with the authorities at the government palace. All were agreed as to the danger of riot and pillage in the unprotected districts, but there seemed little help to be got from them. Their hands were full with the effort to quiet and encourage a demoralized and disheartened city, quivering under the shock of defeat and the fear of bombardment. They must organize defence and control an unruly populace crazed with grief and terror. Defiant in spite of all, a wave of patriotism, heroic in its desperation, swept over the beleaguered city, but all faces were turned towards the foe, and little preparation made to meet internal danger. Late in the afternoon, however, roused by rumors of looting and massacre, small mounted detachments were hastily sent to patrol the outlying suburbs. The Englishman breathed easier; but as he walked slowly homeward through narrow streets blocked with squads of soldiery, religious processions, and groups of anxious citizens, and passed church doors, whence issued the wails and prayers of women and children, he inwardly determined to make one more effort to induce old Scholz to take shelter with his family under the shadow and protection of the English consulate. He stopped to give directions to the servants for the reception of his expected visitors, when loud, piteous calls reached his ears, and a man rushed into the room and threw himself at his feet, whom he recognized as a faithful native servant of the Alvarez family.

"The mistress sent me to beg you for help," cried the man, breathlessly. "The insurgents have risen, and are rioting and looting houses within a quarter of a mile of us. The old man is standing at the door with his flag, and vows that we are safe, and the mistress will not leave him, but she is terrified for him. She has armed the other servants, but she told me to fly to you and beg for help."

"Thank God! the guards must be there before this," cried the Englishman; but he seized his rifle and pistols, thrust a knife into his belt, and rushing out to the stables, dragged out and mounted the nearest pony, and rode like a madman. Heart and brain were on fire, and he was sick with apprehension. As he approached the Scholz villa all seemed quiet. A mounted guard was slowly riding up and down the street. He approached him and asked if the rioters were near.

"Our troops overtook a body of them in this street, not far from this spot, and have driven them off into the country. You can see some marks of the scuffle about here. That was the last house they entered, just before we came up," with a sweep of his hand toward the Villa Scholz.

With an oath, the Englishman drove spurs into the pony and dashed up to the door. Springing from the saddle, he was up the steps with one bound, and there stood riveted to the spot with horror. Face downward across the threshold, wrapped in the folds of Old Glory, his hands tightly grasping its pole, lay old man Scholz, the veranda stained deep with his blood. The flag that he thought would be his best defence had been ignored by the savage rioters, intent on pillage. With a groan, the Englishman staggered through the doorway into the house. He hardly dared to look about him. Two horribly mutilated bodies dangled from the rafters of the hall, evidently those of the faithful Malay servants who had tried to guard the entrance. Furniture had been wantonly broken and scattered about, and everything of any value seized, but the scene of destruction did not extend beyond two or three rooms near the entrance. It was plain that the rioters had been disturbed in the midst of their work. Hope and courage revived in the Englishman's heart. If only Trinidad and the child had hidden in some remote room, they might yet be safe. He hurried along, opening door after door, and calling loudly the beloved names. He was beginning to think that she might have fled before the rioters arrived, when, at the end of a corridor, he saw a little shrine of the Mother of Sorrows, the colored lamps still burning brightly in front of it, and a woman's figure lying, half kneeling, half prostrated, on the steps before it.

"Trinidad!" he called, joyously. "Mrs. Alvarez! You are safe! Do not fear! You are safe!"

But the figure did not move. There was a ghastly hole in the fair temple, and a small silver pistol lay where it had dropped from the little nerveless hand.

Something made a slight movement under the folds of her wide white dress, and the Englishman stooped down tenderly to extricate the still warm body of little Pancho, the crimson stain on whose blouse almost rivalled the gay colors of his sash and hose.

"She did better work with herself than with the child," sobbed the Englishman. "The mother-hand faltered when it pointed at his innocent heart."

Little Pancho stirred again, and wearily opened his dim eyes. "Mamma," he said, "what for is it so dark?"

There was no answer from the still, white figure.

"Mamma," he cried again, his lids fluttering feebly, "what makes me feel so tired?" Then, as no answer came, he wailed, piteously: "Mamma, I want you! Where are you?"

"Hush, dear!" said the Englishman, brokenly. "Mamma is right here. But don't wake her, dear; she is asleep."

A slight smile crossed the pinched, ashen little face. The lids fluttered again and half closed. "And grandpa?" he asked.

"He is downstairs, dear."

"And papa?" faintly.

"He is very near you, Pancho darling; you will see him very soon."

A sudden bright smile illumined the wan, childish countenance. The eyes opened wide for an instant. "Happy Family!" murmured little Pancho, contentedly. Then the weary lids closed once more, and he nestled nearer to his mother's side.

SUN-DOWN'S HIGHER SELF.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

I SAT in the growing dusk of my room at the agency, before a fire, and was somewhat lonesome. My stay was about concluded, and I dreaded the long ride home on the railroad—an institution which I wish from the bottom of my heart had never been invented.

The front door opened quietly, and shut. The grating or sand-paper sound of moccasined feet came down the hall, my door opened, and Sun-Down Leflare stole in.

"Maybeso you wan' some coal on dees fire—hey?" he observed, looking in at the top of the stove.

"No, thank you—sit down," I replied, which he did, performing forthwith the instinctive act of making a cigarette.

"Sun-Down, I am going home tomorrow."

"Where you was go home?" came the guttural response.

"Back East."

"Ah, yees. I come back Eas' myself—I was born back Eas'. I was come out here long, long time 'go, when I was boy."

"And what part of the East did you come from?"

"Well—Pembina Reever—I was born een dat plass, un I was geet be good chunk of boy een dat plass—un, by gar, I wish I geet be dead man een dat plass. Maybeso I weel."

"You think you will go back some day?" I ventured.

"Oh, yees—I tink eet weel all come out dat way. Some day dat leetle baby he geet ole for mak de travel, un I go slow back dat plass. I mak dat baby grow up where dar ees de white woman un de pries'. I mak heem 'ave de farm, un not go run roun' deese heel on de dam pony." Sun-Down threw away his cigarette, and leaned forward on his hands.

"You are a Roman Catholic?" I asked.

"Yees, I am Roman Catholic. Dose pries' ees de only peop' what care de one dam 'bout de poor half-breed Enjun. You good man, but you not so good man lak de pries'. You go run roun' wid de soldier, go paint up deese Enjun, un den go back Eas'; maybeso nevair see you 'gain. Pries' he stay where we stay, un he not all de while wan' hear how I raise de hell ober de country. He keep say, 'You be good man, Sun-Down'; un, by gar, he keep tell me how for be good man.

"I be pretty good man now; maybeso eet 'cause I too ole for be bad man;" and Sun-Down's cynicism had asserted itself, whereat we laughed.

It occurred to me that time had fought for the priest and against the medicine-man in these parts, and I so inquired.

"Yees, dey spleet even nowday. Pries' he bes' man for half-breed; but he be white man, un course he not know great many ting what dose Enjun know."

"Why, doesn't he know as much as the medicine-man?" came my infantlike question.

"Oh, well, pries' he good peop'; all time he varrie good for poor Sun-Down; but I keep tell you he ees white man. All time wan' tak care of me when I die. Well, all right, dees Enjun medicine-man she tak care of me when I was leeve sometime. You s'pose I wan' die all time? No; I wan' leeve; un I got de medicine ober een my tepee—varrie good medicine. Eet tak me troo good many plass where I not geet troo maybeso."

"What is your medicine, Sun-Down?"

"Ah, you nevair min' what my medicine ees. You white man; what you know 'bout medicine? I see you 'fraid dat fores' fire out dair een dose mountain. You ask de question how dose canyon run. Well, you not be so 'fraid you 'ave de medicine. De medicine she tak care dose fire.

"White man she leeve een de house; she walk een de road; she nevair go half-mile out of hees one plass; un I guess all de medicine he care 'bout he geet een hees pocket.

"I see deese soldier stan' up, geet keel, geet freeze all up; don' 'pear care much. He die pretty easy, un de pries' he all time talk 'bout die, un dey don't care much 'bout leeve. All time deese die: eet mak me seeck. Enjun she wan' leeve, un, by gar, she look out pretty sharp 'bout eet too.

"Maybeso white man she don' need medicine. White man she don' 'pear know enough see speeret. Humph! white man can't see wagon-track on de grass; don' know how he see wagon-track on de cloud. Enjun he go all ober de snow; he lie een de dark; he leeve wid de win', de tunder—well, he leeve all time out on de grass—night-time—daytime—all de time."

"Yes, yes—certainly, Sun-down. It is all very strange to me, but how can you prove to me that good comes to you which is due to your medicine alone?"

"Ah-h—my medicine—when weare she evair do me any good? Ah-h, firs' time I evair geet my medicine she save my life—what? She do me great deal good, I tell you. Eef dose pries' be dair, she tell me, 'You geet ready for die'; but I no wan' die.

"Well, fellar name Wauchihong un me was trap de bevair ovair by de Souris Reever, un we weare not geet to dat reever one night, un weare lay down for go sleep. We weare not know where we weare. We weare wak up een de middle of dat night, un de plain she all great beeg grass fire. De win' she weare blow hard, un de fire she come 'whew-o-o-o!' We say, where we run? My medicine she tell me run off lef' han', un Wauchihong hees medicine tell heem you run off right-han' way. I weare say my medicine she good; he weare say hees medicine varrie ole—have done de great ting—weare nevair fail. We follow our medicine, un so we weare part. I run varrie fas', un leetle while I fall een de Souris Reever, un den I know dose fire she not geet Leflare. My medicine was good.

"Nex' day I fin' Wauchihong dead. All burn—all black. He was burn up een dose fire what catch heem on de plain. De win' she drove de fire so fas' he could do not'ing, un hees medicine she lie to heem.

"You s'pose de pries' he tole me wheech way for run dat night? No; she tell me behave myself, un geet ready for die right dair. Now what you tink?"

Revelations and truths of this sort were overpowering, and no desire to change a man of Sun-Down's age and rarity came to my mind; but in hopes I said, "Did it ever so happen that your medicine failed you?"

"My medicine she always good, but medicine ees not so good one time as nodder time. Do you s'pose I geet dat soldier order to Buford eef my medicine bad? But de medicine she was not ac' varrie well dat time.

"Deed you evair lie down alone een de bottom of de Black Canyon for pass de night? I s'pose you tink dair not'ing but bear een dat canyon; but I 'ave 'ear dem speerets dance troo dat canyon, un I 'ave see dem shoot troo dem pine-tree when I was set on de rim-rock. Deed you evair see de top of dose reever een de moonlight? What you know 'bout what ees een dat reever? White man he don't know so much he tink he know. Guess de speeret don' come een de board house,

but she howl roun' de tepee een de win-tair night. Enjun see de speerets dance un talk plenty een de lodge fire; white man he see not'ing but de coffee boil.

"White man mak de wagon, un de seelver dollar, un de dam railroad, un he tink dat ees all dair ees een de country;" and Sun-Down left off with a guttural "humph," which was the midship shot of disaster for me.

"But you don't tell the priest about this medicine?"

"No—what ees de use for tell de pries'?—he ees white man."

I asked Sun-Down what was the greatest medicine he ever knew, and he did not answer until, fired by my doubts, he continued, slowly, "My medicine ees de great medicine."

A critic must be without fear, since he can never fully comprehend the intent of other minds, so I saw that fortune must favor my investigations, for I knew not how to proceed; but knowing that action is life, I walked quickly to my grip-sack and took out my silver pocket-flask, saying: "You know, Sun-Down, very well, that it is dead against the rule to give a redskin a drink on a United States agency, but I am going to give you one if you will promise me not to go out and talk about it in this collection of huts. Are you with me?"

"Long-Spur—we pretty good frien'—hey? I weel say not a ting."

Then the conventionalities were gone through with, and they are doubtless familiar to many of my readers.

"Now I tole you dees ting—what was de great medicine—but I don' wan' you for go out here een de village un talk no more dan I talk—are you me?"

"I am you," and we forgathered.

"Now le's see; I weel tole you 'bout de bigges' medicine," and he made a cigarette.

"You aire young man—I guess maybeso you not born when I was be medicine-man; but eet was bad medicine for Absaroke, un you mus' not say a ting 'bout dees to dem. I am good frien' here now, but een dose day I was good frien' of de Piegan, un dey wan' come down here to de Absaroke un steal de pony. De party was geet ready—eet was ten men, un we come on de foot. We come 'long slow troo de mountain un was hunt for de grub. Aftair long time we was fin' de beeg Crow camp—we was see eet from de top of de Pryor Mountain. Den we go 'way back up head of de canyon,'way een dat plass where de timber she varrie tick, un we buil' de leetle log fort, 'bout as beeg as t'ree step 'cross de meddle. We was wan' one plass for keep de dry meat; we weare not wan' any one for see our fire; un we weare put up de beeg fight dair eef de Absaroke she roun' us up.

"Een dose day de Enjun he not come een de mountain varrie much—dey was hunt de buffalo on de flat, but maybeso she come een de mountain, un we watch out varrie sharp. Every night, jus' sun-down, we go out—each man by hees self, un we watch dat beeg camp un de horse ban's. Eet was 'way out on de plain great many mile. White man lak you he see not'ing, but de Enjun he mak out de tepee un de pony. I was always see much bettair dan de odder Enjun—varrie much bettair—un when we come back to de log fort for smoke de pipe, I was tole dose Enjun jus' how de country lay, un where de bes' plass for catch dem pony."

I think one who has ever looked at the Western landscape from a mountain-top will understand what Sun-Down intended by this extensive view. If one has never seen it, words will hardly tell him how it stretches away, red, yellow, blue, in a prismatic way, shaded by cloud forms and ending among them—a sort of topographical map. I can think of nothing else, except that it is an unreal thing to look at.

"Well, for begeen wid, one man she always go alone; nex' night noddair man go. Firs' man she 'ave de bes' chance, un eet geet varrie bad for las' man, 'cause dose Enjun dey catch on to de game un watch un go roun' for cut de trail. But de Enjun horse-t'ief he mak de trail lak de snake—eet varrie hard for peek up.

"I was 'ave de idea I geet be medicine-man, un I tole dem dey don' know not'ing 'cause dey cannot see, un I tole dem I see everyting; see right troo de cloud. I say each dose Enjun now you do jus' what I tole you, den you fin' de pony.

"So de firs' man he was start off een de afternoon, un we see heem no more. When de man was geet de horse, un maybeso de scalp, he skin out for de Piegan camp.

"Nex' night noddair man she go start off late een de afternoon, un I go wid heem, un I sais, 'You stay here, pull your robe ovair your head, un I go een de brush un



"WE COME 'LONG SLOW TROO DE MOUNTAIN."

mak de medicine for tell where ees good plass for heem to go.' When I was mak de medicine I come back, un we set dair on de mountain, un I tell heem where he go 'way out dair on de plain. I sais: 'You go down dees canyon un follow de creek down, un twenty-five mile out dair you fin' de horse ban'. You can sleep one night een de plass where I was point heem out—den you geet de pony. Eef you not fin' eet so, I am not medicine-man.'

"So dees man was go. One man she go every night, un I was set een de log fort all 'lone las' night. I was say eef deese Enjun she do what I tole heem, I be beeg great medicine-man dees time. Den I geet varrie much scare, for I was las' man, un dose Absaroke dey sure begin see our trail, un I put out de fire een de log fort, un I go off down de mountain for geet 'way from de trail what deese Enjun she mak. I was wan' mak de fire on dees mountain, 'cause she jus' 'live wid dose grizzily-bear. I varrie much 'fraid—I sleep een de tree dat night, un jus' come day I was go down de creek een de canyon. I was walk een de water un walk on de rocks. I was geet big ban' elk to run ovair my trail. I was walk long de rim-rock, un was geet pretty well down een de plain. I was sleep dat night een de old bear-cave, un I was see dees camp pretty well. Eet was good plass, 'bout ten mile out een de uppair valley of de Beeg-Horn Reever, but I was 'ave be careful, for dose Enjun dey weare run all ovair de country hunt deese horse-t'ief tracks. Oh, I see dem varrie well. I see Enjun come up my canyon un pass by me so near I hear dem talk. I was scare.

"Jus' come dark I crawl up on de rim-rock, un eet was rain hard. Enjun she no lak de rain, so I sais: 'I go down now. I keep out een de heel, for I see varrie much bettair dan de Absaroke, un eef I tink dey see me I drop een de sage-bush.'" And here Sun-Down laughed, but I did not think such hide-and-seek was very funny.

"Eet geet varrie dark, un I walk up to dees camp, not more dan ten step from de tepee. I tak de dry meat off de pole un trow eet to dose dog for mak dem keep still while I was hear de Absaroke laugh un talk. De dog he bark not so much at de Enjun as eef I be de white man; jus' same de white man dog he bite de dam leg off de Enjun.

"I cut de rope two fine pony what was tie up near de lodge, un I know deese weare war-pony or de strong buffalo-horse. I lead dem out of dose camp. Eet was no use for try geet more as de two pony, for I could not run dem een de dark night. I feel dem all ovair for see dey all right. I could not see much. Den I ride off."

"You got home all right, I suppose?"

"Eef I not geet home all right, by gar, I nevair geet home 'tall. Dey chasse me, I guess, but I 'ave de good long start, un I leave varrie bad trail, I tink. Man wid de led horse he can leave blind trail more def'rent dan when he drive de pony.

"When I geet to dat Piegan camp I was fin' all dose Enjun 'cept one: he was nevair come back. Un I sais my medicine she ees good; she see where no one can see. Dey all sais my medicine she varrie strong for steal de pony. I was know ting what no man she see. Dey was all fin' de camp jus' as I say so. I was geet be strong een dat camp, un dey all say I see bes' jus' at sun-down, un dey always call me de sun-down medicine."

I asked, "How did it happen that you could see so much better than the others; was it your medicine which made it possible?"

"No. I was fool dose Enjun. I was 'ave a new pair of de fiel'-glass what I was buy from a white man, un I was not let dose Enjun see dem—dat ees how."

"So, you old fraud, it was not your medicine, but the field-glasses?" and I jeered him.

"Ah, dam white man, she nevair understan' de medicine. De medicine not 'ave anyting to do wid de fiel'-glass; but how you know what happen to me een dat canyon on dat black night? How you know dat? Eef eet not for my medicine, maybeso I not be here. I see dose speeret—dey was come all roun' me—but my medicine she strong, un dey not touch me."

"Have a drink, Sun-Down," I said, and we again forgathered. The wild man smacked his lips.

"I say, Sun-Down, I have always treated you well; I want you to tell me just what that medicine is like, over there in your tepee."

"Ah, dat medicine. Well, she ees leetle bagful of de bird claw, de wolf tooth, t'ree arrow-head, un two bullet what 'ave go troo my body."

"Is that all?"

"Ah, you white man!"



"I SAIS: 'YOU GO DOWN DEES CANYON.'"



Avalon, Santa Catalina.

OUR SEABOARD ISLANDS ON THE PACIFIC.

BY JOHN E. BENNETT.

THERE are upon the southwest extremity of the United States, and distributed along the coast for three hundred miles, from the latitude of San Francisco to that of San Diego, certain islands, nine in number and of various areas, about which neither geography nor history has much to say. These are the only seaboard islands on the Pacific belonging to the United States, if we do not consider those of Alaska, and those numerous tiny aits or eyots in the waters of the Sound country, nor the Hawaiian group. There are from the Golden Gate to the British line a few rock reefs or single cones sitting like black stacks here and there in the sea, and at greater or less distances from the bluffy shores; but these have no claim to be spoken of as islands; that dignity belongs alone to those insular elevations in the ocean lying south of the thirty-eighth parallel, and ending, for us, at the Mexican boundary.

Nature, however, taking no note of political division-lines, has not stopped at this point the southern trend of her island deposition, but she has carried them on across the line, along the mountainous coast of Lower California, where they are found under the names of San Marten, San Geronimo, Cerros, Los Lobos, and so on, to the equator.

None of these are large, and the entire aggregate area of the nine belonging to us does not exceed three hundred and fifty-one square miles, or less than two hundred and twenty-five thousand acres. Separately they grade in size from one hundred and seventy-six square miles, which is the area of Santa Catalina, to less than two square miles, which is that of both Santa Barbara and the lar-

gest of the Farallones. The others, measured in square miles, are Santa Cruz, 115; Santa Rosa, 112; San Miguel, 183; San Clemente, 72; San Nicolas, 36; and Anacapa, 12. They lie in the arid region, at an average distance of thirty miles from the mainland, and they are uniform in their aspect of desolation. For the most part their surfaces present the characteristics of table-lands; some are rounded hummocks; but Santa Catalina is formed of two mountains, which pinch into sharp peaks three thousand feet high, and spread below them a jumble of ridges and ravines, the broken surface occasionally interrupted by small plateaus.

The Farallones group is a granitic dike, but the others are mostly lava. It is a heavy black basalt that lies massed in its hardened meltings, and shows a surface often of smooth rounded lumps or semi-spheroids, revealing the contracting effects of the extrusion of heat.

Sometimes along with the basalt there is country rock such as is found on the mainland. This rock has, by the action of the weather, become degraded, and often at the mouth of a canyon on the lee side of the island there is spread a pleasant level of land. It has been formed by the detritus borne down from the higher areas by the canyon's stream. This has been deposited here, and it has built up the ocean floor beside the roots of the island. As it arose, the sea was pushed back, until a little flat was made, and it stands there now covered with its scrub oak, its juniper, or its wild gray grass, and meets the water with a crescent shore, upon which the little wavelets softly lap as they rock in from the stilly bay.

But upon the opposite side of the island, where the southwest winds, sweeping over the broad field of the Pacific, throw the blue waters against the black gaunt rocks, the wild elements war and play havoc. The white-frothed breakers roll and boom and burst, and the feathery spray is flung high against the scowling cliffs, until their face is varnished with a bath of spume.

And all along the cliffy coasts of these sea-girt islands there have been hewn by the waves' resistless action great caverns, with high arches above the entrances, and burrowed deeply by successive chambers into the bowels of the islands. Santa Cruz abounds with these wonders of marine erosion, the largest of which is Painted Cave. It is a succession of arches, the outermost the highest, the others grading down as depth in penetration is attained. Branching from either side of this range of compartments are other openings, so that a labyrinth of recesses appears. For fifteen hundred feet into the interior of the Painted Cave the light will enter, and there can be seen upon the walls and ceilings the infinite brilliant frescoes, red, green, yellow, and their blends, deposited by the oozing mineral waters from above.

On the lee side of the islands these grottos are floored with the stillest, softest, serenest waters. The sea about the



ON THE NORTH COAST OF SANTA CRUZ ISLAND.



THE TWO CAVES AT VAL DEZ HARBOR, SANTA CRUZ.

The larger opening affords the only landing-place from the harbor, and the smaller one the only way to the beach.

sheltered coasts is intensely blue and, when under the shade of a bluff or beneath the roof of a cave, where the calms allay the waters into glassy sheets, your boat will appear to be sitting upon the top of a nether world, which spreads with its innumerable population of fish and other life. Far down gardens of maidenhair, algæ, and sea-ferns are seen, curved or laced by paths of white sand, against which goldfish, the mackerel, sheep's-head and the yellowtail show their floating bodies in repose, or moving slowly with rhythmic motion of gills and tail. And over all that scene there is an atmosphere pellucid, balmy, soft as the cloudless azure which overhangs it, and the sea is a shimmering breast of sunshine. The breeze brushes your cheek like silken velvet, fans you into dreamy moods, or suffuses you with gentlest slumbers.

But on the weather side of the islands the water is rough, and this agitation of the surface impairs your vision into the abyss below; a tapestry of froth edges the line of shore, and the surging, ebullient billows drive in from the sea, plunge into the caves, explode, roar, and fill them with their fury.

But the results of the erosion of the sea at the base of these island rocks are not more curious than those of the rain and sun upon the cliffy faces of the lava. The patient artists of nature have worked upon a surface scarified into strange devices by the contraction of the heated mass, and the wild scheme of embellishment has been accentuated and elaborated in remarkable details. What primarily were depressed lines have become deep gashes; smooth rounded bulges have been worn into jagged protuberances, sharp points, and keen hatchetlike blades of enormous size.

Much of this fantastic sculpturing strikingly resembles the effects of architecture. The castellated style predominates, and you are impressed with the profusion of spires, turrets, and towers, and parapets edging the outline of the tops with merlons and crenelles. And then there are Byzantium domes and Grecian columns, the entire filigreed with the tracery of the arabesque.

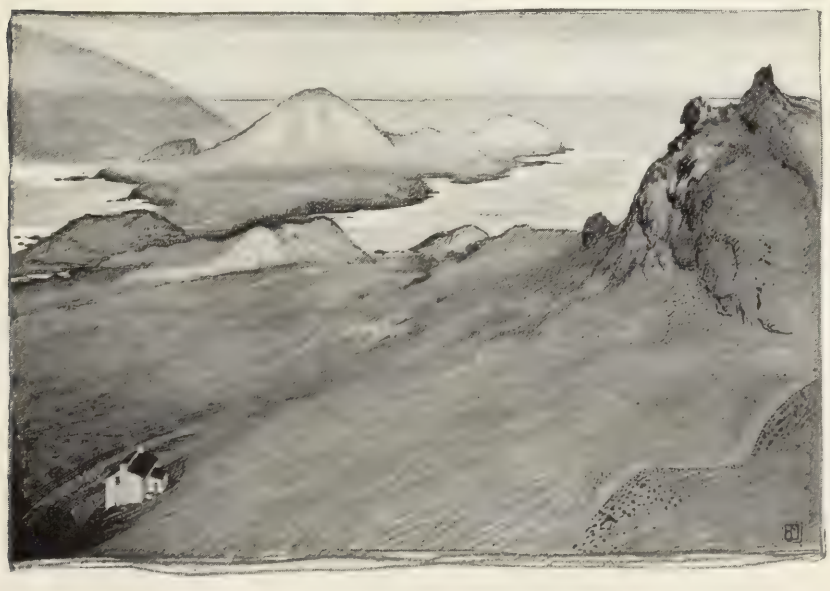
And not alone have wave erosion and that of water from the clouds in their processes of island degradation wrought marvels in nature-carving, but the wearing action of the wind has been scarcely less effective. On San Nicolas, more perhaps than upon any other of the islands, is this phenomenon observable. Upon this island there is a singular subsidence, forming a canyon some hundreds of feet deep and half a mile across. It contains many little peaks of cerulean slate draped with vari-colored foliage and sitting upon a ground of white sand which has been blown thither by the winds. These winds at some seasons strike strongly over the islands, and effects of their exertions are everywhere presented. Now such is seen in a broad pebbly surface swept clean, the mosaics smoothly polished; again the feathery files have rasped the hard dark rocks, gouged them with emaciated hollows, ofttimes threatening the very security of their posture. The sharp fine particles give teeth to the blasts, and these gnaw at the structure of whatever interposes.



LOOKING INTO VAL DEZ HARBOR.

At the Farallones the erosive agents have worked with queer caprice. This rock being granite, has been acted upon by the sea at all levels, and throughout the long period when it has been rising out of the watery depths. Through a long narrow hole, slanting, and communicating with the ocean, there comes at intervals a terrific stream of air, forced by the spasmodic heaving of the waves against the lower orifice. The government, which uses this island for light-house purposes, enclosed the upper end with the nozzle of a fog-horn, and every few seconds there was blown an ear-splitting brawl, which was heard far out at sea and above the din of the breaking rollers. It was allowed to roar only in foggy weather, but it was eccentric in that it would only sound at high tide. When the tide was low, although the weather might be very thick, the thing was silent. For lack of its warning a ship went ashore upon the island rocks, and then it was that the government abandoned its location on the wind hole and erected a steam-siren, or mechanical fog-horn, which has since very faithfully performed the necessary service.

Another singular perforation in this island rock is a passageway about two hundred feet long, intersected by several globose enlargements. One enters it on hands and knees, proceeds eighty feet, when it suddenly widens into a chamber about thirty feet in breadth and six or seven feet high. On the farther side the channel again contracts, proceeds, branches, becomes labyrinthine, and finally emerges to the surface in small unexplored holes. As though a ghastly circumstance was needed to make this boring grimly interesting, it is related that the first white person who entered this globular apartment found in it the skeleton of a woman. Her bones were delicate, and her teeth were freshly white. Who she was, how she came there, and for what reason, all this was sealed to the discoverer of her remains.



ON THE NORTH FARALLONES.



THE INTERIOR OF SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

These were withdrawn into the open and interred beneath a cairn of stones.

There is but little vegetation upon the islands, and that much of the same character as is found upon the mainland. Santa Catalina, however, differing from the others in the numerous springs of fresh water—a circumstance which has been availed of to make it a resort—has considerable verdure and many groves of trees. Among these is the *Lyono thamnus*, a tree not found elsewhere than upon the islands. It has a stout branched trunk, and bears white blossoms in June. This island is also decorated with various charming and refreshing flowers —white lilacs, tree-poppies, and lavender, with ferns and lichens draping gloomy walls or weaving a carpet over the broken surface. Santa Cruz also has a good stream of water, which allows the growth of considerable vegetation.

But upon the other islands there is little else than a bleak desert, a waste of sand and cacti, the latter interspersed with blackthorn, the glistening fleshy ice-plant covering terraces and terraces of bluffs, which rise step by step to the plateaus above. A sparse growth of grass brought up by the winter rains heightens the tawny aspect to a light faint green, but the immense herds of sheep with which all these places are populated soon eat this off back to the bare brown earth; or if it is not devoured while green, it dries into an ashy herbage—scant fodder for the hungry mouths.

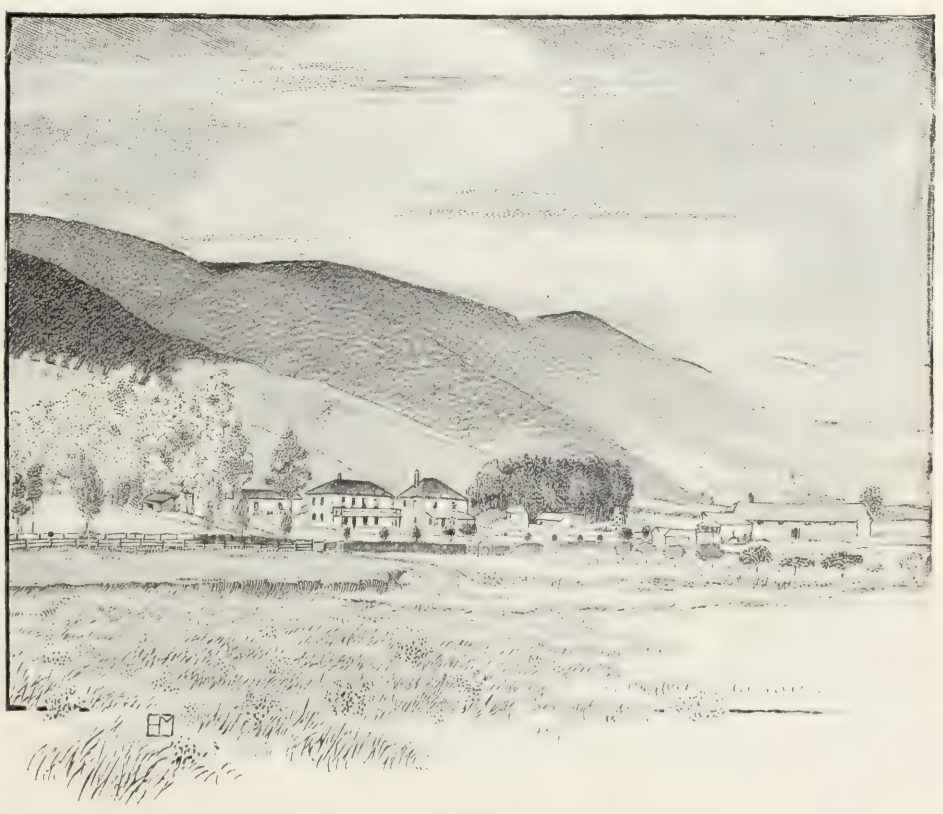
These winter rains also supply the chief water sources of the islands. They are caught in holes in the rock surface called water-pots; in these the fluid collects, and for several months after the lapse of the humid season it may remain sufficiently fresh to be palatable; but after it stagnates or evaporates there is little of potable moisture accessible, and vegetation would soon perish were it not for the heavy fogs, which during three months of spring are so dense upon the islands and deposit such heavy dews as to amount almost to showers. On San Clemente there is a well from which a brackish liquid is pumped, and on the Farallones there is a mineral spring—pure water agreeably impregnated with iron and sulphur. But beyond this the water-supply is not material, and frequently, in periods of long drouths, with feed all consumed and water scarce, great sacrifices are made in sheep life by the

owners of these animals. There are in all perhaps sixty thousand sheep maintained upon the islands, and the number has a constant tendency to increase in excess of the possible food-supply. When such a condition is conceived to have been reached, a fiat of wholesale execution goes out, and then it is that *matanzas*, or great abattoirs, are erected, in which thousands of sheep are killed merely for their pelts, tallow, and glue. In 1875, on Santa Cruz Island, twelve thousand were thus slaughtered, and in 1887 twenty-five thousand were in like summary manner taken off.

The few persons who herd these sheep comprise the populations of the islands. An exception to this is presented by Santa Catalina, which, being a resort, has several thousand inhabitants, gathered principally into its village, Avalon. The owners of the islands are the proprietors of the sheep. In the early fifties, when these lands were taken possession of, in some instances by the parties who now own them, they were stocked with about two hundred sheep apiece. Fenced in by their fluid barrier, there was no possibility of the animals' escaping, and small danger of the preserves ever being invaded by thieves. The stock was left to their own shift, and their owners concerned themselves with other affairs in divers parts of California. But soon the sheep had so multiplied that the island principalities came to be veritable El Dorados. Thousands of dollars of annual income were derived from them, and are to-day, though when first seized upon the islands were covered with heavy growths of rich grasses, which had accumulated upon them through successive years of unmolestation, and which it took even a large number of animals a long time to eat off, and the areas would then support larger flocks than now. In those days, too, which were the early period of California's settlement, the prices of wool and mutton were much in excess of present quotations; so that a very few years of the earlier returns which these gentlemen acquired through their island estates made them comfortably rich.

Of animals *ferœ naturœ* upon these islands there are several species — wild hogs on Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa, wild goats on Santa Catalina and San Clemente. Both of these were placed there by whites, though the year of their introduction is not known. Originally domestic, they have returned to a state of nature through neglect. Rats and mice are also upon the islands, having been cast thither by vessels wrecked upon their rocks; there are also a small red fox and a skunk, which are indigenous mammals; but there are neither serpents, frogs, nor poisonous insects, these noxious things never having been transported thither.

The tourist exploring the interior of the island caves will experience an unpleasant shock when, after proceeding far into the grotto, he discovers that the



SANTA CRUZ ISLAND—THE MAIN RANCH.

place has inhabitants; and the splash, panic, and roar which follow tell him that the occupants are sea-lions. Quickly he must needs speed out, for they will plunge straight toward him, dive under him, and he must be wary, else they will upset his boat, and once he is in the water they will attack him, with possibly fatal results.

Sea-lions are abundant about all of the islands. At Anacapa there is an enormous kelp-bed, where they breed and have their metropolis. These carnivora are not fur-bearing, but are covered with hair which grows upon a thick, unelastic hide. The hide has few uses, and the flesh is not palatable, though Indians find many services for the former, and the latter has furnished innumerable meals to both whites and natives. About Anacapa, too, there is a variety of shell-fish, the most notable of which is the haliotis, or abalone. It is a univalve, which seizes hold of a rock with its strong, muscular foot, and floats idly upward upon the surface, its broad scooped shell shielding its body like a dark umbrella. When disturbed it will suddenly contract, collapse, and its shell will be drawn over the body tightly against the rock. These abalone are much sought, and their fisheries sustain a numerous population of Italians and Chinese. The shell is iridescent, the nacre being variegated blue and green or pink and white; they are exported to London, where they are worked up into mother-of-pearl of commerce, and so employed in the manufacture of buttons and ornaments. The flesh of the animal is dried, and becomes a hard, soap-colored ball as large as a woman's fist. It is sent to China, where it is used as food. The shells bring $30 per ton, while $90 is paid for a like quantity of the desiccated meat.

Upon San Nicolas, the farthest seaward of the islands, lying about sixty miles off shore, there are innumerable remnants of an aboriginal population. Evidences appear upon all the islands of their having been the abode of a race of people who have passed; but at San Nicolas appear all the specimens that are found elsewhere, and many that have not been duplicated by any other spot. Immense mounds of abalone shells, some half an acre in extent, are among these curiosities, revealing the sites of periodic feasts of the islanders upon this fish. Among these piles are scattered the shells of the limpet, mya, mussel, and other mollusks, while stone mortars and pestles, implements of bone and ornaments of teeth, are both numerous and curious.

On a knoll two miles from the island beach is an Indian burial-ground. A dozen or more grim skeletons with their whitened skulls lie upon the shore, denuded of the sand in which they were once interred. The wild winds have swept it away, and the rains and fogs and the bleaching suns have been striving to dissolve and eradicate them, but they still remain. Some of the skulls show evidences of the tragic manner in which their owners met their deaths. The Innuits, it is said, coming down from the Alaskan archipelagoes, fell upon these harmless children of the south, massacred the men, and after a little while abandoned the women and the young, and carried off all they could steal. This was long after 1542, when Ca-



ONE DAY'S CATCH.
Jew fish, a shark and small fry.



SHEEP-SHEARING.

brillo, the Spanish navigator, visited the islands, and found them tenanted by a mild and vigorous people, who, revelling in the soft ether of their climate, found their sustenance in the plenitudinous spontaneity of nature.

After the invasion of the Innuits and their departure, those who remained managed to maintain themselves until 1835, when the Franciscan friars went to the islands, and gathering them all into boats, took them to the mainland, where they were mingled with the neophytes of the missions. It is related that after the last boat had pushed off from San Nicolas a woman screamed for her child, which, in the excitement of the movement aboard the transports, she had forgotten. She jumped out of the vessel and sped away to seek it. The boat continued its passage, and the woman was left to her fate. The baby died, but the lone and miserable creature remained the solitary inhabitant of the place for many years. In her old age she was rescued and brought to Santa Barbara, where she died soon after her arrival.

Of all the several islands the Farallones are the most remarkable, for the fact that they comprise the rookeries of vast numbers of sea-fowl, which assemble there and breed. These lie opposite the bay of San Francisco, and they are used by the government for a light-house station. The maintenance of this requires the residence upon the island of a small colony of persons who in the service of the government consent thus to banish themselves from society. The light-house steamer visits them every three months, then restocks their larder. Aside from this their only communication with civilization is by an occasional tug which may stop there to allow its captain to spy abroad from the light-house tower for incoming craft. Sometimes such a landing is not possible, owing to the height of the sea, and weeks may pass before the waters will subside so such can be effected.

At nearly all times a strong cool wind prevails, and often in the afternoon it is sifted through with fog. A high board fence has been erected to protect the vegetation in the tiny patch of the light-house-tender's garden from being uprooted by



THE GREAT MURRE ROOKERY, SOUTH FARALLONES.

the wind. But even with that, plant life does not thrive—or rather it thrives excessively, so that foliage becomes rank, and the fruit is a failure through growing too fast. Cabbages spring up, rush quickly into an abundance of green heavy leaves, but will not head. Onions and potatoes become immense in stalk and foliage, but will not "bulb" or "tuber." The cause of this is the strong guano soil in which the plants are grown; and the guano is deposited by the wild sea-fowl, which infest all the Farallones, three in number, making of them, in the opinion of ornithologists, the greatest bird islands in the world.

There are eight varieties of these birds. They are the guillemot, commonly called the murre, the gull, the auk or auklet, the sea-pigeon, the shag or cormorant, the ashy petrel, the tufted puffin or sea-parrot, and the rock-wren. The first of these, the murre, dominates in number and importance upon the island. It is a kind of duck, with a black head, white breast, and bluish back, and sits upright like a penguin. Its food is vegetable, dissection never having revealed the presence of fish. Its eggs are valuable for food, and until recently and for many years they were extensively gathered and sold in the San Francisco market, about fifteen thousand dozen yearly being disposed of there, purchased mainly by restaurants and boarding-houses, at an average price of twenty-five cents per dozen. The egg is about twice the size of that of a hen, is white or bluish-green, and flecked with brown. When fresh it is indistinguishable from the hen product, but it soon develops a fishy taste. The murre lays one egg upon a nest of roots or grass, and proceeds to incubate the next generation. At night, when she is off duty, the male succeeds her. If unmolested, the nest will thus be covered until the young is hatched, when it will be guarded for a few weeks, then escorted off into the indefinite distance of the sea.

But if the murre is disturbed by an egg-hunter and its single egg taken, it will return and replace its successively stolen ovum until eight have been laid. It is loath to leave its nest even when the despoiler approaches, and when he comes up she leans away from him and moves over to the far side of the nest. But presently, yielding to the alarm within her

breast, she emits a sudden squawk and flies off, flushing the entire rookery as she moves toward the sea, leaving the pickers to fill their pouched shirts with the booty. They must hurry the work, for as soon as the eggs are uncovered the gulls hover close and become thick upon the scene. These the men must fight off, for they brazenly interpose themselves and battle with the humans for the possession of the eggs.



AN EGG-PICKER'S CABIN.

The opportunity being open, the gull sweeps down upon the murre egg, seizes it in its mouth and goes sailing aloft; cracks it in its bill and gobbles what of its contents it can, the residue falling on the rocks below; then it takes another swoop away and balances itself to spy out a new egg.

The gull's egg also is palatable. It is slightly smaller than that of the murre, whitish and speckled, three eggs being a litter. The eggs of the other birds are worthless for human uses, but their nests are raided by gulls and by each other. The albuminous fluid of the cormorant egg will not coagulate, and the puffin's egg has a repulsive fishy flavor. This bird has black plumage, with red beak and feet, while the cormorant is a large light blue bird, and flies in pairs. The sea-pigeon is dark slate with some white in its wings; it has red feet, and lays a light blue egg. The auk is as large as a pigeon, and is nocturnal in its habits. The petrel has a musky smell, by the odor of which its nest is easily traceable.



A GULL'S NEST.

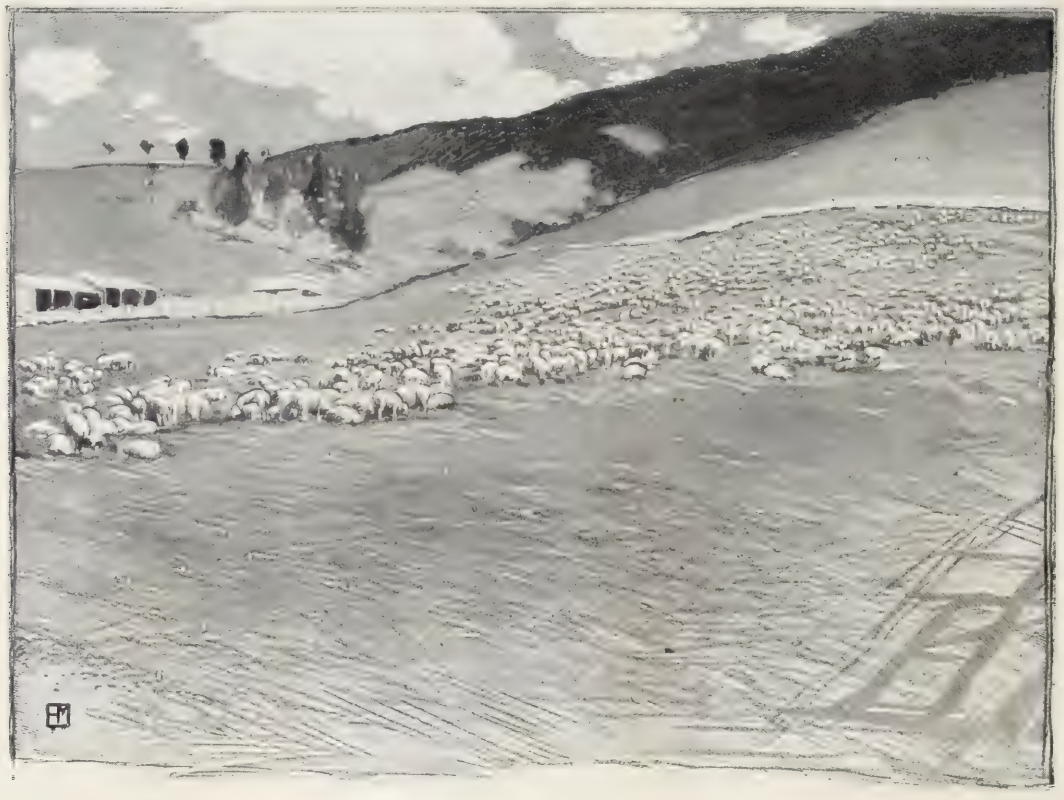
The murres make their nests high up, and often in the open, but the others hide theirs in the crevices of the rocks. Their note is loud, shrill, not pleasing to the ear; all except the cheery little rock-wren, whose liquid warble is a sweet, harmonious solo in the concert of shrieks and screams which ascend from the thousands of feathered throats.

That these islands were a great repository of edible eggs became known in the early fifties. At the time of the discovery of this fact provisions were scarce and gold was plentiful in San Francisco, and the rookery eggs offered in the markets of that city brought one dollar a dozen. The opening of this new and free opportunity to acquire wealth precipitated numbers of people upon the islands and in the business of egg-gathering. Quarrels ensued

between the competitors as to their respective "rights" in the premises, with the result that a company was formed among a number of the pickers, which bought out the claims of the others. This company managed to hold on to its advantages for some years, not, however, without experiencing contests and encroachments, until the bickerings ultimately grew so fierce as to attract the attention of the United States district attorney at San Francisco. He sent a detachment of government soldiers there and deported every egg-picker.

Following this the murres and gulls were permitted for a season to lay and hatch in safety; but later, the government revealing no desire for revenue from the eggs, those on the island allowed them to be picked on shares. This introduced a company of about eighteen Greek and Italian egg-pickers into the nidus-robbing enterprise; but disputes soon again arose, and ultimately to re-establish peace upon the islands it became necessary to forbid permanently any traffic in the eggs. This has accordingly been done by a recent order from Washington.

A Handful of the Flock, Santa Cruz Island.



THE CARDINAL-FLOWER.

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

BRIGHTER than marsh dragon-fly,
Bright as panther's angry eye,
Like a fierce flame shooting red
From the black swamp's sodden bed:

Haughty Cardinal of the Marsh!
As an old-time churchman harsh
He forces fat tithes from the mud
To suckle strong each lusty bud,
Till he's grown so rich and proud
That, like peasants clergy-cowed,
The baser things of the dull, dim swamp
Bend and cringe to his scarlet pomp.



Old Chester Tales.

By MARGARET DELAND.

SALLY.

I.

"WHEN I'm a man, Sally, and you're a big girl, we'll get married," Andrew Steele used to say to his little neighbor across the fence of their back yards. And Sally would respond, cheerfully, "Yes, Andrew; when we get big, we'll get married."

In those days they lived next door to each other, and they talked across the fence, and played and went to school together, and said they would be married when they grew up. But when Sally was seventeen, and Andrew was seventeen and a half, there was suddenly a break in their friendship. Sally did not look at Andrew in church, though he sat just across the aisle. Andrew hung back, and did not walk home with her in the old matter-of-fact way. They stood apart for the first time in their lives, these two young things, regarding each other in shy silence; and then, as suddenly as the simple melody of their friendship had faltered and died away, just so suddenly the music burst out in the profounder harmony of love.

They told each other about it, standing shy and blushing on the wet flag-stones in Andrew's greenhouse. Sally, a little plump body, with a freckled nose and pretty red-brown hair; Andrew, very tall and lanky, all wrists and ankles, with a mild, strong face. They scarcely dared to look at each other—the color coming and going in the boy's face just as in the



"THEY TOLD EACH OTHER ABOUT IT."

girl's. And when Sally had half whispered—her head turned away from him, and her little fingers pleating and crumpling the big leaf of a begonia— "Yes—Andrew—I—I do—care," Andrew had said, in his simple way, pretty much what he had said when they were children: "As soon as we are old enough, we'll get married, Sally. Because I've loved you all my life." And Sally's little heart beat so hard that she could not speak for happiness.

"When you are twenty-three, and I'm twenty-three and a half," Andrew said, "we'll be married."

And Sally said, "Yes, Andrew."

He kissed her, and the color flooded up to her temples; then the boy lifted his face and looked up, silently; but his lips moved.

All this was just after Andrew's mother had decided to go and live in Upper Chester; and though Andrew was to come back and forth every day to the greenhouse, the moving meant to these very young people the tragedy of separation; and very likely it was that that brought matters to a head and revealed to them that they loved each other. Except for this moving away, however, the course of true love, for once in this rough old world, ran pretty smoothly. No cruel elders, with the commonsense derived from experience, declared that calf-love did not last, and with the parental right to break hearts, forbade, and separated, and all the rest of it. The fact was, Sally's mother, a vague, somewhat foolish little lady, never dreamed of interfering with her children—especially not with Sally, who was the eldest girl; a reliable, sensible, responsible child, who, when her father died, really assumed the care of the noisy, headstrong family of brothers and sisters. So when Sally said she was engaged to Andrew, Mrs. Smith never thought of objecting, though she did not, she said, like Andrew's mother. "But you're not going to marry her," she murmured, vaguely. Then she kissed Sally, and cried a little, and said it was too bad to think that she would have to go and live in Upper Chester with Mrs. Steele—"unless she dies first," said Mrs. Smith, hopefully.

When the young fry heard the news, they teased her, and Robert, who was next in age to Sally, cried out,

"Handy Andy,
Jack-a-dandy,"

and referred to the lovers as "the long and the short of it." Which was considered an exquisite form of wit in the family circle.

On Andrew's side there was no objection. "Sally's mother is a goose," said Mrs. Steele, "but it doesn't *follow* that Sally is. And I think it is a good thing for a young man to form an attachment early in life; it keeps him steady." Then she reminded her son that he hadn't any money of his own, and he was too young to think of getting married. "But if you like to say you're engaged, it doesn't hurt the greenhouse," said Mrs. Steele.

But, of course, there was no question of their getting married. They knew they were too young, and they knew that until Andrew could earn more they were too poor. In their sensible way they had made up their minds to all that when Sally said "yes."

Of all those good-looking Smith children, Old Chester's favorite (next to Sally) was Robert. He was a handsome boy, with good manners and a quick tongue, that, because of its wit, was forgiven many things. Everybody had a good word for him, for his behavior, his intelligence, his sweet temper; and when Robert said he wanted to go to college, Old Chester said that Mrs. Smith ought certainly to manage to send him, because he had more brains than all the rest of the children put together (except Sally).

"I think he ought to go, Andrew," said Sally. Andrew came to supper at the Smiths' on alternate Sunday nights, riding back and forth from Upper Chester on the shaggy, heavy little horse that did the carting for the greenhouse. This was his night, and the lovers were alone for their usual half-hour before tea-time; after that, Andrew would go into the sitting-room to talk to Mrs. Smith and the two younger girls, and play with the little boys, and listen to Robert's views on many subjects—most of all upon the necessity that there was for him to go to college. So now in the parlor—which was chilly, because it was hardly worth while to light a fire just for that half-hour's talk—Sally confided to her lover her belief that the boy ought to have his wish.

"Can you afford it, Sally?" Andrew asked.

"Yes," she said, smiling; "I guess we

can afford it; if it's best. But do you think it is best, Andrew?"

"Well," the young man said, "I'm inclined to think it would be a good thing. Though your mother 'll miss him when you are married. It's only eighteen months and three days now, Sally?"

"Yes," she said; and then: "I mark the days off on my calendar, you know, Andrew."

Andrew had one arm around her waist, and held her left hand in his; after this one tender allusion they talked in a commonplace way of how Sally must economize to manage Robert's education; and of the greenhouse; and of the condition of what Andrew called "The Fund"—which meant his savings, that were to be devoted one of these days to house-furnishing—and of anything else that came into their heads. But Sally was marking the days off on the calendar!—and it was only eighteen months and three days until she should be twenty-three, and he twenty-three and a half.

He kissed her when it was time to go out to the family, and she put her arms around his neck for a minute; but there were no raptures.

So it was decided that Robert should be sent to college; and all Old Chester applauded, and said it was very proper in Mrs. Smith to make such an effort, and it believed that the boy would be a credit to her one of these days.

Robert entered the university that autumn, and Sally was to be married when he came home for the summer vacation. And so the time passed. Andrew's mother really grew fond of Sally (in her way); "the only thing I don't like about her is her mother," said Mrs. Steele; and also, she had her opinion, she said, of two people who were going to marry on air. "That's about all Andrew's father ever got out of the greenhouse—air! and damp air too. Well, Andrew needn't look to me to do anything for him; I've told him that. They'll have to board here, because I can't get along without Andrew. But I won't have this house overrun by the girl's brothers and sisters. Miss Sally Smith can just understand that!"

Miss Sally Smith understood it perfectly, and felt very sorry that Andrew's mother should be so ill-tempered. But, all the same, her calendar showed a growing expanse of diagonal lines over the days; and by-and-by it was only three months before "the day" should be reached! Then Mrs. Smith asked Sally if she didn't think perhaps she ought to be getting her wedding clothes ready—which was an astonishingly practical remark from Mrs. Smith. Sally did think so. And so the younger sisters, and the mother, and Sally, all cut and stitched and fitted; and Andrew came regularly every other Sunday night; and everybody was very happy.

Sally and the girls were sewing away in the dining-room the day the letter with the bad news came from Robert. It was a May morning, warm, but with a cold edge in the wind; and just outside the dining-room window was a peach-tree, all shimmering pink. The long dining-room table was heaped with white nainsook and edgings, and there was even a little narrow Valenciennes lace, which was the apple of Sally's eye.

"Real Val, for trimming!" she said. "Mother, I declare it's robbery to take it from you."

"Why, Sally," Mrs. Smith said, "it has been lying there in my piece-box for six years; I don't see why you shouldn't use it, I'm sure. I got it to trim a baptismal robe for David; and then I couldn't afford to buy the robe; so I never used it."

"Well, girls," Sally announced to the other two sisters, "when your turn comes, I'll give it back to you."

"Pooh!" said Esther, scornfully. "I'm not going to be married. I'm going to be an artist. And when I get rich, I'll buy you all the Valenciennes lace you want, Sally."

Little Grace lifted her serious face, and watched Sally measuring off the precious lengths, and put in her disclaimer too: "I won't want any lace. I'm not going to wear things like that. I think they are worldly."

"Do you, dear?" Sally said, in her kind voice, that never held any disrespect. "I don't. Oh, it is a pretty good old world, after all!" she ended, joyously, looking out at the rosy torch of the blossoming tree, and beyond it, into the soft blue sky. And then one of the little boys came in with Robert's letter.

It was to Sally, not to his mother, as usual, which surprised the elder sister enough to make her put it in her pocket unopened, though Mrs. Smith said, with a

little note of disappointment in her voice, "Oh, I thought it was from Robert?"

Then some one asked for a spool of 90, which, not being in the family work-basket, Sally was obliged to run up stairs to her own room to fetch. Sally never thought of asking either of the girls to do anything she could do herself; which was a pity for the girls.

She must have had to search for the spool a few minutes, for she did not come back immediately.

"Mother says, 'Look in the second drawer of her work-table,'" Esther called up to her.

"Yes," Sally answered, briefly. When she came down with the spool her face was very much flushed, and her hands were not steady.

"Why, Sally," her mother said, "you are all out of breath. I wouldn't run up stairs that way, my child."

"No, ma'am," Sally answered, obediently, and put her hand in her pocket and squeezed the letter. She did not talk very much after that, though the girls kept up their pretty chatter of wedding clothes, and spring weather, and the glow that the peach-tree made, standing so warm and rosy right up against the dining-room window. After a while she said she thought Andrew was out in the greenhouse, and she would run across and speak to him. So she folded up her sewing, and said she would be back in time to bring her mother her beef tea at eleven, and went, bareheaded, out into the cool sunshine of the back garden and across the road to the greenhouse. Andrew was at the further end of the nursery behind the greenhouse, and when he saw her coming he stopped his work, and stood still, and watched her, his plain, kind face breaking into a contented smile. Sally's hair was blowing all about her forehead, and her fresh calico dress rustling in the wind; and to Andrew's eyes she was the prettiest girl in the world.

"Well, Sally?" he said. And then he added, anxiously, "You're worried?"

"Yes, Andrew." Her color came and went, and her eyes filled. "Oh, Andrew, Robert has been cruelly, cruelly treated! He— Oh, Andrew, what shall I do? *People suspect Robert!*" she burst out—"our Bobby! They say he is—a thief! That he has stolen something from one of the tutors. Robert!" she ended, with passionate contempt.

Andrew's face grew anxious. "Sally, first of all, are you sure he didn't?"

"Why, Andrew! you—doubt Robert?"

"No," he said, slowly; "not any more than I would doubt myself, or anybody. I can't say it isn't possible. I can't help seeing that side of it."

"Oh, Andrew! don't—don't! He is innocent; he couldn't do—*that!*"

"I don't think he could, Sally; he's your brother," Andrew said, simply. Then she gave him Robert's letter. It was a letter full of blustering indignation—a boy's letter, Andrew said; incoherent, protesting, angry, frightened. Andrew sighed and shook his head when he folded it and handed it back to her. "I'll start to-night, Sally. I'll get a line from Dr. Lavendar to the President, just saying he has known Robert all his life—"

"And he will vouch for him," Sally broke in, with a sob. If she had not been a sweet-hearted woman, she would have added, "if you won't!" But that was not Sally's way. Andrew looked around for a moment, because his gardener might be somewhere about; and then he kissed her. And she reached up and clung to him, and cried, and felt certain that he would make everything right.

"Vouch for Bobby?" said Dr. Lavendar, very red and angry when he heard the story Sally and Andrew told him. "Of course I will vouch for Bobby! Sally, my child, don't worry. Andrew will right the boy in five minutes. If he doesn't, I'll go myself; I'll send the Bishop!"

"Oh, Dr. Lavendar," Sally said, the tears rolling down her cheeks, "it is such a comfort to hear you talk!"

"Well, come, come! you mustn't cry! Here's Andrew looking as though he were going to be hung at the sight of those tears. How are the wedding clothes coming on? There! That's better!" For Sally blushed as happily as every young thing should, and Andrew gazed at her in open pride and joy.

"Andrew will make it all right, I know," Sally said.

It was very satisfying to Dr. Lavendar to see how they loved each other.

So Andrew went. And while he was gone—indeed, it must have crossed him on the way—another letter came. Alas! alas! Poor Sally, stumbling through its maze of excuses and explanations and accusations, read, at last, confession:

"*I only meant to borrow it, of course. It was only* $100. *Why did he leave it in his desk if he didn't want anybody to take it? I believe it was a trap; but I only borrowed it. I meant to put it back as soon as you sent me my allowance. If you weren't so mean about my allowance, I wouldn't have had to borrow. There's no use making a fuss about it.*"

Sally read the letter, and then sat and looked at it. "Our Robert," she said, once or twice. "Father's son—"

After a while she gathered up her courage, poor child, and went to break the dreadful news to Robert's mother.

Later in the day—the restless, hopeless day—she told Dr. Lavendar. But his amazement and grief, his shame, even, because Robert was one of his children, he said, gave Sally only a dull sense of pity for him. For herself she had no words; she sat and looked at him, and wondered, vaguely, why he talked; she could not talk. Only when, out of his humiliation and sorrow, he came to face the practical necessities did she seem to listen to him.

"Sally, my child, tell me what you are going to do."

"Andrew will see the President. I think Robert won't be expelled. But he will come home, of course."

"No, no," he said, quickly; "don't spare him; let the university expel him! Oh, my child, the Lord in his mercy sends consequences to our sins, or there would be no health in us. Let Robert be *ashamed*, if you would save his soul alive!"

Sally looked at him in dull and miserable astonishment; he was so insistent that poor Robert should be punished. ("As if the doing it wasn't punishment enough!" she said to herself.)

"I don't understand, Dr. Lavendar; but, anyway, I can't have father's son expelled for—for what Robert has done. I know he didn't mean to do wrong; it was a sudden temptation, and he didn't realize—" Poor Sally broke down and cried. "I'm going to have him come home, and—take care of him. And love him. And I think people needn't know."

"You can't love him too much," he said; "but love him enough to let him suffer, Sally. Shame is wholesome."

She shook her head. "No, no," she said, passionately; "people sha'n't know!"

The old man looked at her pityingly. "Ah, Sally, my girl, when you get old you'll know the worth of pain. Poor child, you can't see the blessing in it yet, can you? Well, well; we won't tell any one about it, if you and your mother think best; but I think you're wrong; mind, now, I think you're wrong. Now, what about the money?"

"I have sent it to his tutor."

"Well?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir," she said, wearily.

"I mean, how is Robert to pay it back?"

"I've paid it, Dr. Lavendar," she explained again. And once more he checked her, this time sternly:

"Sarah, Robert must pay it back. He must earn it. Let his body teach his soul its lesson. Let him work hard, and live plainly. Let him go as a hand in the mills. My child, don't you interfere with Robert's Heavenly Father, and try to make the way of the transgressor easy!"

Her outcry of pain and entreaty did not move him.

"Do your duty, Sarah," he said, frowning. And then he added, softening a little: "And after all, Sally, he might as well go to work now. When you and Andrew get married in July, you can't have him tied to your apron-string. You'll have to leave him then."

"But we won't be married in July," said Sally.

III.

"I hope you won't disapprove," Mrs. Smith said to Dr. Lavendar, when he came and sat beside her in a long, kind, comforting silence, "but we are going to have Robert stay at home. Sally thinks it is best; he is going to help Andrew in the greenhouse, and Sally can look after him all the time. You know they are not going to be married this summer."

"Why not?" said Dr. Lavendar.

"Oh, I couldn't do without Sally," the poor lady said, shrinking and whimpering. "Sally saw that herself. She knows I couldn't get along without her, now. She can manage Robert better than I can. He always had so much will," she ended, sighing, and looking tearfully at the initial on her handkerchief.

Dr. Lavendar shook his head sadly.

"You think I'm doing wrong, sir?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She wept a little, and tried feebly to

argue it with him. "He might have some temptation if he went away from us. Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

But Dr. Lavendar spoke his mind: "Set Bobby to work; put him on his own legs. He needs some hard knocks! Andrew's greenhouse is too easy for him. And, I tell you, it isn't right for Sally and Andrew to wait, ma'am; it isn't right."

"Well, I don't know," she said; "perhaps it isn't. But I couldn't get along without her, you know."

And Dr. Lavendar sighed, and gave it up.

And by-and-by they all settled back into a sad sort of acceptance of the situation; Robert was sullen and mortified, but, alas, not ashamed.

Now there are certain great angels which meet us in the way of life:—Pain is one; Failure is one; Shame is one. Pain looks us full in the eyes, and we must wrestle with him before he blesses us. Failure brings in his stern hand the peace of renunciation. Shame bears to us the sense of sin, which is the knowledge of God; his hidden face shines with the mercy of Heaven,—and well for us if we may look into it. But, alas, poor Robert looked only at himself; he had nothing but a small and worthless mortification, which was only wounded vanity and mean self-consciousness. He knew that his sister's marriage had been put off for his sake, and he was angry that it was so; he knew that Sally watched him with hopeful love, and he was angry at the hope and love; he knew that he had disgraced his family, so he was angry at his family.

Andrew had conceded almost immediately that under the circumstances it was Sally's duty to defer her marriage. "I can see her mother's side of it," he told himself, patiently. Mrs. Smith was so broken by this disgraceful trouble that it would be cruel to take Sally away from her. Perhaps in a year they could be married; that was what Andrew counted on.

But that year of waiting was not like those first, young, sweet years. Mrs. Smith was more helpless than ever; the great shock of Robert's fault seemed to have cut some spring; she was never the same woman again. "Sillier than ever," Mrs. Steele said. Certainly she was a little more vague, a little more querulous; perhaps a little dulled to everything except her love for her oldest son. She was sensitive to any remembrance of his wrong-doing, and quick to resent what seemed disapproval or even anxiety on Sally's part.

"You act as if he was the wickedest person in the world!" she would say. "He shouldn't have done it, of course; but he was thoughtless; and he meant to pay the money back. I don't see anything so *very* wicked in that," she would sigh, with that singular moral obliquity which in money matters seems to belong to feminine love.

However, the days came and went, and the months slipped into each other, and the year of watching over Robert was nearly ended. But Mrs. Smith did not grow any stronger, or any more sensible; so, by-and-by, when nearly another year had gone, Sally began to say that she could not go away from home until Esther was old enough to take her place. "When Esther is eighteen, Andrew, she can help mother. That's only two years more," she said, with courage.

"But you took charge of everything when you were seventeen, Sally," he reminded her, moodily.

"Yes, Andrew; but that was different. I had to. And I can see now I really was too young. Now wasn't I?"

And Andrew, with reluctant truth, was obliged to admit that he thought she was. "A girl oughtn't to have such responsibilities," he said; "I can see that side of it, Sally." Then he stopped and calculated for a minute. "Well, Sally, when you are twenty-seven, and I am twenty-seven and a half—"

"Yes, Andrew."

So the definite period of postponement was faced, and the days went bravely. That winter Robert had a chance to read law in an office in Mercer, which gave him some sort of hold on life again, while at the same time it lifted the cloud of his idle and discontented presence at home. Grace and Esther shot up into big girls. Esther drawing and painting, and calling herself an artist, according to Old Chester lights; and Grace, a queer, morbid, anxious child, who was always fumbling about in her mind for a vocation. "Isn't it strange?" Sally confided once to Andrew; "when I was a girl I never was thinking what I was going to do. Why, there isn't anything special to do—except just grow up, and please mother, and make the little boys happy, and go to

church on Sundays. It seems to me that's enough," Sally said, thoughtfully. "But I suppose that's because I haven't any talents."

"Esther will be seventeen the 5th of next month," Andrew reminded her. "A year and one month more, Sally!"

"Yes, Andrew; only a year and one month. Oh, Andrew, did you see her last picture? It's wonderful!" And Sally, with careful pride, displayed a drawing of Clytie. "She copied it from that Parian marble one in the parlor, you know. Miss Annie Shields says she ought to go and study drawing at the School of Design in Mercer. She's wild to! And I don't know why she shouldn't, if we can afford it?"

"Well, now, Sally," Andrew said, "why can't she? Let me help."

And such was the simplicity of Sally's love that she saw no reason why he should not help, if help were needed. "But I don't need it, Andrew. I think I can manage her board; and the tuition is free, you know. But—but do you think it would be well, Andrew?" she said, with a sudden break in her voice. "You know—"

"Yes; but Esther is different. I would trust Esther anywhere."

He saw his Sally's eyes fill at the remembrance of how together they had planned that other flight into the world. Poor Robert! It had cut deep, that stab of shame and sorrow. Andrew took her hand in his and kissed it; and she put her head down on his shoulder, and knew he understood.

So it was settled; and when the fall term opened, Esther, excited, eager, hopeful, started out to "study art" for one year.

"She has *great* talent," Miss Annie Shields told Sally, with enthusiasm. "We'll hear from her one of these days! She'll be in Paris in one of the studios before we know it."

"In Paris?" Sally said, with a startled look.

Miss Shields laughed a little, and put her arm about her. "My dear, Esther is going to be an artist, and that means a long road to travel."

"Why, yes, of course," Sally agreed; "but—" Then she stopped, and her open face clouded a little.

But whatever her disturbed thought was, she banished it. Esther was going to have a winter at the School of Design, then she would come home and paint and draw in Old Chester; and Sally would get married.

That was a very peaceful winter to the "real Smiths." As early as January, although the family laughed at her a little, Sally began to plan her wedding clothes again, and the unfinished wedding dress was taken from its wrapping of silver paper to be altered, so as to be in the fashion, and finished—for the wedding was to be in June. Esther's visits, and her work, and her "standing," were weekly interests. There were good reports of Robert from the lawyer's office in Mercer. The two boys David and John were vigorous, open-air little fellows, who kept Grace and Sally busy mending and brushing, and helping them with their lessons. Grace was more contented, too; which was a great comfort to Sally. The child began to read devout books and have intense religious experiences.

"She's a little saint," Sally told Andrew. "Oh, Andrew, that child makes me really ashamed of myself; she's only fifteen, but she cares more for—for things like that than I ever did in all my life."

"I think she is a good child," Andrew agreed; "but you're good enough, Sally. I don't think I'd want you to be any better," he said, thoughtfully.

"I'm not good at all!" she said, laughing. "I'd never have the patience to read all those books Gracie does."

"Well, it isn't all books,—religion," Andrew said. They were standing by the bench of seedling carnations in the greenhouse, and Sally had been watching him splitting down the stems in search of a fat white grub that was turning all the cool gray-green into a sickly yellow. Andrew touched his flowers as if he loved them, and when he tore open the heart of a carnation to discover the enemy, his mild face puckered with sympathy. It was a sunny winter morning, with a glare of snow outside; but in the greenhouse the air was moist and warm, and full of the scent of roses and wet earth and growing things. There was a soft green mould on the azalea pots and on the curb of a little pool, which was sunk in the flag-stones and bordered by the callas; the water was still and dark, with a sudden glitter now and then in its placid depths, when a goldfish turned his shining side, or came up to the surface for a fly.

Suddenly Andrew put down his knife and twine, and took Sally's two hands in his. "Oh, Sally," he said, "you are good! Sometimes I think if you weren't so good we would have been married by this time!" His face quivered as he spoke. Sally slipped her arm through his silently. "We've waited so long," the young man said, with a hard note in his voice.

Sally put her cheek against his shoulder. "Yet I couldn't leave mother, could I, dear?"

Andrew took up his knife and twine again with a long sigh. "No, Sally, no. I can see that side of it. But—"

IV.

Robert did so well in the lawyer's office that by-and-by his good-humored assurance came back to him, his old intelligent certainty of ability. And on the strength of it—plus his allowance from the family purse—he got married.

He did not see fit to notify his family, however, until the deed was done, and a smart, pretty Mercer girl, "of no family whatever," Old Chester said, his wife. It would be interesting to know why, occasionally, a person of decent and refined traditions commits, without cause, the vulgarity of a secret marriage. However, nobody can say there is anything actually wrong about it; unless bad taste is wrong. Sally and her mother may have felt hot and ashamed, but they kept their own counsel, and said they were glad to have Bobby have a home of his own. Grace looked grave and troubled; but Esther, when she came home on Friday, spoke out her angry thought: "Robert ought to do something for mother, instead of getting married in this low, underhand way!"

"Don't you think, Esther," Sally suggested, "that perhaps you ought to live with Robert now, in Mercer, instead of boarding? He spoke of it to me. It would help him a little, and—it would seem kinder."

"Indeed I won't!" Esther declared, hotly. "I'm ashamed of him, Sally. I don't want to have anything to do with him, or his wife either. I know she's horrid, or she wouldn't have married him."

This decided expression of Esther's will troubled the elder sister, and it came upon another trouble which was heavy on her heart, and which must be told to Andrew.

It was dusk, and they were walking along the river road; Sally was very silent, which was not usual, and Andrew was talking a good deal of their own little comfortable commonplace interests. They stopped on the bridge for a few minutes, and leaned on the hacked and whittled hand-rail, looking sometimes at the dark, smooth current below them, and sometimes at the black fringe of trees along the bank, but mostly at each other. A prosaic pair, perhaps, one might have thought them; Sally was getting stout, and she had taken to spectacles lately, because she was near-sighted; she wore her hair drawn rather tightly back from her face, and twisted into a little knob; it was the quickest way to arrange it, she said; and when every minute in your day is full, the quickest arrangement of your hair is a consideration. Andrew, tall and thin, had deep lines on his forehead, that meant patient disappointment; and he had the stoop which comes from bending over cold frames and poking about roots for borers, which made him look much older than he was.

"Esther doesn't like Robert's wife, Andrew," Sally said; "and she won't live with them. Grace is going to Mercer next month to visit her; Grace is so good about such things!"

"Well, Sally," Andrew said, in a comforting voice, "I'd like it better in Esther if she felt it her duty to be with Robert—but I can see her side of it. She doesn't like his wife, and it wouldn't be pleasant to live with her. And you know Esther's young yet."

"Yes," Sally agreed, with a sigh.

"Besides, she only has to finish this term," Andrew reminded her.

Sally drew in her breath, and looked away from him. "Andrew," she said, "Esther says that she wants to have four years at the School of Design, instead of one; she says it is an actual necessity. That unless she can take the whole course"—Sally's voice began to break—"it is just a waste of money to have taken part of it."

"Why, but, Sally—" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I know, I know. But I don't see what can be done. I can see that to stop in the middle is bad. Only—I never thought of it when she began."

"But, Sally," he protested, "we cannot possibly wait any longer!"

"I'm afraid we'll have to; of course I couldn't leave mother and the boys to Grace; she isn't near old enough. You see that, Andrew? Oh, Andrew—please help me—please!" Sally said, and put her face down on her arms on the railing, and he felt that she was crying. The poor fellow stood speechless beside her. The river whispered and washed against the wooden pier in mid-stream. Sally did not speak.

"But, Sally," he said, "why, only this afternoon I was counting up the days; and this would make it three years! Sally"—he caught his breath, almost in a sob—"you belong to me!"

At that she lifted her head, with a smile that was like sudden sunshine on a cloudy day. "Why, Andrew, that's just it! That's what makes it possible to wait; and you see for yourself I can't leave home. Mother is really an invalid now; and think how much care Johnny and David are. Grace couldn't take charge of the house. Esther wants to be an artist, and it would be cruel to take the chance away from her, wouldn't it?"

"How about the cruelty for us?" Andrew said, breathing hard.

"But Esther is eighteen now," Sally said; "she really has a right to decide for herself. Only—it's hard on you, Andrew." Sally's little round chin shook, and she looked up at him, trying not to cry.

It was so hard that Andrew, though he set himself to cheer her, quietly, in his own mind, refused to accept the delay. He evolved a plan: he would ask Mrs. Smith whether, if he and Sally got married, he might come and live with them, instead of taking Sally away. "I'd have to bring mother," he reflected; "she isn't well enough to live alone; but they owe Sally that."

However, owing doesn't mean paying, as any butcher or baker or candlestick-maker can tell you; and when it comes to relations, the payment of consideration is, alas, even more uncertain. Mrs. Smith cried, and said of course Sally must do as she thought best. If she was so anxious to get married that she had to bring strangers into the house, why, she must do it, that was all. Then she told Sally hysterically that she had always disliked Mrs. Steele; she was a disagreeable, bad-tempered old woman, and she didn't know why, at her time of life, she should have to live in the same house with her. "If you'll wait a little while," she said, "I won't be in your way. Andrew's been content to wait ten years now; I don't see why he should suddenly be in such a dreadful hurry. Still—do as you want, Sally; you've always had your own way, and you always will!"

But even if Mrs. Smith had been complaisant, Andrew's plan could not have been carried out. Mrs. Steele was aghast at the very idea of such a thing. She would do anything in the world for Andrew—in reason; but if Sally Smith didn't love him enough to leave her mother for him, she had better not marry him. In her young days a girl did not expect to take her husband home to live with her. And as for going and living in the same house with that silly Smith woman— As for giving up her own home in Upper Chester, and going back to Old Chester (which she had always hated)—well, really! Andrew must be crazy!

"Then let me bring the Smiths here," Andrew said, boldly. At which Mrs. Steele spoke her mind with such unpleasant frankness that her son grew white with anger.

"Sally's kept you dangling round ten years," she said, "and I guess now she's afraid of being an old maid, and so she thinks she better take you, for fear she won't get another chance. I guess she—"

"*Hold your tongue!*" said Andrew Steele.

But he gave his project up.

Yes, of course, as Sally said, it was hard; but after the first shock of it, he set himself to make the best of it. When Esther should finish her course at the School of Design, and could come home, he and Sally would be married. When she was thirty and he was thirty and a half, their time would come.

As for Esther, she drew her ginger jars and lemons, with folds of red cloth arranged behind them, and dreamed of a great future. Once she told Sally she thought she was foolish not to get married. "Mother could get along," she said.

"No, dear, she couldn't," Sally said. And that was all there was to it.

When the fall term opened, Sally again suggested that Esther should board with Robert; "mother has to help him a little, you know, Esther, and it would be

easier for everybody if you would live with him."

"It wouldn't be easier for me, my dear," Esther said, laughing; "his wife is simply impossible. She uses perfumery, and has an awful voice! And now that there is going to be a baby—no, I thank you!"

Robert's baby came that winter; and though he was doing fairly well, considering how young he was, his mother had to help him sometimes, which kept the family purse rather low. As for his wife, she came to visit her mother-in-law once, and told Sally she thought she was a perfect idiot not to marry her fellow, and get a house of her own with new furniture in it. "All these big, clumsy mahogany things have no style," said Carrie. "When the house comes to Rob, I'm going to send 'em all to auction, Sally. You can get beautiful parlor sets in Mercer now real cheap. Red and green rep, and tan terry, with backs all turned in grape-vines and things."

But Carrie, in her way, liked her husband's family, and was generous to them. She gave Grace a really pretty necklace, and was much affronted at the girl's attitude towards it.

"You're very kind, sister Carrie," Grace said; "but I don't think jewelry is right. I think it is sinful. So I'll give it to Esther or Sally, if you don't mind?"

"I don't mind what you do with it, I'm sure," Mrs. Robert said, with a toss of her head. "But I think you are a very queer little girl, to try and make Esther or Sally sinful."

Grace looked at her with her big, visionary blue eyes, and said, "I don't know what you mean, sister Carrie."

"Well, don't bother," Carrie said, crossly. "Here, give it back to me. I don't mind being sinful."

Grace, horrified, crept away and prayed for this lost soul passionately, and then as passionately for her own soul. Just then Grace's soul was of great importance to Grace. Her church-going became a little inconvenient at times; but Sally, tender and reverent of her little sister's devoutness, was always glad to have the child go.

"She's a little saint," she told her mother, her kind eyes beaming behind her glasses.

"Oh yes, she's good," Mrs. Smith said, vaguely; "but I think she ought to know more about house-work and sewing."

"But she hasn't time, really," Sally said; "she is doing so much charity-work in Upper Chester; besides, Gracie doesn't like house-work; and I love to do her mending for her. But, mother, do you know since she came back from Mercer she's possessed that Dr. Lavendar should have an early communion—'celebration,' she calls it—at six. She went to a very high church there. Imagine Dr. Lavendar getting up at five o'clock! And who would go, anyway? Nobody but Grace, I'm sure. She told Dr. Lavendar about it, and what do you suppose he said? 'Rags of popery! Rags of popery!'"

Afterwards—it was the winter before Esther finished her fourth year at the School of Design—when Grace, burning with the passion of her divine purpose, told her sister that she wanted to enter a sisterhood, and that she believed herself "called," Sally looked back over the years of the child's singularly absorbed religious life, and admitted that the "calling" was from heaven.

"Mother dear," the oldest daughter urged, "you know Grace is old enough to know her own mind; and, indeed, indeed, I would not *dare* to interfere. Grace has been like this all her life. I have always felt that she was nearly an angel, anyhow. And if she feels that this is her duty, we must not prevent her."

Mrs. Smith wept, in a weak, desultory way, and said that when she was young she never heard of a Protestant girl going into a convent to be a nun.

"It isn't a convent, mother dear," Sally explained; "it's a sisterhood of our Church. They've had them in England a good while, but this is the first one in this country. And Grace won't be a nun; she'll be a sister, and learn to be a nurse, so she can take care of the sick."

"She'd better be a sister to Johnny and David," sighed Mrs. Smith; "and she can nurse me, Sally. I'm sure I'm sick enough," the poor lady said. "And I don't see how she can go off and leave it all on you. It seems to me, if being a good daughter is anything, you're just as religious as Grace, every single bit."

"Oh, mother dear," protested Sally, "you know I'm not like Grace! I wish I were," she ended, with a sigh.

For Sally, who was thirty and stout

and very near-sighted, never knew that she was one of the shining ones.

Yet, alas, how the shining ones, by their very shining, do make it easy for the rest of us to walk in darkness!

V.

So Grace, with all the egotism of the religious temperament, set about saving her clean, narrow, good little soul. Sally had had a passing thought that, as Esther's art had held her from those household duties which she was to assume when Sally married, Grace, nearly eighteen, might offer to take them up, even though (as Sally had to acknowledge) the child was singularly incapable owing to the religious preoccupation of these later years. But, after all, Sally told herself, humbly, Grace had chosen the better part. To give her life to the service of God—how much greater that was than just the common, easy duties of love!

So Sally and Andrew waited for the end of Esther's course at the School of Design.

"I don't like it," Dr. Lavendar said, impatiently—"I don't like it at all. Andrew, I wouldn't put up with it! Go and tell Sally so, and I'll come round after supper and marry you."

Andrew laughed, and took up a trowelful of sand, and sifted it over the roots of his callas. Then he frowned, poor fellow! and sighed. "I'm afraid it can't be helped. Now just look at it: Grace is going away, and Esther is at her school. Somebody has got to run the house; Mrs. Smith isn't well enough to do it. I can't help seeing that side of it, Dr. Lavendar," the young man ended, gloomily.

"Well," Dr. Lavendar said, impatiently, "it all seems to me perfectly unnecessary. I can think of a dozen ways this thing could be arranged, and you and Sally married. First place, you needn't have waited on Robert's account."

"That's all said and done," Andrew reminded him, mildly; "but I'd like to hear even half a dozen ways this could be arranged, sir?"

"Very well; I'll tell you: get married next week, and let Sally come home every few days and look after that poor helpless mother of hers."

"Mrs. Smith needs her all the time," Andrew objected, with a sigh.

"Then let Grace take care of her! I don't approve of this running out into the world to look for a duty when you have a hundred right under your nose!"

"Well, yes; but Grace has made up her mind," Andrew said, sadly.

"Then let Sally make up her mind," Dr. Lavendar retorted; "or else — well, why don't you and Sally live at home with Mrs. Smith?"

"I can't leave mother; she's old and feeble, and needs me."

"Take her along."

"She wouldn't like to leave her own home, sir. I can see her side of it."

"Well, then, hire somebody to take care of her—or else to take Sally's place with Mrs. Smith."

"We haven't money enough for that," Andrew answered, calmly. "And I don't believe Mrs. Smith could get along without Sally; nobody could take her place."

"Then let Esther give up this nonsense of hers!" Dr. Lavendar said, angrily. He did not like to be pushed into a corner by Andrew, or anybody else. "I tell you, Andrew," he went on, pounding the flag-stones with his umbrella, "you ought to have gone to the Smiths half a dozen years ago, and pulled the bell, and said, 'I've come for Sally'; and tucked her under your arm and walked off with her. This virtue of self-sacrifice has brought forth vice. Those other Smith children— Well, never mind that!"

"I think it has made the others selfish," Andrew agreed; "but it has been Sally's conscience," he added, tenderly.

"Sally's fiddlesticks!" Dr. Lavendar burst out. "Don't talk about conscience! Conscience without reason isn't of the Lord!"

"Oh, well, it's only five months now," Andrew said. "Esther comes home the middle of June, you know. Mind you're ready, Dr. Lavendar! It's to be on the 20th."

As for Dr. Lavendar, he went plodding home, grumbling and frowning. "It's outrageous; it's preposterous! I'll tell Esther what I think of it, when I see her."

But the telling Esther did little good. Perhaps because it came at a bad moment. . . .

Esther had come home as usual at the end of the week; and on Saturday morning she and Sally went up to the garret, in response to an appeal from Grace for some clothing to give away. It was a dull February day; the garret

was dark and chilly, and smelt of camphor.

"Good gracious!" Sally said, panting and laughing. "Those stairs do make you out of breath!"

"You're getting fat, my dear," said Esther, standing up, slim and pretty, with an amused curl on her lip.

"I suppose I am," Sally agreed, ruefully; "and I don't know why, for I'm sure I am always running up and down stairs, and that ought to make me thin."

"It's a good conscience," Esther declared, "and no worry. Now I've such a lot to worry me—"

But for once Sally did not press for information so that she might sympathize. She got up, and opened a drawer in a tall bureau, and folded back a sheet of silver paper. "Why, it's your wedding dress, isn't it?" Esther said, looking in. "Heavens! how old-fashioned, Sally?"

"I'm going to alter it over," Sally said, touching it with loving hands; "the silk is just as good as ever."

"You can never get into it," Esther told her, carelessly; "and I'd wear gray, Sally, at your age. Don't you think it's more suitable?" Sally looked troubled—Esther was the criterion of taste in the Smith family.

"Well, I don't know," she said. "I like this, you know. I think I'd rather alter it, even if it isn't quite so nice. I'm going to work on it next week. You know it's going to be the 20th of June, Esther." She stood by the open drawer a minute, lifting a soft fold of the unfinished dress, or turning over a sleeve, and then pressing it smoothly back, smiling to herself and thinking how the days were narrowing down on the calendar. Esther winced at the sight. Sally was too heavy and too old to be sentimental, the girl told herself. Her taste was offended. It is surprising how often pure goodness does offend our taste.

"Come along, Sally," she said; "don't be spooney, my dear. Do let's get through this clothes business; there are lots of things I want to talk to you about. Gracious, Sally, how do you manage to attend to this sort of thing? I wish Grace would look after her own charities! This camphor is horrid. It makes me nervous even to think about fussing with clothes."

Sally laughed, and shut the drawer, and went to work heartily. "You'll get used to it, my dear," she said; "but you needn't do it now. Sit down there and talk to me." So Esther sat down, and Sally unfolded, and folded again, and sprinkled camphor. And when she had finished, Esther was tired to death, she said, and Sally was hot and dusty and out of breath; so they went out and sat on the garret stairs to rest and cool off. There was a window on the landing, and they could look out across the brown February landscape to the line of hills, gray and vague in the mist.

"Why, there's Andrew over in the nursery," Sally said, screwing up her near-sighted eyes. "See him, Esther?"

"Oh, Sally, for pity's sake! don't do that way with your eyes! If you only knew how it looked. Sally, I want to talk to you about my work. I've been talking to Mrs. Tom Gordon (how she does adore that fat husband of hers!), and she said I would never really do anything if I only studied in Mercer. So I—the fact is, I've decided to go abroad for three years."

Sally turned and looked at her, open-mouthed. Then Esther, a little nervously, but with a wiry determination in her face, went on with her story: "I'm sorry, of course, if it interferes with any of your plans, but I've just got to go. I can't live unless I go on with my art. You can't understand it, because you haven't the artistic temperament; but I tell you I'd simply rather die than live the way you do in Old Chester!—with no interests, and accomplishing nothing."

Sally heard her out in silence; she leaned her cheek on her dusty hand and looked over at Andrew pruning some bushes in the plantation; it had begun to rain in a fitful, uncertain way, and she shivered a little, there on the draughty landing.

"Esther," she said, in a low voice, "I think you have some duties to mother, and the boys, and—"

"I have a duty to myself," the girl broke in, passionately. "Sally, my art is my life. Nobody has any right to ask me to give it up just to—to pack coats away in camphor. I can't do it. No; there's no use talking. I *can't*. Why did you send me to the School of Design at all, if it wasn't to fulfil—my genius? Why did you do it?"

"I—don't know," Sally said, dully.

Of course, afterwards, they discussed it at length; and by-and-by Sally was pushed into her last corner.

"I don't see how we can afford it," she said, with a worn look.

"Oh, I can manage the money part of it," Esther assured her. When Sally got down to expense, Esther saw consent ahead. But, indeed, consent was a matter of form; she had made up her mind to go, with or without it. As for the expense, she had settled all the details of that before she announced her determination; she was to pay her way by certain services which she was to render to an older and richer girl with whom she was to go. "I sha'n't ask you to help me," she told her sister, with all the cruelty of youth. After all, there is nothing quite so cruel as this beautiful, fleeting, innocent thing called Youth.

It was at this time that Dr. Lavendar got his chance to tell Esther what he thought of the situation: he met her the afternoon of that very Saturday when she had broken her purpose to Sally. "Esther, my child," he said, "I want to have a word with you."

"All right," said Esther, carelessly; which made Dr. Lavendar look at her sharply. His young people did not use that tone with him. But Esther used it; and when he had said his say, she answered him in the same careless way, but briefly, and to the point.

"I don't see why I should give up my life just to let Sally get married."

Then Dr. Lavendar tried argument. Esther was plainly bored, but she listened with what politeness she could. Only when, in a moment of irritation, he said, bluntly, "After all, now, Esther, what good is all this art business? I don't see that anything but your own amusement is served by making pictures. I don't see that the world is any better for your work"—only then did she flash out at him: "Well, if it comes to that, Dr. Lavendar, I don't see that the world will be any better for Sally's getting married! She'll have a lot of children, and there are too many people in the world now—half of 'em can't get a living."

Dr. Lavendar was very much displeased, and a good deal shocked. He had never heard a young woman allude to such matters; but when Esther added, "Anyhow, I can't do anything about it; I'm going abroad to study," then he was angry. "Esther," he said, "I am grieved and disappointed in you! I feel it my duty to tell you so. And I shall advise Sally and your mother not to allow it."

"*Allow* it?" said Esther, opening her eyes. "Why, I'm of age, Dr. Lavendar;" and then she said good-by, majestically.

Dr. Lavendar stood looking after her, shaking his head, too distressed for Sally to laugh at the child's airs. "Well," he said, "Sally, God bless her! is responsible for this. It's all her fault!" He told Sally so. "You've got a monopoly of unselfishness, my dear," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, but half sadly. "You grow in grace; but it's at the expense of your family!"

And Sally, who looked a little older these last few days, laughed, in her cheerful way, and supposed that this pathetic truth was a joke.

As for Andrew—"*And what about us?*" he said, roughly. And then he cried out, with passion, "My darling!"—a word so unusual that Sally blushed to her forehead, and hid her face against his breast.

It was characteristic of the relationship between these two that, in all the pleadings and protests of the poor deferred lover, Sally never made the offer of convention and custom to release him. She never thought of such a thing; and Andrew would not have understood it if she had. There are certain ties from which there is no release: motherhood is one; marriage is sometimes one; and that particular sort of love which, rooted in human passion, yet bears friendship as its blossom, is another. There was nothing for Andrew to do, Sally thought, but wait. And Andrew, protesting, waited.

VI.

Afterwards, when Sally looked back upon it, this period of waiting seemed to be happiness.

The boys were doing well; Mrs. Smith seemed really a little stronger; and there was an absence of jars and worries and heartaches, which really constituted happiness, Sally thought. But she did not know it until a real and terrible unhappiness knocked at her door, and showed her this peaceful truth.

Robert. He was the unhappiness. Sally never quite understood it, and his mother never believed it—but it was something about money. Robert was so "misunderstood," he said, that he was obliged to leave his country. It was that or

jail. So, suddenly, secretly, in the night, he disappeared.

Carrie came and told them, blazing with anger at the fugitive who had left her penniless. "I suppose I've got to go to work," she said—"me! after being used to take my comfort. For my folks won't do a thing, they're so mad at him. Anyway, they can't; they're as poor as Job's turkey. But I'll tell you one thing, I won't carry all those children on my back; I'll tell you that, Mrs. Smith! I'll take care of baby, but I can't do for the rest. I—*can't!*" Then she burst out crying. "I'll work and support baby and I; but you'll take the rest of 'em, won't you, Sally?" she said, miserably.

"Yes, Carrie," Sally told her, briefly.

She could not speak. She could only go to Andrew.

"If it were only death," she used to think; "if Robert had only died, and these children had come to us!"

But Robert did not die; on the contrary, a winter in Italy greatly improved his health. He wrote regularly to his sister, acknowledging her remittances, and blessing her for her goodness to his children. He apparently forgot his wrongdoing, though once or twice, in his letters, he referred in a good-humored way to his "mistake," which, he said, no one regretted more than he. "He has repented," Mrs. Smith used to say angrily to Sally; "I don't know what more you want! You're so hard on him." Sally used to answer Robert's letters, sadly and patiently, and with no reproaches;—that was Sally's way. And she devoted herself to his children. These three little people, so tragically bereaved, meant unceasing care and love. Mrs. Smith, too, became more helpless than ever. Mrs. Steele, whose antagonism for the poor foolish lady had become a fixed idea, was herself an invalid now, and very dependent upon Andrew, who became almost as good a nurse in those days as Sally. So, with these claims upon them, the middle-aged lovers could only wait—they called it *waiting;* but nobody ever thought of their marrying. They were permanently lovers.

Robert's children had been with their grandmother three years, when Dr. Lavendar made up his mind that this had lasted long enough, and rose in his wrath. That was how it came about that he made his journey out into the world.

It was a long time since Dr. Lavendar had ventured farther than Mercer; and he made as many and as solemn preparations as though he were going to the ends of the earth. He "put his house in order," he said; he burned some old letters; he added a codicil to his will; and he arranged for his grizzled little dog, Danny. Then he fared forth into the world.

He did not tell any one in Old Chester his object, so no one had apprised "Sister Mary Eunice" that she was to see him. She had been told that a clergyman wished to see her in the parlor of the hospital, and she came down stairs with her soft, swift, sliding step, her brown robes clinging about her feet, and her ebony and silver cross dangling from her waist. Her face was the pure, austere, devout face of the little girl who used to kneel at Dr. Lavendar's communion-rail, and come to every possible service, and wish there were three times as many more.

"Why, Grace!" he said, getting up to greet her, and holding out his hands, but staring at her through his spectacles with astonished eyes.

"Dear Father Lavendar!" she murmured.

Dr. Lavendar sat down, with a distinct sense of shock. Sister Mary Eunice sat down too, with her eyes dropped, and her hands folded in her lap. She told him how glad she was to see him, and how much she wanted to hear all about dear Old Chester, and her mother, and Sally, and the boys. "You've just seen them; it's good to see any one who has really seen them." She raised her eyes with a swift look, and dropped them again. "I get letters, of course, but it isn't like seeing them."

"No," Dr. Lavendar said, "it isn't, Gracie, my dear. Well, your mother's fairly well. I saw her on Monday. Sally, bless her heart, is just the same dear, good girl. And John and David are nice boys. When are you coming home, Grace?"

She was to have two weeks' vacation in the summer, she told him, but she thought perhaps she would go into retreat for that fortnight. She wanted to come home, of course, but she needed, she feared, to get away from the world for a little while. She sighed as she spoke, and looked up at him absently, not with that flashing glance and downward look which she had lately acquired.

Grace had her own anxieties just at that time; there was a certain doctor at the hospital who had felt the cold glamour of this crystal-clear nature, and poor Grace had been astonished to discover some answering human weakness in a heart which she had thought devoted to heavenly things. There had been hours of fierce struggle, poor child; so no wonder she needed to go into "retreat" if she would escape from the dear and wholesome instinct of the living world.

"Grace," said Dr. Lavendar, twitching his eyebrows at her, "when is Sally going to get married?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," she answered, a little startled.

Then he made his appeal. He was very much moved as he told her the story of Sally and Andrew, and the long, patient, lasting love.

"They've waited all these years. Grace, isn't your duty plain?"

It was so far from plain that he had to put it into bolder words:

"Give up this artificial life, my child; come back and do your duty in that station of life where it pleased God to call you. Give Sally her chance."

It was so astonishing, so preposterous to his hearer that there was an instant when she almost laughed. Leave the hospital? Leave her sick, and poor, and sinning folk? Leave her vocation, and go back to darn Robert's children's stockings, and let Sally get married? It struck her as absolutely ludicrous.

"Why!" she protested. "But, Dr. Lavendar, you don't realize—just think of the work to be done here—"

"There's a-plenty of work in Old Chester. My girl, listen to me: you think this work serves God; and so it does. But there is no better service of God than the simple doing of the duty He gives you in your family life. Gracie, don't try so hard to save your soul; he that would save his life shall lose it. Do you remember who said that? Come home and do your duty. You can wear these things in Old Chester, if you want to," he added, with eager simplicity.

At that a spark came into the eye of Sister Mary Eunice which was just a little of this world. However, she restrained any sharp expression of opinion; she explained to him, in gentle detail, how impossible it was for her to think of what he proposed; indeed, she was very gentle with poor stupid Protestant Dr. Lavendar, who sat frowning at the crucifix on the whitewashed wall opposite him, and rapping the bare floor now and then with his impatient umbrella.

When he went away she had only tender feelings for him, for, after all, she had received her first spiritual instruction (such as it was) from the simple old man; even his sharp words did not make her angry:

"Go and seek for light, Grace; read your Bible and get over this gimcrackery. Don't think so much about petticoats, but follow your Saviour, who went down to Nazareth with his father and mother, *and was subject unto them* until he was thirty years old. Good-by! I'm disappointed in you. What have I been teaching all these years to produce a child like this?"

He went away angry, and grieved, and wondering; but most of all determined: Sally and Andrew should be married,—somehow!—if he had to use force to get 'em to stand up and listen to the marriage service! Coming down from Mercer, he sat on the box-seat with the stage-driver, and Jonas said, afterwards, that he hardly opened his head for the whole twenty-one miles. He stabbed at the footboard with his umbrella, and frowned, and thrust out his lower lip, and looked, Jonas said, as cross as two sticks.

"It's got to stop," he said to himself. "It's wicked, and I'll tell 'em so!" Then he pounded so hard with his umbrella that the off horse twitched his ears nervously, and Jonas looked round at him open-mouthed.

He made plan after plan; but each one was discarded because he saw it would encounter invincible selfishness, or invincible self-denial, "and I don't know which is the worst!" said Dr. Lavendar, snorting. As they passed through Upper Chester, in the pleasant afternoon light, he was deeply discouraged. "I can't see any way out of it," he thought; "that boy Andrew can't leave his mother—I admit that; and he hasn't money enough to hire somebody to look after her; I admit *that*. He ought to take her, body and bones, and make her go and live with the Smiths—but how they would quarrel—those two women! Then there's Sally's side: Mrs. Smith would threaten to die if Sally left her, and Sally hasn't the courage, poor girl, to say 'Very well, ma'am,' and go,—and discover that her mother

would live to be as old as Methuselah! The only thing I can do is to make an appeal to Mrs. Steele, though it will do about as much good as talking to a stone! Andrew has spoiled her. Well, well; children are responsible for their parents to the Lord; but I suppose that never struck St. Paul!" The long shadows stretched across the new-mown fields where the hay-cocks had been piled up for the night; the air was sweet, and there were bird-calls all about them; the setting sun struck suddenly on the windows of Mrs. Steele's little house, and Dr. Lavendar frowned again, and said to himself: "Yes; I'll give that woman a piece of my mind; I wish I'd done it ten years ago! It's probably too late now, but it will be a relief to me, anyhow."

It was too late. When Van Horn came out to help the old clergyman down from his perch on the box-seat as the stage drew up at the tavern door, there was an important look on his face. "Glad you're back, sir," he said. "Well, things has happened since you went away. Mrs. Steele passed away, sir, last night."

Dr. Lavendar, clambering stiffly down over the wheel, paused midway; then he stood staring at the landlord; then sat down on one of the big splint chairs on the porch. "The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon!" he said.

Van Horn sighed respectfully at this religious exclamation, and said: "Yes indeed, sir; we all go. It was a fit."

As for Dr. Lavendar, he went home and told his Mary to give him his supper as quickly as possible.

"I am going back to Upper Chester," he said; "Mrs. Steele is dead."

Mary protested shrilly. "You'll wear yourself out — you just home from a journey! She's gone; there isn't nothing you can do—"

"Isn't there?" said Dr. Lavendar, chuckling. "Give me my supper!"

So he went, jogging along in the summer dusk in his old sulky. The house was dark and silent when he reached it at ten o'clock; but as he came up the path he heard some low voices on the porch, and then Andrew rose in the shadows under the Virginia-creeper that hung thick about the pillars and over the lintel, and came and met him. "This is very kind of you, Dr. Lavendar," he said, in that subdued way which means the house of death. "Sally's here," he added.

"I supposed so," the old man said, and took Sally's hand in silence.

"It was very sudden," Andrew said; and then they all sat down, and Andrew told the story. "It was very sudden," he said again, sighing, when he had given the last detail.

"Yes," said Dr. Lavendar; "yes."

Then they were silent.

"She is better off, Andrew," Sally said, gently. "It is a blessed thing for her—isn't it, Dr. Lavendar?"

"Oh, yes, yes," Andrew said. And Dr. Lavendar nodded.

"Well, Sally," he said; "well, Andrew—" Then he paused. "My dear friends, I have come here to-night not only to comfort a house of mourning, but to say to you, as your friend and minister, that I hope you will let me marry you at once."

"Oh — Dr. Lavendar," Sally said, shrinking—"we must not speak of that *now*."

"Sarah, there is no impropriety in speaking of the enduring affection which has existed between you and Andrew. In this house, where death has come, I say to you, let there be no more of this misguided delay — a delay that has wrought harm, Sarah."

Andrew suddenly stood up and put his hand out to his old friend, "God bless you, sir!" he said.

"The funeral is to be to-morrow," said Dr. Lavendar; "very well. On Monday morning, Sarah, at nine o'clock, I will call at your house and perform the marriage ceremony."

"Oh, Andrew—" Sally said, faintly.

As for Andrew, he burst out passionately: "All these years! all these years! Oh, Sally, how long it has been! I meant, sir, of course, to tell Sally it must be soon; only — with mother upstairs, now — it didn't seem right to speak of it. But it is right. Sally, not another day's delay! I will come and live at your house, dear; but not another day's delay!"

When Dr. Lavendar went home that night, his old face was twinkling with pleasure; he sung softly scraps of hymns, or talked to his little blind horse; and once he said to himself, chuckling, "If I'd followed my impulse, I'd have married them then and there, and made no bones of it!"

However, when people have waited so many years, Monday is not very far off.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

Third Paper.

IN two previous articles I have endeavored to bring before my readers the nature of the life led by the British officer in time of peace; in this paper it will be my task to set forth the mode of life, amusements, etc., of the men of the rank and file, and of their wives and families. Perhaps the best way to begin will be to imagine ourselves arriving at a military station as the bugles ring forth reveille at the hour of half past five in the morning. As we reach the barracks gate they have just been opened for the day, the last notes of the bugle blown by the sleepy-looking bugler of the barrack guard echoing shrilly from the walls of the gloomy buildings surrounding the expanse of drill-ground. The sentry is pacing briskly to and fro on his limited beat, and the soldiers of the guard, having just been inspected by their commander, are stamping about under the veranda to keep themselves warm, while one of their number is endeavoring to blow up a fire in the dusty grate in order to heat some coffee or cocoa for his comrades. No notice is taken of us as we pass through, the garment of invisibility being sufficient passport, so we direct our steps unchallenged to a door in the gloomy buildings above-mentioned, in order to have a look at a barrack-room before it has been tidied up for inspection. On the door of the room we enter we notice a card setting forth that the room is occupied by men of "G" or Captain Jones's company, and that the non-commissioned officer in charge is a Corporal Woods. Above the door is a legend to the effect that the room has accommodation for sixteen men, and that it is entitled to so many units of coal weekly, but the latter announcement only refers to the allowance which can be drawn in the winter months. There is a good deal of noise in the room as we enter; a gentleman, presumably Corporal Woods, though his rank is not to be guessed at from his light attire, is energetically endeavoring to rouse the sleepier members of his squad, some of whom are already sitting blinking on the edges of their iron bed-cots. Two or three men, who are for fatigue, are struggling into their clothing as rapidly as possible, another man is throwing open the windows, while a couple of older soldiers, who appear to be chartered libertines, are calmly lying in their beds, puffing with a great air of complacency and enjoyment at their freshly lighted pipes, occasionally making sarcastic remarks at the expense of some of the sleepier recruits.

It is now nearly six o'clock, and as breakfast will not be ready till eight, we shall have time to take a turn round the barracks and see what is going on outside. Under the clock we see assembling a party of men carrying large flat tin dishes, while other men run hurriedly to join them, swinging their dishes in one hand and buttoning up their coats with the other as they run. This is the early ration party. The party being complete, an unintelligible bark from the sergeant sets them in motion, and with great clattering of tins and scuffling of feet they wheel round a corner in the direction of the ration-stand. In hot summer weather meat will not keep for long, so it is issued on the same day as it is to be cooked, and the men we have just seen parading have gone to draw the allowance for their messes. Government gives each man three-quarters of a pound of meat daily, weighed with bone, and one pound of bread, in addition to which it has this year been decided to credit each man with threepence a day to pay for his groceries, vegetables, etc., for which a stoppage has hitherto been made. When breakfast-time comes we shall see what sort of a meal the soldier gets for his threepence. As we stroll across the square we meet a straggling contingent in exceedingly disreputable fatigue dress, who are making a great show of energy in sweeping up the straws and papers and other flotsam and jetsam ornamenting the gutter. A recruit, who has escaped the eye of the corporal in charge,



ORDERLY-MEN RECEIVING MEAT RATIONS

is assiduously practising with his broom the "present" from the "shoulder," probably his chief stumbling-block on parade, a critical comrade sitting on a wheelbarrow exhorting him to "cut away his 'ands more smarter"; a manœuvre which leads to the dropping of the broom with a clatter, and the interruption of the practice by the sudden awakening of the corporal to the dereliction of duty going on in his command. Certainly these gentlemen appear to take life easily, and we are rather astonished to hear that they are "defaulters," or men undergoing punishment, who, for their sins, are being employed on "pioneer fatigue." Now the morning parade is falling in, and we can profitably pass the time till eight o'clock in watching the manœuvres, which terminate by the whole strength on parade running round the barrack square for what seems to us an interminable time. However, when they pull up the men do not appear to be much winded, owing, probably, to the fact that they are working in the now usual summer kit of shirt sleeves, and also to being regularly drilled in running. The parade is dismissed at a quarter to eight, and the square is hardly clear of men before the bugler on duty emerges from the guard-room and wakens the echoes with the ever-welcome "cook-house" bugle, which is the signal for the orderlies of squads to hasten to the cook-houses to draw the tea and anything else that may have been cooked for their breakfasts. It is quite time that we returned to our barrack-room: as we enter we notice a marked change for the better both in the atmosphere, which had been decidedly close before, and in the general appearance, the mattresses being now neatly rolled, the bedding, brown blankets on top, secured by a strap, and the bed-cots folded up; while the table is covered with delf plates and basins, and the men, now properly dressed and fresh from their visit to the "ablution-rooms," are waiting anxiously for their morning meal. They are not kept waiting long; scarcely have we entered than the orderly-man clatters in at the door with a steaming can of tea, from which he rapidly fills the basins, the milk and sugar having been already added before the tea left the cook-house. No allowance is made in barracks for men of fastidious tastes; if a man prefers his tea unsweetened, he can go elsewhere; the taste of the majority is alone consulted. The tea having been served out, the orderly-man now proceeds to divide the bread into chunks, one for each man, and announces that the "extra" that morning is butter; this announcement is a welcome one, and the butter being produced in its wrapper of blue canteen paper, is speedily divided into equal portions, one for each member of the mess. Should any comrade be so unfortunate as to be languishing in the guard-room, awaiting disposal by the



READING ORDERS OF THE DAY TO CHANGE OF GUARD.

commanding officer, the orderly-man has now to take his allowance to him, the tea being poured into a tin canteen, and the bread and butter wrapped in paper and stowed in a haversack.

But it may be asked, "Surely we have been told that soldiers enjoy more variety than plain bread and butter at their breakfasts. Have we not heard of savory kippers, of porridge, yes, even of eggs and bacon?" True, such are the dishes encouraged by generals and colonels who like to earn a reputation for looking after the welfare of their men; but these fancy relishes are not much encouraged by Tommy Atkins, for the simple reason that his funds will not allow of his receiving more than an infinitesimal portion of the kipper or whatever may be the favorite breakfast dainty of his commanding officer. All that the corporal in charge of the grocery-book has to spend daily is threepence per man in mess, or under four dollars for a company with the average strength of sixty men in mess. When it is realized that with this money tea, salt, pepper, vegetables for dinner, flour, if a "duff" is to ornament the dinner table, and all the groceries which the soldier needs to eke out the rations of bread and meat already described have to be provided, it will be understood that the question of providing extras for breakfast and tea is a difficult one to solve, and that the corporal naturally prefers something like butter, which all appreciate, to some other dainty which may not appeal to the tastes of his constituency. However, men with a penny or two to spare need not want some savory addition to their *menu*, for



REVEILLE

here is a hawker, himself an old soldier, timidly pushing open the door and drawing the attention of the men to his basket of bloaters and salted haddocks. In every barracks will be found a certain number of hawkers, usually old soldiers, who hold passes authorizing them to sell various odds and ends to the men, and there will be generally an old apple-woman with a large *clientèle* among the drummers and band-boys. Breakfast being over, the tables are lifted off their iron legs and carried down stairs to be scrubbed, all hands turning to with a will to get the room cleared up before the bugle sounds to call men away to their various duties or parades. The orderly-man is busy, as usual, washing up the plates and basins and arranging them on their shelf; pipes are lighted, tongues are loosened, and the barracks hum with noise and life. For the next few hours we shall not be able to see much of the men, who will be scattered all over the garrison, some at the gymnasium, some at drill, some at musketry or signalling, and others in attendance at the various garrison or regimental offices where they are employed as orderlies or clerks. Under these circumstances this will afford a favorable opportunity for taking a look at the cook-houses, workshops, and, last but not least, the married quarters, where Mrs. Tommy Atkins, good easy soul, leads her bustling, gossiping, hard-working life. But first to the cook-house, where we find the sergeant master-cook and his assistants busy cutting up the meat and potatoes for the different messes. Barrack cookery does not present many refinements; soup, of course, can be made in the big coppers, and is usually in great request on route-marching days; but apart from soup the cooking arrangements will only allow of Tommy being given his choice between a bake and a steam. A steam resembles what we have been taught to call Irish stew, and very good and savory it smells when the grocery-book is sufficiently in credit to allow of a liberal addi-



PACK DRILL.

tion of vegetables, onions for choice, to the government ration. Sometimes the bake is covered in with a massive-looking crust, and a Brobdingnagian pie is prepared for the lucky mess, but more usually the meat is served in the open baking-dish, with the baked potatoes bobbing beside it in the sometimes rather greasy-looking gravy. The resources of the cook-house will not allow of the whole battalion having either bakes or steams on the same day, so companies take it in turn day about, so that every one is eventually satisfied. On the whole, the soldiers' food is cooked well and economically; the sergeant cook has been through a course of training at the Aldershot school of army cookery, and probably, in addition to his permanent assistant, some of the company cooks have a natural gift for the work of the kitchen. These company cooks receive no extra pay, but are excused all but a very few parades and musketry; while as an additional inducement for good men to take the billet, the cook is allowed his extra messing free at the expense of the rest of the company. Leaving the cook-house, the steady swishing sound which betrays the carpenter at work with his plane guides us to the pioneers' shop, where we find the pioneer-sergeant and his pioneers hard at work on some joinery for the officers' mess. The pioneer-sergeant is an expert "tradesman," holding a certificate of competency from the Engineering School at Chatham, and his assistants are all good workmen, who probably have worked at a trade before enlistment. These men earn often very fair wages in addition to their pay, as do the shoemakers, whom we find busy at their work in their rather evil-smelling shop next door. Query, why do shoemakers' shops always have that unwholesome smell? Unlike the pioneer-sergeant, the master-shoemaker holds no certificate of competency from Aldershot or anywhere else, it being apparently only necessary for him to satisfy the quartermaster that he is competent to undertake the repairs which form the greater part of his work. Before manœuvres and during the route-marching seasons the shoemakers' shop is very full of work, "ammunition" boots in every stage of decrepitude being sent there in the hope that they may be made fit for a further term of service, and so save their owners from being ordered to provide themselves with new boots. But enough of the shoemakers. A little further on we find the armorer-sergeant and his men busy with minor repairs to arms, the new and rather intricate Lee-Metford rifles appearing to give him quite enough to do. His assistants, too, earn a welcome addition to their pay as soldiers. If we go down here at the back of the gymnasium, from which we hear the stamp of feet and words of command, indicating that a squad is under instruction, we shall come to the cheerful-looking, terracelike row in which are housed the wives of the non-commissioned officers and men who are married with leave and recognized as officially on the strength of the battalion. This question of permission to marry is a burning one in the barrack-room. Only a limited number of men are allowed to marry, the strength of the roll varying with the establishment of the corps: ser-



THE QUEEN'S SENIOR STATE DRUMMER, GRENADIER GUARD.



AT THE SERGEANTS' QUADRILLE PARTY—
DRESSED TO KILL.

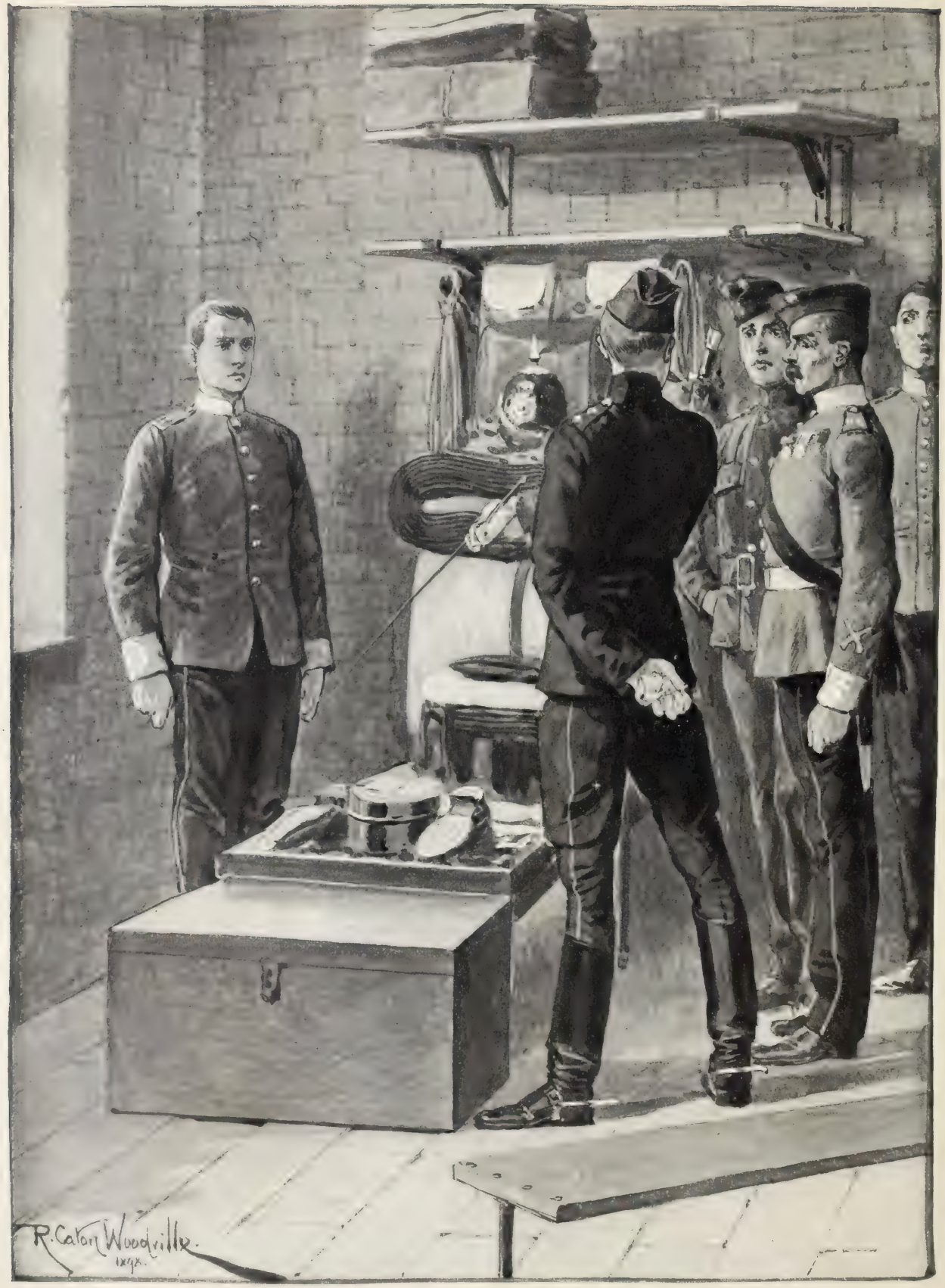
geants are given permission to marry as a matter of course, if there is a vacancy in the establishment, but no soldier is allowed to enter the blessed state unless he has seven years' service, £5 in the savings-bank, and two good-conduct badges. I have heard it said that there is such a thing as borrowing the £5 till the necessary permission has been obtained, but there is no getting over the other two conditions. The married quarters seem comfortable enough; what strikes us most is the enormous number of babies and quite young children who swarm round the door of every quarter, occasional yells leading to the hasty arrival of a flushed and heated-looking matron to restore order in a summary fashion. The allowance of space does not strike one as particularly liberal, soldiers with small families being given only one room with the minutest possible scullery, the fathers of larger families rejoicing in an extra room. Sergeants, as a rule, have two rooms, but otherwise have no pull over their comrades of lower rank. The wives of the private soldiers add largely to the scanty pay of their husbands by doing washing for the men of their husbands' company, and twice blessed is the woman whose good man belongs to a company having few married soldiers. In this case she will be able to get more to do than her less fortunate sisters. Some of the women who have a reputation as washer-women earn plenty of money by washing for the officers of the regiment. The soldier's wife seems to drift naturally into being a washer-woman: whatever her calling may have been previously, she soon recognizes the fact that it is as a laundress that she is best able to increase the family income. In every barrack there is a well-fitted wash-house, kept in order by a steady old soldier, and, if rumor does not lie, this building is occasionally the scene of Homeric combats, and also the incubator in whose warm, steamy atmosphere is hatched all the gossip and scandal of the barrack. For we must remember that the barrack is a world in itself; the doings of the dwellers outside the gates have no interest for these soldiers' wives, but the whisper of a difference of opinion between Mrs. Private Smith and Mrs. Corporal Brown soon furnishes a topic for heated discussion at many tea tables, and at *al fresco* meetings on the drying-ground. A little conversation with the ladies is a liberal education in *esprit de corps;* each woman thoroughly identifies herself with the regiment to which her husband belongs; and even in these days of short service it is not difficult to find women whose fathers and grandfathers have soldiered in bygone days under the tattered colors now hanging in the sacred precincts of the officers' mess. The ladies of the regiment, as a rule, take great interest in the welfare of their humbler sisters, frequently visiting them in their quarters, and giving more than their sympathy at one of those crises which

occur so frequently in the married block, and generally lead ultimately to the object of their solicitude applying for extra accommodation, owing to an unauthorized addition to the strength of the battalion.

There is an air of subdued excitement about the married quarters to-day, and on inquiry we find that the reason is that to-morrow the annual outing of the soldiers' families is to come off, and the whole party is to be conveyed in brakes to some picturesque ruins a few miles off, where there will be all sorts of games for the younger members and a substantial tea for the matrons. The whole entertainment is managed by the ladies of the regiment, presided over by the Colonel's wife, assisted by some of the married officers and one or two of the more docile young bachelors. The funds are provided partly from the canteen, partly by subscription among the officers, and the festival is looked forward to from year to year with the greatest interest by the children of the battalion. Christmas also is a time of festivity; the annual regimental tree, followed or preceded by the inevitable tea, is an event of great importance. In one respect this event may be said to fix in some manner the social standing of the occupants of the married block, the women of highest standing being generally taken into consultation by the Colonel's wife, and permitted to assist at the arranging of the presents for the children and of the usual seasonable gifts for their parents. This matter of Christmas presents is a ticklish one, as the whole system of regimental society would be convulsed if the newly married wife of Corporal Jones were made more of than the spouse of Private Higgins, a warrior with innumerable "badges," whose helpmate has laid down the law in the married quarters under many generations of commanding officers. However, Mrs. Quartermaster knows what importance should be attached to all these little points, and if the Colonel's wife will only consult with her and Mrs. Sergeant-Major, who, as the wife of a warrant-officer, occupies a position of isolated grandeur, no harm is likely to be done. Mothers' meetings form another opportunity of social intercourse, but here I am afraid of getting out of my depth, never having assisted at one of these exciting entertainments. If we go to the sergeants' quadrille party this evening, we shall have an opportunity of seeing all these ladies arrayed for conquest, and displaying, in some of the intricate dances which still find an honored place in the programme of these entertainments, that serious attention to business and accurate memory for detail which distinguishes their gallant husbands' conduct on parade.

If we get into conversation with some of the more travelled women, we shall find that there is a universal agreement that there is no place to "soldier" in like India: the getting there has its drawbacks, and few can speak without a shudder of the stifling nights in the Red Sea, or of the acute discomforts caused by a breeze in the Bay in the women's quarters of the trooper, crowded with women in every stage of wretchedness and seasickness, close and ill-ventilated, with children wailing, men stamping overhead, the ship plunging and groaning, and through all the unceasing tremble of the screws. Yes, getting to India is no joke; but once established there, everything is rose-colored. Government rations for the women and children, for whom no allowance is made at home; no company washing to wear one to skin and bone; natives to do all the menial work of the quarters; very possibly, if the husband has a good billet, a pony for the wife to drive; plenty of money and plenty of amusement, theatricals, dances, picnics, etc.—who would not envy the soldier's wife under the paternal care of the Indian government?

But there is the second dinner bugle, we had better be off and see how the men are going to put in their time this fine afternoon. As we cross the square we see the subaltern of the day, with his sword clattering behind him, following the battalion orderly corporal on his tour round the dinners, the pair moving with great strides, as if bent on establishing a record for the distance. Coming to a barrack-room we find that the men have not lost much time over their meal, dinner being already practically finished in the course of some ten or fifteen minutes. The mess we visit has luxuriated in a bake to-day, but no "duff" has followed it, as the balance in the grocery-book is being nursed to allow of a "spread" on Sunday. This is consequently a *jour maigre;* but no one grumbles, though



KIT INSPECTION.

the British soldier is supposed to possess special powers in that line; and even the hungriest recruit appears to be satisfied for the time being. The same ceremony of cleaning up that we witnessed this morning is about to commence as we enter the room, so we may as well have a look at the regimental institutions before strolling down to look on for a few minutes at the cricket-match between "A" and "C" companies, about which some loud arguments reach our ears as we enter the canteen. This is a large building, and is, in fact, the regimental liquor-shop. No wine or spirits are sold here, only beer and porter; great pains are taken to insure the liquor being of the best quality, and it is sold at prices that defy the competition of the publicans in the town. A number of men with tin pots before them are talking and arguing as we enter; though their voices are raised, as Tommy likes to raise his voice whenever airing his opinions, yet there is no disorder, any tendency to which would be soon suppressed by the smart corporal on canteen duty, who is pacing up and down, occasionally offering a remark on the subject under discussion. The reason that we see so many men here just now is that men are not allowed to take beer to the barrack-room, and in consequence a visit has to be paid to the canteen for the wherewithal to wash down their dinners. In the old days there used undoubtedly to be a great deal of drinking in the army, and though even yet there are a certain number of men the worse for wear on pay-nights, yet there is not the systematic drinking of old, when every item in the soldier's life was reduced to the common denominator of beer. Next to the canteen is the grocery-bar, where, in a well-managed regiment, every conceivable thing that can come under the head of groceries, from garden seeds to black-lead and pipe-clay, can be bought at more reasonable prices than in the shops in the town; in fact, a number of the articles in chief demand are sold at a loss, the loss being covered by the profit from the sale of the beer, so the drinkers pay for the luxuries of their more sober comrades.

But we have not yet visited the regimental institution, an omission that we must repair if we want to see anything of the social life of the private soldier. It is housed in that smart-looking red-brick building we see beyond the canteen; and, passing through the swing-doors, we find ourselves in a large, well-ventilated room, one end of which is taken up by a full-sized billiard table, round which an interested crowd are watching a game, which bids fair to be a long-drawn-out one, between two players who make up in strength what they lack in science. Some other men are starting a game of bagatelle at an adjoining table, the stakes, from the scraps of conversation we overhear, being apparently pots of beer, to be discussed with much solemnity and many arguments by-and-by in the canteen. The rest of the room is occupied by large green-baize-covered tables, on which are strewn a varied assortment of newspapers and magazines, which, judging from their well-thumbed appearance, are in constant request; while the walls are decorated with a number of prints, chiefly of military subjects, De Neuville evidently being a favorite artist. At one end of the room a painted drop-scene hints at the presence of a stage where entertainments are periodically given by the regimental dramatic troupe, a society abounding in talent, chiefly of the melodramatic order. The glass door you see in that corner leads into the coffee-bar, where excellent suppers are served from six o'clock until nine, at the modest price of one penny and upwards; for a penny a man can get a bowl of soup and a chunk of bread, or a bowl of porridge, or a plate of sweetened rice—a favorite dish; and cups of steaming coffee and bread and butter can also be bought for the same sum. As Tommy's last official meal is his tea, served at the early hour of four o'clock, it is eminently desirable that he should be able to get something to keep him going till his breakfast at eight o'clock next morning. In the old days the hiatus was filled up by unlimited beer, but now we have changed all that. Before we leave for the cricket-match, to which we see a number of men already strolling down, we ought to have a look in at the sergeants' mess, which we shall find at the other side of the square. This mess is used only by the sergeants of the battalion—the corporals messing in the barrack-room with the men—and I think you will agree with me that the sergeants seem to do themselves fairly well. Their com-

fort depends to a considerable extent on the ability of their caterer, a sergeant, who usually holds the office for three months at a time; but on the whole they have little to complain of, and live very well for a very moderate expenditure. The furniture and the fine billiard table belong to government, but the plate, china, glass, and cutlery, and the pictures ornamenting the walls, are the property of the mess, and give it a very comfortable and homelike appearance. There is a liquor-bar at one end of the room, so no sergeant has to go to the canteen for a glass of beer; in fact, such an action would lead to trouble, as great stress is laid on the regulation forbidding non-commissioned officers to associate with private soldiers. With this object a separate room in the canteen for the use of corporals is now usual, and it is obvious that this must facilitate the maintenance of discipline.

Well, it is time we went down to the cricket-ground, so we leave the sergeants, who press us to look at their mess through the bottom of a tumbler, and cross the square toward the barrack gate. The square is unoccupied save for a little party in complete marching order, who, with fixed bayonets and rifles at the slope, only reach the end of the square to be turned about by the command of that tall corporal, and retrace their steps with an air of patient resignation, which has no effect in softening the heart of their guardian. These are the defaulters again whom we saw on fatigue this morning, and they are now undergoing punishment drill, a process which does not seem congenial. Up and down, up and down, for every minute of a weary hour. How they must loathe the barrack square at the end of it; and how they must resolve to steer clear of trouble for the future!

It is not far to the cricket-ground, but I must warn you that you are not likely to witness much scientific play at an inter-company match, for though the British soldier is fond enough of the batting and even of the bowling part of cricket, his fielding is apt to be erratic, and he is not at all inclined to treat the game seriously. As we come on to the ground loud applause greets the downfall of the Captain of "A" company, who, though not a cricketer, thinks it his duty to play in order to encourage the men, and beyond a doubt causes more amusement by the vigor of his play than would an expert in the ordinary sense. There is a marquee pitched, where tea is provided from the mess for any ladies of the regiment or their friends who may come; and some of the younger officers are lying on the grass in front of it, enjoying the ludicrous side of the game to its utmost, and now engaged in unmercifully chaffing the fallen hero, who, as he takes off his pads, is seriously thinking that he must be getting too old for cricket. The men of the rival companies, with the exception of the men actually in the field, are sprawling in picturesque groups under the trees which fringe one side of the ground, and are not chary of remarks and criticisms in the freest possible manner at every incident of the game. At a good stroke there are yells of applause, as there are when a fielder "muffs" a catch, or when a ball straighter than usual scatters wickets and bails in one rattling downfall. The dress of the players is eccentric. The only wearers of the orthodox flannels are the officers playing and a couple of men who are members of the regimental team, and who play with a condescending air, as if only putting in the time with a little practice.

Football is the soldier's game, after all; it gives more scope for strength and activity, and does not demand the continual practice and the quick eye necessary to success in cricket. At all times of the year the soldier will play football; if we were to go back to the barracks now, the odds are that we should find a number of men on the square kicking the ball about and practising little niceties of dribbling and of head-play, which afford much amusement to the clusters of men at every corner, in every style of military undress. Even after a hard day's route-march you will see the usual number kicking football on the square, and on manœuvres it is extraordinary the celerity with which the ball, which has reached the camp in some mysterious manner, makes its appearance after the work of the day is over. In barracks the ball-alley also is a favorite resort with the men, and all the afternoon it is pretty sure to be occupied, weather permitting.

On the whole, taking everything into consideration, Tommy Atkins has a very

good time in barracks; so much so, in fact, that it is not an uncommon thing to find men who rarely leave barracks, except on duty, from the time they arrive at a station till the "route" comes for a move elsewhere.

But we must not forget that we have to look in at the quadrille party to which the warrant-officers, staff-sergeants, and sergeants of the Royal Mudfordshire Regiment have invited us. The winter months are the great time for dances; at Christmas-time the corporals and even the private soldiers break out into these dissipations; but even the summer furnishes occasions, such as some regimental anniversary, which can only be fittingly celebrated by a dance. As we reach the gymnasium, the scene of the festivities, at nine o'clock, the hour for which we are invited, we find the building brilliantly lighted, and a group of men in fatigue dress hanging round the doors watching with interest the arrivals.

Entering the door, we are met by a sergeant, brushed, combed, pomatumed, and perfumed to the last degree, already perspiring from his exertions, who directs us to the cloak-room, and when we have relieved ourselves of our cloaks, conducts us to the ball-room and introduces us to the sergeant-major; this warrior, in the tightest of tunics, with his mustache waxed out till it resembles nothing so much as a pair of fixed bayonets, welcomes us heartily, and hands us over to a color-sergeant, who is intrusted with the duty of providing us with partners. At one of these dances no shirking is allowed, and if you are not accepting some sergeant's hospitality at the well-provided buffet, you are expected to be footing it to the music discoursed by some members of the fine band of the regiment, who are posted in ambush behind a screen of gay bunting. Another color-sergeant is master of the ceremonies, and in a stentorian voice orders the company generally to take partners for the D'Alberts (pronounced Dee-Alberts). A few minutes sees us fatally involved in a maze of intricate figures, through which our partners steer us with mingled affability and condescension. Emerging in safety, breathless and bewildered, at the conclusion of the dance, it is etiquette to conduct your partner to her seat, and to betake yourself anew to the buffet to seek liquid consolation for your unusual exertions.

And so the dance goes gayly on. Some of the officers turn up with their wives, and the sergeant-major, with much solemnity, conducts the senior officer's wife through the mazes of a quadrille, in which he is evidently perfectly at home. As time goes on, things liven up a bit; the clusters round the buffet get thicker and more energetic; in one of the galleries a round game of cards is proceeding with much noise and merriment, and it is quite plain that every one means to thoroughly enjoy himself or herself, as the case may be.

This finishes our day in barracks, which you will admit is not such a dreary wilderness as it looks from the outside, and in which large numbers of men and women spend some of the happiest years of their lives.

I would have liked to talk to you about our soldier's life in India and in the colonies, where he spends such a considerable portion of his service, but space will not allow of my saying more than that the soldier who takes the most ordinary precautions to keep in health can have an even better time on foreign service than he can at home.

The great attraction of Indian service is that there are no "fatigues"; useful natives do all that for Tommy, who, when his drills are over for the day, can find plenty of amusement in cantonments. Men of sporting tastes have plenty of opportunities of gratifying them at most Indian stations, as in each company two old-pattern rifles are kept, bored out so as to be used as shot-guns, with which the "jheel" can be searched for snipe or duck, or even a shot fired for practice at the humble "paddy-bird." At some stations there are facilities for boating, boats being provided by government, and, in fact, wherever the soldier goes he will find everything done by the authorities and his officers to keep him in health and amusement. In the army it is fully recognized that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

SOME RECENT EXPLORATIONS.

BY J. SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D., SEC. R.G.S.

THE period extending from 1430 to 1530, which included the circumnavigation of Africa, the discovery of the Cape route to India, and the revelation to Europe of a New World on the other side of the Atlantic, has been aptly designated the "Century of Discoveries." It was a period of unprecedented activity in exploration, and nothing since has equalled in magnitude and novelty the circumnavigation of Africa and the discovery of America. But, so far as the fever for exploration is concerned, the increasing number of those who are smitten, and the interest and value of the results, the century which is so near its close may vie with that of which Columbus was the central figure. When we compare a map of the world in the beginning of the century with a good map showing our present knowledge of the earth's surface, some idea may be obtained of the vastness of the progress which has been accomplished. In actual extent and scientific value the exploring work of the expiring century will bear comparison with that of any previous one.

Nearly every country in Europe has been or is being trigonometrically surveyed. In Asia vast progress has been made during the century in laying down with approximate accuracy the great features of that stupendous continent. India has been accurately surveyed, and that survey has been carried east and west into the extensive regions within the British sphere. Central Asia has been traversed by an army of explorers, mainly Russian and British, so that its vast plateaus and its gigantic mountain systems are now mapped in their main features. So also with its great river systems, its interesting lakes, and its desolate deserts. Still there is room enough for pioneer exploring work in this ancient continent for many years to come. Even the central plateau and the great mountain systems which dominate it afford an ample field for further research, which must be undertaken before they are adequately mapped. The mountain ranges on the east and northeast of Tibet, the magnificent river region which extends northward into the interior from the Indo-Chinese Peninsula, are little known. Much yet remains to be done in the region watered by the Oxus. The great central deserts, as Dr. Sven Hedin has shown, conceal beneath their sandy wastes the rich remains of ancient civilizations. Even the maps of western Asia contain much hypothetical geography, and the Siberian coast is still most inaccurately laid down. Southern and central Arabia is almost unknown, and the venturous explorer who succeeded in making his way in a bee-line from Aden to Muscat would perform a feat worthy of the highest recognition. Thus, notwithstanding all that has been accomplished during the century, the occupation of the explorer in Asia will not be gone for generations to come.

In quite recent years Central Asia has been the scene of some of the most remarkable expeditions on record, so remarkable that most of them have been considered worthy of recognition by the award of the much-coveted medal of the Royal Geographical Society. We cannot omit to mention among these, as holding a place of high honor, the two expeditions of the Hon. W. W. Rockhill, now United States minister in Greece, who approached to within a short distance of Lhasa, traversed hundreds of miles of unknown land in eastern Tibet, and made a profound study of Tibetan religion, customs, and history. Prince Henry of Orleans and M. Bonvalot about the same time crossed the country from north to south. Shortly after, a young British officer, Captain Bower, traversed the lofty Tibetan plateau from west to east. More recently, Mr. St. George Littledale and his brave wife entered Tibet from the north, approached to within a day's ride of the forbidden city, and but for the prostrate condition of Mrs. Littledale they would have forced their way into Lhasa. They turned west and came out by Ladak. Unfortunately, though often urged to do so, Mr. Littledale has never



given to the world a detailed narrative of this and his other almost equally remarkable journeys in Central Asia; his story has been told only in the *Journal* of the Royal Geographical Society. About a year ago two young British officers, Captain Wellby and Lieutenant Malcolm, crossed the central plateau from west to east on a more northerly route than had been done before.

But perhaps two of the most noteworthy expeditions of recent years are those of Dr. Sven Hedin and Mr. A. H. Savage Landor, each, however, noteworthy for very different reasons.

Dr. Sven Hedin devoted nearly as many years to his patient work as Mr. Savage Landor did months to his dash at Lhasa. Dr. Hedin is in many ways a remarkable young man; he is only thirty years of age. He was barely twenty when his innate love of adventure took him to Asia Minor and northern Arabia. After returning to his native land, Sweden, he completed his education, undergoing a thorough training in those departments of science on which geography is based; he studied for a time at Berlin under the great explorer and geographer Baron von Richthofen. In 1889–90 Hedin visited Persia, and went on to Kashgar; he ascended the lofty and interesting Mount Demavend, 18,600 feet, on the south of the Caspian. All this was only preliminary to the great undertaking which has placed him in the front rank of explorers. On his return to Sweden he obtained the support of King Oscar and one or two private individuals for an exploring project, by which he proposed to visit some of the least-known regions of Central Asia. He set out in October, 1893, and spent the greater part of 1894 in investigating the climate and glaciers of that complicated mountain mass the Pamirs, "The Roof of the World," across whose barren heights England and Russia are constantly watching each other. He made a careful study of the tributaries of the famous Oxus. The loftiest height of the Pamirs is Mustag-ata, rising 25,000 feet, on the eastern border of the plateau, with five rugged peaks and several magnificent glaciers. Dr. Hedin was ambitious to reach the summit of the loftiest of the striking peaks of "The Father of Ice Mountains," and had he done so he would have become the record mountain-climber.

The Kirghiz of the district have many legends about this remarkable mountain, some of which, no doubt, Dr. Hedin will tell in his forth-coming narrative, which cannot fail to be of the highest interest. We can only briefly refer to one of these.

They told him "that only an old *ischan* had, many hundred years ago, ascended this holy mountain. There he had found a lake and a river, on whose shores a white camel grazed. In a garden where plum-trees grew in great abundance old men were wandering about in white garments and with long white beards. The *ischan* ate of the fruit of one of the plum-trees, and then an old man came up to him and said that this was fortunate for him, for, had he despised the fruit, he would have been compelled to stay eter-

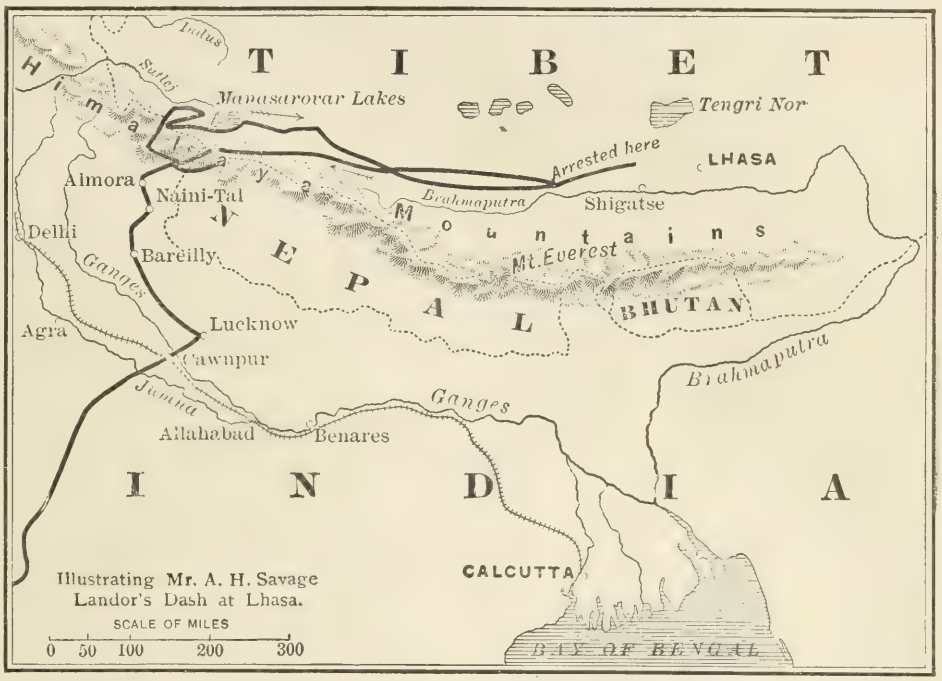
nally on the mountain like the other old men. A rider on a white horse then took him on his saddle, and rushed off down the steep descent with him. When he came down into the valley he had only a faint recollection of what had happened."

This will afford some idea of the mystery which shrouds Mustag-ata in the eyes of the natives around. Though the simple-minded Kirghiz believed it impossible to ascend the mountain, still they were willing to join in the attempt, and did loyally accompany the traveller, who knew how to win the hearts of the natives with whom he came into contact. Supported by the Kirghiz and with a number of yaks, the common beast of burden of these regions, bearing tents, provisions, instruments, and other impedimenta, Hedin made his first attempt when he reached 16,000 feet. Nearly blind with inflammation of the eyes, he had to descend and make his way to Kashgar. Three months later he made a second attempt, when he succeeded in reaching close on 20,000 feet. So tempestuous was the weather, and so inaccessible looked the remaining 5000 feet, that he descended to gather vigor for another effort. The third time he again reached 20,000 feet, and came to the conclusion that in the rarefied air of that height, with no experienced mountaineers to help him, with his Kirghiz all prostrate, and with the necessity of finding a practicable route by himself, the ascent would involve a waste of time and a risk which he, not a mere mountaineer, but a serious explorer, was not justified in incurring. So he gave it up, and pursued his exploration. But the narration of these attempts, abounding as it is in exciting incident, in dangers incurred by himself and his men, as well as in valuable observations, cannot fail to prove of interest when Dr. Hedin's book appears.* The succeeding winter was spent at Kashgar, where Dr. Hedin had ample opportunity of observing the curious life of this remote and ancient city. In February, 1896, he started eastward, exploring the country between the Kashgar and Yarkand rivers, making many important observations on this little-known region, and considerable corrections on existing maps. In April of that year he crossed the dreaded Takla-Makan Desert between the Yarkand and Khotan rivers, a distance of 200 miles. This was the most sensational incident of his very varied experience, and probably one of the most exciting journeys on record. A glance at the map will show that the Takla-Makan is really the western portion of the great Gobi desert, which extends from Manchuria to the Pamirs, and indeed, with but little interruption, right on through Arabia to the Sahara and Atlantic. With his four men and several camels all went well for the first thirteen days, at the end of which a mountain range was reached. Before them stretched the true desert, an endless plain covered with long sand dunes, like a petrified ocean. In four days their water-supply was exhausted. For the next ten days the party groped their way among the endless dunes, sometimes enveloped in an atmosphere of wind-driven sand. Not a drop of water was to be obtained; two of the men went astray and were never seen again; all the camels but one perished; everything was cast away that could be spared. At last, on the ninth day, Hedin sighted a line of trees, crept ahead of the one companion that had been able to keep up with him, and taking five hours to go two miles, reached the dry bed of the Khotan River. After wandering for a time he saw a duck rise in the air, heard the splash of water, and soon found himself on the banks of a pool. No words can describe his sensations. After quenching his nine days' thirst, he filled his long boots with water, and made his way back to his exhausted companion. Shortly after, the other remaining man and the one surviving camel came up, and they made their way back to life again in the town of Khotan.

The details of this terrible journey may be sensational, but they are true. Hedin, with a fresh party, at a later date, crossed the desert again from south to north, to the river Tarim, but his first experience taught him a lesson which he did not forget; no disaster happened the second time. This desert is of the greatest human interest. Though now uninhabited, its sands cover what were once flourishing cities on the banks of rivers that no longer exist. Dr. Hedin has many interesting details to tell concerning them, and it is hoped he will return and make further excavations and explorations in

* For notes from Dr. Hedin's journal concerning this and following expeditions see the opening article in the preceding number of *Harper's Magazine*.—Ed.

this great graveyard of extinct civilizations. But we cannot follow this eager and intelligent young explorer throughout his four years' wanderings over the great Central Asian plateau. From the Tarim he made his way to Lob-Nor, a lake region abounding with mysteries geographical and human. From Lob-Nor he returned to Khotan, and thence made a long and extremely interesting journey through country mostly unexplored and uninhabited, through the Kuen-Lun Mountains and Tsaidam to Koko-Nor, and thence through Alashan and the Ordos country across the Hoang-Ho River to Peking, whence he made his way home by Siberia.



This bald outline may give a faint idea of the great extent and high value of the explorations of this eager young Swede during his four years' wanderings in the heart of the Old World. He brings back with him contributions to geographical knowledge of the first moment, stories of adventure of the highest interest, hundreds of photographs and of sketches from his skilful pencil, and an experience and a training which will stand him in good stead in his further work. Few travellers have had their work so promptly and universally recognized. The King of Sweden has conferred upon him the highest order of merit; the Czar of Russia and the Prince of Wales have received him, and listened with interest to his story; he has told that story to nearly all the geographical societies of Europe, and these in turn have showered their gold medals upon him. He is an excellent lecturer in Swedish, Norwegian, Russian, German, French, and English. Though not much above middle height, Dr. Hedin is of handsome build, with a genial face and winning manner, which, it is to be hoped, Americans may have an opportunity of discovering for themselves.

The unusual importance of the subject must be my excuse for dwelling at some length on one of the most remarkable exploring journeys of the century. Though in its way it possesses features even more interesting, certainly more exciting, still the dash made by Mr. Savage Landor at the forbidden city of Lhasa does not require to be referred to at such length. Savage Landor, like Sven Hedin, is a young man. He inherits some of the peculiarities and a touch of the genius of his grandfather, the eccentric author of a past generation. He seems to be more at home in Italy than in England, and spends much of his time when in Europe on his estate near Florence, cultivating his vines and his olives. Though slight in build, his figure and his face, more Italian than English, are striking; intensity seems to be the leading note of his nature. He is impervious to cold, and can take with delight an ice-cold bath at an altitude of 16,000 feet; his powers of physical endurance are extreme, and he had need of them on his last journey. This was not his first exploit as a traveller. Some years ago he wandered alone round the island of Yezo, among the "Hairy Ainos," and wrote a charming book about his journey. He had, in London, an exhibition of his own pictures painted in Japan and other lands of the East, in which the grewsome was prominent. Like

so many other young Englishmen, Savage Landor is never so happy as when he has a dangerous venture in hand. Fortunately he found a sympathetic patron in Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, the generous Mæcenas who supplied the funds for Mr. F. G. Jackson's expedition to Franz-Josef Land. Mr. Harmsworth is the proprietor of one of the most enterprising and able London newspapers, and it was partly to provide interesting "copy" for this journal that he supplied Savage Landor with the funds to travel in Tibet and make a dash at the great centre of Lamaism, Lhasa. Mr. Landor left England in the spring of 1897. He had at first intended to descend upon Tibet from the north, but finally entered it from northwest India, by Almora in Kumaon. Mr. Landor had obtained a training in the use of the sextant and other instruments, as he wished his hazardous journey to be more than a mere adventure. He desired to explore southern Tibet and the course of the upper Brahmaputra. Naturally the Indian authorities and the Tibetan officials, who so carefully guard their frontier from inquisitive intruders, did their best to prevent Mr. Landor from entering the country. But by a clever ruse he, with the little band of native followers he had succeeded in collecting, with all his instruments, camera, and other impedimenta, contrived to hoodwink the guards, and by a formidable mountain route slipped across the frontier. For a time all seems to have gone smoothly, and Mr. Landor made his way towards Lhasa apparently along one of the headstreams of the Brahmaputra, the upper course of which had hitherto only been observed roughly by the native Indian explorers. Rugged and mountainous as the country is — Mr. Landor says that some of the passes he crossed are 20,000 feet high—progress seems to have been rapid, until all too soon, when apparently among friends, the venturesome explorer was suddenly seized and bound. All his men deserted him except one faithful follower, and the two, under the roughest treatment, were hurried on towards Lhasa. Mr. Landor believes that he must have been within a comparatively short distance of Lhasa when, at the instigation of a high Lama, he was subjected to the cruelest tortures—his body racked, his face roasted, and his eyesight nearly extinguished with a red-hot iron, and every preparation made for his decapitation. Fortunately the Tibetans thought better of it, and, after additional tortures, Landor was bound on a pony with a spiked saddle that cruelly injured his spine. He was hurried back to the frontier, where he was met by a rescue party. This is a bare outline of one of the most remarkable adventures of recent times. In the midst of all his sufferings Mr. Landor never forgot the great object of geographical exploration. He succeeded in bringing away with him his notes, his maps, his photographs, his numerous sketches, and his instruments. Even, he tells me, when lying on the ground, bound at night, he contrived to slip out his hands unobserved, and on a scrap of paper, with a splinter of wood, trace with his own blood the course of another head-stream of the Brahmaputra; this curious geographical record he showed to me. To judge from a photograph lying before me, taken just after he was rescued, Mr. Landor's treatment must have been of the most trying kind; I should never have recognized the haggard, corrugated, miserable, unshaven face as that of my friend. Happily, so far as appearance goes, he is now all but restored to his natural well-groomed condition, though he still suffers from the injuries inflicted on his spine by the spikes of his saddle. Apart from the exciting adventures with which he met, Mr. Landor has much to tell of the strange and interesting people with whom he came into contact, and his note-books are filled with observations and rough map-sketches, which lead me to hope that he has added something new to the map of Asia, an object which he never lost sight of.

In no continent has there been such wholesale progress as in Africa, for the simple reason that on none, except perhaps Australia, did so much remain to be done. Even less than fifty years ago the centre of Africa was one vast unexplored blank. The movement instituted by Livingstone half a century ago, and continued by men like Burton, Speke, Stanley, Thomson, and a host of other explorers, has filled our maps with a crowd of striking features, in which the great lakes and the great rivers are predominant. Though accurate surveys are confined as yet to very limited areas in the extreme north and the extreme south, the continent has been traversed in all direc-

tions by explorers' routes, while the European nations that during the last fifteen years have pounced upon this, the last continent that remained to partition, are rapidly acquiring a fair knowledge of the main features and resources of their extensive but not very promising territories. But there still remains much to do in filling up the meshes between the net-work of exploration. Moreover, there is a considerable region to the west and northwest of Lake Rudolf, on the east of the Nile, that is virgin ground. In the western and eastern Sahara there are regions of which our knowledge is extremely scanty, and which present a fine field for the explorer fond of risky adventure.

During the latter half of the century, especially, the various admirable surveys of the United States may be said to have mapped the whole country with more or less accurate detail, and if they are supported by the government with the liberality which they require and deserve, the citizens of that great nation will, at no distant date, have an accurate knowledge of the features and resources of their splendid country. The same may be said of the Canadian Dominion, though there are regions in that territory, mainly beyond the limits of regular settlement, of which we have only a very general knowledge. In South America, also, during the century, there has been great exploring activity, mainly along the lines of the vast river systems of that continent. But between the river courses there are great areas hitherto untrodden by the white man. Through the whole range of the Andes systematic exploration is wanted. In Patagonia, on the east of the northern Andes, in Ecuador, Colombia, southern Venezuela, and northern Bolivia there are great areas which are practically blank on our maps. On the whole, in South America there is a wider and richer field for exploration than in any other continent.

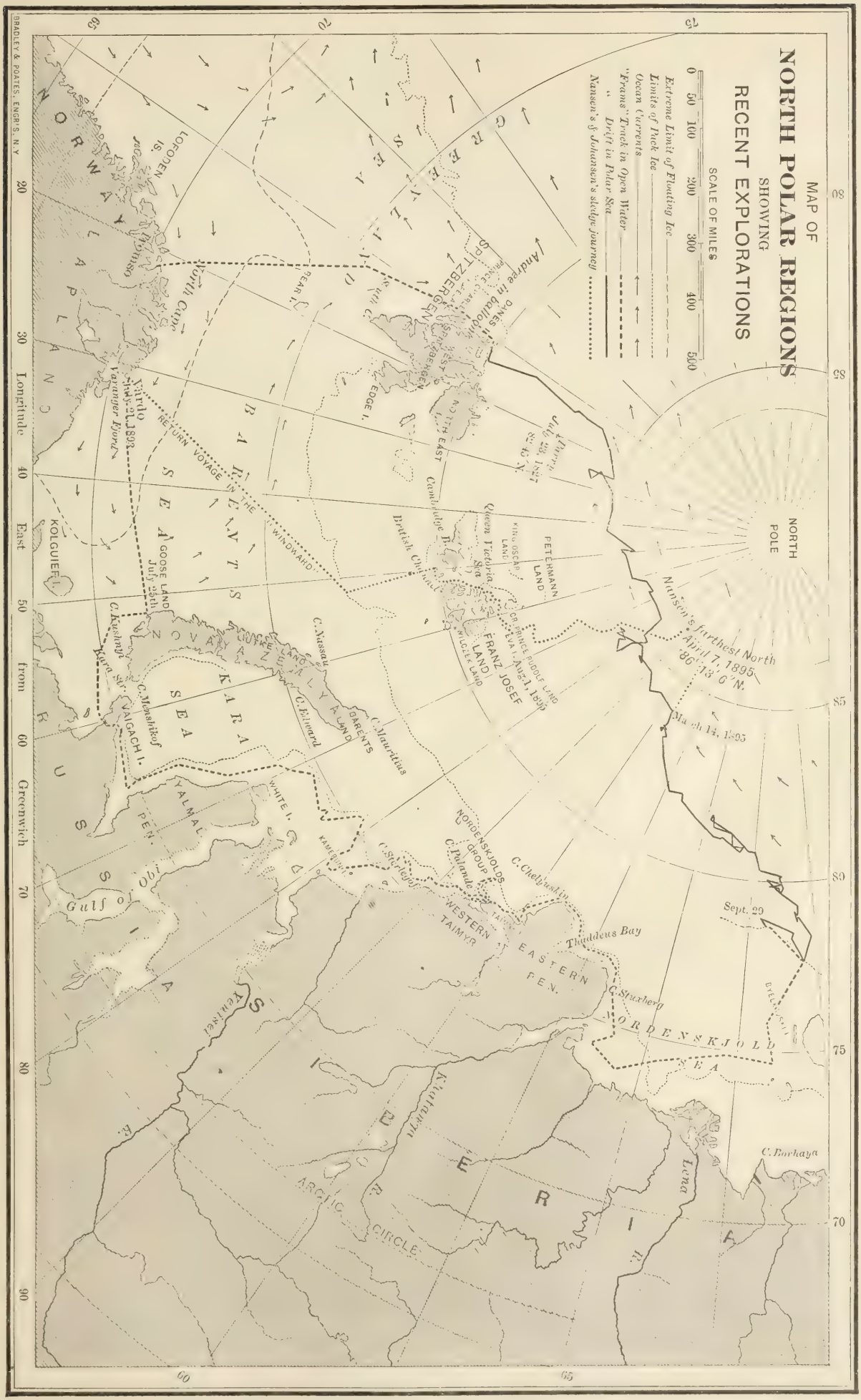
In the beginning of the century only patches of the coast of Australia and New Zealand were known; they are now parcelled out among prosperous colonies, which, it is hoped, will shortly become a great federated dominion like that of Canada. New Zealand has been surveyed; so also have the more settled parts of Australia, while we have a fairly accurate knowledge of its interior, much of which, it is to be feared, can never be turned to great account.

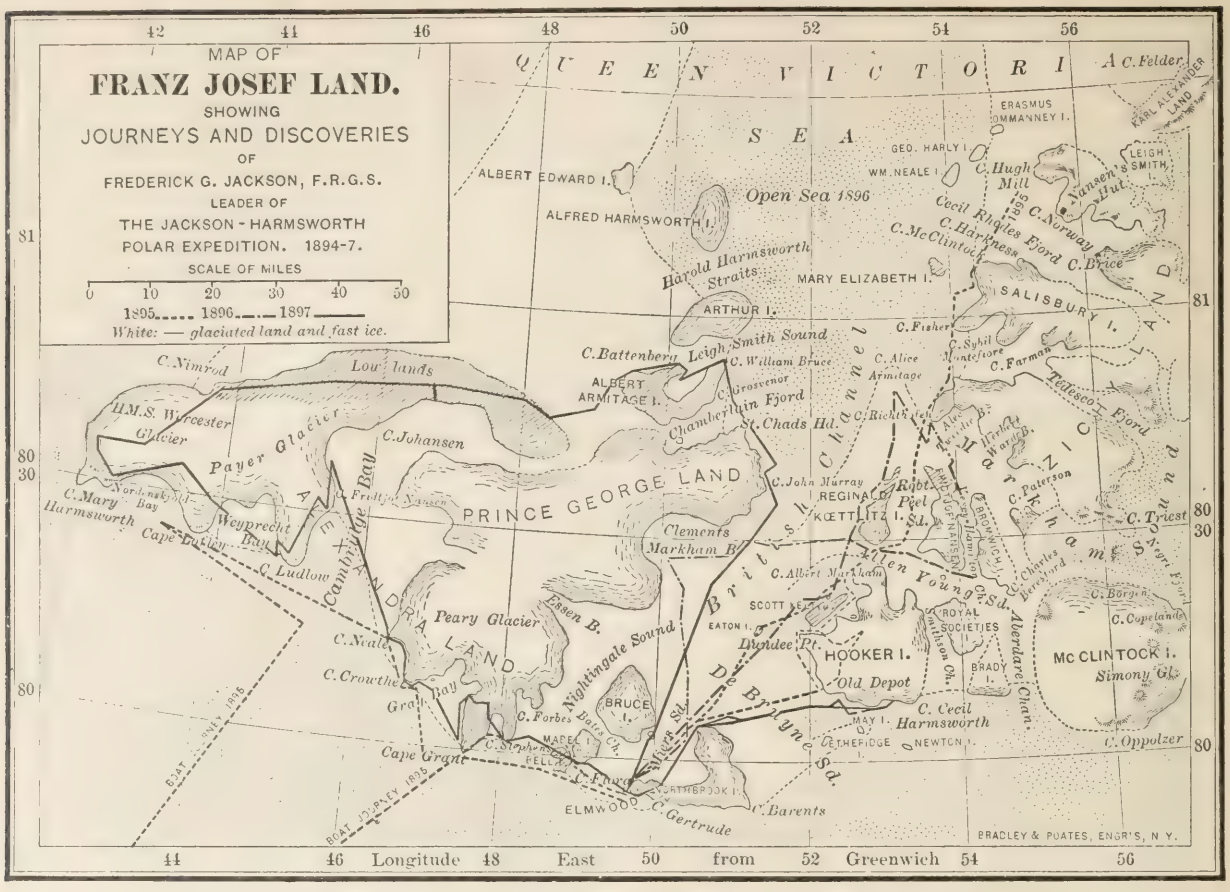
But space forbids more than a bare reference to the knowledge of these three great continents acquired during the century.

As for the Arctic, exploration has been pushed during the century by many heroic pioneers to within 250 miles of the pole, while the northern coasts of the continents have been approximately surveyed, and that enormous archipelago which extends beyond the North American coast laid down. In this work both America and England have borne a noble share, and until quite recently the former claimed the credit of the "farthest north"—Lockwood's 83° 24′, some four miles farther than Albert Markham's farthest in the Nares expedition of 1876. This record northern latitude had been attained by slow degrees and painful efforts over a period of 300 years. As long ago as 1594 Barents attained 77° 20′ in Novaya Zemlya, and in 1606 Baffin 77° 45′ in Smith Sound. From that time the northing had been made by one degree or at the most two degrees at a time. It remained for a young Norseman to attain not only the highest latitude in the arctic seas, but to cover more ground at one effort by a daring and original plan than had been done since the days of Baffin. The stalwart, massive, well-knit, lithe form, the earnest, but kindly and genial face, and characteristic Norse complexion of Fridtjof Nansen are now familiar to many in both hemispheres. He comes of good old Norse and German stock. For the undertaking which has conferred upon him undying fame he underwent a long and careful preparation. His physical training as a youth was of the hardiest; on the snow-covered mountains of Norway he became the most expert ski-runner* in his native land, an accomplishment that stood him in good stead both on his crossing of Greenland and on his never-to-be-forgotten journey with his companion Johansen over the polar ice. At the University of Christiania, at the Naples Biological Station, as curator of the Bergen Museum, he had a sound scientific training, which enabled him to turn his exceptional opportunities for varied research to rich account. In 1882, when only twenty-one years of age, he made his first Arctic voy-

* *Ski* are the long, narrow Norwegian snow-shoes, over six feet long and about six inches wide.

age on board a sealing-ship to the sea off the east coast of Greenland, where he had his first experience of ice navigation. It was then that he conceived the idea of crossing Greenland, as a preliminary to still more ambitious polar schemes. It was only after six years of studious preparation that in 1888 he started on his expedition across the ice cap of Greenland, with what results every one knows. On his return in the following year his eyes were turned poleward, and he set about laying his plans for the memorable voyage in the *Fram*, of which everybody has read. He accumulated every scrap of available knowledge on the Arctic regions—their ice-conditions, their currents, their winds. He came to the conclusion that a current set northwestward, from about the New Siberian Islands or Bering Strait, towards the north pole; and then turned southwestward towards the East Greenland coast. On this current he resolved to ride across the north polar area and get as near the pole as possible, if he could only obtain the funds necessary for a suitable ship, adequate equipment, and a sufficient number of loyal and competent companions. He had no difficulty in getting money, men, and ship, for Nansen is a man who at once commands confidence. He is entirely free from self-assertion, but he possesses the quiet self-confidence of clear aims and complete knowledge combined with a sound constitution and perfect training. The Norwegian government and wealthy private individuals in Norway supplied the funds, the Royal Geographical Society of London contributing a complimentary £300. The total sum subscribed was £25,000, and much more could have been obtained had it been wanted. The ship itself cost more than one-half of the total; equipment and instruments, £4000; provisions, £2200. Considering what was accomplished, never was there a cheaper polar expedition. In Colin Archer, ship-builder of Larvig, Nansen found a man after his own heart, and between them a ship was built on a plan and of a strength to stand any amount of ice-pressure. As for men, Nansen had hundreds to choose from, and probably could not have made a better selection; all told, including the chief, there were thirteen, certainly a lucky number in this case. As Nansen's own delightful narrative is available to all, it is unnecessary to enter into details here. Everything turned out in accordance with Nansen's forecast. Before his departure he drew a line across the north polar area, from the New Siberian Islands to the sea on the east of Greenland, and said, "That is how I mean to go." Except that his line was straight and the course of the *Fram* somewhat zigzag, that line was the route followed. The *Fram* coasted with little difficulty along the north of Europe and Asia to near the New Siberian Islands, and was there run into the ice. For nigh three years she drifted, very slowly at first, and with many a backward movement, much to the anxiety of all; but when fairly in the current, all was plain sailing. After reaching 86° north, she turned southwest, and would have come out at Greenland, had not Nansen's faithful friend, Captain Sverdrup, broken through the ice to the north of Spitzbergen, and sailed south to Norway, anxious as to the fate of his chief. For in the spring of 1895, Nansen, doubtful how far north the *Fram* would go, left the ship with one companion, the sturdy and faithful Johansen, in about 84° north latitude, and in about a fortnight attained on foot, with two sledges and dogs, 86° 16′, or to within 260 miles of the pole, on the meridian of 90° east of Greenwich. Thus in less than two years Nansen covered three degrees, or 200 miles, farther north than the record position, while in the end the ship itself got nearly as far. It was a brilliant feat which needs no language of mine to enhance it. The gloomiest predictions were made by great Arctic authorities, before he started, as to the fate of the expedition; some thought him mad; one distinguished American Arctic authority called him criminal. All have had to admit that Nansen was right and they were wrong. But the same Arctic authority referred to, tried, after Nansen's return, to brand him for "deserting" his ship. It is a pity that so distinguished a man should have been so biassed as to so totally misrepresent the position. Had Nansen remained on board the *Fram*, with all its security, all its comforts, all its luxuries in food and drink, and sent two of his companions on the dangerous quest, he might well have been blamed; as it was, he and his friend who volunteered chose the hardest part. And the hardships they had to endure on this memorable journey over the limitless, desolate, lifeless, restless ice, hampered with hummocks, and


MAP OF
NORTH POLAR REGIONS
SHOWING
RECENT EXPLORATIONS
SCALE OF MILES
0 50 100 200 300 400 500
Extreme Limit of Floating Ice
Limits of Pack Ice
Ocean Currents
"Frams" Track in Open Water
" Drift in Polar Sea
Nansen's & Johansen's sledge journey
NORTH POLE
Nansen's farthest North April 7, 1895 86° 13' 6" N.
March 14, 1895
Sept. 29
Andrée in balloon
RETURN VOYAGE IN THE WINDWARD
Jackson's Winter Quarters 1894-5
Jackson's Winter Quarters 1895-6
Payer's Winter Quarters 1873-4
Payer's Track 1874
Payer's Track 1874
Payer's Track 1874



ever and anon split with lanes of water; and still more during that dreary nine months in the dingy hut on Franz-Josef Land—even with Nansen's graphic narrative at hand it is difficult to conceive. The *Fram* itself came safely home a day or two after its chief landed in Norway. It was not only that Nansen attained the record poleward—he has all along stated that in his estimation that was a secondary matter—but during these three years an immense area in the Arctic regions was covered and explored. We know now that no land, except possibly an islet or two, exists to the north of Europe and Asia, apart from the island groups on all our maps. It may be different with that section of the Arctic which lies to the north of America; it is possible, though not probable, that the series of islands which lies off the coast continues northward. It is to be hoped that that most enterprising American explorer, Peary, may solve the problem within the next few years, and do for that portion of the Arctic what Nansen has done for the European section. Again, Nansen found that instead of a shallow sea, as was surmised, an ocean reaching to depths of 2000 fathoms surrounds the pole. Constant observations in meteorology and magnetism, the temperature and salinity of the ocean, were made; specimens of such minute animal life as swarms in the ice-pools were collected, and much other data brought back, all of which will reveal to scientific investigators the true character of the ice-bound North. To some, perhaps, the most interesting of all the results is the influence which the weird, the awesome solitude of three years, "far from all men's knowing," amid surroundings that recall the ice age of the past or anticipate the sunless globe of the future, had on an intelligent and inquiring mind. In my estimation, the extracts from his diary in his book, written amid such influences, are as interesting in their way as any part of the narrative. Though Nansen has done so much, there is still abundant room for enterprise. The pole itself will be reached without doubt, and those of us who know Peary feel assured that if he has the opportunity he will do it. Apart from that, there is plenty of room in the Arctic for research by the qualified scientific investigator, both in the sea itself and on its islands, whose rocks and fossils may throw some light on the past condition

of a region that at one period may have teemed with sub-tropical life.

A year after the departure of the *Fram* from Norway another expedition left the shores of England, bound for the same section of the Arctic, and with a more distinct aim of reaching the north pole. Not by the bounty of the British government, but by the generous enterprise of a private individual, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, was this expedition fitted out. It is believed to have cost Mr. Harmsworth as much as did the expedition in the *Fram*. Although he is the proprietor of several journals, it was not as a journalistic enterprise, but simply from love of polar exploration, that he equipped this expedition, and the news of its progress was freely distributed among all newspapers. The expedition was under the command of Mr. Frederick G. Jackson,* who had had some experience in the ice on board a whaler. Its destination was Franz-Josef Land, the group of islands lying to the east of Spitzbergen in about 80° north. It sailed from the Thames in the *Windward* in the early summer of 1894. The whole expedition did not consist of more than eight men, but these were selected with the greatest care. The scientific equipment was most complete, and all the instruments of the very latest make. At Cape Flora, on the south of one of the islands, the houses were erected, and the party, when at home, were as comfortable as they could be. Mr. Jackson shared with others the belief that probably Franz-Josef Land extended far to the north, perhaps in a more or less broken series of islands to the neighborhood of the pole. His plan was to make a series of preliminary journeys northward for the purpose of planting depots to serve in case of need when the final attempt was made to reach the pole. But, in his early journeys, Mr. Jackson soon discovered that this was a mistake, and that on the west there was no land much beyond 81°. Naturally, the idea of reaching the pole in this direction had to be abandoned. Mr. Jackson devoted himself to exploring Franz-Josef Land, and to the record of scientific observations. Thus, in the several arduous journeys which he made by boat and sledge in the spring and summer of 1895–6–7, he practically completed the mapping of Franz-Josef Land, only the eastern portion of which had been laid down by Payer when he discovered the islands, twenty-five years ago. On these journeys Mr. Jackson and his companions incurred grave dangers and endured much hardship. Throughout the whole period there were numerous adventures with bears, the number of which was seriously diminished during the sojourn of the expedition. Careful continuous records were made in meteorology and magnetism, and these, when worked out and compared with those of Nansen, will form a very valuable addition to science. The geology of the islands was investigated and specimens sent home, as also valuable collections of its plants and marine life. Altogether, the expedition has done important work, and when Mr. Jackson's complete narrative is published, it cannot fail to be full of interest and information. Mr. Jackson hopes to be able to renew his attempt to reach the pole, this time from the American side.

As for the other end of the earth, the Antarctic, that remains almost a virgin field—the greatest unexplored area on the face of the earth. Since Ross's expedition, nearly sixty years ago, and those of Wilkes and D'Urville, about the same time, but little has been done. Many important problems await the complete exploration of the Antarctic for solution.

The matter is exciting great interest both in Germany and in England, and within the next few years we may confidently hope for a rich harvest, both of adventure and of fresh knowledge of the great continent which it is believed surrounds the south pole, as well as the ice-covered ocean which environs it. Over the earth, as a whole, there is still a fair amount of pioneer exploration to be accomplished, and still more in the detailed examination of all the continents, and of that ocean which covers three-fourths of the globe. This will provide work for generations to come for men of the type with whose achievements we have been dealing, and of such men there is never likely to be any lack.

* Mr. Jackson's account of his life in Franz-Josef Land may be found in an article, "Days in the Arctic," in *Harper's Magazine* for September, 1898.—Ed.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF WAR.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

THUS through the beating of the reveillè,
  Through bloody conflict blent with gray and blue,
Until the breath of peace, with solemn hush,
  Has stilled the throbbing of the last tattoo;

Until the form of Justice, pale and wan,
  Arising from the iron reign of Mars,
Has laved her garment in the well of truth,
  And lifted up her glories to the stars;

Has bound a halo on each sunken mound,
  And washed the field and cleansed the blood-stained stream,
And in the night-watch trailed her mantle down
  The fair Valhalla of the warriors' dream.

For hands are clasped across the bridge of years,
  And hearts are knit that cold and severed lay
Upon a shrine where fame's unerring shaft
  Engrafts the cypress on the deathless bay;

Where memories live, reft of the barb that stings,
  And valor dwells, robbed of the thorn of hate;
Where union lifts the war-cry of to-day
  Above the trappings of a trampling fate.

Ay, turn, old world, to see them proudly stand,
  A warp of gray upon a woof of blue;
Ay, pause to see a brutal horde storm-swept
  In freedom's name by prowess tried and true.

They pledge the free-born blood that knows not fear,
  Nor ever knew the touch of conquering hand;
For death—then with their faces to the foe,—
  For life—the strength and sinew of the land.

Yea, theirs the deeds of Puritanic brawn,
  And theirs the flower of Southern chivalry;
Yea, theirs the land,—blest be the earth that shrines
  The ashes of a Lincoln and a Lee!

For truth dies not, and by her light they raise
  The flag whose starry folds have never trailed;
And by the low tents of the deathless dead
  They lift the cause that never yet has failed.

THE SPAN O' LIFE.*

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN AND J. N. McILWRAITH.

PART II.

MAXWELL'S STORY CONTINUED.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW I COME TO TAKE A GREAT RESOLVE.

I REWARDED the men handsomely enough to call forth their approval, and made my compliments so fully to Mr. Lockhart, with so many messages to his family, that I left him more puzzled than ever as to who Mr. Johnstone of Kirksmuir might be; and then picking up my portmanteau, made as though I would enter the town.

Once the boat was safely out of sight, I looked about for a quiet spot, and proceeded to effect a transformation in my outward appearance more in keeping with my new rôle of courier. Removing my wig, I smoothed my hair back, and fastened it with a plain riband. I undid my sword, and snapping the blade, put the hilt, which was handsomely mounted in silver, to one side, and then stripping the lace and silver braid off my hat, I bound wig and blade together and flung them into the sea. From my portmanteau I took a pair of heavy black hose and drew them over the more modish ones I wore, removed the buckles from my shoes, and placing them with the sword-hilt in the portmanteau, muffled myself carefully in my cloak, and taking up my burden, trudged towards the town.

I found the inn where Lady Jane and Margaret lodged without difficulty, and on my inquiry for them the landlord said:

"If you are the servant my lady has been expecting, let me tell you you have been within an ace of losing your place, for you are a day late, and but for the wind she would have sailed this morning. You are to go to your room at once, and then you wait on her, and I, for one, don't envy you your reception! Take your things and come this way."

The thought of being so near friends banished any petty annoyance I might have felt at this treatment; indeed I could but so admire Lady Jane's cleverness that I entered into the jest, and inquired what manner of person my new mistress might be.

"Masterful, masterful. 'Tis a God's mercy she was not born a man, or it might have been ill holding with her!" the honest creature returned, with much decision, and I at once placed him as a man of fair judgment.

In my room I found the suit of bottle-green livery Lady Jane had promised laid out for me, so I soon made my transformation complete, and presented myself at the door my guide had pointed out.

My cousin's voice, in answer to my discreet signal on the panel, bade me enter, and my welcome was a merry one. How I made them laugh over my appearance! With what satisfaction did I turn the tables on Lady Jane by the landlord's estimate of her character, when she attempted to resume her quizzing over "Mr. Simpkin"! But it was when I came to the relation of my adventure with Captain Galway that I met a veritable triumph. To Lady Jane it afforded a new mark for her wit, and she professed to be highly amused at my groundless alarm; but to Margaret, who was much distressed by Lady Jane's levity, 'twas all tragedy of the most serious description.

The measures taken for her brother's safety had proved entirely effectual, and it was clear that Margaret credited me solely with her brother's release, though I honestly believe the Duke's signature would have been only so much worthless paper had I not suggested the Vicomte's services. Be this as it may, I did not hold I was bound to combat with her sense of gratitude, for Heaven knows I have so often suffered under an oversufficiency of undeserved censure that a little overflowing of approbation was most welcome.

We hoped to be off early the next morning, but, alas, on our awakening the wind was as unfavorable as before, and there

* Begun in October number, 1898.

were no signs of a change. It was an anxious day for all of us. It was clear enough the Duke of Newcastle had suspected me, and though it was possible he did not realize my importance, it was quite probable he would have Lady Jane's following closely watched for the presence of Captain "Fitzgerald," as he chose to style me. The proximity of the *Triumphant* and her over-hospitable commander, with his prying friend Mr. Hargreaves, was never out of my mind, and it was with no small uneasiness I learned the Governor of the town had been unceasing in his attentions to the two ladies. True, this may have meant nothing but pure civility, but the purest civility may prove as embarrassing as the commonest intrusion when one has anything to conceal. Confound the man! He pressed his ill-timed courtesies upon us twenty times a day, and I could not but grow apprehensive when I marked the scarce-concealed curiosity with which he regarded me. Had I been a slave in a barracoon, my points could not have been gone over more carefully; and had I been both deaf and dumb, my qualities could not have been discussed with more openness. Never before had I realized that even a lackey might resent hearing himself discussed like an animal at a fair, and Lady Jane took a perverse delight in provoking the Governor's critiques when I was within ear-shot. Our morning walk in his garden will serve as an ensample.

"Has your fellow any experience of travel," the Governor would ask, stopping in his walk and eying me as if he were at a court martial, "or is he as useless as the rest of his kind?"

"I've no doubt he'll prove stupid enough when we get where we really need him," she would answer coolly, bending over some favorite flower. "'Tis really shameful the lying recommendation one's friends give servants nowadays."

"He looks stupid enough to prove honest," growled the Governor, "but if he were put through a few weeks' drill, with my sergeant's cane behind those fat calves of his, 'twould smarten him up a bit."

"What lovely Gueldres roses!" exclaimed Margaret, enthusiastically, and straightway fell to praising one flower after another with such rapidity and success that even Lady Jane's ingenuity could find no opportunity to lead the Governor back to the torture again.

However, I had my revenge, for Lady Jane herself was unpleasantly startled that same day as we sat at dinner in our room, and the Governor chose to pay us another visit without warning.

There was a frantic scurry for a few moments as we removed all traces of my place, and his Excellency must have had a suspicious train of thought running through his head as he waited for me to unlock the door. This I did with unmoved countenance, and Lady Jane made the excuse of being somewhat en déshabillé, as the room was over-warm with the fire, and it passed without further remark, though I could see he eyed me from time to time as I stood behind her chair. I waited on them, I flatter myself, quite as perfectly as the most highly trained servant—for the table is a point to which I have always devoted much attention, and my knowledge stood me in good stead now.

Whatever his suspicions were, he did not dare to make them known; Lady Jane was a person of too recognized a position not to make it highly inconvenient for any one who might interfere with her without due justification; and the next day we sailed without hinderance.

Upon our arrival at the Hague, the first letter received by us was one from the Vicomte to Margaret, assuring her of her brother's safety, and informing her it was commonly reported in London that Prince Charles had escaped to the continent in the train of Lady Jane Drummond, so we knew to a certainty the Governor had mistaken me for the Prince, and informed the Court of his suspicions.

Whether the mistake was flattering to me or not, I cannot fairly judge. So far as the Prince stood morally or intellectually, he was beneath my contempt, but physically, my impression is that he was handsome—at least he had a fine carriage and bearing. It is most difficult to judge any man in his position; all my training and education, and that of my ancestors for generations before me, had been such that I have scarce been able to look on a king save with a feeling close akin to reverence. So with these reservations I allow the dubious compliment to pass. But whatever I might think, there was no



"HOW I MADE THEM LAUGH OVER MY APPEARANCE!"

doubt but the circumstance had raised me many degrees in Margaret's estimation. And this also I owed to the unwitting services of the Vicomte, who had successively helped me on to nearly every advance in her affections.

From the Hague we journeyed by easy stages to Paris, where Lady Jane found suitable lodgings for herself and Margaret in the rue Dauphine, while I found a humble one, better fitted to my purse, in the rue du Petit Bourbon.

I at once made application to join my old regiment, but to my chagrin I was only put off from month to month, but, insisting on an answer, I was curtly informed that there was no captaincy vacant, and I must remain satisfied with the small pension the king was pleased to give me as officer in the Scottish expedition, or accept a subaltern's position.

When the Vicomte arrived, by the end of May, he resumed his position in the Royal Guard, and his evening visits to Lady Jane, or rather to Margaret. About the middle of the summer he succeeded in obtaining an authentic copy of the Act of Indemnity, which was studied with the greatest interest by us all. The terms were fair, even generous, but I was not astonished to find my name amongst those excluded from its favor. It mattered little to me that I was henceforward a marked man, with a price on my head, doomed to perpetual banishment; for, being in no sense an Englishman, and a Scot only by descent, exclusion from the Three Kingdoms meant little to me; blood and training had made me an alien in feeling, and fate had ever thrown me and mine on the side of the unfortunate; Maxwells and Geraldines, we had always been on the losing side; it had become second nature. But with Margaret it was far different. Her generous soul was in arms at once; my exclusion from the Act had raised me to the niche of a hero in her temple, and again it was the Vicomte who had contributed to this elevation.

Margaret now began to grow anxious again concerning her brother. Why did he not join us? Could any new complication have arisen to cause his rearrest? These and a thousand other disturbing speculations troubled her unceasingly, until they were put beyond all doubt by a letter, which fell upon us like a bomb:

"*January 19, 1748.*

"My dearest Peggy, — I have resolved on a step which I can scarce expect you to approve, perhaps not even to understand at present, though I have every hope that some day you will do both.

"My situation briefly is this: I have no hope whatever of another effectual attempt on the part of the Prince, and I have set my face against foreign service. Still, I was bred to the sword, and so must bide by it. As I have neither the means nor the inclination for an idle existence, and it has pleased the King to grant me my pardon without exacting any terms, I am resolved to offer him my sword and duty without reserve.

"Let no one persuade you into thinking that I am playing a part, or have been won over by new friends or promises. I have won myself over from empty plots and idle dreams to an honorable career, and I have put the past from me without a regret, save that my decision will cause you pain, my dear and only sister.

"Whether you write me in anger or write not at all, you cannot in any way lessen the affection in which I will always cherish you.

Your loving brother,
Archd. Nairn."

"A most sensible determination," I thought, "and does much credit both to his sense of honor and his judgment," but I need hardly say I took care not to air my appreciations of his course before Lady Jane, and still less before Mistress Margaret, who was little short of distracted.

The poor girl had swooned on receiving the news, and for two days was utterly overwhelmed by what she held to be the disgrace of his desertion.

The Vicomte was singularly unfortunate in his attempt at consolation.

"Margaret, mon amie," he said one evening before us all, "your brother should lose no claim to your esteem. Remember the cause of the Prince Charles is lost beyond all redemption. Your brother is under the greatest of all obligations to his legal King; he owes him his life. If my humble opinion be of value, I conceive he has acted strictly within the laws which govern the conscience of a gentleman and a man of honor."

"Gaston! How dare you? I am not a child; I am a woman loyal to my heart's core! I know nothing of your fine distinctions which constitute 'a gentleman and a man of honor.' But I do know the feeling which made men charge almost single-handed on the English line at Culloden. I know, too, the feeling which made the humblest Highland mother give up the child of her heart, and wish she had twenty more, to die for her King and her Prince. Better, far, far better that my brother had died unpardoned but loyal! He died for me the day his hand signed that traitorous compact. God pity me! I have neither father, mother, nor brother left. I have naught but you," she cried, as she buried her face on Lady Jane's shoulder, and shook with the storm of grief that swept over her. Lady Jane motioned us to leave, and we withdrew sorrowfully enough.

It was weeks before the poor girl recovered her old liveliness, but she could not combat against the natural elasticity of youth, though the struggle left its trace in a sudden maturity quite unlooked-for. Her relation towards the Vicomte became visibly colder; and he, simple soul, instead of being spurred to greater effort, went blundering on in his direct childlike way, with but small effect, though warmly reenforced by Lady Jane.

All this time His Royal Highness Prince Charles was making no slight stir in Paris. He was in deep disgrace with the King, whom he treated with the most studied discourtesy; he was an unwelcome and dangerous intruder, and paid not the slightest attention to the repeated requests that he should leave the capital; he kept open house in his hôtel on the Quai des Théatins, and appeared nightly at the opera despite every consideration of good taste and breeding. And yet one-half Paris looked on and applauded, blaming the King for his inhospitality to this hero of a hundred flights.

I did my own prospects of advancement no small harm by allowing myself to ac-

company Margaret and Lady Jane to one of his levees, where he bestowed much fulsome flattery on me, though he took good care it should reflect on himself, for he never could pass over an occasion to shine before a woman—one of the weakest vanities that ever inflated the soul of man.

The Vicomte was much chagrined over our going, and inclined to lay the blame upon me.

"M. de Kirkconnel," said he, addressing Margaret, "should know that such a proceeding is extremely injudicious when the Prince stands in such ambiguous relations towards the Court; especially when aware of my standing towards you and my official position in the present difficult negotiations with the Prince."

"'M. de Kirkconnel,' as you style him," retorted Margaret with great spirit, "has only done his duty, M. le Vicomte, as 'a gentleman and a man of honor,' in accompanying two ladies to pay their respects to the son of their King, whatever may be his relations towards a time-serving government."

"Tut, tut, Margaret!" broke in Lady Jane, "none of your hoity-toity airs! Gaston is perfectly right. I blame myself for not having thought of his position in the matter. We'll keep ourselves outside these delicate questions, for which women have too hot heads, until wiser ones settle them one way or another."

That Lady Jane was much displeased was evidenced by the strenuous efforts to procure me a captaincy which she put on foot again with renewed vigor, and, to tell the truth, I was not sorry, for I was beginning to find no little embarrassment in Margaret's unconscious revelations of her feelings towards me, and I was heartily sorry for the Vicomte as well.

Nothing came of Lady Jane's efforts, and now we all began to live a life of much discomfort. That the Vicomte disliked me was patent, and yet he would make no effective efforts to better his own position with Margaret; that Lady Jane was troubled at my presence was writ large on her expressive countenance, and yet she could not bear me to leave unless fittingly provided; and that Margaret, our Pearl of Great Price, was as cold to the Vicomte as she was affectionate to me I could not doubt greatly, and all this to our common disquiet. The Vicomte sighed for possession, Lady Jane for the fulfilment of her plans, and I for the end of a situation that had become wellnigh impossible.

At length the explosion came.

It was an open secret that the Prince would be removed by force, as he had obstinately refused to listen to either proposals, entreaties, or commands, and in short was courting disgrace, for Heaven only knows what, unless perchance he hoped to rise only by his failures and reverses. At all events, preparations were made without concealment for his arrest on the evening of the 10th of December, as he drove to the opera, and the Vicomte, from his position in the Household troops, had charge of the arrangements.

Margaret had heard the rumor that very day, and had sent the Vicomte peremptory word to come to the rue Dauphine; but no doubt it was his duties, certainly not any hesitation at facing the interview, which prevented his complying with her command.

The next day when he presented himself the news of the arrest was all over Paris, with every absurd exaggeration of detail. He entered admirably composed, though knowing a painful scene was before him, and after saluting Lady Jane, he advanced towards Margaret, holding out his hand.

She stood erect, her face white with emotion.

"One moment, M. le Vicomte, until I see whether I can touch that hand again or not. Is it true that it was laid on my Prince?"

"No, mademoiselle, it was not."

"Who, then, arrested him?"

"M. de Vaudreuil, mademoiselle."

"And you? What did you do?"

"I stood there, mademoiselle, and saw that M. de Vaudreuil carried out his instructions."

"His instructions? Who gave them?"

"I did, mademoiselle."

"What! To arrest the Prince?"

"Certainly, mademoiselle."

"And you think this was the part of 'a gentleman and a man of honor'?"

"Certainly, mademoiselle. It was my duty."

I own that from the bottom of my heart I admired him. It was clear what was coming, yet he never faltered, never wavered, nor made any attempt at appeal or explanation. It was like the man. I envied him his courage.

"Did you never think for one moment of me? Of my devotion to him and his cause? Did not my regard, my affection even, weigh for one moment with you?" she went on, excitedly.

"Marguerite, Marguerite! This is cruel! This is unjust! I worship you as I have never worshipped woman, and at this moment you are breaking my heart!"

"You have broken mine," she answered, coldly, and turning, walked slowly out of the room.

He stood with his face like marble.

Then Lady Jane rose, and laying her hand on his shoulder, said: "Gaston, I never thought more of you in my life, and the mother who bore you may well be proud of such a son. Margaret is but a child; when she thinks over what has happened, she will see matters in their true light. Girls' hearts do not break so easily. My own would have flown in pieces a thousand times if it had followed my imaginations," she said, gayly; and then more tenderly, "Be patient with her, Gaston; she is only a child."

But he shook his head sadly without reply.

"My dear Vicomte," I said, "I know you have cause to look on me with no friendly eye; but believe me, I can echo every word my cousin has spoken. I can only admire and hope for such courage myself; and that I may prove the sincerity of my profession, I will withdraw entirely from a scene where I am only a disturbance. I have no thought, no hope of winning Margaret for myself. I will volunteer for service in Canada at once, and at least shall not have the regret of standing in the way of one I honor so highly."

To all of which he said little, but that little so direct and feeling that we stepped out into the rue Dauphine together, more nearly friends than we had ever been.

CHAPTER VIII.

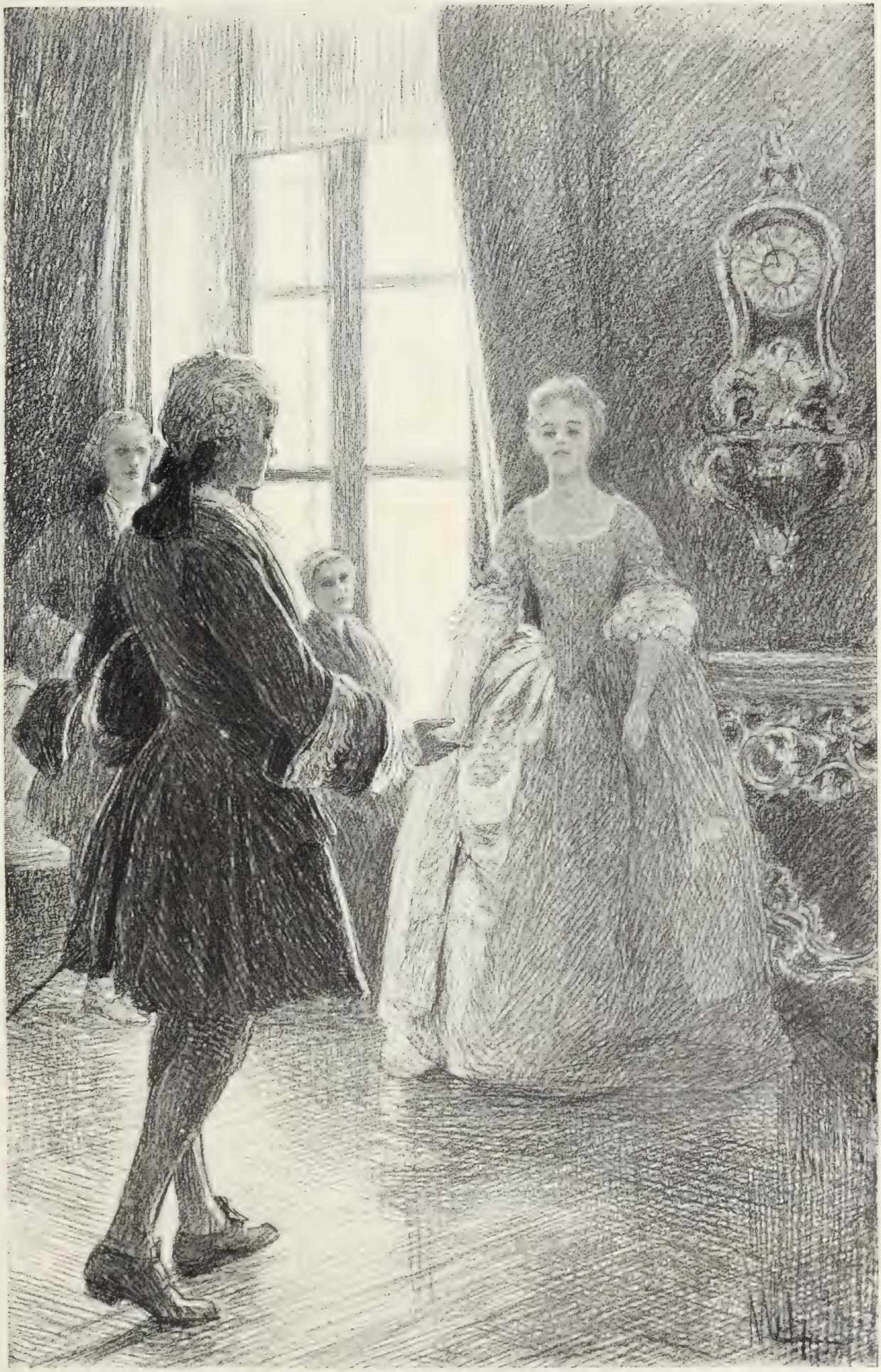
HOW I MAKE BOTH FRIENDS AND ENEMIES IN NEW FRANCE.

My resolution was immediate, but it was a different matter carrying it into effect. After many applications, and even entreaties, the most favorable opening I could obtain was the offer of an ensign's commission. It was almost beyond even my self-abnegation to accept such degradation, and only by the thought of Margaret, and the consoling comfort that I was making the sacrifice entirely for her sake, joined with the absolute promise of the minister that I should not long remain in such a subordinate position, could I bring myself to the point of acceptance.

Meantime the Vicomte had not in any degree taken a proper advantage of my disinterestedness; for, instead of winning back the affections of his adored one by direct and oft-repeated attack, he withdrew himself entirely from her company, and plunged into a course of the most reckless dissipation, making Paris ring with the tales of his extravagance and folly. Then suddenly, to every one's astonishment, he threw up his commission, and disappeared so effectually that not even his intimates knew what had come to him. Those at the rue Dauphine were as ignorant as the rest of the world, and though his withdrawal was unquestionably a relief to Margaret, it was a source of deep mortification and sorrow to Lady Jane. However, neither letters nor inquiries were of any avail, and the most rigorous search only elicited the fact that no one knew what had become of the Vicomte Gaston de Trincardel, beyond that he had voluntarily disappeared without any adequate reason being assigned.

At length the time came for me to embark for my miserable command.

Margaret made but little effort to conceal her grief. "It is dreadful, dreadful, this parting," she cried. "One after another I am losing those to whom I am most attached—first my brother, then Gaston, and now you. I am, indeed, 'a stranger in a strange land,' and if aught happens to Lady Jane, think what will become of me? But I am not thinking of myself alone," she added, quickly. "Believe me, my greatest sorrow is that you, who have sacrificed so much for your loyalty, who have met with such reverses, such pitiful ill return for all your devotion to your King, are now doomed to an exile worse than before—to the acceptance of a rank that is an insult to your condition, to banishment in a savage country far from all those you love—and you accept it all without a murmur. Now I know, for you have taught me, the definition of 'a gentleman and a man of honor.'"



"SHE STOOD ERECT, HER FACE WHITE WITH EMOTION."

With this recognition, so worthy of her generous nature, she looked at me so proudly that I would have given anything to kneel at her little feet and confess it was only the fact of being "a gentleman and a man of honor" which prevented me answering the love that glowed from every feature of her sweet face and throbbed in every pulse of her ardent young body with the burning words that trembled on my sealed lips.

"Oh, Margaret, sweet Margaret! I cannot say what I would. I dare hardly think what I would. Everything is against me!"

"Not everything," she answered, quickly—"not everything, unless I am nothing! I am with you heart and soul! No, you cannot speak, because you have no position, and perhaps no future. But I can. Oh, Hugh, Hugh! I care nothing about it being unmaidenly; I cannot mind such matters when my heart is breaking. I love you with all my soul and with all my life. I will think of you every hour you are away from me, and pray for you every hour until God brings you back. Oh, Hugh, tell me—tell me you love me!"

"No, miss! Master Hughie shall do nothing of the sort!" interrupted Lady Jane, who had come in unmarked. "Any man who wishes to do any love-making, so far as Margaret Nairn is concerned, must first do so through me.

"There, there, Peggy, my pet—my wee girlie. You may kiss him once for your poor heart's comfort; and then, my lambie, leave my boy to me; I am the only mother he has. There, dearie, go now," she said, tenderly, when I had kissed her as one might kiss a saint; and without a word Margaret left the room with my cousin, and it and my heart were empty.

Lady Jane was generous, as was her wont: all that money could do to make my departure easy was done; and, most of all, she comforted me as a mother comforts her child—indeed, as she had said to Margaret, she was the only mother I had ever known.

Again she told me plainly that I must not cherish any hopes upon her death beyond such humble provision as she might spare. "Margaret is my daughter, Hughie; and if you are the man I take you for, you would not deprive her of whatever money may bring."

"Cousin," said I, "I am going away for her sake, for her peace of mind alone; and if I am content to bury myself alive for this now, think you I'll regret any other good that can come to her? I love her with my whole heart and soul, and the greatest bitterness I have to bear is that I am prevented from declaring my feelings towards her before I go. She has spoken words to me that call for all the response in a man's soul, and I go away with my mouth closed like a clown."

"Tut, tut, Hughie! Now you are letting your vanity get the upper hand of you. You are bemoaning yourself because you have not cut a better figure in her eyes. But just one word for your cold comfort. There never was a young girl in her position yet—bless all their lovely trusting hearts—who would not make a hero of the man she loved, had he the garb of a Merry Andrew and the manners of a Calmuck. Don't fash yourself over imaginary woes when you've real ones in sight, plain enough, my poor boy. But now leave this profitless heart-break and let us plan for the future."

Our talk lasted late into the night, and by daybreak I was on my way to La Rochelle.

And now began the most miserable period of my life, the details of which I have no intention of inflicting on my reader. A wretched sea-voyage was a fitting introduction to my place of banishment—Louisbourg, a pretentious and costly fortification, but miserably situate and falling to decay for want of the most necessary repairs. There it was, shut in on the one hand by the monotonous sea, wild and threatening with its ice and snow and storm in winter, sad and depressing with its mournful fog in summer, and on the other by an unbroken wilderness of rock and firs, so that I ate out my heart in bitterness year after year, my only alleviation being the rare letters which I received from Margaret, but which I scarce could answer, though my reticence only brought forth a fuller expression of the unwavering affection of her generous soul.

Dear as this indulgence in a cherished affection was to me, I brought myself to renounce it, for I held I was bound to this for more than one reason. Now that I had entirely broken with my past, I

recognized that perhaps I should have done so sooner. Was it not folly to suppose that a girl such as Margaret would not follow her generous fancy when propinquity was added to inclination? Alas! that such admirable decisions are only so readily consented to when the occasion for delinquency is no longer possible!

Then, too, my position towards Lady Jane was a delicate one. She had clearly indicated to me her intentions as to the disposal of her fortune. A hopeful or even a contented correspondence was impossible to one in my situation, and to enter into any truthful detail of the misery of my surroundings might well appear, even in her kindly judgment, but an implied appeal to her generosity.

For this it was that I gradually cut down my letters year by year, until I entirely ceased from all intercourse, and lived my lonely life as best I might.

For fellow-exiles I had near an hundred discontented gentlemen ruling over a homesick soldiery, two or three unfortunate gentlewomen, a few greedy and dishonest officials, and a handful of wretched townspeople, whose prosperity was never fostered in time of peace nor their safety considered in time of war.

At last, through the friendship of the Comte de Raimond, Governor of the Island, I obtained a tardy promotion to the rank of lieutenant in the Regiment of Artois, under M. de St. Julhien, and the appointment as King's interpreter, on which I was heartily congratulated by my comrades, who had long pitied my undeserved ill fortune.

Until then I had made but little effort to better my condition, but my advancement, as well as the increase in my pay, aroused me. I took fresh heart in myself and my appearance, and began to mix somewhat in such society as our forlorn situation afforded.

In Madame de Drucour, wife of our commandant, I found a grande dame de par le monde, who commanded the admiration and respect of all our officers and the devotion of the soldiery and townspeople.

In Madame Prévost, the most charming little Canadian, wife of the Commissary, a creature with the carriage of a lackey and the soul of a dry-salter, I discovered a heart full of tender sympathy dying of ennui. Her husband's unpopularity was such that but few of the officers would enter his doors, and indeed he was so fierce a Cerberus in regard to his unfortunate wife that he made any attempt at alleviation of her unhappy condition wellnigh impossible. However, through my acquaintance with a M. de Sarennes, a Canadian partisan officer who stood high in his favor, he saw fit to allow my visits, and I willingly put up with his want of breeding to offer such attention as I might to his prisoner, for so in truth she was.

Sarennes was attractive enough in so far as his outward appearance went, but, like most of his countrymen—that is, the Canadians—was wanting in all those externals which are essential to a gentleman. He was courageous, but a braggart; he was well born, but had no breeding; he was open and friendly, but, I feared, truculent; and his sense of honor was not above the universal dishonesty which disgraced and wrecked his unfortunate country.

I had suspected his intimacy with Prévost had some less honorable foundation than a pitying admiration for his unfortunate wife, and I was confirmed in this by his proposal one evening in my quarters that I should hand over to him some blanks, signed by St. Julhien, on the Commissary for stores, etc., which I was to requisition as required.

"May I ask to what use you intend to put them?" I said, more to sound him than for information, for this was one of the most favored forms of peculation in the colonies.

"Oh, none that you will ever know of, Chevalier; and I should think an addition to your inadequate pay would not come amiss," he added, artfully, without even an effort to veil his knavery.

The whole disgraceful, pettifogging scheme disgusted me, but because he was a much younger man than I, and I believed might be in Prévost's power, I refrained from my natural indignation, and passing over the personal affront, I spoke to him with all the consideration of a friend. I showed him the path which he was treading, and pointed out the inevitable disgrace which must attend such a course, and, most of all, the wretched meanness of so contemptible a crime. But, to my astonishment, he was inclined to excuse and cloak his wrong-doing.

"Sir," said I, "nothing is farther from



"M. LE LIEUTENANT, YOU HAVE MY SINCEREST SYMPATHY!"

my liking than an artificial morality, but I would avoid even the appearance of being cheaply vicious. Do not weigh out the largest possible measure of dishonesty to the smallest possible quantum of correction. If you must depart from that path of virtue towards which we should all direct our best endeavors, do so in a manner that at least will command the admiration of gentlemen and the leniency of a Divine Being, who may consider the frailty of the natural man, but never the tortuous conclusions of his compromising intellect."

He was apparently sensible of my kindly advice, but I soon discovered that he not only disregarded it, but was endeavoring to do me an ill turn with the Commissary by directing his warped and jealous suspicions towards my innocent attentions to his wife.

The word "innocent" I use advisedly, and lest the reader have any doubt now or hereafter as to my intention touching the fair Madame Prévost, let me assure him I can lay my hand on my heart and aver I never at any time held any warmer feeling towards her than the sympathy of an exile towards a prisoner.

That her stupidly jealous husband, fired by the insinuations of Sarennes, should distort mere civilities into serious intentions, and bear himself with such a ridiculous assumption of jaundiced suspicion that a cause for his uneasiness was readily invented by a scandal-loving garrison, was no doing of mine. Madame Prévost, with all her charm, had neither experience nor knowledge in such affairs; she was simply a woman profoundly unhappy and profoundly ignorant of the world. Could I have honestly offered her my affections as well as my sympathies, I might have done so, and had them as honestly returned; but no woman had ever awakened a throb in my heart since I bade farewell to one in the rue Dauphine in Paris. She still remained at once my hope and my despair, and so long as she lived, other women were as dead to me. I lay claim to no great fortitude, to no heroic self-denial—it is seldom a man has attained the results of virtue with as little conscious effort as I was called upon to exercise.

But the mere knowledge of the integrity of my motives was not sufficient

to protect them from the idle gossip of the town, and this inconvenience led to an abrupt termination of our intercourse in the following manner:

One afternoon, when amusing myself and Mme. Prévost by singing snatches of old songs, I had ended a favorite of hers with a telling accompaniment and the effective words,

J'ai perdu mon cœur volage,
Mon honneur, mon avantage,
De moi ne me parle plus,

when I was surprised by a burst of pretended applause, and turned to find M. Prévost facing me with a malicious air.

"Believe me, M. le Lieutenant, you have my sincerest sympathy," he cried, with mock emphasis.

"Upon what, sir?"

"Upon the loss of that inestimable jewel, your honor."

"Pardon me, monsieur; that is merely the license of the verse, a dangerous thing to translate into plain prose."

"I do not seize the distinction, monsieur."

"You are probably not qualified to judge of either one or the other, M. Prévost."

"Possibly not, M. le Lieutenant, but I am qualified to judge of the persons I will admit within my doors; and, 'in plain prose,' I would wish you to understand you are no longer one of them."

"M. le Commissaire, your meaning is as plain as is your manner; nothing could be more unqualified, and I regret my inability to answer it in the same fashion," I returned, not without a certain appreciation of his handling of the situation.

"Madame," I said to his lady, who had preserved an admirable composure throughout this passage at arms, "I owe you a thousand thanks for your kindness, and a thousand regrets should I be the cause of any misunderstanding between you and your husband;" whereupon I raised her hand, and kissing it ceremoniously, I effected a not undignified retreat.

So the summer of '57 dragged on, when one warm afternoon in September—it was the 25th of the month—I wandered down to the landing-place to see the arrival of a ship from France that had slipped through the feeble blockade attempted by the English. I lazily watched the captain and others disembark with an uninterested eye until amongst them I caught sight of a lad of about fifteen years, whose dress and countenance were certainly English. As he came up with the others I advanced, and laying my hand on his shoulder, said,

"You are not French, my lad?"

"Oh no, sir," he answered, looking full at me with an open, engaging smile; "I am English."

"I thought so. What is your name?"

"Christopher Routh."

"Good God, Kit! I am Captain Geraldine!"

CHAPTER IX.

I AM ROBBED OF MY TREASURE.

As I had not been in the habit of asking favors of my superiors, permission was readily given that the English lad should be allowed to share my quarters with me.

I set my servant to work arranging for his comfort, and we sat in my little garden, I dying with curiosity to hear what lucky chance had blown him hither.

"Where is your mother, Kit?" I asked.

At this his eyes filled and his lips trembled, and for some moments he could not reply, during which I was unable to suppress a selfish hope that perchance my time of probation had ended.

"Mother is lost," he answered at last. "But let me start fair." I was pleased to mark the boy spoke with an easy address, for I hate the taint of servility above all things. "Ever since I had grown up I have been begging her to let me get to sea, and at length she yielded in part to my entreaties, and in part to the wishes of some members of The Society who had settled in Boston, in the Province of Massachusetts, and agreed to come out to them. For me, anything answered that would give me my wish, and I did not see that it mattered whether she was among Methodists in England or among Methodists in America."

"You are right, my lad; I imagine they would make the world much of a likeness wherever they might be."

He answered nothing to my observation, but went on:

"At length all our preparations were complete, and we left in June last in a wretched old craft called the *African Chief*, so ill found that she was dismasted and disabled in the first gale we met with.

"We were captured, or rather rescued, three days later by this very ship I have just come on, and the hulk was rerigged and sent back to France a prize, with her unfortunate crew and passengers as prisoners. From this fate my mother and I were preserved through the kindness of a French lady, who took compassion on mother as the only woman on board, and offered to take her as her waiting-woman, and I was allowed to accompany her. Anything was better than the certainty of a prison in France."

"What was the lady's name, Kit? I may know her."

"'Pon my word, sir, I am ashamed to say I don't know myself. There were no others of her condition on board, and she was addressed by every one simply as 'Madame,' and I never thought of asking my mother."

"Never mind; go on."

"We were treated with every kindness, and Madame showed every conceivable consideration for my poor mother, while I made friends with all on board, and soon learned enough French to find my way about ship. Madame and my poor mother found the length of the voyage tedious to a degree, but I loved every hour of it. We unfortunately ran short of water, as our casks had so strained during a heavy gale we encountered they lost all or most of their contents. Besides this mischief, the gale drove us far out of our course to the north, and our captain determined to run into the Baie des Chaleurs for a fresh supply of water.

"This we did, and there found it in abundance; and after the boats had begun to pass backward and forward, and we were convinced there was no danger, Madame and mother were allowed to have their wish and leave the ship for a ramble on shore. At first they staid within sight, but gradually gaining courage, they strayed away unnoticed by any of us for some time. When they were missed an instant search was made, and we started through the woods hallooing and firing our pieces, but without result; at length some of the sailors who had been in these parts before discovered a place where they said Indians had lately camped. We soon found further traces that confirmed this, and at last a small gray tippet which I knew to be mother's, and we were no longer in doubt.

"I was wild to keep at the search, but the others persuaded me it was useless for me to do so, that these savages wandered over the whole country, and would certainly carry their prisoners to some post where they would claim a reward, especially if they thought they were English, which might well be the case; and in any event there was no danger of their lives, as these savages never illtreat white women except in attack. Anxious as I was I could not but agree that they were right, and so said no more; but now I am content to remain here, as I have a better chance of hearing news than if exchanged for some French prisoner, as we were hoping all the way out."

Although I had not the same confidence as the boy, I encouraged him in his hopefulness, and in turn told him of my own doings since I had left their roof in London.

My whole existence now took on a different aspect; my duties were in no degree onerous; and Kit, the dear boy, so won every heart that he was looked upon as a guest of the whole garrison rather than a prisoner. No restrictions were placed on his movements, and we roamed over the whole country with our fowling-pieces or angles, and many a fine string of trout did we present to Madame de Drucour and other friends.

We explored the country from Louisbourg to Miré, and there we fell in with Sarennes and his following, with whom Kit was delighted beyond measure; and indeed there was much in the Canadian to attract those who did not look beyond the externals. He fairly enchanted the boy with his tales of savage life, his exhibition of his wild followers, and his skill in woodcraft and the chase, and I soon felt that Kit was revolving some plan for discovering the whereabouts of his mother through his aid.

This was the one flaw in my happiness. If I did not wish for her death, I at least hoped never to hear of her again, and indeed there seemed but little likelihood of it in this remote quarter, but every inquiry on the part of Kit gave me fresh uneasiness. This he was quick to perceive himself, but as I had never given him an inkling of the reason, he put my holding to him down to the liking of a solitary exile for one of his own kind.

Sarennes too saw my fondness for the lad, and took a pleasure in attracting him

from me on every possible excuse; but it was not until a dinner given by M. de Drucour at the New Year that I saw how far his petty cruelty would go.

With an assumed air of geniality he said to the commandant: "M. de Drucour, before I start on my expedition tomorrow, I am tempted to ask for a volunteer in the English lad Christophe. He is anxious to go, and I shall be pleased to have him."

"But, monsieur, you can hardly have him without me, for I am responsible to M. de Drucour for his safe-keeping," I broke in, with a chilling fear at my heart that my one treasure in the world would be imperilled in such treacherous hands.

"M. de Maxwell seems over-fond of this prisoner," sneered M. Prévost, who was an unwelcome guest, but could not well be left out on an official occasion. "A too-lenient gaoler may be even more dangerous than his prisoner at times," he went on; and I saw that further discussion might only precipitate matters when I stood in so delicate a position; for a soldier in foreign service, no matter what his merit, is ever a ready object of suspicion.

However, M. de Drucour turned matters by addressing me in his usual courteous and friendly manner: "With these rumors of war in the spring, have you had no inspiration for your Muse, Chevalier?"

"I have a song, if you will not hold the end a reflection on our surrounding," I replied. "However, remember that it is not I but my sword that sings, and, I am afraid, only strikes a note common to us all."

I regret I cannot give the graceful French couplets into which Madame de Drucour had obligingly turned my verses, and so cleverly preserved all the fire and strength of my original, which must now serve as it was written.

In Spanish hands I've bent and swung
With Spanish grace and skill;
I've scoured Lepanto of the Turk,
And Spain of Boabdil;
I've clanged throughout the Low Countrie;
I've held the Spanish Main.—
Ferrara made and fashioned me,
In Cordova, in Spain.

In Scottish hands I've saved the pride
That else had starved at home,
When under Bourbon's banner wide
We swept through Holy Rome.
In private fight I've stilled the slight
That Beauty's brow would stain.—
Ferrara made and fashioned me,
In Cordova, in Spain.

At Killiecrankie with Dundee
I've struck for James the King;
The blood-red waters of the Boyne
Have heard my metal ring;
Again with Mar at Sherriff-muir
I raised the olden strain.—
Ferrara made and fashioned me,
In Cordova, in Spain.

Along the line at Fontenoy
I've flashed in wild parade
When on the English columns fell
The strength of Clare's Brigade;
I've stood for Bonnie Charles until
Culloden's fatal plain.—
Ferrara made and fashioned me,
In Cordova, in Spain.

But now in exiled hands I rust
Beside the salt sea's marge.
And though I dream of trumpet call,
Of rally and of charge,
Of screaming fife and throbbing drum
As troops defile in train,
I wake to hear the wailing moan
Of the imprisoning Main—
Dead is all Glory!
Dead all Fame!
Will never sound that song again—
That great, world-wakening refrain?—
Ferrara made and fashioned me,
In Cordova, in Spain.

There was a spontaneous outburst of applause as I ended, for I had seldom made a better effort, and my closing lines but echoed the sentiment common to us all—that is, of all of us who were soldiers. Such a creature as Prévost could never have a generous impulse stir the weighing-machine which served him in lieu of a soul; and Sarennes was spoiled for nobler aims by the debasing influence of la petite guerre, dear to all Canadians. So M. Prévost saw fit to refrain from all applause; and Sarennes, foolish boy, for boy he was, in spite of his thirty years, was ill-bred enough to follow his example.

"M. Prévost, surely you are overcritical when you do not applaud," said M. de St. Julhien, banteringly. "Remember we are not in the rue St. Honoré, though I would trust this voice even there."

"You have more faith in that, then, than he has in his sword. He puts it in Spanish and Scotch hands. Why not in French?" snapped out the little centipede, virulently.

"Possibly there are some French

hands in which he would not trust it," retorted M. de St. Julhien, to our great delight.

"Do your words bear that construction?" asked the nettled commissary, turning on me.

"Possibly, too, M. de Maxwell may think it is not to be trusted in some Canadian hands," broke in Sarennes, with a hectoring air.

"Now, gentlemen," I returned, "you are coming too quick with your questions. As for you, M. de Sarennes, I once offered you some good advice which you did not see fit to follow, and now, even at the risk of having it similarly disregarded, I will proffer more, which is, not to expose yourself to punishment for the impertinences of others. As for your question, when I have had some more satisfactory experience of Canadians, I shall know better how to answer it."

"And has not your experience of me been satisfactory, monsieur?" he said, pluming up again.

"You are perfectly qualified to answer that question yourself," I replied, looking "blank requisitions" at him so pointedly that he simply reddened to the roots of his black hair and held his tongue, to the amazement of all who had hoped for some further amusement.

"As for your question, M. Prévost," I continued, rounding on him, "I made no reflection on Frenchmen in general. They are my comrades, my brothers-in-arms!" I said, playing to the company at large, by whom my sentiment was greeted with a burst of applause. "As to Frenchmen in particular, I have known some who were so dangerous with the pen that I would indeed hesitate to trust them with the sword." Now, as Prévost was hated and dreaded for nothing more than his lying reports to the Minister at home, and as no man in any position at the table had escaped his venom, my sally was again greeted not only with applause, but also with a roar of stentorian laughter.

The whole affair ended in nothing more serious than the hot words and laughter, for Sarennes, though a braggart, was not evil-tempered, at least towards me. For Prévost I cared not a maravedi, and would have spitted him like a smoked herring at any time with the greatest pleasure. My chief disappointment was that I had not succeeded in my attempt to obtain a refusal of Sarennes's request for Kit's company, an attempt I dared not renew, and was forced to give a reluctant consent when it was referred to me.

My heart was big with foreboding the last evening we spent together, and it required an effort almost beyond my powers to refrain from taking him into my arms and telling him he was my son. I almost persuaded myself that my life was so wretched, so lonely, so hopeless, that I would be justified in so doing. But for some reason or other I did not, why, I cannot pretend to say, and I saw him march proudly off at daybreak the next morning with my secret still untold. I wondered if any one would be equally faithful to me.

Such a weary month of January I never passed, for no one knew the danger of these miserable, skulking little war parties better than I; and to add to this there was my distrust of Sarennes eating at my heart every time I tried to make little of my fears.

What wonder was it, when the door of my room opened after a quiet knock, one stormy afternoon, and the dark face of the Canadian appeared, that I sprang to my feet and demanded, savagely: "Where is he? What have you done with him?"

"He was taken," he answered, quietly, "and I am here to answer for him."

There was such a dignity in his bearing, such a sensibility in his look, that I was melted at once, and my murderous suspicions put to flight.

"A thousand pardons, monsieur, for my rudeness. I have been anxious day and night for the boy. Tell me what has happened."

He told the story simply, and I could not doubt that he told it truly. It was the ordinary incident common to these wretched marauding parties, an attempted surprise, a couple of men lost, my poor boy wounded and captured before the baffled coureurs des bois could attempt a rescue.

When Sarennes left me with some words of sympathy, I was suffering only what hundreds of fathers have suffered before me. That it was common was no alleviation to my pain.

CHAPTER X.

HOW I FALL INTO THE MISTAKE OF DESPISING MY ENEMY, WHICH COMES NEAR PROVING MY UNDOING.

SARENNES had taken himself off again to gather fresh laurels in ambuscade and retreat, the alternatives which compose the whole science of la petite guerre, and I had but little to remind me of my loss save the constant ache at my heart when I was alone, a condition I strove by every means possible to avoid.

That Sarennes was desirous of making me some reparation for his injury towards me was proved by a letter from him dated in March, and written from his mother's house at Beaulieu.

"CHEVALIER,—There is an English woman staying here who claims to be your wife. What do you wish me to do in the matter? I am ready to oblige you in any way. SARENNES."

I have never made any pretension to a fortitude other than that which any honorable gentleman of my standing might claim. I was still sore under this last stroke of undeserved misfortune which had so cruelly deprived me of Kit, and I could not but look on his mother as at least the indirect cause of my loss. Under these feelings I delivered the following to the Indian runner:

"MONSIEUR,—If you have any regard for me, keep the lady claiming to be my wife at such distance that I may never set eyes on her again. Should she be in want, I will gladly reimburse you for any expenditure you may make on her account. LE CHEV. MAXWELL."

We now come to events on which the antiquary and the student might demand a larger attention and notice than I shall devote to them. I have been too prominent an actor in the drama of the downfall of New France to write on the subject with that calmness and impartiality with which I try to view all matters, and I leave it to the gentleman who has passed his lifetime at his desk, undisturbed by any greater explosion than that of wifely indignation at his late hours and waste of otherwise valuable ink and paper, to relate the battles he has never seen and weigh the interests he cannot understand.

In January we had positive intelligence that the English would make a descent in force at the earliest possible moment in the spring. On the first day of June we saw from our ramparts the sails of their fleet spreading over the horizon, and by the eighth they attempted their descent by land.

We made such defence as seemed possible at the time, but, like all unsuccessful efforts, it has been severely criticised since, chiefly by "the gentleman at his desk." As we lay in position at our post at the Cormorandière, hourly expecting the landing of the enemy, it was reported by our surgeon-general, M. Guérin, that we were utterly without provision of lint, brandy, and other necessities for the wounded. A messenger was instantly despatched with a requisition to the Commissary, but he returned with a message from Prévost saying, "There are none of these articles in the King's magazines; if the English force our intrenchments, it will be their business to take care of the wounded; if, on the other hand, we are successful, we shall have time enough to attend to them."

Our colonel, M. de St. Julhien, read this heartless reply aloud amid the deepest execrations on the part of our officers, and then turning to me, said, "Here, Chevalier, I understand there is no love lost between you and this creature. I commission you to see that these requirements are fulfilled by the morning." And he sat down and wrote an order on the commissary to "deliver to the Chevalier Maxwell such stores as he may demand for the use of the Company d'Artois."

Armed with this authority, I set forth at once, and arriving at the town about eight o'clock, made my way to the Commissary's house and demanded him with scant ceremony.

He appeared with but little delay, and I caught sight of the bright face of madame, alight with curiosity, behind him, though he clapped the door to sharply enough.

"Well, Monsieur le Lieutenant"—he took a petty spite in disregarding my title of Chevalier—"what brings you here away from your post?"

"Only the definite intention, M. le Commissaire, of seeing that you obey orders. I require stores for my colonel; there is his order, and if you try any of

your devil's tricks with me, sir, I will make no more of running you through than I would a rat."

He turned as white as a piece of dried plaster.

"Come, sir, none of your shuffling. I want an answer at once."

"You'll get no answer from me, sir, other than I have sent. I have no stores; the magazines are empty."

"I know you to be a thief, M. le Commissaire, and it is no great stretch of imagination to believe you a liar. Show me your vaults."

"Very well, very well. We shall see who is right. We shall see who is a liar," and he started off with alacrity.

"Wait, sir! Where are you going?"

"Only into the next room to get my keys."

"Very well; I'll go with you," and I followed him into the next room.

Here we found madame on tiptoe with excitement and curiosity.

"Where are you going? What is the matter?" she asked, quickly.

"None of your business!" roared her husband, with his usual brutality.

"Only into the vault to look for stores," I answered, throwing as much feeling into the commonplace answer as was possible.

Prévost provided himself with a lanthorn and led the way through the passage and down the steps leading to the cellars, muttering and scolding to himself, for he dared not make a complaint to which I might reply, until we reached the outer door. This he unlocked, and I discovered a long passage, evidently underground, for the air struck me as damp and chill as we traversed it to the entrance of the principal vault, which he opened.

"There! See for yourself if I have not told the truth. It is as empty as death!" and as he spoke he held the lanthorn high.

But this did not satisfy me, for I was determined to take nothing for granted until I had personally proved the truth of his protestations.

"Give me the light," I said, taking it from him as I entered.

"Willingly," he replied; but I had not taken a dozen steps before I heard a clang, the quick turn of a key, and found that I was a prisoner, trapped like a rat by the man I most hated and despised.

At first I was inclined to laugh, for the turn was not without its cleverness, but the inclination was quickly stifled as I realized what such a situation might lead to in one of my position.

A foreign officer failing to be at his post at a moment when about to meet his own countrymen face to face would be a default open to such construction as filled me with dismay—a construction which the wretch who had trapped me would use every means to convert into the blackest of certainties. When the first feeling of dismay had passed I made a careful examination of my prison, but the result brought no encouragement. The vault, which was an outer one, was only provided with two heavy doors, the one by which I had entered, and the other doubtless leading to another vault. There was not a sign of any window or opening, and the walls were covered with a white coating of fungus. In one corner was some useless household lumber, and against the wall stood a wooden coffer like those in well-to-do farmers' houses at home; save for these odds and ends, the place was indeed empty; in so far, at least, my gentleman had not lied.

I placed my lanthorn on the floor, and seating myself on the chest, tried to form some plan of action. There was no use in attempting to attract attention by raising an outcry, for I was certainly underground, cut off by the long passage from the house. If I made a fire the smoke could not escape, and I should only gain suffocation for my pains. There was absolutely no escape that I could further by my unaided effort. Dreadful as this thought was, I was tortured by others infinitely worse; by phantasms that the future might well convert into horrid realities.

With a too-ready imagination I framed the crafty charges which my enemy would prefer against me. No sense of shame would prevent him from distorting my innocent relations towards his wife into a treacherous attempt upon his honor; he would no doubt trump up some suggestive story of my presence in his house. My unsupported statement of my imprisonment must stand against his specious tale—the word of the accused against that of the injured husband, and he an official with powerful backing. The ridiculous trap into which I had so stupidly fallen would be difficult to explain with-

out derision at any time, but now it was a time of actual war, when any infraction of duty would be punished with the severest penalty; nothing short of death would be a sufficient excuse for my failure to return to my post.

I pictured myself, an alien—for a foreigner is always an alien no matter what his merit or service may be—fighting for life against the malevolence of a virulent enemy, contending too against that monstrous perversion of justice which so often sways a court martial, composed as it is of men little qualified by training for impartial judgment, towards the severest interpretation where an officer without influence is concerned, to win a cheap applause from outsiders and inferiors.

My blood ran cold at the thought. I stared at the lanthorn until my eyes ached, and when I looked elsewhere the image of the flame only faded to give place to another scene in the drama that tried my fortitude almost beyond endurance. It was early dawn outside the Brouillon Bastion, chilling sheets of fog swept in from over the dull waters, and there, with back against the ramparts, stood a coatless figure, with pinioned arms and bandaged eyes, facing a file of soldiers—the dreadful waiting in the dark, the whispered commands, the sudden movement of the men, and then— I jumped to my feet trembling in every limb, and with shaking hand wiped the gathered perspiration from my forehead, but could not wipe away the vision of the men staring at the motionless figure lying face downward on the trampled grass, dishonored, never to be spoken of until the Great Day when all the injustices of the ages shall be righted and made clear.

I again seized the lanthorn and re-examined every stone and corner with feverish hope, only to have despair triumph over it more completely than before. Then came a season of mad revolt. It was too horrible, too impossible, that I, Hugh Maxwell, a gentleman, who had lived delicately, who had shone in society which the world courted, who had loved fair women, had talked and smiled and sung to them, could in a few short hours be lying a mangled corpse in this obscure corner of the world, could die the death of a dog, of a traitor, the most shameful that can come to a man of honor. I was filled with a vast pity for myself, so mighty and overwhelming that tears filled my eyes as for another, for I saw myself apart, as it were, as distinctly as I saw that pitiful figure before the ramparts; then the childishness of it flashed across me and I laughed aloud; but my laughter was no more real than my tears, for neither brought relief, and the weary round began again.

How many hours this continued I do not know, but my attention was suddenly arrested by a sound at the door, and I made out a jingle of keys. Quickly blowing out the light, I drew my sword and prepared to force an exit, no matter what the odds. But scarce had the door moved when I caught a low whisper. "The chest against the wall! Quick!" Then followed the voice of Madame Prévost raised in dismay: "Mon Dieu, Charles! My candle has gone out! Hurry, bring a light!"

The moment's delay sufficed; I gained the chest and squeezed myself in, letting the lid down over me.

In a moment and before my heart ceased beating I heard her clear accents again. "There, Charles! There, Antoine! Take it up and carry it to my room." And I felt the chest slowly lifted, and the men staggered out, complaining loudly of its weight.

Up the stairs we travelled, uncomfortably for me, then on a level again along the passage; and I was laughing to myself at the probable outcome of my adventure when I heard,

"Where in the name of all the devils are you lugging that thing?"

It was the Commissary!

"To my room. I want to put my furs away," came the soft answer from madame.

"Blague! Put it down!" And I was jarred on the stone flags.

Then came a pause, and I was speculating on the best mode of attack for a man in this unauthorized position when the chest was lifted at one end and again dropped heavily.

Then came the same voice, but with a tone of triumph to it:

"Well, do as you like; but there is a lot of old rubbish in it. Take it first and empty it over the Princess's Bastion!" And once more the chest was slowly lifted.

A pretty situation surely, and clever on the part of M. the Commissary again. A tumble down on those rocks or into

the moat would be equally effective, and would not require such explanations as if my body were found in the King's vaults; but my gentleman reckoned without his host.

My scheme was as simple as his own. Hardly had we got clear of the house before my mind was made up. When I judged we were at the open space between the end of the barricaded street and the ramparts I uttered a terrifying yell and flapped the lid. It was enough. The chest went crashing to the ground, and I crawled out, bruised but otherwise unhurt, and my valiant porters were out of sight.

Without delay I made my way to M. Bois de la Mothe, in charge of the fleet, and stated the case, carefully suppressing, however, all mention of my personal adventure, and by morning was in possession of the desired stores, extracted from the Commissary by a peremptory threat to put him in irons and send him to France if they were not forth-coming.

Long before our preparations could be made for leaving the town, the sound of musketry reached us from La Cormorandière, and we knew the landing was attempted. I was all impatience to be off, but our scanty stores could not be risked if the attempt were successful; so with the others I anxiously awaited the result. But, alas! our stoutest hopes were dashed by the sight of white uniforms straggling over the crest of the hill in full flight, and, instead of a hospital train, I was soon heading a sortie to support the retreat of our troops, with the cannon thundering over our heads to cover their entry into the threatened town.

CHAPTER XI.

"A FRIEND AT ONE'S BACK IS A SAFE BRIDGE."

One after another our positions were abandoned or driven in, until our plan of defence from our outlying works entirely failed, and we were forced to fall back on the sorry defences of the town itself.

Our ships did little or no effective service, and though we succeeded in closing the mouth of the harbor and were comparatively safe on that side, the English crept closer and closer until they hemmed us in between their ever-contracting lines and the sea.

On the evening of the 8th of July the colonel of the regiment of Bourgogne called for volunteers, and leaving the town by night six hundred strong, we hurled ourselves upon the enemy's southern line, only to be driven back with heavy enough losses on each side, and at daybreak we saw the English General Wolfe in a more advanced position.

Among the prisoners we carried in with us was a young officer of the 78th, a Highland regiment.

My services as interpreter were not required, as he spoke French perfectly, so that it was not until after his interview with M. de Drucour that I met him in company with my colonel.

"Chevalier, a countryman of your own, an unwilling guest on our poor hospitality. Captain Nairn, the Chevalier de Kirkconnel."

We bowed, but I supplemented the courtesy by extending my hand, for I was in no doubt for a moment as to his identity, his likeness to his sister Margaret being remarkable.

"Captain Nairn is well known to me," I said, laughing. "I could even name him more intimately."

"Indeed, and what might that be?" he returned, on his guard.

"Archie."

"God bless my soul! Who are you, sir? I haven't heard that name for ten years!" he exclaimed, in the greatest surprise.

"I can go even farther. I can name a certain mission which ended in Fort William."

"Sir," he answered, with grave dignity, "I dislike mystifications. Who told you these things?"

"One Maxwell."

"Have a care, sir; you are naming one to whom I am under deep obligation."

"I am naming one, Captain Nairn, who will be as pleased to be of service to you now as then."

At this his face fairly flamed with pleasure, and he caught my hands in both his.

"Chevalier, I know you now. Maxwell of Kirkconnel! There is no man I would rather meet in this world than yourself."

"I cannot make out a word of your jargon," broke in M. de St. Julhien, "but you seem to understand each other. Barbarians, va! You are best left in charge of each other. You are on parole,



"I CRAWLED OUT BRUISED, BUT OTHERWISE UNHURT."

remember, Captain Nairn, and you are on your honor as host, remember. Chevalier. Do not disgrace our reputation for hospitality. If your cellar is low, I have a bottle or two uncracked," he cried as he bowed and walked off, and we took our way to my quarters.

My heart was bursting for news of my dear Margaret, but these were the last tidings I could ask of a brother whose sister had cast him off. In ordinary courtesy I had to abandon my personal gratification and feign a lively interest in his adventures.

These, however, I have no intention of inflicting upon my readers. I have refrained from telling much of interest in connection with myself through a reticence which is perhaps blamable; and Captain Nairn, although relating a tale which bore every impress of truth, was bald in his manner, lacking that lively sensibility which is the charm of all cultivated narration, and being unable to view any occurrence save from a personal stand, was utterly lacking in any sense of humor.

At length I felt I was justified in asking for tidings of her who to me had always been the dearest and best of women.

"You are aware, Captain Nairn, that when with my cousin Lady Jane Drummond in London and Paris I saw much of your sister Margaret. I know of the unhappy resolution she took, on hearing of your acceptance of service under King George, but may I hope that it is dissipated ere now, and that you can give me news of her, for these hostilities have prevented all correspondence for near a year past?"

"No," he answered, gravely; "my poor sister has never brought herself to forgive me, and I have never had word from her direct since I informed her of my resolve. I heard before sailing that Lady Jane had died early last year, leaving her well provided, and I should not be surprised to learn that she had taken the veil, as there was some disappointment in connection with the Vicomte de Trincardel, whom, I believe, she was to have married."

And with this I had to be content, for

Nairn was not a man of many words, and in any event his acquaintance with his sister, whom he had not seen since a child, was slight compared with mine.

Meantime the besieging line crept closer and closer about us. Building after building went crashing down, or was swept heavenward in a tower of flame; our weakened ramparts crumbled day and night before the never-ceasing storm of shot and shell breaking on them, and the very earth trembled under the incessant thunder of the bombardment.

Our one hope lay in the appearance of Sarennes, who had been ordered to our relief with a sufficient force of Canadians and Indians. Not that the latter are by any means the formidable foe generally imagined, but the terror of their name was great in European ears, and any diversion on the part of so dreaded an ally would give us instant relief. This was the hope that supported us; our gallant fellows stood by their guns on their crumbling ramparts, and as they fell beside them more than one man said: "Our turn next. Wait till they see the savages!"

"Courage, my children! We only need Sarennes to show himself," Drucour repeated as an incentive when he marked the fire slacken.

"There is another signal for M. de Sarennes!" cried his intrepid lady undauntedly, as she daily fired her three cannon with her own brave hands, and day by day men and officers uncovered and cheered her as she passed.

Within the crowded casemates by the King's Bastion, the only place of safety now left, terrified women and children wept and prayed, and wounded men cried and raved for the delayed succor; every time the enemy's fire slackened for an instant, it was Sarennes who had attacked them in rear; every time the thunder redoubled in the vaulted chambers, it was our support of Sarennes's attempt; but as day after day came and went without relief, the weeping, prayers, crying, and ravings were hushed into a dull despair, and on the ramparts and in the casemates men cursed at the very mention of that name which had so long been their sole support.

One night in the middle of July, Nairn, in discussing the probable length of our resistance, said to me,

"Chevalier, what will you do when this is at an end?"

Although it was a question which had been perplexing me constantly, I answered carelessly enough, "If this bombardment keeps up, the chances are that I shall not be called upon to settle so important a point."

"Chances enough," he responded, gravely; "it is never the number of men who fall, but the number who escape, at which I am astonished. But that is not the point. I have been thinking much, and am much troubled about your future."

"So am I, for that matter, though I have never found that I have advanced it by a hair's-breadth by losing a night's sleep over it. No, no, Captain Nairn, the best thing that can happen to me is to do the grande culbute."

"Chevalier, I am not only under heavy personal obligation toward you, but the memory of your friendship for me and mine ties me closer to you than you know. I stand high in the esteem of my general, who in turn can command attention to any request. You have approved of my own conduct in accepting service; let me open the way for you to the same honorable career. You have abundantly paid your debt to France; give your arm to your own people. Surely there come times when you dream of 'home.'"

"Captain Nairn," I answered, "believe me, I can pay you no higher compliment than in saying I receive your words without offence. I am sensible, deeply sensible of the kindness, may I say the affection, which prompts your offer; but 'my people' are wanderers on the face of the earth; my lot is that of the soldier of fortune. 'Home,' Nairn! Though I have never set my foot on my own soil save as an outlaw and a rebel, my heart at times grows faint for it, and the turn of an old song sets my brain aching and my eyes longing, but my only inheritance has been the loyalty which has robbed me of it all. That I am on the other side is my misfortune; that I have inspired your respect and affection is my reward. I thank you from the bottom of my heart, but do not mention the subject again if you love me."

One personal gratification the siege brought to me was the renewal of my in-



"CHEVALIER, I KNOW YOU NOW."

tercourse with the fair Madame Prévost. Now that I had her truculent husband under my thumb, for I held exposure over him like the sword of Damocles, I was free to see as much of her as I chose.

People eat and sleep, breathe and hope, though danger may lie down with them by night and draw their curtains with the day; at such times the most marked difference is that life goes with a faster foot, so that my intimacy with my charming rescuer grew at a pace altogether disproportionate to the hours.

On the evening of the 24th of July, when capitulation was unavoidable, when our fire was so weak that it was more like funeral guns than a defence, and our one anxiety was to obtain honorable terms, Madame Prévost came to me in a sad state of distraction.

"Chevalier," she said, "it is hopeless! No matter what the commandant may resolve, we are betrayed. Prévost will force them to accept any terms, no matter how great the humiliation. It is nothing to him so long as he escapes; but it is death to me. I have been despised all these years on account of my connection with him; I have suffered tortures of shame daily through the siege, and now it is to be crowned with this height of infamy. I cannot bear it. I cannot look upon it." And the poor distracted creature fell to sobbing and weeping as if her very heart would break.

When she had recovered somewhat she revealed her design, which was that, should Prévost succeed in forcing the commandant to the disgraceful surrender we all feared, she and I would escape together.

I was much moved by her generous offer, for generous it was beyond a doubt. I have known too much of women not to recognize when full credit should be given to their virtues, and if Madame Prévost had a second thought beyond escaping from the disgrace of the capitulation, then I know nothing of the sex.

"My dearest madame," I answered, warmly, "'tis quite out of the question."

"Why? I have seen old Gourdeau,

the pilot: his two sons have a boat at my service. They know every hole and corner of the harbor, and will do anything for me."

"The boat is not the question, my dear madame; it is yourself I am thinking of."

"Well, I am ready. I will have everything in readiness; if the capitulation be not signed by nightfall, it will be by the morning, and the moment it is determined on, you are free. We can easily pass out by the wicket near the Brouillon Bastion, and the Gourdeau will be at their post. I have thought of everything."

"Pardon me, madame; you have thought of everything save yourself. Have you thought of what the world will say to your flight with me? It will only credit you with motives of which I know you have never dreamed?"

"Oh mon Dieu, monsieur! this is cruel of you!" she cried, much distressed. "I was thinking as much of you as of myself."

"You were, I am sure, thinking more of me than of yourself, and for this I speak plainly, madame. I am overcome with your generosity, but my appreciation of it is too high to allow you, an honorable woman, to wreck your good name for my sake. I cannot go among the English, where you might be unrecognized, but where I am still a proscribed rebel; you cannot go among your own people to Quebec, where you would but suffer a martyrdom for your courage and sacrifice. No, no, my dear madame, believe me, it is not to be thought of!"

Here she began to cry again, somewhat to my relief, for I saw that her resolution was giving way.

"Oh, mon ami! I have been nothing but a silly fool of a woman all my life! Since my husband married me out of a convent, no man has spoken to me but to flatter or to make love, until you came. You are the only one who has treated me as an equal, and because of this I would do anything for you. I care nothing for what the world says!"

"Probably not, madame, because you have no idea what extremely cruel things it can say," I returned, for enthusiasm is a bad beginning for argument. "But suppose I were willing. I have only my sword to depend upon, and you know how much that is worth nowadays! If I turned it into a spit, I could not even provide a capon to roast upon it. But long before we came to that pass we would infallibly be captured or starved, for a woman cannot put up with the hardships of such a venture. I had some months of it in Scotland after the Forty-five, and I know what it means. To lodge à la belle étoile, and to dine with Duke Humphrey, as we English put it, may be the highest romance, but I assure you the quarters are draughty in the one, and the table bare with the other."

As I spoke her face brightened, and by the time I made an end she took both my hands and said, determinedly: "Then, mon ami, you shall go alone. I will have everything in readiness, and I do it for you with all my heart—the more so that your refusal makes it better worth the doing," she added, with an attempt at a laugh, and then turned and ran off, that she might not discover her feelings further.

It was a surprising outcome, and much as I regretted the seemingly ungracious part I was forced to play, I could not but rejoice at the opportunity offered of escaping from English hands, particularly those of such regiments as Lee's, Lascelles's, or Warburton's, my old opponents in Scotland. There was no difficulty in carrying out the simple plan, for, in providing the boat and the men, Madame Prévost had overcome the one obstacle. Hostilities would be suspended, vigilance would be relaxed, and if the capitulation were not signed before nightfall, it would be an easy matter to gain the harbor, and under cover of the night to pass the enemy's batteries and make some unguarded point on the coast beyond their lines before day.

It fell out much as we had anticipated. M. de Drucour demanded the same terms as those extended to the English at Port Mahon, in Minorca. These were refused, and he resolved, with our unanimous consent, to abide by the assault. But Prévost was at work, and so artfully did he play on our commandant that by eleven o'clock the same night, July 25, 1758, the terms of the harsh capitulation were accepted.

At midnight, the capitulation being completed, I passed out by the Brouillon Bastion, found the men with their shallop in readiness, and stepping in, said, in answer to their query:

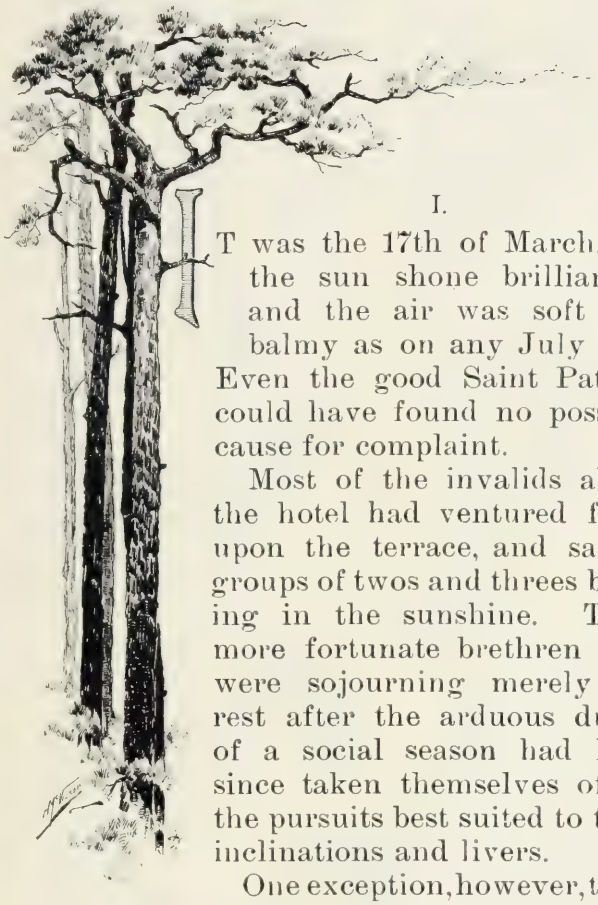
"The capitulation has been signed; the English enter in the morning."

"'Dieu seul devine les sots,'" quoted old Gourdeau, sadly. "Shove off!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REPRISAL.

BY H. W. McVICKAR.



I.

IT was the 17th of March, yet the sun shone brilliantly, and the air was soft and balmy as on any July day. Even the good Saint Patrick could have found no possible cause for complaint.

Most of the invalids about the hotel had ventured forth upon the terrace, and sat in groups of twos and threes basking in the sunshine. Their more fortunate brethren who were sojourning merely for rest after the arduous duties of a social season had long since taken themselves off to the pursuits best suited to their inclinations and livers.

One exception, however, there was to this general rule. A young man of some thirty years of age, who, seated upon the first step of a series leading from the terrace to the road, seemed quite content to enjoy the warmth and sunshine in a purely passive way.

To some of those seated in their invalid-chairs it seemed as if he had not moved or changed his position for hours, and after a while his absolute repose rather irritated them.

Nevertheless, he sat there with his elbows resting on his knees and a cigarette between his lips. The cigarette had long gone out, but to all appearances he was blissfully unconscious of the fact.

A pair of rather attractive eyes were gazing into space, and at times there was a fine, sensitive expression about his lips, but the rest of his features were commonplace, neither good nor bad. His face being smooth-shaven gave him from a distance a decidedly boyish appearance.

There was something, however, about him which might be termed interesting, something a trifle different from his neighbors. Even his clothes had that slight difference that hardly can be explained.

After a while his attention was drawn to a very smart-looking trap, half dog and half training cart, which for the past fifteen minutes had been driven up and down by the most diminutive of grooms. Slowly he took in every detail, the high-actioned hackney, the handsome harness, the livery of the groom, even the wicker basket under the seat with its padlock hanging on the hasp. Lazily he attempted to decipher the monogram on the cart's shining sides, but without success. Five minutes more passed, and still up and down drove the groom. Was its owner never coming? he thought. Surely it must be a woman to keep it waiting such a time. Little by little he became more interested in the vehicle, and incidentally in its mistress, and he found himself conjecturing as to what manner of person this was. Was she tall or short, fat or lean, good figure or bad. On the whole, he thought she must be "horsy." That probably expressed it all.

How long these conjectures would have lasted it would be hard to say, had not just then the owner of the trap and horse and diminutive groom herself put in an appearance. She came out of the hotel entrance drawing on one tan-colored glove about three times too big for a rather pretty hand. She wore a light-colored driving-coat which reached to her heels, and adorned with mother-of-pearl buttons big enough to be used for saucers. As she passed down the steps he had a good opportunity to take her in, and when she stopped to give the horse a lump of sugar, a still better chance for observation was afforded,

He could hardly say whether she was good-looking or not; he was inclined to think she was. She had a very winning smile—this he noticed as she gave some instructions to the groom. On the whole his verdict was rather flattering than otherwise, for she impressed him as being decidedly smart, and that with him covered a multitude of sins.

At last she took up her skirts and

stepped into the cart, gathered up the lines, and drew the whip from its socket. The groom scrambled up somehow, and after a little preliminary pawing of the air, the horse and cart, driver and groom, disappeared down the road.

"Hello, Jack! What are you doing here sitting in the sun? Come along and have a game of golf with me."

"Thanks! By-the-bye, do you know who that young woman is who has just driven off?"

"Certainly; Miss Violet Easton, of Washington; very fond of horses; keeps a lot of hunters; rich as mud. Would you like to know her?"

"Yes. Much obliged for the information. Oh, play golf? No; it's a very overrated game; you had better count me out this morning."

An hour later, when she returned, had she taken the trouble to notice, she would have seen him still sitting at the top of the same flight of steps, seemingly absorbed in nothing.

II.

Three weeks had now passed since that 17th day of March, and Jack Mordaunt had been introduced to Miss Easton; had walked and driven with Miss Easton; had ridden Miss Easton's horses to the hunt three times a week — in fact, had been seen so much in the society of the young woman that gossips had already begun to couple their names.

If, however, Miss Easton and Mr. Mordaunt were aware of this fact, it seemed in no wise to trouble them, nor to cause their meetings to be less frequent. A very close observer might, if he had taken the trouble to observe, have noticed that on these various occasions Miss Easton's color would be slightly accentuated, and that there was a perceptible increase in the interest she was wont to vouchsafe to the ordinary public. But then there were no close observers, or if there were they had other things to interest them.

On this particular day—it was then about 2 P.M.—Jack Mordaunt leaned lazily against the office desk, deeply absorbed in the perusal of a letter. The furrow that was quite distinct between his eyes would seem to indicate that the contents of the same were far from agreeable.

Twice already had he read the epistle, and was now engaged in going over it for the third time.

He was faultlessly attired in his hunting things, this being Saturday and the run of the week. Whatever disagreeableness may have occurred, Jack Mordaunt was at least a philosopher, and had no intention of missing a meet so long as Miss Easton was willing to see that he was well mounted. His single-breasted pink frock-coat was of the latest cut, and his white moleskin breeches and black pink-top boots were the best that London makers could turn out. His silk hat and gloves lay upon the office desk beside him.

"You seem vastly absorbed in that letter, Mr. Mordaunt; this is the second time I have tried to attract your attention, but with little success. I trust the contents are more than interesting."

Jack whirled round to find himself face to face with Miss Easton. Try as he would, the telltale blood slowly



THE OWNER OF THE TRAP.

mounted to his tanned cheeks, suffusing his entire face with a ruddy hue. Instinctively he crumpled up the letter in his hand and thrust it into his coat pocket, then, with a poor attempt at a smile, answered her question. "Yes; the letter

contains disagreeable news, at least so far as I am concerned. In fact, I will have to return to New York Sunday morning."

"But you are coming back?"

He shook his head. "I fear it will be 'good-by.'"

Did he observe the quiver of her lips? Perhaps so. Still, no one would have known it as he stood there, swinging his hunting-crop like a pendulum from one finger.

And she — well, the quiver did not last long, and with a little laugh and shrug she continued: "I suppose most pleasant times come to an end, and perhaps it is better that they should come too soon than too late. But, Mr. Mordaunt, we must be going—that is, if we are to be in time for the meet."

"Where is it to be?"

"At Farmingdale, and that is twelve miles away."



THEIR HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

Together they walked down the wide corridor, and many an admiring glance was bestowed upon them as they passed, and many an insinuating wink and shrug was given as soon as their backs were turned.

Together they passed through the hotel door on to the terrace and down the steps —those same steps upon which Jack Mordaunt had sat just three weeks ago and watched her drive away. There was the same trap waiting, the same diminutive-looking groom standing at the horse's head. He helped her in, a trifle more tenderly, perhaps, than was absolutely necessary. Then he mounted to the seat beside her, and away they drove, the groom behind hanging on as by his eyelids.

All during those twelve miles they talked together of anything and everything, save on the one subject which was uppermost in their minds. Religiously they abstained from discussing themselves, and yet they knew that sooner or later that subject would have to be broached. Instinctively, however, they both avoided it, as if in their hearts they knew that from it no good could come.

At Farmingdale, as they drove into the stable-yard behind the little country tavern, all thoughts but of the hunt were banished, at least for the moment. They were both too keen about the sport not to feel their pulses quicken at the familiar scene and sounds.

All the hunters had been sent over in the morning, and stood ready in the adjoining stalls and sheds; grooms were

taking off and folding blankets, tightening girths and straps preparatory to the start. In the middle of the stable-yard, O'Rourke, the first whip, was struggling with all his might and main to get into his pink coat, which had grown a trifle tight, and was giving the finishing touch



"MIDNIGHT IS A FRIEND."

es to his toilet, gazing at himself in a broken piece of looking-glass that a friendly groom was patiently holding up before him.

Gentlemen and grooms were going and coming, giving and receiving their final instructions. The baying of the hounds, and the dashes here and there of color from pink coats, all went to make up a most charming and exhilarating picture.

Into the midst of this noise and bustle came Miss Easton and Jack. The groom scrambled down from his perch, and the two got out. In an instant she was surrounded by three or four men, all talking at the same time and upon the same subject: "Was not the day superb?" "Did she know which way the hounds were to run?" "Was she going to ride Midnight?" "What a beauty he was!" and a great deal more of the same kind.

She was gracious to all, and when at last Jack returned, followed by a groom leading her horse, not one man of that group but felt that Miss Easton was simply charming, and any one who married her was indeed in luck.

Jack stood aside to let young Martin give her a lift into the saddle, and watched him somewhat wistfully as he arranged her straps and skirt. At the final call every one sought his horse, mounted, and away they went, chattering and laughing.

The run was one of the best of the season, and after it was over Jack found himself riding by Miss Easton on their homeward journey.

Perhaps the others had ridden quite fast, or perchance these two had gone at a snail's pace, but when half-way home they looked about them and found that they were alone.

As far as the eye could reach along the wooded road no living thing was to be seen. The sun was setting like a globe of fire, and the red shafts of light penetrated between the straight trunks of the tall trees, bringing them out black against the evening sky, while the soft breeze moaned through their branches laden with the odors of hemlock and pine.

And this was the end. Another twenty minutes and the hotel would loom up before them, and the little farce, comedy, or tragedy, whichever it might be, would be finished. The curtain would fall, and the two principal actors would disappear.

No art could have given a finer setting to this the last act.

Neither cared to break the spell, and so they rode in silence until it seemed as if the intense stillness could no longer be borne. It was she who first spoke:

"And so it is really good-by?"

For a long time he did not answer, but gazed steadily ahead of him, looking into space.

"Yes," he said at length, "it is good-by; and it were better had it been good-by three weeks ago."

"Why?"

He gave a little start, merely repeating the word after her in a queer absent-minded way.

"Yes, why?"

"Oh, I don't know."

Again silence fell upon them both.

"Violet," it was the first time he had ever used that name.

Violet Easton turned in her saddle and looked straight at him, trying to read something in those dreamy eyes. He met her gaze quietly.

"Why do you call me Violet?"

"Because—because—" He drew in his breath sharply, and hesitated.

"Because—" and she looked inquiringly in his face.

"Don't ask me; please don't ask me. I believe I am mad."

Again she let her eyes rest upon him with the same earnest look of inquiry.

He turned away, and gazed absently into the trees and underbrush.

In a few minutes she again spoke. "Is this all you have to say, especially—especially"—and she paused a moment as if searching for a word—"if this is the end?"

Again he turned and looked at her. Their horses were now walking side by side, and very close; one ungloved hand lay upon her knee.

He leaned over and took it, and attempted to draw her towards him.

"No, no, not that; please not that."

"Why?"

"Can't you see—can't you understand? You and I are going to part—this very night, in fact, and—and— Oh, please do not."

He paid little heed to what she was saying, but drew her closer to him. The blood rushed to her cheeks, suffusing them with a deep red glow. Nearer and nearer he drew her, until, half-resisting, half-willing, her lips met his. It was but for an instant, and then all was over. She drew herself away from him, and the blood faded from her face until it was very white. Two tears welled up into her big blue eyes, overflowed, and ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, why did you do it? Otherwise we might have remained friends. But now," and she looked him fair in the face, while her words came slowly and distinctly, "you belong to me, for you are the only man that has ever kissed my lips."

A little shiver passed over Jack as he heard her speak. He could find no explanation for the feeling.

The next day Miss Easton found on her plate at breakfast a big bunch of red roses. Attached to them was a card, and on it the single word "Adieu!"

III.

A month later Violet Easton sat at the writing-desk in her little private parlor. Her elbows were on the table, and her head rested on her hands. Scalding tears were in her eyes, and try as she would they forced themselves down her cheeks. Before her lay a letter, which she had read for the twentieth time.

It was a simple, commonplace note at best, and seemed hardly worthy of calling forth such feeling. It ran as follows, and was in a man's handwriting:

"My dear Miss Easton,—Remembering that you told me you expected this week to run up to New York, I write in behalf of my wife to ask if you will give us both the pleasure of your company at dinner on Thursday evening.

"If you like, we can go afterwards to the play.

"How is Midnight, and is he still performing as brilliantly as ever?

Sincerely, J. Mordaunt."

At last, with a great effort, she stopped her tears, and wiping her eyes with her soaking handkerchief, drew out a piece of note-paper from the blotter, and began to write.

The first three attempts were evidently failures, for she tore them up and threw the pieces into a scrap-basket; the fourth effort, however, seemed to prove satisfactory.

"My dear Mr. Mordaunt, — Many thanks for your and your wife's kind invitation. I have altered my plans, and no longer expect to go to New York.

"Midnight is a friend I have never found wanting.

Very sincerely, Violet Easton."

She read this over carefully, folded, and placed it in an envelope. Upon it she wrote the name of John Mordaunt, Esq., and the address, and ringing a bell, delivered the letter to a hall-boy to mail.

Long after midnight she was still sitting there, gazing seemingly into space.

Jack Mordaunt looked for an instant at the calendar which stood in front of him upon his office desk.

In large numbers was printed 17, and underneath, the month of March was registered. He stopped writing for a moment. Somehow that date had forced his mind back just one year, and as he sat there he was going over again the incidents of that time. They were all so vivid—too vivid, in fact, to be altogether pleasing. Had he forgotten Violet Easton? He had tried to forget her, but his attempts were vain.

Since they parted he had never heard from or of her save that one short note, and yet at odd intervals her remembrance would force itself upon his mind. Her parting words, "You belong to me," haunted him.

And now, just as he was imagining that the little incident was to be forever forgotten, that date had brought up freshly and distinctly every detail of those three weeks. After all, what had he done? A passing flirtation with an attractive girl! To be sure, he had omitted to say that he was married, but, after all, it was not absolutely necessary for him to proclaim his family history to every passing acquaintance.

Somehow to-day the recollection of it all irritated him. He felt out of sorts and angry with himself, and inclined to place the blame on others. He shrugged his shoulders and went on with his work. He would dismiss it all now and forever, and yet, try as he would, it would persist in coming back.

He threw down his pen and left the table, going over to the window. The outlook was far from encouraging, the March wind blew in eddies along the street, and now and then the rain came down in sheets, so that the opposite buildings were hardly visible. He shivered slightly; the room felt cold. He went back to his desk and rang the bell. One of the clerks answered it at once.

"Jones, I wish you would turn on the steam heat. The room seems chilly."

"Sorry, sir, but the steam is on full blast. Is there anything else that you wish?"

"No; you can go."

He sat down, and for the next hour again tried to concentrate his mind upon his work. It seemed useless. He looked at his watch; it was a quarter to six. "I think I will have to go home," he muttered to himself. "I don't feel very well, somehow."

John, the office-boy, here put in an appearance. "I beg pardon, Mr. Mordaunt, if you don't want me any more to-night, may I go? All the other clerks have gone."

"Yes." And John disappeared into the outer office.

A few minutes later he again put in his head. "Mr. Mordaunt, a lady wishes to see you; shall I show her in?"

"Certainly."

The door was flung open, and Violet Easton entered.

So sudden and unexpected was her appearance that Jack had to grasp the desk to steady himself. Really, he thought, my nerves must be frightfully unstrung. I think I must take a holiday. Aloud, he said: "Why, Miss Easton, this is a most unexpected pleasure. Won't you be seated? Can I be of any service to you?"

He drew a chair up for her, and she took it, and he sank back into his own.

And now for the first time he had an opportunity to look at her, for she had pushed up the heavy veil that covered her face.

She looked ghastly white, and heavy black rings were round her eyes. "Miss Easton, you look ill. Can I get you anything?"

"Oh no. I am not ill."

He said no more, but waited for her to speak. At last she did. "Mr. Mordaunt, I thought a long time before troubling you, but I decided that as it was purely a matter of business you would not object. I desire you to draw out my will, and, as I am contemplating leaving the city to-morrow, it would be a great convenience if you could do it now and let me sign it. Then perhaps you would be good enough to keep it for me. I have my reasons—"

"I can assure you that I shall be more than pleased to do anything you request."

"Then will you kindly write as I dictate? Of course I wish you to put it in legal form, as," and she smiled, "I prefer to avoid litigation."

He drew towards him several sheets of legal cap, and began to write as she dictated.

He read it over to her when it was finished, and she nodded approval.

"And now, if you will execute it, I will try and get the janitor and his wife to acknowledge the instrument. I regret to say all my clerks have gone home."

He got up and left the room, returning in a short time with the janitor and his spouse. Miss Easton took the pen from Jack's hand and wrote her name, Violet Easton, in a clear, distinct manner. The janitor subscribed his name as one of the witnesses, and his wife did the same.

Jack thanked them both for their trouble, and they departed. He took the document, and having placed it in an envelope, sealed it with his own seal, and put it away in the safe.

"I don't know how I can thank you, Mr. Mordaunt. If you will kindly send

your account to me in Washington, it will be paid."

Jack protested. "I could not think of taking any pay for such a trifling service, I assure you."

"Yes, but if I insist?"

"Oh, very well; I will do as you wish."

"And now I must be going." She rose from her chair and began drawing on her gloves, while he sat and watched her. Suddenly an irresistible desire seemed to take possession of him. A desire in some way to make amends for the past.

He pushed back his chair and stood facing her. Several times he attempted to speak, but no sound would come from his parched and burning lips. He stretched forth his hand and took her ungloved one, the same as he had done a year ago. It seemed to him that it was icy cold. Again he tried in vain to say something. Slowly he drew her close, still closer to him, until their lips again met in one long kiss.

Her lips were cold, while his were burning hot. It seemed a long, long time before she gently disengaged herself from his embrace. A sweet smile flitted across her pale face.

"Yes," she said, as if speaking to herself, "this is the second time, but it will be the last. And now I must be going. Adieu!"

He went with her into the hall and down in the elevator, and saw her into the cab. He forgot to ask her where she was staying. His brain seemed to be on fire.

The next morning he felt far from well, and at the breakfast table his wife remarked upon his looks.

"Oh, it's nothing, dear; I think I am a little overworked. As soon as I can dispose of the Farley case I shall try and get away, but it is too important to leave before it is decided. Is there any news in this morning's paper?"

"Nothing very startling, except I see the death of your friend Miss Easton, in Washington."

"What!" Jack fairly grasped the table for support. "Impossible! There is some mistake." He was now deathly white.

"Perhaps there is some mistake; but here is the notice," and she handed him the paper.

Hurriedly he ran his eye along the death notices until he came to this one:

"EASTON, VIOLET.—On the 17th day of March, at the residence of her father, K Street, Washington, of diphtheria, aged twenty-three years. Notice of funeral hereafter."

For some time he sat there as if stunned, until his wife broke in upon his thoughts.

"It seems to me," she said, "that you take this matter very much to heart."

He did not answer her, but soon excused himself, and left the table.

He went straight to his office and into his private room. With trembling fingers he made out the combination of the safe, and opened the heavy iron doors. There, where he had placed it the night before, lay the sealed envelope. Beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead, and he was shaking like an aspen leaf. Surely, he thought, I must be ill or mad. He took the envelope and tore it open; his hands were trembling so that he found it difficult to unfold the document. There, at the bottom, in her clear handwriting, was the signature of Violet Easton. There, also, were the signatures of the janitor and his wife. In feverish haste he read the will. It was just as he had written it the night before. It left all her money to her father with the exception of a few gifts.

Midnight had been left to him. He remembered protesting, but she had told him that she was sure he would always be kind to the animal.

He rang the bell, and John appeared.

"Did you show a lady in here last night just before you went home?"

"No, sir."

"Are you positive?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go and get the janitor, and tell him I wish to speak to him."

In a few minutes that dignitary put in an appearance.

"Is that your signature?" and Jack handed him the will.

"Yes, sir; I signed it last night at your request, and so did my wife."

"Was there a lady here at the time?"

"No, sir."

Jack put his hand up to his forehead. "My God!" he muttered, "I must be going mad." Suddenly everything began to whirl about him, and he sank exhausted into his chair.

"John," he said, "send for a cab; I am feeling very ill, and must go home."

Four days later he was dead. The family doctor pronounced the case one of malignant diphtheria.

EASTWARD EXPANSION OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

THE world, as it now stands, is the result of human struggle, of racial competition carried through countless ages. The essential condition of international existence is rivalry—first in arms, then in arts, and then in arms again. The great races of the world have not even approached mutual equilibrium. Industrial competition is now actively engaged on the problem of the survival of the fittest, and there may be many ups and downs in the relative positions of the nations during the coming century.

One leading result of the secular struggle among the Western nations has been the gradual ascendency of the Scandinavian, Teutonic, Anglican, or, as we may roughly call them, the blue-eyed races, over the Keltic and Latin races. As between these groups the trend of history has been pretty steady in one direction. The great unsettled question of precedence seems now to lie between the Teutonic group and the Slavs. Of the former, the most important is the English-speaking section; the latter means simply Russia. The United States, by her remoteness from Europe, and even from Asia, has never felt the pressure of either racial or international competition, and has been able to stand judicially aloof from Old World polemics.

It has fallen to the English, whose expanding empire and growing commerce have been the first to meet the more rapidly expanding dominion of the Tsars in Asia, to bear the brunt of the conflict; and often, in the delusive hope of purchasing peace, has England given ground to her more aggressive antagonist. The circumstances of the huge Oriental empire of China have brought this secular contest into an acute concrete form. China lies before the world almost a derelict empire, which England is anxious to preserve intact, while Russia is intent on absorbing it. The superiority of the attack over the defence, of the active over the passive policy, is as marked here as it usually is, and so far the honors of the contest must be awarded to the aggressor.

There is more, however, involved in this contest than either trade or territory. The deep interest of it lies rather in its ethnic bearing, its possible effect on the supremacy of the Slav or the Angle, the influence of the one or the other in the future development of the world. This is a question which extends far beyond the limits of the British people or the British Empire. It affects the destinies of millions yet unborn, and includes every nation and community that inherits the English cult, the English language, laws, literature, and sentiments. The United States, with her phenomenal growth of population and rapid accumulation of wealth, is no less interested than Great Britain herself in these present struggles between two great antithetical systems of government, for the United States is essentially the nation of the future. She cannot be always restricted to internal politics, and in anticipation of the time when her material interests will be extended into fields which she scarcely touches now, and in which her people have only a languid interest as yet, the leaders of American thought would do well to turn their observation to what is now transpiring in China.

Now that the United States has freed the colonies of Spain, the American people will be at liberty to devote attention to that great problem of the future, the Pacific Ocean and its Asiatic shore; to that stupendous question of the future of China more especially; and to the place which America may be expected to occupy among the nations of the world.

Recent events have made it clear that two great Continental powers—Russia and France—are actively engaged in China on a political campaign which is intended to shut the door against the commerce of the Anglo-Saxon powers; while one other state — Germany — is tacitly supporting that dual alliance in order to obtain special and exclusive advantages for herself. Some of the minor powers (Belgium, for instance) already show signs of joining this combination. China is, in fact, undergoing "lingchih" (slicing to death) at the hands of a league of certain European protectionist nations. Under this process Great Britain, through the absence of a clear, determined line of policy, has lost ground to an extent that constitutes a

grave danger for her; while the United States, under the influence of a deep-rooted traditional policy—that of non-interference in foreign affairs — has stood aloof, and seen the markets of Far Asia closed, one after the other, by powers establishing exclusive domains. From the combination now at work in China, England, having the largest stake there, will suffer most severely; but the material interests of the United States will also be seriously injured by the extinction of the commercial freedom of China. China is, as was said forty years ago, "a world-necessity." Without advocating anything in the shape of a formal alliance between the United States and England, I believe there is ground for a mutual understanding, for spontaneous co-operation based upon community of interest, which would ensure China's being kept open as a field for the commercial energies of the Anglo-Saxon and other industrial peoples.

That it is necessary for the United States to decide upon a line of foreign policy is no longer a mere academical proposition. She has entered upon a "forward movement" from which there is no turning back. Established in Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, isolation is no longer possible; she can no longer lead an independent existence.

Two chief factors seem to determine her future active participation in a world policy: she is impelled from within to move outward in search of fresh markets; and geographical remoteness (no longer isolation) is now no safeguard against external attack. However that may be, she has already stretched across the Pacific, is established in Hawaii, a half-way house to the Far East, and has an outpost in the Philippines, at the very gate of China. She must now, therefore, take her place and play her part among the world states.

And this new departure of the United States, as regards the outer world, takes place just when a vast transformation is occurring in the Far East, when a crisis is afoot which may alter the whole balance of power in Asia, and gravely affect not merely the future of Great Britain, but also that of the United States, and, indeed, of the Anglo-Saxon races throughout the world.

The problem by which the United States is confronted, therefore, is whether she will merge her forces with those of Russia, and thus put an end to Anglo-Saxon leadership in the development of the world, or co-operate with Britain in strengthening that ascendency, so making it practically unassailable.

That Russia is seeking, by means of the control of Asia, of which China is so important a part, to acquire a world-domination, there can be little doubt—a domination that would necessarily supersede Anglo-Saxon civilization. In this process she is at present utilizing the resources of France—which will herself fall an easy sacrifice once the great object has been attained—while she endeavors, by means of what Asiatics term "sweet words" and of politic acts, such as occasional orders for railway plant, to cultivate the friendly sentiments of the United States. The most superficial examination, however, of Russian progress will convince any one that it is only while their interests remain far removed from contact that any semblance of identity in aims can be maintained between the two powers. But while their immediate interests do remain so widely separated as to give no occasion for even platonic discussion, it will be, as it has ever been, an object of Russian diplomacy to keep the two English-speaking nations apart. Indeed, Russia shows so much solicitude in the attainment of this object that it may be almost regarded as a principal article of her policy.

No longer can the United States be said merely to face Europe across the Atlantic. From the Pacific slope she is now also in close communication with the Asiatic world, and when a trans-isthmian canal is made, the bonds that unite her with Asia will be drawn infinitely closer.

Of great value to the people of the United States generally, the Nicaragua Canal is a matter of special importance to the Pacific and Southern States. The Pacific territories, with an area of nearly 800,000 square miles, dependent on the Pacific Ocean for access to the outer world, "imperial in extent," as Blaine called them, are of greater extent than Germany, France, Italy, and Spain combined. Their extraordinary growth need not here be dwelt on at length. Enough that, with only six per cent. of the population, they possess ten per cent. of the entire wealth of the Union, while the railway mileage exceeds that of any European country with the exception of France and Germany. The three maritime provinces,

California, Oregon, and Washington, are the richest, and they are the most exposed to attack—containing 57 per cent. of the wealth of the Pacific States. The whole Pacific coast as yet, however, takes but an inadequate share—only 5.69 per cent.—of the total import and export trade of the United States.

The Southern States will also, by means of the Nicaragua Canal, participate largely in the development of the Pacific and of the Far East. In the South are combined the advantages of all the other sections, without their greatest drawbacks; and the remarkable progress achieved there in the past dozen years will undoubtedly be surpassed in the future.

But this is much more than a sectional question. The commercial development of Asia and the future traffic of the Pacific Ocean interest not the Western or Southern States alone, but the whole Union. Already the East and the West, the North and the South, are tied together by a vast net-work of railways without parallel, and no such separation of interests as existed a generation ago can now be recognized as affecting the Federal policy of foreign affairs. The national policy, like the republic itself, is one and indivisible, and the course of events can only tend still further to consolidate the union and assimilate the interests of the great and growing population.

China and the Far East, facing as they do the Pacific coast, lie practically at the back door of the United States. No development of land traffic, either within the boundaries of China itself or between it and neighboring territories, can ever detract from the importance of its oceanic commerce. Indeed, it is obvious that every stimulus applied in the interior must increase the flow of traffic to the seaboard, whether by means of new railways or by the great rivers, which all flow from west to east. Whatever promotes enterprise in China, or enhances the wealth and prosperity of the people, must react most forcibly on its sea-borne trade, of which, by means of the new vantage-ground she is about to enjoy, the United States stands to reap the first fruit.

Owing to the form in which the returns are compiled by the Chinese Imperial Customs, it is impossible to accurately estimate the extent of the present trade of the United States with China, which as yet is merely a nucleus of what it may hereafter become. These returns deal only with goods carried directly between America and Chinese ports, Chinese goods transshipped at an English port being shown as exports to England, while American goods thus reshipped appear as imports from Britain or British colonies. The net total value of imports and exports in 1896 was 333,600,000 Haikuan taels* (£55,768,500), and the total gross value £57,274,000, of which America contributed £3,850,000, Japan £4,795,000, European states (excluding England) £4,585,000, and Russia £2,856,000. Of the actual American share, however, many items, as already indicated—including cotton goods, oil, flour, machinery, iron, lumber, etc.—are set down to England and Hong-kong. The total for America, it has been estimated, should more probably be £6,000,000 than £3,850,000. Between them the United States and England have considerably more than 75 per cent. of the foreign trade, while Britain alone carries 82 per cent. of the external trade with China, and pays 76 per cent. of the dues and duties levied on that trade. It is thus clear what a predominant stake England and the United States have in the commerce of China. While the American import trade from China has increased slowly, the exports to that country have increased 126 per cent. in ten years, and are more than 50 per cent. larger than the German exports. The export of cotton cloth in 1897 amounted to £1,497,000, or nearly one-half the entire value sent abroad by the United States; that of kerosene is rapidly growing, having already trebled in value in the past ten years; the export of wheat flour in 1897 was £678,000, and of chemicals and dyes over £200,000. The trade generally is restricted to commodities which would be hard to sell in any market not under the conditions of "equal trade," and almost certainly impossible to dispose of in any market controlled by Russia or France—a feature of the question deserving special attention.

The growth in manufactures throughout the States, already making vast strides—aggregating in value about 230 millions of dollars—should receive a great stimulus from the industrial era now inaugu-

* The Haikuan tael in 1896 was worth 81 cents of United States currency.

rated in China, if only the field be maintained open. Especially in steel rails and engines, and railway material generally, is there a magnificent opening.

Japan is not likely to prove, as has been anticipated, a very serious competitor in mechanical manufactures, except in articles where artistic skill and hand labor play a large part. Unsuited for agriculture, and with a dense population, greater than that of some Western nations, Japan is forced to find her future in industrial development rather than in agriculture. And everything possible is being done by Japanese statesmen and publicists to convert Japan from an agricultural into a manufacturing country. Enthusiastic politicians and writers in Japan—and not there alone—were sanguine enough to predict the time when Japan, "the Eastern England," would supply all the markets of Europe with European articles; but more sober views now prevail, and the counsel to-day given to Japanese manufacturers by their leaders is to cultivate the special productions in which Japan excels other countries, such as silk, tea, artistic manufactures, and articles requiring great expertness of fingers.

China is the greatest market open to the enterprise of the American manufacturer, and, it is well within the mark to say, offers a much more promising outlet for him than does South America, a field on which so much energy and ingenuity are yearly expended.

But in order to achieve success in China, in the United States as in Britain, commercial enterprise and government policy must go hand in hand. The unflinching support, the active aid, of government are needed in the new developments which are taking place in the Far East. The out-of-date plan of leaving the manufacturer and the merchant to shift for themselves in China and similar fields must give place to an intelligent co-operation between the state and the individual. Competing nations have cordially embraced this principle of action.

The fact that Britain has in the past few years lost ground in China to a most disastrous extent seems not to be appreciated in the United States, which is perhaps not to be wondered at when the government of Great Britain itself seems scarcely to realize the serious position in which that country now stands.

Briefly, the events of the past nine months may be thus summarized: Russia is firmly ensconcing herself in Manchuria, has violently vetoed a British loan for the Northern Railways extension, is arming to the teeth at Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan, and is monthly pouring out re-enforcements to the Far East; Germany, established in Shan-tung, declines to pledge herself to any liberal commercial policy, and advances claims to exclusive rights as regards railway construction through the Shan-tung province, especially the trunk line from Tien-tsin to Ching-kiang (the most promising line in China); France is putting forward preferential claims of a comprehensive character in connection with her leasehold acquired in southern China—the West River, which was supposed to be opened long ago, being still practically unopened; France and Russia are actively interesting themselves in the sanctioned trunk line from Peking to Han-kow, and its proposed extension from Han-kow to the south; Japan is in Formosa, with a reversionary claim on Fo-kien province, a territory of great value. On Great Britain's side there is nothing tangible except the acquisition of Kow-lung, which, as it stands, is far from satisfactory.

In face of such facts, patent to all the world, we may rest assured that the political control of China by means of railways is no mere nightmare. That the recent Anglo-Saxon "diplomacy" is powerless to arrest the process of partition to which China is now being subjected is clear from the occurrences of the past nine months. The different steps taken from time to time now begin to appear in their true light, the counter-concessions obtained by Britain making but a sorry show. A brief review of these will suffice to exhibit their shadowy character.

The indiscriminate multiplication of mere treaty ports, though it gives the appearance of progress, is of no substantial value. The English headship to the Imperial Chinese Customs was a doubtful measure to press for; it existed in fact, and there was no ground to claim it of right, which gave it the appearance of a national monopoly, provocative of reprisal. The control of the sea-borne customs gives no control whatever of the trade. The non-alienation of the Yang-tse provinces is entirely in the air; it turns

out to be a mere gloss put upon some informal expressions of the Chinese Tsung-li-Yamên, less precise than even the "assurance" given by Russia regarding Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan. As to the right of navigation of all inland waters, it yet remains to be seen how far it is really operative. The lease of Wei-hai-wei sounds more important than it really is; the place is useless, except at a quite prohibitive cost for garrisoning. Actual occupation was, in fact, never meant, and it only serves the purpose for which it was intended — namely, to induce the people of Great Britain to believe that their interests were being guarded. The lease of Kow-lung, opposite Hong-kong, is a measure which has been highly lauded by the British government, but it should have been obtained long ago, and it has the serious defect that it leaves the city of Kow-lung under Chinese jurisdiction. The Shan-si concession is valuable, if properly dealt with and strongly supported. It is noticeable that it was obtained through the intermediary of an Italian, and, through want of support, it may yet lapse, if indeed it does not pass into the hands of the Russo-Chinese bank, that is to say, into the hands of the Russian government.

The steps taken by Britain to maintain the open door have so far proved to be perfectly futile, and something more than general threats and vague promises is needed to achieve any success in China. In the opinion of a small but dwindling section in England, it is a mistake to imagine that Russia is at the back of certain important railway schemes in China, or that the control of railways will confer political power—a view not in accord with the expressed opinions of Russian statesmen, of all military authorities, or, indeed, with ordinary common-sense. Russia does not disguise the fact that she means to effect the conquest of China by railways; which she *will* do, unless she is met by a solid barrier; and this can only be accomplished by effective industrial occupation of the Yang-tse region, and the opening of commercial communications between it and the populous countries to the southwest as well as the eastern provinces of the Chinese Empire. The term "effective occupation" has been perverted by some critics of my published views to signify military occupation, which was opposed to the plain meaning of the context, and it seems therefore desirable to explain that no other kind of occupation than commercial and industrial was referred to—the occupation which Li Hung-Chang had in his mind when, addressing the London merchants in 1896, he urged the inflow of British capital and enterprise into the remotest recesses of the Chinese Empire. There is no way in which central China could be so effectively occupied as by such an infiltration of international capital, be it English, American, or German, so long as it is free, and no measure could be so preservative of the autonomy and of the material prosperity of China.

With reference to this question of railways:—twelve months ago, when I was at Peking, an incident of great significance occurred, which deserves serious consideration in the United States and in Britain. At that time the *soi-disant* "Belgian syndicate" attempted, by an audacious "deal," to obtain control of the trunk lines of China. The ministers of England, Germany (which till then was ready to work with us), and the United States at once entered a concerted protest, and stopped the "deal." There was no hesitation whatever on their part. The movement was instinctive and automatic, growing naturally out of the circumstances. In the opinion of the three ministers, any control of the railway system of China by such a syndicate was inimical to the interests of their respective countries. This promising alliance of the three commercial powers, so well calculated to promote what should be the British and American policy in China, promptly fell to pieces, because the British government withdrew support from its minister at the moment when his influence was proving itself a reality. Had the British government, still more the British and American combined, furthered the scheme, which was then submitted to the Chinese authorities, of an imperial Chinese railway administration, it would have been established, and the long train of dangerous consequences arising from "concession scrambles" would have been obviated. But, instead of being supported, the opportunity was rejected, and thereby was sealed the fatal isolation of Great Britain in China.

The proposal of a government loan to China, made by Sir Claude Macdonald about the same time, was treated in pre-

cisely the same manner—there was "no precedent," it was "unheard-of," and so forth. At a later period, however, when the scheme had become impossible, her Majesty's government entertained a similar proposal, but with no adequate consideration of the conditions on which it could be carried through. And to-day, after all that has happened during the past eight or nine months, we are still assured by the Cobdenites that there is nothing to be objected to, rather something to be thankful for, in all these railways passing under the control of a syndicate financed by a Russo-Chinese bank and supported by French capital.

The United States government also accorded but a lukewarm support to its minister at Peking, it is true, but the difference between the positions of the United States and Britain in the matter was that the former, though possessing enormous prospective interests, had only a small actual stake in China, and but little relationship with that country, while Britain's realized interests were very large.

The failure of British capital to flow to China and the absence of substantial British syndicates ready to apply for concessions in China have been commented on in an unjustifiable manner by the British government in defending its control of affairs in China. According to it, the reason for its failure is that British capitalists want initiative, and the government would have it believed that it has been looking for British concessionnaires. But is there any wonder that enterprise is wanting, considering the vacillation of the government? and is there likelihood of improvement in this respect until there is a radical change in the way of dealing with the question? British capital has not been seeking investment in China because there is no confidence in the government—the first essential to anything being accomplished there—just as we stand politically isolated in the Far East because no power, not even China, has confidence in Great Britain. Once let this be changed, and British capitalists would promptly make their appearance. Precisely the same argument, of course, applies in the case of the United States.

Whether Russia will succeed in her scheme of world-domination is of course open to question, but, as I have already explained elsewhere,* her policy is being pursued under conditions hitherto without parallel. Unless she should break up from internal commotion—not a likely contingency—she will attempt the conquest of Turkey, Persia, India, and China, bit by bit, and according to fitting opportunity. She has at present a docile partner, ready to be used, little realizing that the ally of to-day will be the victim of to-morrow, when no longer needed. Germany, whose policy must of necessity be opportunist, is ready to tacitly support Russia while she is in the ascendant. Japan is, of course, a most important factor in the future destinies of the Pacific. She wisely keeps her own counsel, and prepares vigorously for eventualities, making those careful and minute studies of every country in the world which have already yielded such astonishing results. Her future course will be largely influenced by the action of the Western powers, and it need not be said that the most energetic among them will gain the sympathies of the Island Empire. Should Russia succeed in becoming mistress of Asia, she will dominate some eight hundred millions of the human race—active, hardy, intelligent, and requiring only direction to become a formidable force in any competition, whether in commerce or in war. The reduction of the British Empire is essential to the accomplishment of her scheme of universal dominion.

It requires no elaborate argument to demonstrate that the death-knell of the British leadership in the world would be nearly as disastrous to America as to Britain. To realize the position the United States would occupy, it is only necessary to study the commercial and industrial policy of Russia wherever any possibility of rivalry is in question. The power of the United States to extend her trade in Asia, and, in a large measure, to expand as a nation, depends much upon the Anglo-Saxon supremacy. Once in possession of Turkey and Persia, India and China, and with the resources of Asia organized under her direction, Russia would be not only supreme on land, but would be also the commanding sea power. With the Pacific Ocean a Russian lake, and Europe dominated, America and South Africa, in addition to Australasia, would, as a natural consequence, fall under the ascendency of the Slav.

The common aims and aspirations of

* *China in Transformation.*

the United States and Britain, the bond of race, of language, of religion, and of government, indicate for them a common destiny. Between the free people of the States and the semi-Asiatic despotism of Russia there can be no real sympathy; these nations are antipathetic and cannot unite. The danger threatening Britain is one threatening the Anglo-Saxon race.

May the democracies of Britain and the United States realize in time this common danger, not the less pressing because it may not seem to concern to day or to-morrow! May leaders arise who will guide both nations in the path of duty, of honor, and of prosperity, and bring them to submit without murmur to the sacrifices which will enable the race to maintain the ascendency it has so long held!

AN ANGEL IN A WEB.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

CHAPTER XII.

THROUGH A BREAK IN THE WEB.

LAMONT had barely reached the foot of the first flight of stairs when Laura seized a chair and used it to loosen the window and fling it as far open as it would go. Darkness was settling upon the city, the jets on the lamp-posts were making yellow dots up and down the street, crowds of working-folk, shortened into manikin figures by their distance below, were pressing westward towards the river, and a fierce howling wind, almost a gale, was blowing dust in clouds, slamming shutters, making sign-boards groan, and stilling all other noises.

To escape at once, by any means, however dangerous, was the only thought in Laura's mind. By leaning out of the window she could see that there was an iron balcony in front of the window next to it. This led into the same loft, but beyond the office enclosure, and therefore a step nearer to possible freedom. It seemed a bare chance that if she stood on the sill of her window she could reach a foot over to this balcony, but the barest chance tempted her in the condition of mind she was in. She carefully worked her body out of the window and managed to stand on the narrow sill, gripping the sash to keep a footing in the gale that dashed against the front of the house and swept it with almost the force of a wave. Her skirts snapped in the wind at first, and then were filled with it until they almost lifted her off the sill as she edged her way to the end, and reached out one foot towards the little balcony. Her nerve was strong. Her recklessness was in itself almost a guarantee of safety, but she gave not a thought to that. However, often as she pointed the toe of her little shoe outward and traced a semicircle with it, in the gale, it did not, and it would not, reach the balcony rail. Therefore she slowly and cautiously turned around until her back was against the window, so that she could fling herself with arms outstretched across to the projection. The feat was too foolhardy even for her. She did not dare to try it. She might succeed in catching the railing—though there was a greater chance that she would not—but if she did, would her arms support her weight, and had she the strength to pull herself up by them? Never mind, she did not dare to try it. So she felt behind her for the window opening, and put a foot down through it, and then the other, and was presently back in the office again.

It was dark in the office, but there was a gas-bracket there, and she found some matches. When she came to light the gas, she discovered that the burner had no tip. The flame flared up in a fierce blaze two feet high and three or four inches wide at the fullest part. The wind roared in at the window and blew the flame about, writhing and hissing to and fro, and straight out sidewise like a demon's tongue. She had never seen gas burn that way, as it is so commonly seen in western New York and Ohio. She fancied it dangerous, but she did not care, even a little, whether it exploded or burned the house down. What did anything matter to one so completely at bay, so harried, so desperate as she?

A young man in a window of the tall flat-house opposite had pulled up a shade

and looked out just as Laura was flattened like a fly against the front of her window, and trying to reach the balcony. He looked at her with a degree of amazement that the average New-Yorker is schooled to feel very seldom, and never to show. If you fire off a cannon under a true New-Yorker's window, he may lounge across the room in a leisurely way to look out of it, because he is human, but he will be ashamed of having done so. An officer of the Lifeguards was lounging up Piccadilly once when an overgrown street boy, whose back was to him, suddenly threw up both hands, and one of them smote the guardsman a sharp blow in the eye. He neither dodged, nor drew back, nor paused in his stroll, nor looked around. He must have been annoyed, and he must have been surprised —possibly the blow hurt him—but though no one could have seen an expression of either sensation, we may be sure he regretted having felt a little of both. It was so with Archibald Paton; for he was the man in the window of the opposite building. He knew he could not be blamed for looking at the uncommon spectacle the girl presented, but he would never have owned to the shock of surprise and anxiety that came with the sight.

"Well, I have heard of trick-horses," he said to himself, "and trick-mules, and things, but I never heard of a trick-woman before. I hope her husband's down in the street with a net."

Mr. Paton's home was in another part of town, and this flat from out of which he was looking was the dwelling of a bachelor friend who had gone abroad, exacting from Paton a solemn promise that he would look in occasionally to see that nothing went amiss with the bric-à-brac, paintings, and silver; of which the flat was a rich little museum. As Paton had been there on the previous day, he wondered at finding himself there so soon again.

He walked through the rooms, and then went again to the window from which he had seen the acrobatic young woman. Now the gas was acting as madly as she had been doing before, and she was on her knees with her elbows on a chair, evidently praying.

"By Jove!" Paton exclaimed, "I'd give all the money I've got in my pocket to know what she's up to; and in that building, which I told Billy was the most unpromising building in the whole street. I begin to think better of it now."

Laura was not praying, though she was trying to. Her mind was too excited, and she could not gather her thoughts even upon her dire need of help. Reluctantly she rose to her feet again, and stood still without any impulse moving her. Then it was that Editha came to possess her brain. When Laura realized, as she instantly did, that this affectionate friend was with her, she endeavored to surrender herself to her influence. But even that proved impossible. She was controlled by the impulse for immediate freedom, and this resolve, adhered to in the face of the apparent impossibility of executing it, made her brain whirl. She found that she could not calm herself even sufficiently to give Editha a hold upon her mind.

"I know what I'll do," she thought. "Here is paper and a pen and ink. I will print, in big letters that even a child can read, an account of my plight. I know; I'll throw it down to a policeman. I *must* escape from here before morning."

She took a sheet of fool's-cap paper, and seating herself at a table, began to write.

The spirit of Editha rejoiced at the sight of a pen in Laura's hand. For days she had awaited the moment when Laura should essay to write even a word, for only at such a moment and through the medium of writing could she give Laura the assistance of which she stood in greatest need.

The moment Laura strove to concentrate her mind in order to reflect upon the words she should write, her friend began to gain control over her. Laura commenced to yield to the kindly influence, and the pen felt the loss of her guidance and lay loose in her hand. Suddenly, to Laura's surprise, it began to move, so that she was obliged to tighten her hold upon it lest it should fall upon the sheet and blot it. When she grasped it firmly it began to write:

B-r-o

Laura lifted it from the paper, and looked with astonishment at the three letters which she had written without either intention or understanding.

"Write again—write," it seemed that the influence counselled her.

Again she held the point of her pen to the paper, and this time allowed it freedom to move itself. This was what it wrote:

Brown and Crossley, 280 *Broadway.*

"My father's lawyers!" Laura cried. "How very strange! I have tried for days to think of their names, and—I did not write this, for, hard as I have tried, I have not been able to remember even the initial of the first name. It is my angel who has come to help me. I felt her loving presence at once. It was when I began to grow calmer. Now I know I shall escape from that horrid Mr. Lamont. Oh, you dear, good angel! How can I ever tell you— What are you saying? For me to write again? Write more? Yes, yes; I will."

With feverish impatience she sat up again and grasped the pen. Now it wrote a name over and over again:

Itha Edi Editha Edi-tha Editha.

"Editha! that name I thought so lovely at the great house in Powellton," murmured Laura. "Then it is the name of my angel! It is she, the one of whom that servant spoke as so good and sweet. My angel, write again. Is Editha your name, and are you the spirit of that lovely lady?"

Editha Edith-a Edi-tha Editha.

Thus again this name was scrawled over the paper by the pen in Laura's limp hand.

"Yes, yes; it is she!" exclaimed Laura. "O God, how good you are to me, to give me such a friend! She is an angel, and you have sent her to me. Oh, how weak and sinful I have been to feel so despondent and so angry with that bad man, as if he could hurt me while you and the angels are guiding me! But, Editha, tell me, dear Editha, am I to stay here? Will you not help me to escape?"

"Write, write," she thought the silent urging in her mind seemed to command.

She took up the pen again, and this time it wrote as before:

Brown and Crossley, 280 *Broadway.*

"Your pocket—keep it—save it—pocket," was the admonition which fastened itself on Laura's comprehension. She tore off the address and put it in her empty purse. Then she took up the pen once more, and, as her ally made no offer to communicate further by it, Laura wrote in her own language an appeal for rescue.

Help! The lady who stands in an upper window is locked in an empty building. Notify the police quickly, or find some one to free her. God will reward you.

She tore off the fresh leaf on which this was written, and wrapping it around a piece of coal from the stove in the room, leaned out of the window to watch for a policeman. Not one was in sight. Paton was looking at her, but she could not see him because the window at which he stood was dark. She determined to toss the missive down to the first man who came in sight. It was futile to wait for any one to see her. The wind blew so strongly that all the pedestrians bent down their heads as they moved by. When, in a moment, two men came along together, Laura screamed at them, and flung down the little package of coal, but the gale tore her voice in shreds and scattered them in the upper air. It also undid the paper and sent it whirling over the roofs, while the bit of coal dropped straight down towards the pavement she could not see on her side of the street.

Three or four times she did this with the same ill success, and then she heard the voice of a man from across the street, and saw Archibald Paton, standing in his window, gesticulating with one hand and holding a lighted match in the other.

"What's the ma-a-a-t-ter?" he called.

"Help!" she screamed back. But the wind was dashing against her side of the street, and she was certain that her voice was stifled in it.

"Can't he-e-e-ar you," Paton called. "Can I help you?"

Again she tried to make herself heard and failed.

"Can-n-n't he-e-e-ar you. Nod—your head—if—you want—me-e-e to—come—to you."

She nodded her head as those Chinese figures do which have theirs balanced on pivots run through their necks.

"Drop down another paper," Paton yelled, "when I—am—in the—stre-e-e-et. Drop it down—when—I whistle."

She nodded again, to show him that she understood.

While Paton was hastening to the ground in an elevator, Laura went back to the office table to write her appeal once more, this time with a firm hope of success. But Laura's unseen companion dissuaded her. It urged her to put herself in readiness for another message, and this came first from her pen:

Love him.

"What? Who? Dear Editha, what do you mean?" Laura remained seated

with her pen and her mind ready for a further communication, whichever way it might come. Suddenly the pen began to slip out of her fingers, and she caught it and held it firmly, while it wrote again:

Love him.

"How very queer! I do not understand," Laura murmured. "She cannot mean Mr. Lamont. No; I know how earnestly she warned me against him. Love whom, then, I wonder?"

As nothing more came from her spiritual mentor, Laura, for the fourth or fifth time, wrote her short appeal to the public, or the street, or the gale, and hearing a shrill whistle below, cast it away from her as she had done with the others. She thought she could distinguish a man in the road looking up at her, and she tried to aim this last projectile of paper and coal so that it should fall at his feet. As it happened, the wind beat it back against the building she was in, and she felt that there was nothing more for her to do except to wait and to hope. She returned to the office table, and tried to coax her pen and her guardian spirit to continue their disclosures, but the one lay idle, and the other did not counsel her.

"My angel," Laura asked, "please tell me, are my troubles over at last?"

"Troubles! troubles!" the soundless voice seemed to repeat.

Laura tried to convince herself that Editha had not thus repeated her own words in a manner so disappointing—or, perhaps, so ominous. She went to the window and looked long and longingly at the one in which the man who had called to her had stood. It remained black and tenantless. As she stood there she thought that Editha whispered, "He will come," but she was not so certain of that as of all the rest that had taken place. The words "Love him," which she had unwittingly written, perplexed her. They did more. They brought a slight feeling of shame when she thought of the chance of their being seen by other eyes—or even by her own. She tore them out of the sheet of paper, and was about to crumple the fragment up and throw it away. But she changed her mind, and straightened out the little tatter and put that also in her purse.

Presently there sounded a crash at the back of the loft, as if a window had been blown in by the gale. But no! Irregular footsteps were next heard coming the length of the warehouse floor. The man came to the door of the office.

"Open the door, please. You can't? No key? Well, I have one," he said, and burst the frail wood-work in with a kick.

Then in walked Archibald Paton.

Laura saw him through the haze of her own alarm and confusion—a well-dressed man of thirty, strong and nervous, but yet fine in every detail. His feet were small, his hands were long and slender, and he had the figure of an active and muscular man, yet of one who leads a studious life, for he was slenderly shaped, and his face showed an in-door paleness.

"I got your message," said he. "And its contents are noted, as they say in business letters."

Even in his own ears his words were uncouth, and he realized the unnaturalness of his entire manner. This was his way when he was excited. To take part in so sensational an adventure and suddenly to discover that it was a beautiful young lady—and not a scrub-woman or errand-girl—who relied on him for rescue, was too much for his perfect mental balance. Whenever anything excited him he tried to hide the disturbance with affected jocularity, and his friends said of him that when he was in a temper he talked like a live copy of Joe Miller's *Jest-Book*.

"Oh, sir, please take me away," Laura begged. "I have been so frightened." She would have said much more, but he stopped her.

"Not a sound, please, till we are out of the woods, as the deer remarked to the rifle. Oh yes, one word: Were you locked in by accident or villany? Villany, eh? Good! I am so glad—I mean villany is exactly in my line. I make a living by it—by writing about it, I mean. I'm a writer—at least, that's what I want the dear public to think. But we must be going. Got any wraps or rubbers or baggage? No? All the better. Ou-u-ch! How my fool of an ankle does hurt!"

At this exclamation it occurred to Laura that all this time he had been standing on one foot, with the other held high above the floor. His face, too, was at times a little contorted, as if by spasms of pain.

"What is it, sir? You have hurt yourself. You are pale."

"It's nothing, as the man said who put his fortune in a lottery and drew a

blank. Something broken, I guess; but I wouldn't care for that if it didn't hurt. I told the Dutchman—keeps the restaurant on the ground-floor—I wanted to call on you—locked in—that sort of thing. He said a watchman comes every night at eight, whenever he does come. Probably won't come to-night, Dutchman said, account of the storm. Poor sort of watch, eh? Like a sun-dial—doesn't go in bad weather. Couldn't wait; so borrowed a ladder of the Dutchman—that is, I took it. Mean to ask him for it when I get back. Climbed to the first-story balcony of the fire-escape, and had just put one foot on it when the ladder fell from under me. Foot slipped through the iron bars and I fell back with a wrench—ugh! Don't mention it, please—and there I swung till I learned the trick of climbing up my own leg and getting right end up. I'd no idea it was anything. Felt rather pleasant, as the man said after he froze to death. But, my dear young lady, if you stand here talking much longer, I shall be like the bee in the tar-barrel—unable to tear myself away; it hurts so confoundedly. In two minutes I shall begin to scream as a baby does, you know, when you pin its clothes to its complexion."

He led her gallantly through the inky darkness of the loft, just touching the tips of her fingers and chattering all the while. Thus they reached the frail-looking series of open iron galleries and ladders that ran from story to story down to the ground at the back of the warehouse. The topmost ladder was loose at the bottom, and swung like a trapeze. He climbed down on it and bade her follow close after him, within his arms, in fact, as he pushed his body away from the ladder at arm's-length.

"Then the wind won't get at you, and you'll feel me close by and won't be afraid," he told her. "Excuse my hopping, won't you? Look out, now, I'm going to make a joke. I'm hopping because I'm mad at one leg. With all my legs I've only one I care to walk with. The other's turned against me. Oh, by-the-way, my name is Archibald Paton, and I am at your service, and very glad I met you."

When they had battled against the wind down three of the narrow iron ladders and had squeezed through the tiny openings in two of the balconies, they stopped to collect breath and new strength.

"Are you a hypnotist?" Mr. Paton asked. "You must teach me the science when we know each other better."

"I do not understand you. Why do you ask that?" Laura replied.

"Because you dragged me to you against my will. When I got up this morning I had a queer feeling of being owned by some one else. It grew and grew on me until, by early afternoon, I couldn't think coherently. I felt, without knowing what I felt, that something was in the wind. Finally I was literally dragged to that house across the street—not of my own accord, but of yours, I think, for I wanted to go to another part of the city. If you're not a hypnotist you're a witch, so I incline to the former view."

They completed the descent without another pause.

"Now, sir," Paton said to the man at the restaurant counter, "here's my card. I've smashed a window, and a door, and a leg, and if there's anything to pay, there's my address. As to that young lady, I want you to bear witness that I did not carry her off. I intended to, but she had two feet to my one and went of her own accord. I did intend to borrow a ladder of you, but on second thoughts I don't want it. Now, miss, continue the process of abduction by giving me a lift across the street."

Laura had been thinking over the course to pursue once she escaped from the loft. Since several offers of friendship that had been made to her had brought her fresh misfortune, she determined to thank this latest friend and escape from him before he could prove himself like the others. But there was this difference between him and the rest—she could not help feeling that he inspired trust and confidence in his honor. She felt that he was a gentleman, and he had shown himself brave. His manner had been gallant, and yet deeply respectful beneath his jocularity. There was in his voice—the surest criterion of our natures—a tenderness which suffused it, a wholesomeness that gave it full body, and a magnetism that rang through it. Though she was sure he was thirty, she thought of him as a big and happy boy. But the more she summed up his merits the more reason she gave herself for parting with him quickly. The memory of this quarter of an hour with him she could treasure. She would not risk his marring it.

"Here's my home," said he, as they

reached the sidewalk before the apartment-house; "at least it's another man's home, but he's abroad, and won't contradict me. We'll send his servant for mine, and she'll get us some dinner, and—"

"I thank you so much, but I think I'll go—go—I'll go along," replied Laura, who could not have said where she would go if a Wellesley B.A. had depended on her doing so.

"Go? Yes, you'll go straight up stairs with me, that is, if you have an ounce of pity or fairness concealed about you. Have I not rescued you from villany? You said so yourself. And am I not a writer of books, dependent upon new villanies and stories of hapless ladies for a living? Why, madam, what on earth do you think I went to all this trouble for except to get your story? Come, I'll give you the book with my autograph in it, if you will give me the story to make it of."

"I really thank you so much, but—"

"Desert me after you have handed me over to the servant upstairs, if you must," said Paton, sucking a long breath through set teeth; "but I really beg you to help me to the flat. I am afraid I have broken my ankle."

"Oh, forgive me! How could I be so thoughtless? Please lean on me, and I will not think of myself until you are cared for."

"You'll excuse my mentioning my ankle, won't you?" Paton said. "It's taken to forcing itself into my thoughts."

CHAPTER XIII.

LAURA HEARS ILL OF HERSELF.

When they were in the picturelike parlor—I use that honest elastic word rather than apply the noble term drawing-room to any bird-cage apartment in a New York flat—and Paton was at rest upon a sofa, the negro servant, who appeared wide-eyed at sight of Laura and of Paton's suffering, was despatched for witch-hazel and lint, and Laura brought the sufferer a sofa-pillow.

"Thank you, ever so much," said Paton. "Now, will you please pretend you need to wash your hands? You'll find water and towels in the first bedroom down the hall. Then I'll investigate the wound I've got."

"In my service. I am so sorry," Laura said.

"Rather in my service, in pursuit of material for a story," Paton corrected her, waggishly. "I feel as a clergyman does who goes to see wicked places in order to preach a diatribe, and comes away scarred and bruised in his soul; only he's worse off, for witch-hazel won't help him."

Laura left the room, and presently heard him calling, "Hooray! hooray! I'm all right!"

She came back and looked at him inquiringly.

"Nothing broken, as the young lady said when the breach-of-promise case ended in a marriage in court. Only a sprain, after all. A wrench, you know, but not a mere monkey-wrench, for it's as big as a gorilla. Now come, my staff and comforter, sit you down and tell me about yourself, but not the whole story yet—only a bare outline, please, because my pain would blur the fine shadings of the whole recital. You came to New York when— What for?"

"Last night, to see the lawyers through whom my father, who is abroad, sends our support to my mother. My mother is very ill in an institution, and so I am quite alone."

"The man who locked you in that building, how did you meet him?"

"In the little town I had just come from every one knew of my misfortune, and he came and told me that some persons who were interested in me had asked him to bring me to New York. He left me at a hotel, and in the morning, when I had gone away early to escape him, because he had frightened me, he met me and told me that in the afternoon he would take me to the lawyers. He brought me to that building opposite, and locked me in there."

"What for? That's the main thing of all."

"He said he—oh, I can't tell you—it's too absurd. He wanted me to—that is, he pretended he— Really, he is a very wicked man, and it doesn't matter what he said."

"Loved you, and wanted to marry you, eh? Yes, yes, I see. But I don't understand why he should— No, I don't mean that. What I mean is, if he is such a villain as he is, I wonder he was not more villanous."

"More villanous? How could he be? Pretending such feelings when he did not

know me, and when he is thirty-five years old at least, and even after I had told him plainly—and oh, so rudely—how I hated —how I felt towards him."

"Well, perhaps you're right," Paton replied, smiling grimly through his pain. "Now, one thing more; how did he inveigle you into that building? Of course you don't know that lawyers never have offices in warehouse buildings, but, aside from that, how did he get you there? I might wish to get a girl in such a place —in a novel, I mean — but I wouldn't know how. Oh, I ought to wait for this story till I'm over this pain, but it's too tempting. Do tell me now."

Laura repeated with perfect ingenuousness what Lamont had told her of the guild of lawyers and its central office, and made it appear that the only trick of which she was conscious was that of locking her in after she reached there.

"My word!" Paton exclaimed. "The situation you were in! You are a very lucky young woman. Don't look surprised, for I am serious. You should thank God all your days for escaping as you have."

"I do thank Him. I was so frightened. I warned that man that if he—he didn't go away, I would try to kill him, and he would be obliged to kill me. I know it was wicked, but it seemed to me there was nothing to do but to die."

"How fearful! Here, in Twenty-third Street, in this time of the world! Such an audacious trick could never have been successfully carried out. By-the-way, when did you eat last?"

"Yesterday noon, sir."

"What? Yester— Oh, see here." And Paton jumped from the sofa to seize a chair for use as a cane, and hopped into the passage and along it to the kitchen. From there he called to Laura to come to him. He had poured out a glass of milk and then found he could not hop back with it. He urged her to drink the milk and eat a biscuit, to prepare herself for a dinner, which he cautioned her ought to be of the lightest, under the circumstances.

When both had returned to the parlor the negro servant was heard to let herself in at the kitchen door, and Paton called to her to come to him at once.

"Rub me with that witch-hazel," said he. "Put a couple of towels under my ankle so as not to spoil Billy's sofa, and then rub as if you had hold of Aladdin's lamp. There, slop on plenty of the witch-hazel. Why on earth didn't you buy a gallon, or a barrel? How cool and good it feels! Harriet, you don't know the first thing about rubbing."

"I's 'fraid o' hurtin' you' so' laig, sir."

"Afraid of doing it good, you mean. Oh, if my Irish girl Annie was only here!"

"I didn't reckon de Irish was particular good at rubbin'. I alw'ys thought dey was best at pullin' people's laigs, sir."

"Do you hear her?" Paton asked of Laura. "But you don't understand her, or you would be scandalized. Harriet, you Afro-Americans would joke if the heavens were opening like a scroll and the firmament was tottering."

"I ain't no Affer-'Merican, sir. Ouah preacher in de Bleecker Street church once called us Affer-'Mericans in his sermon, an' I done laid for him after church, an' I jist give it to him, sir. 'You kin call me colored when you like me,' I says, 'an' you kin call me nigger when we quar'l, but don't you never dare call me no Affer-'Merican—'cause dat I won't stand.'"

"There. Now soak that lint with that stuff, sopping wet," Paton said, "and do up that ankle as if it was your own, and the only one you had. And—no, no; don't pin it. Women always pin everything; even stick pins in their skulls to keep their hats on. Just lay it gently around as if it was an ankle that cost money. Now, then, wrap both those towels around it and, no—do swallow that pin. That's another thing women do—swallow pins so as to put their fingers in their mouths and get them when they want them."

"You does know a lot about women, sure, Mr. Paton," said Harriet.

"Why do you say women, merely? Say I know a lot about everything, Harriet; for I know as much about everything as I do about women. But what a sex it is—to produce such a creature as Laura Balm, for instance."

It was fortunate that Laura sat just back of Mr. Paton's head, and that Harriet's back was towards her at the moment, so that neither one saw her start as he uttered her name—and with a semblance of bitterness beneath his chaffing tone.

"Patience' name! who's Laura Barn,

Mr. Paton?" the servant inquired. "Is dat de woman dat killed her husban' an' fo' children in the Ninth Ward?"

"Balm, not Barn, Harriet," said Paton. "No, she hasn't killed her four children yet; but she will, or rather she'll have six, eight children and two husbands, and do away with them all. At present she is simply a marplot, a witch, a creature without principle or proper human feeling."

"May I ask who she is?" Laura inquired, schooling her voice, which even then sounded tremulous to her ears.

"You have a right to know my troubles," he made answer. "And Laura Balm is my greatest. As for who she is, read any newspaper. To-day her name appears in two advertisements in every paper. Two sets of lawyers are seeking her because an old man, my uncle, down at Powellton, has left her everything—a considerable fortune. Oh, if I could meet her I'd—I'd strangle her; in fact, I don't know what I wouldn't do. I picture her to myself all day: thirty years old, if an hour, peak-nosed with blue at the end, hollow-cheeked, slab-sided, big-eyed, red-haired, with long skeleton hands and snaky fingers that twine around everything, even lands and buildings she never saw, and that were to have been mine. But I don't hate her, really, you know. That's more of my nonsense. As a matter of fact, she's a sort of second cousin of mine, sprung from nowhere; at least she hasn't sprung yet; that's why they're advertising for her."

"Perhaps she will never be found," said Laura, urged by the quick shock of a generous impulse.

"I'll tell you what makes me care about it, in a moment. There, that's a good job, Harriet; thanks to me. Now, here's half a dollar. Ring for a messenger-boy. Put him in the kitchen, and clap on your hat and go and get my Annie. Then, if you're quick, I'll let you rub my ankle again."

When the servant had gone out of the room, Paton said to Laura: "I don't know why I tell you, Miss— Why, I've forgotten to ask you your name."

He took her completely off her guard, just when a wildly generous thought was fluttering in her brain. The moment she had realized that a fortune had been given to her, to whom the words meant little, and taken from him, who evidently considered them so important, it occurred to her to keep her identity from him. . Now that he sprang at her with an unexpected request for her name, her natural impulses wholly controlled her. And these were always generous and kindly.

"My name is Nevill," she said.

"Nevill? A proud old name. As I was saying, I'm going to tell you because you have so frankly told me your troubles. There's nothing so consoling as an exchange of troubles among friends, is there? I have asked a young lady to marry me. I may have been hasty or silly, but— Really, it isn't easy to tell you, after all. Her people are Southerners, poor but excessively proud, and—I gather this from her—very anxious to have her marry a richer man than I. Unfortunately, there is a richer man in the field; he has been there longer than I, yet I have presumed to ask for her hand, and have had a strong chance of inheriting a fortune to back my suit. Now, as I say, my uncle Lamont has made his will and died, and I am only a second-hand sort of heir. He has bequeathed everything to Laura Balm, though, if she remains down whatever well she is hiding in, it all comes to me. Whether the young lady will throw me over—I mean, whether her parents will forbid the match if this cousin be found, I do not know; only I'm afraid."

"Surely, Mr. Paton," Laura suggested, "no young lady that you could think of so highly would consider money—"

"Oh, I don't say such ill of her; Heaven forbid! I say perhaps her parents may influence her. At all events, I have written her frankly that Laura Balm is known to be alive, and will probably take my expected fortune from me. If I knew you better, Miss Nevill, and we were the good friends that I hope we are going to be, I would tell you that this question of how she will take the news is not the gravest one with me. The gravest one is —well, you see, certain little things of late have made me harbor doubts, doubts that I am ashamed of. They are partly doubts of myself, too, so that altogether I am like— Do you know the story of the boy who went to court the girl and lifted the knocker on her door, and then changed his mind and left the knocker in the air and ran away? You don't? Well, the only point of it is that it shows how queer men are."

"I am sure you don't quite understand me, Miss Nevill," Paton went on, after a

pause. "I only hope I don't frighten you, that's all. I make light of everything. I do it on purpose. It's the only way to keep young, and I'd die if I was old; in fact, I will when I am old. I'm certain of it. But there, I am chaffing again. I speak the voice of Bohemia, where things are quite as serious as in any other set, but where we train ourselves to cover up pain, grief, love, sentiment—everything but actual tragedy—with a veneering of fun. Our motto is, 'What's the use?' We are not bad, we American-Bohemians. It is only those who say we are, in cheap literature, that are really wicked. We are simply dynamos of enthusiasm, radiators of optimism, non-conductors of low spirits. But you say you stopped at a hotel. Have you no relatives or friends in town?"

"No, sir. I have but one friend in the country, my mother. I was brought up in Paris partly, and when I was younger, in Antwerp. There we knew many friends."

"Then I was right, as the duellist said when he killed his antagonist. Why, then, when you talked of going out by yourself you did not know where you were going. I think you should have been more frank with me. Well, to-night you have your choice of two homes of mine. I'll take the one you leave. I am sure you trust me. There has to be worthiness on both sides where trust is asked and given, and I am sure of your worthiness. Oh, I have studied you. I study people as wiser men pore over books. I judged at once that you were from the country—not from your clothes, for they don't look so. I thought you were either from a village or a very quiet household out of touch with its neighbors. I easily guessed that you knew no more of life, or men, or of the world, than a cat does of opening oysters. And your face and heart—oh, I studied them too. They make me say—do pardon the presumption—that I would thank Heaven if it had given me such a sister."

"I do trust you," Laura said, a little shyly, though from her heart. "I wanted to from the first, but though I have been without a friend or home less than a week, in that time every human being who has offered me friendship, except one beggar-man, has proved, oh, so wicked!"

"What a shame!" Mr. Paton said. "And how much worse to think that a young lady should have had such an experience! Never mind, when you are your own mistress, after you have settled your affairs to-morrow, do as I do—make your own world. Make it all kindness and justice and fair dealing. That's how I do. And every now and then I get swindled and lied to, and—I make it all over again. Do you notice the bits of paper all over this flat marked 'Fiddle and I' on every mantel-piece?"

"Why, yes; I had noticed them. What does it mean?"

"It's the name of a song."

"Oh, yes; I know the song very well."

"Do you? How much better all that you say is than all that I try to say! I was going to tell you what a lovely song it is, fresh and sentimental, and yet full of health and country odors. Billy Wheeler, whose flat this is, heard it somewhere with me, and was so enchanted by it that he meant to get the music. He has no more memory than a china egg, so he wrote the name down a dozen times and stuck it up all over the flat. Before he went away he was too used to seeing the papers to ever give the song a thought, so he will never get it. You say you know it. Would you—could you do me the tremendous favor to sing it for me?"

"I'll try," Laura said. "I, too, am very fond of it."

She went to the piano with no more shyness or affectation of timidity than if she had been alone in the room. Of all that she owed to the wisdom and strong character of her mother, there were few things of greater value to her than the training by which her self-consciousness had been obliterated. From little girlhood she had been accustomed to do her part, to contribute whatever lay in her power, naturally, and as a matter of course, before no matter how large a company or how many total strangers it contained. As her mother's approval was what she valued most, and as her mother praised her sparingly, her nature had not been affected by the compliments and flattery of others. These came to her always in her life abroad, for she lived in an artistic colony there, and her clear, flutelike, simple voice, equally with her kindly nature and bright intelligence, commanded the admiration of all. Though she now went to the piano willingly, she did not do so mechanically, as some do who play and sing whenever asked, yet spoil the very promise of their willingness by their

indifference. Laura's manner was that of one who loved what she was about to do, to whom music was a beloved influence, whose calls won the obedience of affection. Archibald Paton, grinding his teeth to control the pain in his twisted ankle, watched her with surprise. He thought he had studied men and women to very little purpose now that he saw a limpid-eyed young lady, the outlines of whose face seemed to speak of no world wider than a mother's glance could sweep, accepting an invitation to sing without a tremor, and walking to the piano with the confidence and grace of a trained performer. The Bohemia whose praises he sung in speech and in his best published work had poisoned his nature to some extent, surely. It had replaced part of his faith and innocence by distrust and superwisdom, and therefore he thought, as she settled herself at the instrument, "This is truly wonderful; but now, when she comes to sing, shall I have to throw myself out of the window?"

"Whose is the song?" he inquired.

"The words are by Weatherley, and a Mrs. Arthur Goodeve wrote the music," Laura said. "I think it is an English ballad; at least, my copy is English."

She played the prelude easily, lightly, with a free, quick movement and a trained touch. And then she sang, with a little preliminary thickness of voice which had to be cleared, and necessitated one repetition and another of the first line. After that, the simple, bewitching song flowed on as even its composers may have imagined it might be rendered.

There is a part of this song where, when it is well sung, it vibrates the tenderest chords within us by the perfect concord of the simple music and the wandering minstrel's words:

Down by the willow, summer nights I lie,
Flowers for my pillow, and for roof the sky;
Playing all my heart remembers—old, old songs from far away.
Golden Junes and bleak Decembers rise around me as I play.

Ah! it was gay, night and day,
Fair and cloudy weather;
Fiddle and I, wandering by,
Over the world together.

As Laura sang, with something of her own recent misery tinging her voice as if it came direct from her heart, the click of the kitchen door sounded, and presently the commanding figure of a handsome woman appeared in the parlor doorway. Hers was a beauty to be called splendid, for she was "fair and forty," with ample, matronly waist, and the face of a dame of that comfortable type which Rembrandt knew best how to glorify, a matron requiring to be pictured with three or four grown sons or daughters about her. Her atmosphere was magnetized with the high spirits that emanate from a sterling constitution, a quiet conscience, and lifelong ease. Her figure stood for heartiness, kindliness, and fun personified. Neither Laura nor Paton saw her.

"Bravo! Splendid!" he shouted, when the song was finished. "I said I had heard it. I never had before. I had only heard *at* it, as the man said who went on three nights to a Chinese play that lasted four weeks."

"It was simply exquisite," remarked the lady in the doorway. "I must hear it all, Archie. I missed half. Introduce me, won't you? Why, what on earth's the matter with you?"

"With me? Nothing. It's you, Helen, who will please explain what brings you here, knowing Billy's away? Miss Nevill, let me make you acquainted with the best and dearest—"

"That's a club phrase, Miss Nevill. We are all each other's dearests and bests in the club to which we belong."

"—dearest of good women, Mrs. Russell. You spoiled an introduction, Helen, which any other woman would have been proud to let alone. Before you explain why you've come, let me say that I'm glad you did."

"Why, we are all coming. Am I the first? 'The Babe' is following with 'the Other Twin.' The others will all be here soon. We found out from your Annie that you were here, else we were going to your flat. 'Sh-h-h! It's a secret. Mustn't say I told you. We are going to suffocate your bad luck in dinner and drown it in wine, to prove that when adversity comes to the Boozers' Club it only binds us the closer together. Oh dear, how awful it sounds to say 'Boozers' Club' before an outsider! Has he explained everything to you, Miss Nevill? We are the Beaux-Arts Club, but we give the name a French pronunciation, which sounds worse than it is. At least, by softening the French we make it sound so."

"We call ourselves the Beaux-Arts Brotherhood to deceive and impress the

public," Archibald explained. "Towards the same end, we hold monthly meetings of the Brotherhood in winter, and entertain distinguished artists, poets, generals, explorers, and that sort of people. The club is large and ponderous, but we nine Muses—we call ourselves the Boozes—who are the governors, have an inner club to ourselves."

"Miss Nevill will be here at this dinner?" Mrs. Russell said, half interrogatively. "Why, Archie, then she will see our secret rites. Thus she will become one of us. It is—"

"*It is the law!*" shouted Archibald and Mrs. Russell, in loud unison, in pursuance of a custom in the club.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," said Mrs. Russell. "We are all nice, if I do say so, who shouldn't. My husband—"

"The Babe," interposed Archibald.

—"is an architect, in a way."

"The most celebrated one in the country," Archibald put in. "Come, now, Helen; the truth, the whole truth, and not a bit of lyin', as the Irish judge said."

"And then Archie, 'the Brute'—there, I got that in first—so called because he is a bachelor, is the novelist, as you know. Then there's Mr. Curran, our 'Paddy,' who is at least a leading surgeon, and Mr. Wright, who is the Jay Wright who paints so splendidly. Oh, but they all consider themselves very smart men; and we women admit that, in a way, they are fit to be the husbands of their wives, who are, as you've heard, the bests and dearests in the whole world."

"But what rot it all is! I have only sprained my ankle. That's not worth a spree of the Boozers, Helen."

At this, which was news, the mother in Mrs. Russell came uppermost with a bound. She demanded to know when and how and why he sprained his ankle; how he knew it wasn't broken; what had been done for it, and what was to be done; why he did not show it to her, *et cætera* and *ad infinitum*. At the end of this tornado of questions and exclamations she took Mr. Paton in charge, almost bodily.

"Witch-hazel?" she exclaimed. "Witch-fiddlesticks. What you want is kerosene. Come with me to the kitchen at once. I can't touch the nasty stuff, but Harriet is there. Come along, quick, before the club swarms in."

Archibald was excused by Laura, and repaired with Mrs. Russell to the kitchen, where Mrs. Russell shut the door behind them, and said, "Of course witch-hazel is best, and you know very well I only spoke of kerosene to get you away, and ask you who—why—what—where did you find that most beautiful girl?"

"She's a Watteau improved, done on ivory, too, isn't she?" Archibald asked.

"She's adorable, and so lovely in every other way, apparently. But," Mrs. Russell urged, "you are to talk, not I. Tell me her entire history, from her birth until now, in one minute."

Mr. Paton told the history of one hour of Laura's life in fifteen minutes instead.

Mrs. Russell ran back to the parlor to catch Laura by the hand, and pull her into her arms and kiss her.

"You poor dear child!" she cried. "You dear, sweet, unfortunate thing! Archie has told me everything. I never, never heard of such misfortune in my life. But it's all over now. I am going to Archie's flat with you to be company for you during the night, and you shall tell it all to me for myself, and we'll have a good cry together, and then a laugh to go to sleep on. At last you've fallen among friends. To-morrow you will see the lawyers and be mistress of your own future. And listen, dear, Archie and I have made up a plan to put you and every one else at ease to-night. You are to be introduced as Archie's cousin who came in from the country and was with him when he twisted his ankle. I shall say he was jumping out of the way of a bicycle if any one pins me down. There, now, a good kiss as friends, and I must run back to Archie. You need not be ashamed to be called his cousin, for he's a true man, all good and honest through and through."

CHAPTER XIV.

LAURA SEES EDITHA.

THE dinner of the Muses of the Beaux-Arts Brotherhood was like no other that night in all the world. When Joseph Russell, known there as "the Babe," and elsewhere celebrated as the cleverest of the young architects of the day, came to the flat, he brought not only a servant-girl, but a basket containing a chafing-dish, oysters, sherry, powdered crackers, and even the condiments for seasoning the delicate dish he was to cook. In that coterie the men held that women cannot



"'YOU POOR DEAR CHILD!' SHE CRIED."

cook, and the women selfishly abetted them in that conclusion. Edward Metcalfe, a wealthy broker, who had grown rich by a bold railroad transaction which the rest of Wall Street did not understand, brought another chafing-dish, plenty of eggs, a bottle of Parmesan cheese, a pot of cream, and half a pound of butter. He was called "the Other Twin," because he and Philip Lord, another broker known as "the Twin," were so much in one another's company. Lord could not come that night. Arthur Ford, a physician, and James Riggs, editor of the *American Quarterly*, brought wine —a bottle of cocktails and some thirty-year-old claret being the doctor's contribution, while two quarts of champagne of '89 and a bottle of brandy composed the editor's mite. These two were called "Pard" and "Cully," or the bar-tenders to the other Muses. Harold Foster, known as "Slippers" in the club, because of his partiality for his own fireside, came with the cigars, and left behind him his celebrity as the champion of Italian opera against the half-dozen so-called musicians of futurity who have taken a present lien on popular taste. There came also Charles Kellogg, the famous pleader, who made lawsuits famous or stupid according as he was in or out of them; a knight of old for courage and championship of justice, whether it was needed by millionaires or by women and boys without a penny. He was known as "the Worm," because nothing could be more ridiculous than to dub him so. These were all who came, but two brought men-servants to wait upon the table, and several came with maid-servants to cook and wash dishes. Each member also brought his wife, a first principle with these prosperous bohemians being that a wife and her husband must figure as a unit, or else are not worthy to be included among the Muses. And the wives were as active and bright as the men, barring the fact that, being women, their sense of fun suffered limitations. Practical joking, for instance, even of the gentlest, most whimsical sort, formed part of a land over whose wall they often peered without even faintly comprehending the genius of what they saw.

The dinner went with enough spring to lift the safety-valve of a students' feast. The Babe cooked his oysters *à la Richmond* at one end of the table, and the Other Twin buttered his chafing-dish, spread its bottom with a paste of Parmesan and cream, and while that was cooking, in the melting butter that had been first put there, he filled the dish with beaten eggs, and heaped on more cream and cheese just at the moment for stirring all the ingredients together before the eggs were cooked. Archibald Paton had come into the room using a table-leaf for a crutch, and declaring that he would stand up and look on, as his pain was too great to permit his sitting at the table. Presently, by using an extra chair for his wounded ankle, he was able to seat himself out of the way of the waiters. That he was comfortable under this arrangement became evident from the part he took in the badinage and hilarity around him.

When the supply from the chafing-dishes was exhausted, a roast with vegetables, cooked elsewhere and newly heated in the kitchen, came, and was followed by pudding and cheese. Last of all, coffee was made upon the table in a patent pot brought by one of the ladies, and all the while sparkling repartee, comical stories, and witty remarks, like that of the Brute, who said he was "looking for a flat with an elevator, because he was tired of going up stairs on his hands and knees every night," flew to and fro like the balls in a tennis-match.

When it happened that a story was demanded of Archibald, he turned to Laura Balm, saying, "I will speak for Miss Nevill, if she will allow me," thus illustrating a singular custom of the Boozers, whose rule was to tell no story and make no speech except in the name of the raconteur's wife, or, in the case of the only bachelor, the name of a lady he must choose for the purpose. Thus these bohemians kept out of their fun all coarseness and *risqué* story-telling, agreeing to indulge in none, and making the women mother every one of their tales, as a guide to all strangers who came to their feasts. "What's the Use?" was their motto in regard to all gravity, and this form of amusement in the bargain.

Another club law was to announce the motive for each gathering with the draining of the coffee-cups. It was the part of the Other Twin to make the announcement on this occasion. When the time came for the toast, the men lifted Paton off his chair and laid him on the table-leaf that he had used for a crutch. They

took down a portière of claret-colored plush heavily bordered with gold fringe, and wrapped it around him from his breast down, so that he looked as if he was in a gorgeous bag. Then they lifted him, still on the board, to the centre of the table, where, with an inverted wash-bowl under the head of the board, and a silver wine-cooler under the end of the gaudy wrapping which concealed his feet, he looked like a carved knight on a highly colored mediæval tomb. Then the men poured wine down his throat occasionally, at the peril of his life.

"We, speaking for the Twin, who could not be here to-night," said Mr. Metcalfe, "and for Mrs. Lord and my wife, have now to state the reason for this dinner, and I propose to put it in the form of a toast. The toast is, 'Archie Paton, and may he never need sympathy again, or fail to find it, if he does need it, as abundant as we have shown here to-night.'"

There was a shuffling of feet as the men and women pushed back their chairs to rise, and a murmur of approving voices around the table.

"One moment," said the Other Twin. "To this toast I wish to add another: 'Confusion to Laura Balm!'"

"No!" Paton called out, struggling to a sitting posture and upsetting the wine-cooler that had raised up his lame ankle. "Withdraw that addition. I beg that no one drinks till that's withdrawn. It sours all the kindness in the first toast."

"Withdraw it! Withdraw it!" half a dozen voices called.

"Never!" exclaimed the Other Twin. "But if you all feel that way I'll lay it on the table, to be cleared away with the débris of the dinner."

"Now, then," Archibald began his response. "I thank you all for this testimonial of your willingness to eat a Boozers' dinner in my behalf. It is touching; perhaps, thinking of how I saw the Worm attack the various dishes, I should say filling. No, but I really do think, indeed I know, that you are the very best fellows—I include the women also—who ever adorned a man's path in life. You men shade and shelter that path in hottest sun and coldest wind. You women strew it with the flowers of your beauty and hedge it with the greenery and buds of all the ever-fresh charms of your dear womanhood. Between you all, I live and walk in a green and blooming bower. I did walk, I mean, until this afternoon. I thank you and drink to you, though it requires heroism, for I know that liquor will quarrel with my ankle.

"But, now as to Laura Balm. I want you to drink her good health. I have heard nothing from Powellton. I do not know why my uncle thinks there is a hidden daughter of his vanished sister, or, if there is, why he thinks she is alive. But, dear Boozers, he must have known, for he has left her his property. She is my cousin; but, more than that, she is a woman; better than that, she is a lady. I rather think she is poor. Perhaps she may need what is about to fall in her lap. At all events, she has not injured me; for I may tell you that my uncle offered to make me his heir, but as he insisted I should take his name also, I declined the honor. It went to Laura Balm. In the name of Miss Nevill, I raise my glass to the health of my cousin, and ask you to do as much for me—to wish her the quick possession of her wealth; to think of her—why not?—as of the best type of American womanhood, than which the sun shines on nothing fairer or nobler or better. To Laura Balm: Good health—good luck to her!"

The dying notes of the uproar of approval of this toast were jarred by a convulsive sob from Laura. Tears had burst from her eyes, and she had covered her face with her napkin to hide them, and to smother the sounds of an outburst of emotion that she could not control. Mrs. Russell ran around the table to her to soothe her.

"What is it, dear? Why are you crying?" she asked.

"I don't know," Laura sobbed. "I am so ashamed."

"You are tired, dear, after your day's adventures," Mrs. Russell said. "We'll go home very soon now."

A whisper ran around the table that this cousin of Archie's had been touched by his reference to the other one who was missing. The Worm was for distracting every one's attention from Laura by a kindly stroke.

"Is Billy's cook, Harriet, here?" he asked. "Then let's get her to sing one of her Jersey camp-meeting songs."

"She won't sing before so many, but we will ask her," Archibald said.

Harriet was called for, and came, looking like a personification of the tradi-



"I WARN YOU I'LL SING SOMETHIN' REAL BA-A-D."

tional quarrel between white and black, so ebon-toned were her face and hands, so snow-white her apron, her eyes, and her teeth. The men gathered around her and urged her to sing. She would not even discuss the proposition until they said it was necessary to cheer up the young lady.

"I cain't, no use a-talkin'," said she. "I never sung 'fore so many white folks." But it was evident she was yielding.

"You sing, and I'll pass the plate," said the Babe.

"She'll want to see the collection first," Archibald ventured. "Since she went to Newport with Billy's sister, and got such a lot of tips, Harriet has large ideas about money."

"Tips?" Harriet said to him. "I's waited on you a long time, Mr. Paton, and I never s'picioned you knowed what tips was."

"Oh! oh!" broke forth a chorus of applauding cries from the men. "That's too good. That will stick to Archie as long as he lives."

"I'll sing," said the cook; "but I'll have to stand out yonder in de hall whar nobody can't see me. And it won't be no camp-meetin' song neither, 'cause I ain't feelin' camp-meetin'y to-night. I warn you I'll sing somethin' real ba-a-d."

She went down the passage, and the company waited in silence, for this colored woman had a great fame for her darky songs, her rich dialect, and a falsetto voice of indescribable headiness. Presently she sung, but not until she had made several feints and misstarts, accompanied by stagy "asides," such as "I cain't," "Dey's just foolin' with you, " and "Shorely 'tain't no use o' tryi

"Some folks say dat a preacher can't lie.
Oh, I's a-seekin'.
One of 'em told me he heard a angel fly.
Oh, I's a-seekin.
Said he was lookin' for him in my bag o' meal:
The good Lord knows dat a preacher won't steal.
Seekin' de promuss land.

"Folks do say dat a preacher won't steal.
Oh, I's a-seekin'.
But I cotched one of 'em in my corn-fiel'.
Yes, I's a-seekin'.
He said he was a-prayin' whar no one was nigh:
The good Lord knows dat a preacher won't lie.
Seekin' de promuss land."

Mrs. Russell and Laura were the first to leave after Paton had been lifted from the table and carried back to the sofa in the parlor. He exacted from Laura a promise that she would call upon him the next day with the news of her visit to the law-office.

"I can never thank you enough for all your kindness," said she.

"Come with good news of yourself to-morrow, that is all I ask of you," said Paton.

In the bedroom in which she slept that night with Mrs. Russell a large oil-painting of an extremely beautiful lady hung opposite the foot of the bed. The face was that of a dainty, high-bred woman of little more than girlish age, and of the deepest brunette type. Though the face was of this type, it yet symbolized delicacy and purity in as high a degree as any blond visage which painters have used to typify the same standards. The head was small, but proudly poised. The forehead was high and rounded. The eyes were softly brown, with jet lashes under blackest brows, which contrasted strongly with the fair, peach-tinged complexion. The slender nose was distinguished by sensitive nostrils, and the mouth suggested two rose leaves rolled together.

"Oh, what a beautiful face!" Laura called out, as she stopped before the picture. She stood and continued to gaze at it, conscious that an uncommon force riveted her before it.

"It's a picture of Archie's aunt Editha," Mrs. Russell explained. "It's a copy he had made of a painting in his uncle's house in Dutchess County. He raves over it. He has sent it to many loan exhibitions, and it is quite famous."

An inexpressible delight dominated Laura as she heard this.

"It *is* Editha," she murmured inaudibly, to herself. "I might have known it. I instantly felt a fascination such as no picture ever exerted upon me." Aloud she said, "What a beautiful woman she must have been!"

She forced herself to keep awake until she thought her companion was asleep, and then she crept out of bed and went noiselessly to a desk in the front room. Eagerly she searched for pen and paper, and then waited, courting a written message from Editha. There presently came an indescribable sense of a caress that was warm without warmth, and that was not tangible and yet made itself felt. However, no impulse to use the pen came to her."

"Have you nothing to write to me?" she asked, with her mind. She fancied that her beloved Etherian whispered to her to sleep, but she was disinclined to return to bed without another celestial message in writing. As she sat wishing for a communication, there came to her consciousness an impression that to-morrow held new and serious trouble in store for her, and that Editha would be with her. She returned to the subject again by mental questioning of her unseen friend, but with no other result than that the warning remained with her, and presently Mrs. Russell came stumbling into the room.

"My dear child," she said, "you will get your death! What are you doing clad like that in this room? I missed you. Do you walk in your sleep?"

"I was trying to think—that is, I could not sleep," Laura replied, allowing herself to be led back to the bedroom. Soon afterwards, just as she felt herself passing from wakefulness, the extraordinary appearance of the painting opposite the bed caused her to concentrate her gaze upon it, and to rub her eyes and stare at it again. Though the room was dark and nothing else was visible, the picture shone upon the wall. It grew brighter as she looked, for her Etherian friend had raised herself to a place before the painting. By a great effort Editha intensified the otherwise invisible ray which was her soul—herself really—and Laura saw this against the frame and canvas. To Laura's imagination, at least, the portrait was vaguely, faintly visible—so faintly that no part of it was as distinguishable as the golden frame, and even that was lighted rather by a luminous mist than by any light to which human eyes are accustomed.

"Are you awake?" Laura asked.

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Russell answered.

"Look at that picture. It is lighted up," said Laura.

Mrs. Russell opened her eyes and slightly raised herself to see better. On the instant the luminous effect disappeared.

"I can see nothing," Mrs. Russell answered.

"It is not so now," Laura said.

A few minutes later the light appeared again, and now Laura believed that it be-

gan to reveal the features of the portrait. Presently she was sure she saw the face and the loose white under-robe flaring open like a lily beneath the heavy blue gown.

"Now look! Look at the picture!" she called to her companion.

Again the good-natured matron rose up in bed, and again the vision instantly disappeared. Mrs. Russell felt impelled to pass her hand over Laura's face and arms, and was astonished to detect no signs of feverishness. She threatened quinine and a bottle of hot water for Laura's feet, and declared herself positive that Laura was going into an illness. "The day's excitements have been too much for you," she remarked, "and I don't wonder."

Laura yielded, as her affectionate companion took her in her arms and tried to put her to sleep with motherly caressing, but she was wildly impatient that slumber should come first to Mrs. Russell, in order that she might watch the portrait. She was not so dull as to fail to see that the Etherian had no intent to be seen by other eyes than hers.

In time Mrs. Russell's embrace loosened and her louder breathing apprised Laura that she was asleep. The younger woman turned stealthily over in the bed and was free. Then it came to pass that the light reappeared, and the picture was again revealed. More than that, the portrait began to draw nearer, as if it was coming out of the frame, and yet this was not so, for, as it unmistakably moved towards her, slowly, very slowly, Laura saw behind it, yes, and through it, to the canvas and the frame at the back. Nearer and nearer it came, until there stood beside the bed, not two feet from Laura, the figure of a beautiful young lady with a mass of jet-black hair caught up behind her head, with kindly brown eyes and a rosy ripe mouth, a lady in a dark blue wrapper open above the waist, and disclosing the same flaring white under-robe that Laura had remarked in the painting.

By an extraordinary effort, called forth from her great love for Laura—as it must be by some intense emotion in all such cases—Editha was revealing a spiritual suggestion of her former earthly appearance. She stretched out her beautiful rounded and rosy arms towards Laura, and her face became glorified by an angelic smile.

"Editha! Editha! My angel!" Laura called, reckless of the presence of her earthly companion.

As she spoke the vision melted away; but Laura quickly felt the loving presence of the Etherian caressing and finally enfolding her, and, in an ecstasy of satisfaction, she fell asleep.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WEB DESTROYED.

AFTER they had breakfasted, Mrs. Russell took leave of Laura, who was to go on her second quest of Brown and Crossley's law-offices. She was still without even the money for car fares in her pocket, but her heart was too big with hope for her to heed her penniless condition. After she had found Broadway it was an easy matter to determine the direction in which the numbers diminished towards their beginning, and to follow them down to Chambers Street, at the corner of which was 280, the number she sought. Her visit created in the little Pullman-like series of glass-walled compartments inhabited by the attorneys and their clerks so much stir as to strain the circumspect and dignified routine of those gentlemen. The words spoken to the boy at the door, "Please say that Miss Balm is here," ran like electricity from boy to typist and junior to senior, tingling through them all to such purpose that each made an excuse to pass through the waiting-room, and to cast a furtive glance at the slight girlish figure in gray, straw reticule on lap, seated before a formidable wall of books in yellow leather.

Mr. Brown, upon whom fell the duty of waiting upon her, was an office lawyer and a bachelor, who appeared to regard women as exceedingly fragile creations in egg-shell porcelain or blown glass, requiring the most delicate handling and the lowest audible tones in conversation. He quickly got behind Laura, and walked on tiptoe, with his hands outstretched beneath her elbows, touching them occasionally as if to prevent her falling over frontwards or backwards and smashing herself into as many bits as a tumbler comes to at a Jewish wedding. Having thus guided her without mishap into his office, he pursued her until she was in front of a great padded leather chair, when he grasped her elbows as lightly as a fancier of Venetian glass handles that ware, and by a firmer pressure brought her without disaster

down upon the soft seat. Then he questioned her in hushed and awesome whispers, appearing startled at the fulness of her voice each time that she replied to him.

"More than anything else," she ventured, "I want to ask you if you have any money from my father to send to my mother, and find out whether they will allow me to go and see her. They told me it would be weeks before she would be calm enough to receive me, but I do so want to see her."

"I will telegraph, and you shall know to-day," the lawyer replied, reserving in his thoughts the necessary condition that Laura should first prove herself to be his client's daughter.

Mr. Brown was a shrewd man beneath all his shyness, and yet, after the greatest pains in his cross-examination of her, she convinced him of her genuineness. When he felt no doubt remaining, he led her back to the story of her misadventures, and listening now as if for the first time, was greatly agitated and distressed. He assumed that she would command him to have Lamont arrested, and her refusal to do so put him extremely out of sorts. He was at first disinclined to regard her refusal as seriously intended.

"It is a crime to condone a crime," said he, in a sepulchral whisper. "Do you know that we go so far as to call it 'compounding,' miss? Compounding a crime, that's what we call it."

"He is my cousin," Laura declared, "and that pleads for him. I could never begin my existence in that household by making a public scandal."

"Purely a woman's reason," Mr. Brown whispered. "My partner will call it fantastic. However, in considering it, I will look at it from your point of view."

When Laura refused to have him announce to her uncle's attorneys the fact of her having been found, the blow to Mr. Brown's sense of order proved fearful. It was when he discovered that she could give no better reason than that her appearance might interfere with Archibald Paton's success in a love adventure that the mouselike man was overcome. He tried to whisper, but a mere gasp followed. He tried again, and no sound came. He rolled his eyes at her as if he was expiring, and then sank back in his chair in a limp heap. Before she knew whether to scream or rub his wrists or throw water in his face, he rose up, and feebly struck a bell that was on his desk.

"It's a case for Mr. Crossley," he whispered. "He has a wife *and* a daughter. He will know how to meet this—extraordinary—whim."

Mr. Crossley was a very little, very nervous, very restless man, of the height and slender shape of a boy, and dressed in a boy's short coat and little collarless waistcoat. The energy he spent in putting his glasses on his nose, in taking them off and whirling them around one forefinger, and in replacing them on his nose and taking them off, and whirling them again, would, if used to generate heat, have warmed an ordinary hall bedroom in midwinter. His possession of a wife "*and* a daughter" rendered him so at ease with their sex that he used extremely violent language the moment the case was whispered in his ear by his partner.

"Can't have it, madam," he shouted; "not for one instant."

"I haven't told you all my reasons—" Laura ventured, but got no further.

"There can be no reasons. It's infernal nonsense—childish, sentimental, poppycockish nonsense! Worse, it's distinctly and undeniably criminal, and we'll have no part in it."

"I must tell you, please," Laura said; "I am so sorry you think as you do, but surely it's my property to take or to leave. And I only ask to keep hidden a few days until Mr. Paton receives an answer to a certain letter he has written to a lady."

"Tut, tut; but go on. It's idle, but I will hear you," Mr. Crossley growled.

"He saved my life, sir, and hurt himself terribly. And he is a man, sir, and would know how to manage the property better than I."

"Oh-h-h-h!" Mr. Crossley roared. "Only a moment ago it was to be for a few days, and now you propose to give him the property!"

"Truly, I would rather," Laura acknowledged. "I never knew the Lamonts or heard of them. I have been poor always, and would be better content with what little I could earn for myself. Then, you know, sir, he expected to be the heir; he counted on it, and made plans in that expectation."

"Miss Balm," said Mr. Crossley, whirling his glasses under her nose, and then whipping them on to his own and off again—"Miss Balm, this is very amusing.



"'CAN'T HAVE IT, MADAM,' HE SHOUTED; 'NOT FOR ONE INSTANT.'"

I will not say creditable, because that would be flattery, and false besides; an infernal falsehood. It is very amusing, I say, but it is not business. We are your lawyers. What are lawyers for, eh, madam? They are for business—the business of setting things straight, and advising the ignorant, and controlling erratic, sentimental, and disordered views of things. As your lawyers, madam, we shall take you at once to Messrs. Green and Shipton, and declare you as the heir to Colonel Lamont's estate."

"We shall," Mr. Brown whispered.

"I seem peremptory," Mr. Crossley continued, "and harsh, but I am acting as the law directs, and in your interest."

Laura, quite overcome by a sense of

extraordinary misbehavior, ventured no further remonstrance.

At the offices of Messrs. Green and Shipton she paid a more satisfactory visit. The partners were elderly men, easy, paternal, and sympathetic. They humored her, and while seeming to allow her to have "her own head," as the horsemen say, really led her to modify her plans so that possession of the estate was to be taken in her name on the following day. A man was to be sent at once to relieve Mr. Borrowes by assuming charge of the property, but the newspaper advertisements concerning Laura were to continue to be published for two or three days afterward. Mr. Shipton proposed to call for her at her lodgings that afternoon to take her to his home, that she might make his wife's acquaintance. He said that Madam Shipton, as he called her, would prove of great service in supervising the preparation of an outfit of clothing such as he was sure Laura would require in order to take her place at the head of her new home and in the neighborhood circles. Both these lawyers succeeded in making her feel that they were her friends first and her agents afterwards. They promised to bring her that afternoon whatever news of her mother was obtained by Brown and Crossley. They also arranged that her indebtedness to Mrs. Turley should be at once discharged, and her own and her mother's belongings should be removed to the Clock House. Pocket-money, as they called it—though Laura thought she could never use as much as either firm gave her—was pressed upon her at both the law-offices, and Messrs. Green and Shipton urged her to draw upon them freely to meet any needs she incurred while in New York. Accompanied by a clerk whom Mr. Shipton sent with her, she rode back to Archibald's flat in the state of mind of a person under enchantment. So poor that morning, so friendless only twenty-four hours before, so put upon and persecuted during nearly a week, so hopeless and forlorn when dire calamity had befallen her mother only a fortnight ago; but now, with ready money plentiful, deferred to by men of influence, escorted about the city, treated by every one as a person of wealth and consequence, and, more than all, again in communication with her mother—small wonder that her body should feel light as air and her feet should seem to tread the clouds!

"At any rate, my visit to these lawyers will not be known until Mr. Paton receives his answer from that lady." This thought rose in her mind, and gave her satisfaction.

Eagerly she went from Archibald's flat to that in which he was staying. She tried to define the feeling she had for him; the cause of his appearing in her mind like an associate in well-established friendship. Sometimes she thought this the natural outcome of the important aid he had rendered and she had received. Truly, if politics makes strange companions, peril works quicker with all companionships. Sharing the excitement of the rescue from the warehouse—with his pain to match her alarm—surely this might account for and excuse her eagerness to see him. Then she recalled his ease of manner and kindly light-hearted way in sober junctures. True, his jocularity somewhat belittled even her own estimate of his heroism, but—how eloquent this was of modesty! And he was so handsome (here she was descending to girlish sincerity). And such a gentleman. And a great writer too! And in love. How romantic!

Alas! She had meant to be romantic also, until Messrs. Green and Shipton bluntly assured her that Archibald's heart could not break if a girl showed herself so mercenary as to consider the claims of love only conditional upon their securing her a fortune. Messrs. Green and Shipton also declared that Archibald would, in all likelihood, decline to assume control of the Clock House estate unless proof of the death of the alternative heir made him secure in that relation. Dear, dear! what a silly, practical world she had fallen into! But it was not a bad one, she felt without formulating the acknowledgment, where friends and money and kindness thrust themselves at her from every side.

Should she tell him that afternoon who she was? She might as well. True, she had obliged two firms of lawyers to pledge themselves to bury the secret for a few days; but what of that, since she must so soon abandon her romantic plan? It would be inconsistent; it would "seem queer," was the way she put it; but Archibald had spoken so loyally and gallantly of her as his cousin, and the soon-

er she told him, the more quickly he would feel towards her like a cousin. On the other hand, it would not be very easy to make the announcement; indeed, she did not see how she could ever explain to his face why she had not done so at first.

She decided to wait until he had heard from the lady.

A pleasant hour and a half spent at luncheon, hearty congratulations from Archibald, and a song or two by her were therefore the main happenings during her second visit to the flat where the wrenched ankle imprisoned the light-hearted man of letters. As he was advised to keep upon his back, and found himself as comfortable in his friend's quarters as he could be anywhere, he insisted that Laura should remain in his home, with his servant to wait on her, adding that it would be all the more pleasant for her if she assured herself of sufficient permanency there to call in a dressmaker, who would provide companionship as well as further the work she was planning.

She returned to Archibald's flat in time to keep her appointment with Mr. Shipton, who drove her to his residence, and, on the way, gave her cheering news of her mother's condition. The dinner was very formal and elaborate; but Laura spent a pleasant couple of hours afterwards with Mr. Shipton's motherly wife and two daughters of about her own age. She came away charging her mind with many friendly promises of shopping tours with these ladies, and somewhat astonished by the contemplation of the quantity of dresses and garments of many sorts which they had, with some difficulty, convinced her that she needed.

At a little after nine o'clock that night she was once again back in the luxurious little flat, free from even recollected dangers, and happier than she had been at any time since her misfortunes began.

Suddenly an unaccountable disquiet surged upon her. She noticed it first in a sensation of restlessness, but it presently attacked her nerves, and then a nameless fear seized her. It was as if she had been suffering an intense nervous strain which had been suddenly released, leaving her in a state of physical exhaustion. But the worst effect was upon her mind, which was seized with a dread of approaching calamity. The premonitions of the coming of death which we read of as impressing men at times are mild, if they have been correctly described, when compared with the sensation Laura felt, for hers was rather to be likened to the panic of a gentle animal that is hunted by a superior and cruel adversary. The quaking of the earth under the feet of men gives to the more timid among them precisely the feeling which now overcame her. Afraid to remain alone, she was about to call the servant, upon some pretext of needing her, when the girl came of her own accord.

"I doan't loike the luks of him," said she. "The vagabond! He's handed in this at the dure. Pl'ase rade it, ma'am."

She handed to Laura a small piece of folded paper, and Laura read it aloud: "Mr. Paton wants Annie O'Brien to come to him at once. He will need her about an hour."

"Why," Laura exclaimed, "this is not a gentleman's writing! And it is not signed!"

"Mebbe that nagur woman wrote it, ma'am," Annie suggested. "It has a nagurry look about it. Sure I'd mistrusht it intoirely, excipt that mebbe she wrote it. Will I go, miss?"

"I think you had better," Laura said.

Presently the rear door of the flat closed behind the servant, and the sound it made was followed by a knock at the front door, not far from where Laura was seated. She answered the summons, and found herself face to face with Bill Heintz. Before she realized his purpose he had pushed past her into the room, and another loaferly-looking man had taken his place in the doorway.

"What do you mean by coming here? Go out, sir! What do you want?" Laura demanded, bravely, though she felt her heart grow pulseless and heavy.

"By thunder! You have struck it rich, haven't you?" Heintz exclaimed, as his eye swept the luxury around him. "I've brought back the bundle of letters that was in your basket. They ain't no good to me. How much will you give for 'em?"

"I do not want them," Laura said. "But I will give you one minute to go away, or I will send for the servants."

"What do you want to lie to me for?" Heintz asked. "You've only got one servant, and I've took pains to send her away with a letter."

The full force of the situation stagger-

ed Laura, yet she kept up the appearance of courage.

"I shall give you nothing," said she, still facing Heintz bravely. "But I shall rouse the house if you do not go away at once."

"Nick," Heintz said to his confederate, "shut the door and send up the gentleman. Tell him he kin try his turn." Then he turned to Laura and said, with an eager quickening of his speech, "By ——, miss, don't lose no time. The gentleman what's coming is going to do you harm. I want to get out of it. Give me a few dollars, miss, and I'll clear out. He can't carry you away without me. He was going to use chloryform if you showed fight, but I've got the bottle in my pocket. It's true; don't think I'm kidding. I ain't stuck on this job like I was. Something queer's come over me since I come here. Hand over a few dollars, will you, and I'll skin out—and my pal too. The gent can't do nothing without us."

Laura looked him up and down with contempt. Whatever there was in the atmosphere, surcharging it with some mighty influence, was causing the ruffian before her to meditate precipitate flight. At the same time it was tautening her nerves until they felt ready to snap.

Three Etherians—Editha, Mrs. Isabel, and Deborah—were in the room. The excitement under which they labored, and the gravity of the situation which so disturbed them, made itself felt, even by the wretched tramp with whom they could have no intercourse.

As Lamont came with strong, firm tread along the hall and opened the door, the spirits of Mrs. Lamont and Editha confronted that of Deborah with such a concentration of their indignant displeasure that the courage of the mischievous Etherian was daunted.

"Deborah"— it was Mrs. Isabel who began the communication — "your son is at the door. Disarm his mind of its present shameful purpose; turn him back impotently; withdraw your wicked influence over him at once, or—"

"Or what, Isabel? You do not dare to utter the threat which I read in your mind as clearly as if you had spoken it. You will not bring public dishonor on your own earthly kin."

Lamont entered the room boldly, but on the next instant exhibited embarrassment, as he bowed awkwardly to Laura. He was about to advance, and apparently to offer his hand, when a shiver coursed down his body, and he paused, and became irresolute and confused.

"You have read but a part of my will, Deborah," Mrs. Lamont went on. "Promise what I demand, this instant, that you will dissuade your son, and that you will take your presence from among these mortals, or I will call out that Name the mere utterance of which will instantly bring upon you the penalty of your sin."

"Oh, Isabel, you would not do that? Not that! Not that, I implore you!" Deborah cried, with impassioned thought-utterance, as she advanced towards her accusers. "I imagined I read in you a purpose to pursue my son with earthly misfortune. In my concern for him I was ready to defy you; but, as you may want mercy, I beg you not to have me judged."

"Do not delay. We are both determined, Deborah," Mrs. Lamont replied. "Refuse what we command, and, truly, your son shall be known among men as a felon. We will influence Laura Balm and her advisers to accuse him before the law of earth; but, this instant, we command you to promise to send your son out of this room without new sin upon his conscience, and to warn him from this girl's presence forever on this earth. Swear, too, that you will cease your mischief among men, or I will now speak that August Name to pronounce which will be to degrade you for ages if our cause be just."

"No, no! I promise all that you command. But, before I go," Deborah continued, "I pray you to believe that at no time, in even the slightest degree, have I given my son other counsel than to marry Laura Balm in order that he might obtain control of his uncle's estate. You must know I speak the truth. He would have outstepped my urging—he had even planned her ruin in Powellton, but I controlled him against his inclination. This I will swear."

"It is true," replied Mrs. Lamont; "still, you have wickedly misused your powers. All your influence has been towards encouraging his selfishness—one of the ugliest of sins which it is our part to do our utmost to correct. And what now, if you have your way, and he were to carry her to his apartments? How

certain are you of your influence in that case? What of her good name? Deborah, you have abused the powers given to us for the advantage of our kin on earth. You have pursued this young woman with heartless unconcern for her peace and innocence. You have tortured her feelings, frightened her, thwarted the course of justice. You cannot deny it. Take your son away, and remove your evil influence from earth at once, for we are both in earnest."

Deborah turned and faced her son, transporting herself as quickly as thought moves to a position before him. On the instant she assumed a form which was visible only to him. It stood between Laura and himself, revealing his mother, terror-stricken, and, at the same time, in an attitude of warning. One of her hands was upraised, and in her face he read an extremity of alarm. Lamont shrank from the spectre with a stifled exclamation.

"Do you see anything before you, Miss Balm?" he cried, adding: "No; it has gone. I could have sworn— But I must be ill, I think. I feel so strangely."

"Your own thoughts have frightened you, Mr. Lamont," Laura said, with unsteady voice, for the influence of the Etherians had not yet abated. "You came to persecute me, but I am no longer afraid. You will not carry out your plans."

"Will you be reasonable to-day?" he asked. "I do not want to alarm you. I cannot understand what has come over me. It is too ridiculous—but I feel ill, Miss Balm."

His appearance confirmed the truth of what he said, for his face was pallid and his lips were bloodless.

"I came to ask you once again to do me the honor to be my wife. If I have been rude and frightened you, it is because of your groundless prejudice, and because you will not see how intense is my feeling for you."

"Mr. Lamont"—she spoke more calmly than before—"you came to use violence, but I am not afraid of you. I am a different woman; I feel many years older than when I came here with you only two days ago; older, and, I am sorry to say, much wiser. Your object then—as it is now that you have hired these ignorant men to carry me off—was to secure the fortune that has come to me. How can you be so wicked? You my cousin, too?"

"Your fortune? You know, then, that you are the heir?" Jack exclaimed, in astonishment. "You have seen the advertisements—or has Archibald Paton told you? I was told he did not know your name."

"I have seen my lawyers and those of our uncle," Laura replied. "Mr. Paton knows nothing; but many friends and protectors have sprung up around me. I am no longer the ignorant, helpless girl you expected to find me. But that is nothing beside the thought that we are connected by blood, and I had a right to rely upon your relationship as a guarantee of your friendship and help. I am sorry, Mr. Lamont; for when you leave me, as I am sure you will do at once, we never can meet again."

"Hear me, please! Let me plead for myself."

"I am sure it is best for you to go," she said.

At that moment the door flew wide open, and came to a standstill with violence against the body of Bill Heintz. Christmas had flung it wide, and was now entering the room followed by two policemen, one of whom held Heintz's companion by the collar.

"This is the other one," said Christmas, pointing to Heintz. "You thought I should keep my talk for old women, didn't you? But you see what I was telling you in the country has come true. How d' do, miss? Was old Christmas right about the fairies, too? Was he right about the web he used to talk about, when you smiled as you listened? Oh, don't be ashamed; I don't blame you. You was always kind to Christmas. Did he lie to you about those bad hands!" (He pointed at Jack Lamont.) "Old Christmas comes with good news this time, miss. The web is broken. Them bad hands is off you, miss. You have passed the last of them trouble-places I seen when I was looking yon and yon into your muddled life."

"What's up, I'd like to know?" Heintz said, when the heavy hand of a policeman fell upon his shoulder.

"Charged with attempting to obtain money from Brown and Crossley, 280 Broadway, in the name of one Laura Balm, by the use of stolen letters addressed to that person." Thus spoke the Law.



"'SURE, YE FAINTED, MA'AM,' SAID IRISH ANNIE."

"It's a lie!" said Heintz.

"Well, prove it's a lie, that's all you've got to do," said Christmas, as the policemen dragged their prisoners along the hall.

"Why, where am I?" Laura asked, as she felt the shock of cold water upon her face, and, opening her eyes, saw only indescribable confusion in a room that swam and swung around her.

"Sure, ye fainted, ma'am," said Irish Annie. "And this ould man, who says he's a fri'nd of yours, was carrying you to this sofy when I come back. Are ye betther now?"

"Yes, thank you. I did not know I fainted. Thank you very much, Christmas—and Annie. I am all right again." An irresistible impulse to obtain pen and paper came upon her, and she made her way a trifle feebly to the desk. Hardly had she seated herself before it when the pen all but leaped from her fingers. She controlled it, and then saw these words spin out behind it:

"*Good-by, Laura. In pain and sorrow, call on Editha.*"

THE END.

WITH THE FIFTH CORPS.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



"THE BIGGEST THING IN SHAFTER'S ARMY WAS MY PACK."

I APPROACH this subject of the Santiago campaign with awe, since the ablest correspondents in the country were all there, and they wore out lead-pencils most industriously. I know I cannot add to the facts, but I remember my own emotions, which were numerous, interesting, and, on the whole, not pleasant. I am as yet unable to decide whether sleeping in a mud-puddle, the confinement of a troop-ship, or being shot at is the worst. They are all irritating, and when done on an empty stomach, with the object of improving one's mind, they are extravagantly expensive. However, they satisfied a life of longing to see men do the greatest thing which men are called on to do.

The creation of things by men in time of peace is of every consequence, but it does not bring forth the tumultuous energy which accompanies the destruction of things by men in war. He who has not seen war only half comprehends the possibilities of his race. Having thought of this thing before, I got a correspondent's pass, and ensconced myself with General Shafter's army at Tampa.

When Hobson put the cork in Cervera's bottle, it became necessary to send the troops at once, and then came the first shock of the war to me. It was in the form of an order to dismount two squadrons of each regiment of cavalry and send them on foot. This misuse of cavalry was compelled by the national necessities, for there was not at that time sufficient volunteer infantry equipped and in readiness for the field. It is without doubt that our ten regiments of cavalry are the most perfect things of all Uncle Sam's public institutions. More good honest work has gone into them, more enthusiasm, more intelligence, and they have shown more results, not excepting the new navy or the postal system.

The fires of hatred burned within me. I was nearly overcome by a desire to "go off the reservation." I wanted to damn some official, or all officialism, or so much thereof as might be necessary. I knew that the cavalry officers were to a man disgusted, and thought they had been misused and abused. They recognized it as a blow at their arm, a jealous, wicked, and ignorant stab. Besides, the interest of my own art required a cavalry charge.

General Miles appeared at Tampa about that time, and I edged around toward him, and threw out my "point." It is necessary to attack General Miles with great care and understanding, if one expects any success. "General, I wonder who is responsible for this order dismounting the cavalry?" I ventured.

I think the "old man" could almost see me coming, for he looked up from the reading of a note, and in a quiet manner, which is habitual with him, said, "Why, don't they want to go?" and he had me flat on the ground.

"Oh yes, of course! They are crazy to go! They would go if they had to walk on their hands!" I said, and departed. A soldier who did not want to go to Cuba would be like a fire which would not burn — useless entirely. So no one got cursed for that business; but it is a pity that our nation finds it necessary to send cavalry to war on foot. It would be no worse if some day it should conclude to mount "bluejackets" for cavalry purposes, though doubtless the "bluejackets" would "sit tight." But where is the use of specialization? One might as well ask the nurse-girl to curry the family horse.

So the transports gathered to Port Tampa, and the troops got on board, and the correspondents sallied down to their quarters, and then came a wait. A Spanish war-ship had loomed across the night of some watch-on-deck down off the Cuban coast. Telegrams flew from Washington to "stop where you are." The mules and

the correspondents were unloaded, and the whole enterprise waited.

Here I might mention a series of events which were amusing. The exigencies of the service left many young officers behind, and these all wanted, very naturally, to go to Cuba and get properly shot, as all good soldiers should. They used their influence with the general officers in command; they begged, they implored, and they explained deviously and ingeniously why the expedition needed their particular services to insure success. The old generals, who appreciated the proper spirit which underlay this enthusiasm, smiled grimly as they turned "the young scamps" down. I used to laugh to myself when I overheard these interviews, for one could think of nothing so much as the schoolboy days, when he used to beg off going to school for all sorts of reasons but the real one, which was a ball-game or a little shooting-trip.

Presently the officials got the Spanish war-ship off their nerves, and the transports sailed. Now it is so arranged in the world that I hate a ship in a compound, triple-expansion, forced-draught way. Barring the disgrace, give me "ten days on the island." Do anything to me, but do not have me entered on the list of a ship. It does not matter if I am to be the lordly proprietor of the finest yacht afloat, make me a feather in a sick chicken's tail on shore, and I will thank you. So it came about that I did an unusual amount of real suffering in consequence of living on the *Segurança* during the long voyage to Cuba. I used to sit out on the after-deck and wonder why, at my time of life, I could not so arrange my affairs that I could keep off ships. I used to consider seriously if it would not be a good thing to jump overboard and let the leopard-sharks eat me, and have done with a miserable existence which I did not seem to be able to control.

When the first landing was made, General Shafter kept all the correspondents and the foreign military attachés in his closed fist, and we all hated him mightily. We shall probably forgive him, but it will take some time. He did allow us to go ashore and see the famous interview which he and Admiral Sampson held with Garcia, and for the first time to behold the long lines of ragged Cuban patriots, and I was convinced that it was no mean or common impulse which kept up the determination of these ragged, hungry souls.

Then on the morning of the landing at Daiquiri the soldiers put on their blanket rolls, the navy boats and launches lay by the transports, and the light ships of Sampson's fleet ran slowly into the little bay and "turned everything loose" on the quiet, palm-thatched village. A few fires were burning in the town, but otherwise it was quiet. After severely pounding the coast, the launches towed in the long lines of boats deep laden with soldiery, and the correspondents and foreigners saw them go into the overhanging smoke. We held our breath. We expected a most desperate fight for the landing. After a time the smoke rolled away, and our people were on the beach, and not long after some men climbed the steep hill on which stood a block-house, and we saw presently the stars and stripes break from the flag-staff. "They are Chinamen!" said a distinguished foreign soldier; and he went to the other side of the boat, and sat heavily down to his reading of our artillery drill regulations.

We watched the horses and mules being thrown overboard, we saw the last soldiers going ashore, and we bothered General Shafter's aid, the gallant Miley, until he put us all on shore in order to abate the awful nuisance of our presence.

No one had any transportation in the campaign, not even colonels of regiments, except their good strong backs. It was for every man to personally carry all his own hotel accommodations; so we correspondents laid out our possessions on the deck, and for the third time sorted out what little we could take. I weighed a silver pocket-flask for some time, undecided as to the possibility of carriage. It is now in the woods of Cuba, or in the ragged pack of some Cuban soldier. We had finally three days of crackers, coffee, and pork in our haversacks, our canteens, rubber ponchos, cameras, and six-shooter —or practically what a soldier has.

I moved out with the Sixth Cavalry a mile or so, and as it was late afternoon, we were ordered to bivouac. I sat on a hill, and down in the road below saw the long lines of troops pressing up the valley toward Siboney. When our troops got on the sand beach, each old soldier adjusted his roll, shouldered his rifle, and started for Santiago, apparently by individual intuition.

The troops started, and kept marching just as fast as they could. They ran the Spaniards out of Siboney, and the cavalry brigade regularly marched down their retreating columns at Las Guasimas, fought them up a defile, outflanked, and sent them flying into Santiago. I think our army would never have stopped until it cracked into the doomed city in column formation, if Shafter had not discovered this unlooked-for enterprise, and sent his personal aide on a fast horse with positive orders to halt until the "cracker-line" could be fixed up behind them.

In the morning I sat on the hill, and still along the road swung the hard-marching columns. The scales dropped from my eyes. I could feel the impulse, and still the Sixth was held by orders. I put on my "little hotel equipment," bade my friends good-by, and "hit the road." The sides of it were blue with cast-off uniforms. Coats and overcoats were strewn about, while the gray blankets lay in the camps just where the soldiers had gotten up from them after the night's rest. This I knew would happen. Men will not carry what they can get along without, unless they are made to; and it is a bad thing to "make" American soldiers, because they know what is good for them better than any one who sits in a roller-chair. In the tropics mid-day marching under heavy kits kills more men than damp sleeping at night. I used to think the biggest thing in Shafter's army was my pack.

It was all so strange, this lonely tropic forest, and so hot. I fell in with a little bunch of headquarters cavalry orderlies, some with headquarters horses, and one with a mule dragging two wheels, which I cannot call a cart, on which General Young's stuff was tied. We met Cubans loitering along, their ponies loaded with abandoned soldier-clothes. Staff-officers on horseback came back and said that there had been a fight on beyond, and that Colonel Wood was killed and young Fish shot dead—that the Rough Riders were all done to pieces. There would be more fighting, and we pushed forward, sweating under the stifling heat of the jungle-choked road. We stopped and cracked cocoanuts to drink the milk. Once, in a sort of savanna, my companions halted and threw cartridges into their carbines. I saw two or three Spanish soldiers on ahead in some hills and brush. We pressed on; but as the Spanish soldiers did not seem to be concerned as to our presence, I allowed they were probably Cubans who had taken clothes from dead Spanish soldiers, and so it turned out. The Cubans seem to know each other by scent, but it bothered the Northern men to make a distinction between Spanish and Cuban, even when shown Spanish prisoners in order that they might recognize their enemy by sight. If a simple Cuban who stole Spanish soldier clothes could only know how nervous it made the trigger fingers of our regulars, he would have died of fright. He created the same feeling that a bear would, and the impulse to "pull up and let go" was so instinctive and sudden with our men that I marvel more mistakes were not made.

At night I lay up beside the road outside of Siboney, and cooked my supper by a soldier fire, and lay down under a mango-tree on my rubber, with my haversack for a pillow. I could hear the shuffling of the marching troops, and see by the light of the fire near the road the white blanket rolls glint past its flame—tired, sweaty men, mysterious and silent too, but for the clank of tin cups and the monotonous shuffle of feet.

In the early morning the field near me was covered with the cook-fires of infantry, which had come in during the night. Presently a battery came dragging up, and was greeted with wild cheers from the infantry, who crowded up to the road. It was a great tribute to the guns; for here in the face of war the various arms realized their interdependence. It is a solace for cavalry to know that there is some good steady infantry in their rear, and it is a vast comfort for infantry to feel that their front and flanks are covered, and both of them like to have the shrapnel travelling their way when they "go in."

At Siboney I saw the first wounded Rough Riders, and heard how they had behaved. From this time people began to know who this army doctor was, this Colonel Wood. Soldiers and residents in the Southwest had known him ten years back. They knew Leonard Wood was a soldier, skin, bones, and brain, who travelled under the disguise of a doctor, and now they know more than this.

Then I met a fellow-correspondent, Mr. John Fox, and we communed deeply. We had not seen this fight of the cavalry bri-



"BEFORE THE WARNING SCREAM OF THE SHRAPNEL."

gade, and this was because we were not at the front. We would not let it happen again. We slung our packs and most industriously plodded up the Via del Rey until we got to within hailing distance of the picket posts, and he said: "Now, Frederic, we will stay here. They will pull off no more fights of which we are not a party of the first part." And stay we did. If General Lawton moved ahead, we went up and cultivated Lawton; but if General Chaffee got ahead, we were his friends, and gathered at his mess fire. To be popular with us it was necessary for a general to have command of the advance.

But what satisfying soldiers Lawton and Chaffee are! Both seasoned, professional military types. Lawton, big and long, forceful, and with iron determination. Chaffee, who never dismounts but for a little sleep during the darkest hours of the night, and whose head might have been presented to him by one of William's Norman barons. Such a head! We used to sit around and study that head. It does not belong to the period; it is remote, when the race was young and strong; and it has "warrior" sculptured in every line. It may seem trivial to you, but I must have people "look their part." That so many do not in this age is probably because men are so complicated; but "war is a primitive art," and that is the one objection I had to von Moltke, with his simple student face. He might have been anything. Chaffee is a soldier.

The troops came pouring up the road, reeking under their packs, dusty, and with their eyes on the ground. Their faces were deeply lined, their beards stubby, but their minds were set on "the front"—"on Santiago." There was a suggestion of remorseless striving in their dogged stepping along, and it came to me that to turn them around would require some enterprise. I thought at the time that the Spanish commander would do well to assume the offensive, and marching down our flank, pierce the centre of the straggling column; but I have since changed my mind, because of the superior fighting ability which our men showed. It must be carefully remembered that, with the exception of three regiments of Shafter's army, and even these were "picked volunteers," the whole command was our regular army — trained men, physically superior to any in the world, as any one will know who understands the requirements of our enlistment as against that of conscript troops; and they were expecting attack, and praying devoutly for it. Besides, at Las Guasimas we got the *moral* on the Spanish.

Then came the "cracker problem." The gallant Cabanais pushed his mules day and night. I thought they would go to pieces under the strain, and I think every "packer" who worked on the Santiago line will never forget it. Too much credit cannot be given them. The command was sent into the field without its proper ratio of pack-mules, and I hope the blame of that will come home to some one some day. That was the *direct* and *only* cause of all the privation and delay which became so notable in Shafter's operations. I cannot imagine a man who would recommend wagons for a tropical country during the rainy season. Such a one should not be censured or reprimanded; he should be spanked with a slipper.

So while the engineers built bridges, and the troops made roads behind them, and until we got "*three days' crackers ahead*" for the whole command, things stopped. The men were on half-rations, were out of tobacco, and it rained, rained, rained. We were very miserable.

Mr. John Fox and I had no cover to keep the rain out, and our determination to stay up in front hindered us from making friends with any one who had. Even the private soldiers had their dog-tents, but we had nothing except our two rubber ponchos. At evening, after we had "bummed" some crackers and coffee from some good-natured officer, we repaired to our neck of woods, and stood gazing at our mushy beds. It was good, soft, soggy mud, and on it, or rather in it, we laid one poncho, and over that we spread the other.

"Say, Frederic, that means my death; I am subject to malaria."

"Exactly so, John. This cold of mine will end in congestion of the lungs, or possibly bronchial consumption. Can you suggest any remedy?"

"The fare to New York," said John, as we turned into our wallow.

At last I had the good fortune to buy a horse from an invalided officer. It seemed great fortune, but it had its drawback. I was ostracized by my fellow-correspondents.

AT THE BLOODY FORD OF THE SAN JUAN.

All this time the reconnoissance of the works of Santiago and the outlying post of Caney was in progress. It was rumored that the forward movement would come, and being awakened by the bustle, I got up in the dark, and went gliding around until I managed to steal a good feed of oats for my horse. This is an important truth as showing the demoralization of war. In the pale light I saw a staff-officer who was going to Caney, and I followed him. We overtook others, and finally came to a hill overlooking the ground which had been fought over so hard during the day. Capron's battery was laying its guns, and back of the battery were staff-officers and correspondents eagerly scanning the country with field-glasses. In rear of these stood the hardy First Infantry, picturesquely eager and dirty, while behind the hill were the battery horses, out of harm's way.

The battery opened and knocked holes in the stone fort, but the fire did not appear to depress the rifle-pits. Infantry in the jungle below us fired, and were briskly answered from the trenches.

I had lost my canteen and wanted a drink of water, so I slowly rode back to a creek. I was thinking, when along came another correspondent. We discussed things, and thought Caney would easily fall before Lawton's advance, but we had noticed a big movement of our troops toward Santiago, and we decided that we would return to the main road and see which promised best. Sure enough, the road was jammed with troops, and up the hill of El Poso went the horses of Grimes's battery under whip and spur. Around El Poso ranch stood Cubans, and along the road the Rough Riders—Roosevelt's now, for Wood was a brigadier.

The battery took position, and behind it gathered the foreigners, naval and military, with staff-officers and correspondents. It was a picture such as may be seen at a manœuvre. Grimes fired a few shells toward Santiago, and directly came a shrill screaming shrapnel from the Spanish lines. It burst over the Rough Riders, and the manœuvre picture on the hill underwent a lively change. It was thoroughly evident that the Spaniards had the range of everything in the country. They had studied it out. For myself, I fled, dragging my horse up the hill, out of range of Grimes's inviting guns. Some as gallant soldiers and some as daring correspondents as it is my pleasure to know did their legs proud there. The tall form of Major John Jacob Astor moved in my front in jack-rabbit bounds. Prussian, English, and Japanese correspondents, artists, all the news, and much high-class art and literature, were flushed, and went straddling up the hill before the first barrel of the Dons. Directly came the warning scream of No. 2, and we dropped and hugged the ground like star-fish. Bang! right over us it exploded. I was dividing a small hollow with a distinguished colonel of the staff.

"Is this thing allowed, Colonel?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" he said. "I don't think we could stop those shrapnel."

And the next shell went into the battery, killing and doing damage. Following shell were going into the helpless troops down in the road, and Grimes withdrew his battery for this cause. He had been premature. All this time no one's glass could locate the fire of the Spanish guns, and we could see Capron's smoke miles away on our right. Smoky powder belongs with arbalists and stone axes and United States ordnance officers, which things all belong in museums with other dusty rust.

Then I got far up on the hill, walking over the prostrate bodies of my old friends the Tenth Cavalry, who were hugging the hot ground to get away from the hotter shrapnel. There I met a clubmate from New York, and sundry good foreigners, notably the Prussian (Von Goetzen), and that lovely "old British salt" Paget, and the Japanese major, whose name I could never remember. We sat there. I listened to much expert artillery talk, though the talk was not quite so impressive as the practice of that art.

But the heat—let no man ever attempt that after Kipling's "and the heat would make your blooming eyebrows crawl."

This hill was the point of vantage; it overlooked the flat jungle, San Juan hills, Santiago, and Caney, the whole vast country to the mountains which walled in the whole scene. I heard the experts talk, and I love military science, but I slowly thought to myself this is not my art—neither the science of troop movement nor the whole landscape. My art requires me to go down in the road where the human beings are who do these things which science dictates, in the landscape

THE TEMPORARY HOSPITAL, BLOODY FORD.

which to me is overshadowed by their presence. I rode slowly, on account of the awful sun. Troops were standing everywhere, lying all about, moving regularly up the jungle road toward Santiago, and I wound my way along with them, saying, "Gangway, please."

War is productive of so many results, things happen so awfully fast, men do such strange things, pictures make themselves at every turn, the emotions are so tremendously strained, that what knowledge I had fled away from my brain, and I was in a trance; and do you know, cheerful reader, I am not going to describe a battle to you.

War, storms at sea, mountains, deserts, pests, and public calamities leave me without words. I simply said "Gangway" as I wormed my way up the fateful road to Santiago. Fellows I knew out West and up North and down South passed their word to me, and I felt that I was not alone. A shrapnel came shrieking down the road, and I got a drink of water from Colonel Garlington, and a cracker. The soldiers were lying alongside and the staff-officers were dismounted, also stopping quietly in the shade of the nearest bush. The column of troops was working its way into the battle-line.

"I must be going," I said, and I mounted my good old mare—the colonel's horse. It was a tender, hand-raised trotting-horse, which came from Colorado, and was perfectly mannered. We were in love.

The long columns of men on the road had never seen this condition before. It was their first baby. Oh, a few of the old soldiers had, but it was so long ago that this must have come to them almost as a new sensation. Battles are like other things in nature—no two the same.

I could hear noises such as you can make if you strike quickly with a small walking-stick at a very few green leaves. Some of them were very near and others more faint. They were the Mausers, and out in front through the jungle I could hear what sounded like a Fourth of July morning, when the boys are setting off their crackers. It struck me as new, strange, almost uncanny, because I wanted the roar of battle, which same I never did find. These long-range, smokeless bolts are so far-reaching, and there is so little fuss, that a soldier is for hours under fire getting into the battle proper, and he has time to think. That is hard when you consider the seriousness of what he is thinking about. The modern soldier must have moral quality; the guerilla is out of date. This new man may go through a war, be in a dozen battles, and survive a dozen wounds without seeing an enemy. This would be unusual, but easily might happen. All our soldiers of San Juan were for the most part of a day under fire, subject to wounds and death, before they had even a chance to know where the enemy was whom they were opposing. To all appearance they were apathetic, standing or marching through the heat of the jungle. They flattened themselves before the warning scream of the shrapnel, but that is the proper thing to do. Some good-natured fellow led the regimental mascot, which was a fice, or a fox-terrier. Really, the dog of war is a fox-terrier. Stanley took one through Africa. He is in all English regiments, and he is gradually getting into ours. His flag is short, but it sticks up straight on all occasions, and he is a vagabond. Local ties must set lightly on soldiers and fox-terriers.

Then came the light as I passed out of the jungle and forded San Juan River. The clicking in the leaves continued, and the fire-crackers rattled out in front. "Get down, old man; you'll catch one!" said an old alkali friend, and I got down, sitting there with the officers of the cavalry brigade. But promptly some surgeons came along, saying that it was the only safe place, and they began to dig the sand to level it. We, in consequence, moved out into the crackle, and I tied my horse with some others.

"Too bad, old fellow," I thought; "I should have left you behind. Modern rifle fire is rough on horses. They can't lie down. But, you dear thing, you will have to take your chances." And then I looked at the preparation for the field hospital. It was altogether too suggestive. A man came, stooping over, with his arms drawn up, and hands flapping downward at the wrists. That is the way with all people when they are shot through the body, because they want to hold the torso steady, because if they don't it hurts. Then the oncoming troops poured through the hole in the jungle which led to the San Juan River, which was our line of battle, as I supposed. I knew nothing of the plan of battle, and I have an odd conceit that no



"THE WOUNDED, GOING TO THE REAR, CHEERED THE AMMUNITION."

one else did, but most all the line-officers were schooled men, and they were able to put two and two together mighty fast, and in most instances faster than headquarters. When educated soldiers are thrown into a battle without understanding, they understand themselves.

As the troops came pouring across the ford they stooped as low as they anatomically could, and their faces were wild with excitement. The older officers stood up as straight as on parade. They may have done it through pride, or they may have known that it is better to be "drilled clean" than to have a long ranging wound. It was probably both ideas which stiffened them up so.

Then came the curious old tube drawn by a big mule, and Borrowe with his squad of the Rough Riders. It was the dynamite-gun. The mule was unhooked and turned loose. The gun was trundled up the road and laid for a shot, but the cartridge stuck, and for a moment the cheerful grin left the red face of Borrowe. Only for a moment; for back he came, and he and his men scraped and whittled away at the thing until they got it fixed. The poor old mule lay down with a grunt and slowly died. The fire was now incessant. The bullets came like the rain. The horses lay down one after another as the Mausers found their billets. I tried to take mine to a place of safety, but a sharp-shooter potted at me, and I gave it up. There was no place of safety. For a long time our people did not understand these sharp-shooters in their rear, and I heard many men murmur that their own comrades were shooting from behind. It was very demoralizing to us, and on the Spaniards' part a very desperate enterprise to lie deliberately back of our line; but of course, with bullets coming in to the front by the bucketful, no one could stop for the few tailing shots. The Spaniards were hidden in the mango-trees, and had smokeless powder.

Now men came walking or were carried into the temporary hospital in a string. One beautiful boy was brought in by two tough, stringy, hairy old soldiers, his head hanging down behind. His shirt was off, and a big red spot shone brilliantly against his marblelike skin. They laid him tenderly down, and the surgeon stooped over him. His breath came in gasps. The doctor laid his arms across his breast, and shaking his head, turned to a man who held a wounded foot up to him, dumbly imploring aid, as a dog might. It made my nerves jump, looking at that grewsome hospital, sand-covered, with bleeding men, and yet it seemed to have fascinated me; but I gathered myself and stole away. I went down the creek, keeping under the bank, and then out into the "scrub," hunting for our line; but I could not find our line. The bullets cut and clicked around, and a sharp-shooter nearly did for me. The thought came to me, what if I am hit out here in the bush while all alone? I shall never be found. I would go back to the road, where I should be discovered in such case; and I ran quickly across a space that my sharp-shooting Spanish friend did not see me. After that I stuck to the road. As I passed along it through an open space I saw a half-dozen soldiers sitting under a tree. "Look out—sharp-shooters!" they sang out. "Wheet!" came a Mauser, and it was right next to my ear, and two more. I dropped in the tall guinea-grass, and crawled to the soldiers, and they studied the mango-trees; but we could see nothing. I think that episode cost me my sketch-book. I believe I lost it during the crawl, and our friend the Spaniard shot so well I wouldn't trust him again.

From the vantage of a little bank under a big tree I had my first glimpse of San Juan hill, and the bullets whistled about. One would "tumble" on a tree or ricochet from the earth, and then they shrieked. Our men out in front were firing, but I could not see them. I had no idea that our people were to assault that hill—I thought at the time such an attempt would be unsuccessful. I could see with my powerful glass the white lines of the Spanish intrenchments. I did not understand how our men could stay out there under that gruelling, and got back into the safety of a low bank.

A soldier said, while his stricken companions were grunting around him, "Boys, I have got to go one way or the other, pretty damn quick." Directly I heard our line yelling, and even then did not suppose it was an assault.

Then the Mausers came in a continuous whistle. I crawled along to a new place and finally got sight of the fort, and just then I could distinguish our blue soldiers on the hill-top, and I also noticed that the Mauser bullets rained no more. Then I started after. The country was



IN THE REAR OF THE BATTLE—WOUNDED ON THE SAN JUAN ROAD.

alive with wounded men—some to die in the dreary jungle, some to get their happy home-draft, but all to be miserable. Only a handful of men got to the top, where they broke out a flag and cheered. "Cheer" is the word for that sound. You have got to hear it once where it means so much, and ever after you will grin when Americans make that noise.

San Juan was taken by infantry and dismounted cavalry of the United States regular army without the aid of artillery. It was the most glorious feat of arms I ever heard of, considering every condition. It was done without grub, without reserves of either ammunition or men, under tropical conditions. It was a storm of intrenched heights, held by veteran troops armed with modern guns, supported by artillery, and no other troops on the earth would have even thought they could take San Juan heights, let alone doing it.

I followed on and up the hill. Our men sat about in little bunches in the pea-green guinea-grass, exhausted. A young officer of the Twenty-fourth, who was very much excited, threw his arms about me, and pointing to twenty-five big negro infantrymen sitting near, said, "That's all—that is all that is left of the Twenty-fourth Infantry," and the tears ran off his mustache.

Farther on another officer sat with his arms around his knees. I knew him for one of these analytical chaps—a bit of a philosopher—too highly organized—so as to be morose. "I don't know whether I am brave or not. Now there is S——; he don't mind this sort of thing. I think—"

"Oh, blow your philosophy!" I interrupted. "If you were not brave, you would not be here."

The Spanish trenches were full of dead men in the most curious attitudes, while about on the ground lay others, mostly on their backs, and nearly all shot in the head. Their set teeth shone through their parted lips, and they were horrible. The life never runs so high in a man as it does when he is charging on the field of battle; death never seems so still and positive.

Troops were moving over to the right, where there was firing. A battery came up and went into position, but was driven back by rifle fire. Our batteries with their smoky powder could not keep guns manned in the face of the Mausers. Then, with gestures much the same as a woman makes when she is herding chickens, the officers pushed the men over the hill. They went crawling. The Spanish were trying to retake the hill. We were short of ammunition. I threw off my hat and crawled forward to have a look through my glass at the beyond. I could hardly see our troops crouching in the grass beside me, though many officers stood up. The air was absolutely crowded with Spanish bullets. There was a continuous whistle. The shrapnel came screaming over. A ball struck in front of me, and filled my hair and face with sand, some of which I did not get out for days. It jolted my glass and my nerves, and I beat a masterly retreat, crawling rapidly backwards, for a reason which I will let you guess. The small-arms rattled; now and then a wounded man came back and started for the rear, some of them shot in the face, bleeding hideously.

"How goes it?" I asked one.

"Ammunition! ammunition!" said the man, forgetful of his wound.

I helped a man to the field hospital, and got my horse. The lucky mare was untouched. She was one of three animals not hit out of a dozen tied or left at the hospital. One of these was an enormous mule, loaded down with what was probably officers' blanket rolls, which stood sidewise quietly as only a mule can all day, and the last I saw of him he was alive. Two fine officers' chargers lay at his feet, one dead and the other unable to rise, and suffering pathetically. The mule was in such an exposed position that I did not care to unpack him, and Captain Miley would not let any one shoot a horse, for fear of the demoralizing effect of fire in the rear.

A trumpeter brought in a fine officer's horse, which staggered around in a circle. I saw an English sabre on the saddle, and recognized it as Lieutenant Short's, and indeed I knew the horse too. He was the fine thoroughbred which that officer rode in Madison Square military tournament last winter, when drilling the Sixth Cavalry. The trumpeter got the saddle off, and the poor brute staggered around with a bewildered look in his eager eyes, shot in the stifle-joint, I thought; and then he sat down in the creek as a dog would on a hot day. The suffering of animals on a battle-field is most impressive to one who cares for them.

I again started out to the hill, along

with a pack-train loaded with ammunition. A mule went down, and bullets and shell were coming over the hill aplenty. The wounded going to the rear cheered the ammunition, and when it was unpacked at the front, the soldiers seized it like gold. They lifted a box in the air and dropped it on one corner, which smashed it open.

"Now we can hold San Juan hill against them garlics—hey, son!" yelled a happy cavalryman to a doughboy.

"You bet—until we starve to death."

"Starve nothin'—we'll eat them gun-teams."

Well, well, I said, I have no receipt for licking the kind of troops these boys represent. And yet some of the generals wanted to retreat.

Having had nothing to eat this day, I thought to go back to headquarters camp and rustle something. Besides, I was sick. But beyond the hill, down the road, it was very dangerous, while on the hill we were safe. "Wait for a lull; one will come soon," advised an old soldier. It is a curious thing that battle firing comes like a big wind, and has its lulls. Now it was getting dark, and during a lull I went back. I gave a wounded man a ride to the field hospital, but I found I was too weak myself to walk far. I had been ill during the whole campaign, and latterly had fever, which, taken together with the heat, sleeping in the mud, marching, and insufficient food, had done for me.

The sight of that road as I wound my way down it was something I cannot describe. The rear of a battle. All the broken spirits, bloody bodies, hopeless, helpless suffering which drags its weary length to the rear, are so much more appalling than anything else in the world that words won't mean anything to one who has not seen it. Men half naked, men sitting down on the road-side utterly spent, men hopping on one foot with a rifle for a crutch, men out of their minds from sunstroke, men dead, and men dying. Officers came by white as this paper, carried on rude litters made by their devoted soldiers, or borne on their backs. I got some food about ten o'clock and lay down. I was in the rear at headquarters, and there were no bullets and shells cracking about my ears, but I found my nerves very unsettled. During the day I had discovered no particular nervousness in myself, quite contrary to my expectations, since I am a nervous man, but there in the comparative quiet of the woods the reaction came. Other fellows felt the same, and we compared notes. Art and literature under Mauser fire is a jerky business; it cannot be properly systematized. I declared that I would in the future paint "set pieces for dining-rooms." Dining-rooms are so much more amusing than camps. The novelist allowed that he would be forced to go home and complete "The Romance of a Quart Bottle." The explorer declared that his treatise on the "Flora of Bar Harbor" was promised to his publishers.

Soldiers always joke after a battle. They have to loosen the strings, or they will snap. There was a dropping fire in the front, and we understood our fellows were intrenching. Though I had gotten up that morning at half past three, it was nearly that time again before I went to sleep. The fever and the strong soldier-coffee banished sleep; then, again, I could not get the white bodies which lay in the moonlight, with the dark spots on them, out of my mind. Most of the dead on modern battle-fields are half naked, because of the "first-aid bandage." They take their shirts off, or their pantaloons, put on the dressing, and die that way.

It is well to bear in mind the difference in the point of view of an artist or a correspondent, and a soldier. One has his duties, his responsibilities, or his gun, and he is on the firing line under great excitement, with his reputation at stake. The other stalks through the middle distance, seeing the fight and its immediate results, the wounded; lying down by a dead body, mayhap, when the bullets come quickly; he will share no glory; he has only the responsibility of seeing clearly what he must tell; and he must keep his nerve. I think the soldier sleeps better nights.

The next day I started again for the front, dismounted, but I only got to El Poso Hill. I lay down under a bank by the creek. I had the fever. I only got up to drink deeply of the dirty water. The heat was intense. The re-enforcing troops marched slowly up the road. The shells came railroading down through the jungle, but these troops went on, calm, steady, like true Americans. I made my way back to our camp, and lay there until nightfall, making up my mind and unmaking it as to my physical condition, until I concluded that I had "finished."



PRINCE (OTTO) EDUARD LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK.

From a photograph-portrait, [illegible], taken by Professor Franz Lenbach, in 1894, while engaged on the celebrated portrait.

BISMARCK.

BY SIDNEY WHITMAN.

Es kann die Spur von meinen Erdetagen
Nicht in Aeonen untergehn.*—FAUST.

SOME years ago I happened to call on a friend at the Foreign Office in the Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin, and was shown into one of the waiting-rooms by the functionary in attendance. The walls of the capacious apartment were filled with bookcases, the shelves of which seemed to groan under the weight of the books they contained. Glancing around, I noticed that they were almost all works of a political character, in various languages, principally concerning events of the last forty years. By far the greater number among these naturally dealt more or less with the political career of Prince Bismarck. Enough material was here to bid the most omnivorous reader pause and ask himself, how is it possible to read or write anything about Bismarck which is not already fully dealt with here? To classify these innumerable books of reference which treat of him might in itself well prove a task beyond the capacity of most of us. And yet even their study is not sufficient; for the story of Bismarck's life embraces so many distinct phases, as that of statesman, diplomatist, political economist, man of letters—orator, if you will—that a whole flood of literature, hardly yet at high-water mark, must be mastered before it be possible to give a full account of his career. And when this is done, there still remains the task of sympathizing with the man and appreciating the work of his life. Otherwise it must be impossible to do justice to him.

In other words, only one who is familiar with the history of Europe since the Reformation grasps the fact, and rejoices over it, that a united Germany in the centre of the Continent has given poor old Europe another chance of living up to a vigorous, healthy standard amid so many signs of senile decay—only such can be fair to him who worked successfully towards so devout a consummation. It is as the part creator of a new ideal world in Europe, in which the influence of money alone is not yet omnipotent, in which the duty of the unit to the state, authority, discipline, and subordination in the interest of the community are still living realities; a country in which pauperism and mob-law have not yet sapped the foundations of its virile character—as such it is that Bismarck will be known to the world. And upon that basis he must be judged and appreciated. As he once said to a Frenchman: "Your Cæsars were Romans who strove for the mastery of the world. We are only Germans—we are satisfied with our own boundaries." This is truly so, and forms one of Bismarck's many claims to the recognition of the world. Yet hardly had he closed his eyes before a deluge of cut and dried biographical summaries floods the world, and pass supreme judgment—where, for the present at least, this must be a task far beyond our powers. Hence the opinions expressed, however deftly they may be put together in faultless literary style, must in most instances be far more interesting as indications of the exiguous limitations of those expressing them than as affording us any reliable instruction whatever on the character of Germany's greatest son. In the eyes of one, Bismarck was an essentially vain man; to another, his was a cruel, brutal nature; to a third, his conduct during the last years of his life had best be passed over and allowed to drop into oblivion. Is it really necessary to stop to ask ourselves here who are these censors—who are these pharisaic pygmies who intrude their opinions upon us in the pinchbeck garb of obituary critics and censors? Unlike the passing of the mob-flatterer—the typical demagogue—Bismarck's death does not bring with it the obligation to sum up the man in all haste to-day in view of the possibility that he may be forgotten, aye, perhaps anath-

* The imprint of my days on earth
Shall not perish in æons of time.

ematized, to-morrow. Bismarck's memory is in no need of such haste, and we need be in no hurry to render insincere, trumpery homage to it. He will live on with his work; thus there is no necessity to be in a hurry to sum up its record.

Now, above all other times, whilst still under the overpowering impression of the passing of this colossal figure, looming, lingering far beyond human proportions in the imagination of a humble friend, it were indeed impossible to do more than present a few stray memories of one I was privileged to know somewhat intimately in life. Thus my words can possess no better value than that of a muffled note of sympathy—of homage to the memory of a great and good man. To attempt to do more were to endeavor to describe the salient points of some huge Alpine landscape whilst yet standing at sunset in close proximity, in the black shadow of its frowning bowlders.

The dominant impression which governs thought and feeling for the moment must be that with Bismarck the last and the greatest of the extraordinary men who created the German Empire of to-day has sunk into the grave. With Bismarck, whose life has drawn such deep furrows across our time, the great period impressed for all futurity with the hall-mark of his master-mind has come to an end.

Most of us can remember the grunt of relief which weak-kneed mortality indulged in, from one end of Europe to the other, when this colossus of sturdy will-power was suddenly removed from off the fearsome public chest in the month of March, 1890. To the English-speaking people the episode is rendered unforgettable by the memorable cartoon of *Punch* entitled "Dropping the Pilot." That event furnishes still a sad comment on the innate meanness of human nature, as such. We have only to remember how, even in his own northern home—not in South Germany—nearly every organ of the press threw Bismarck over with damning faint praise, and bent in Byzantine servility to greet the rising sun. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* furnished a glorious exception here, and ever since has passed current as Bismarck's body-organ. In one sense this designation was a perfectly true one, namely, that the *Hamburger Nachrichten* remained Bismarck's body-organ in the same way in which a trusty knight forms a body-guard to the leader he is pledged to defend at the risk of his life and property.

To the outward world, however—particularly to that section thereof which, with some excuse, has long ceased in its heart of hearts to believe in the existence of such *impedimenta* as honor, uprightness, and unselfish devotion to an ideal—the championship of the *Hamburger Nachrichten* meant that the *Hamburger Nachrichten* was paid by Bismarck for its services, or, at the very least, that the paper shrewdly calculated it would mean good business to its exchequer to pose as the solitary oracle of the dethroned Titan. Fortunately for the honor of German journalism, neither one nor the other version is correct. The *Hamburger Nachrichten*, although a wealthy paper, risked a great deal at the time in taking up Bismarck's cause. But it fearlessly took the risk, at the bidding, not of its proprietors, but of its leading spirit, Dr. Emil Hartmeyer, its editor, a very different sort of independent editor to the man people are accustomed to fancy as a German editor, when they foully libel the German press and sneer at its want of independence. With Dr. Hartmeyer his championship was a matter of enthusiastic conviction.

On one occasion, even, things were so threatening—it was during the Caprivi period, when, to the weak-stomached, it looked as if state prosecution were in store for the hermit of Friedrichsruh—that the proprietors and those in charge of the paper grew nervous, and telegraphed to Dr. Hartmeyer, who was at Ems at the time, whether it might not be advisable to haul down the Bismarck standard. "*Nie und nimmermehr*,"* was sturdy Hartmeyer's telegraphic reply. "*Furchtlos und Treu*† is the motto of Würtemberg. It shall be ours too. We stick to Bismarck."

This state of affairs—this sturdy, honorable championship of a conviction beyond the reach of bribery, purchase, or intimidation—was well known to the Bismarck family, and was always, down to the last, appreciated by them as only appreciation can exist among those who,

* No and nevermore. † Fearless and faithful.

possessing honor themselves, rejoice to welcome its existence in the breast of their fellow-men. The idea that the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, much less a man of the stamp of Dr. Hartmeyer, calculated the cost of the line the paper took, was one that would always have been scouted as an unworthy aspersion at Friedrichsruh. It was not in the Prince's nature, neither is it in the composition of Herbert Bismarck, to harbor mean suspicions where it is pleasurable to rejoice over fearless action. Also, I can state from personal knowledge, which I gained on the spot at the time, that it never entered Prince Bismarck's mind to suppose that it could "pay" to champion one who in his first paroxysm of disappointment and rage he firmly believed to have been deserted, if not betrayed, by all. In fact, nobody was so surprised at the cyclonic turn of the tide in 1892 as the Bismarck family themselves, which only proves their innate modesty, their lack of what has been considered a pardonable degree of self-estimation.

Another idea which obtained almost universal currency was that Prince Bismarck, or at least Count Herbert, inspired articles, if they did not actually write them from day to day for the columns of their faithful Hamburg organ. As a matter of fact, it was only at rare intervals that direct communication took place between Friedrichsruh and the *Hamburger Nachrichten.* It is true that on all festive occasions a representative of the paper was admitted in preference and before the representative of any other paper—sometimes, in fact, the *Hamburger Nachrichten* alone was admitted to the house. But I have been at Friedrichsruh repeatedly for several days in succession without seeing any representative of the press. Also, on the occasion of the eightieth birthday of Prince Bismarck, when the Rectors of all the German universities gathered together and were received privately in the drawing-room in the forenoon, I did not even see a representative of the *Hamburger Nachrichten.* But all this is not of great importance, for Bismarck's secretary was always there to send any special communication privately in the Prince's name to the paper; and besides, Dr. Hartmeyer was always so thoroughly in touch with Bismarck's whole political creed that a hint from time to time, or a few minutes' conversation at rare intervals, was all that was needed in order to enable his paper to hurl the Bismarck Philippika most effectively day by day at the heads of the Prince's antagonists.

Bismarck's keen interest in everything appertaining to nature is well known. Particularly during the latter years of his life, this sympathy seemed to grow in proportion as leisure afforded him increased opportunities for looking after his estates and observing the thousand and one phenomena associated with life in the country. He was particularly fond of strolling in the grounds of Friedrichsruh before lunch-time or in the afternoon before dinner. If a visitor happened to be staying in the house whose companionship was congenial to him, Bismarck would send his man-servant Pinnow up to his room to inquire whether he would like to accompany his Highness for a walk. Of such an occasion a friend relates the following anecdote, which has not hitherto been published:

"You know how fond he was of watching the deer, the water-fowl, the flight of birds. It was a habit of his at certain hours of the day—by preference towards sunset—to stroll into the grounds and sit upon the rough wooden bench in the corner of the field in which, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, the Emperor had gathered together quite a military force to do honor to him. Opposite this bench you may have noticed a number of old dead trees. They are a favorite resort of starlings, and Bismarck used to sit there by the hour and watch them. When he arrived they began to twitter, for they knew him, and he knew them too. He would point out to me which family inhabited such and such a tree. He even seemed to be able to distinguish each individual starling belonging to a group. It was in the afternoon of the 31st of March, 1894. He was visibly pleased with the chorus of welcome which greeted his arrival on the part of the birds. 'How happy they are!' he said. 'They know nothing of the troubles of this world. They are well fed, and they love those who are kind to them, and in their turn are grateful for kindness.' Suddenly the Prince, who had been sitting in the middle of the rough wooden seat, rose up and said to me, 'Won't you sit down?' I replied: 'Thank you. I am afraid the

seat will not support the weight of two people.' Bismarck then apologized for sitting down alone, saying that he could not walk any more the long distances he used to walk only a few years previously. Then pointing to the starlings, who were twittering in the sinking sun — it was about two hours before the torch-light procession of 8000 Hamburgers took place in honor of his birthday on the morrow — he said to me, 'They go to bed and rise up without these pains which rack me so sorely.' With this he put his handkerchief to his right cheek. I asked if nothing could be done to alleviate the pain, whereupon he replied: 'Thirty years of responsibility, such as I have had on my shoulders, do not leave a man's body untried. I have had many and many a sleepless night. How often was I obliged to decide within a moment's notice, as it were, and without having anybody to assist me, on matters upon which war or peace in Europe depended! So that I have had no time to think over my own aches and pains until they became past curing. Now it is too late.' Then he looked up at the dead trees, and seeing that they were deserted by the starlings, he said: 'Sie sind weggeflogen. Nun koennen wir auch gehen.'"*

Now that I have quoted my friend, I will continue his interesting reminiscences as he confided them to me:

"The next day being Bismarck's birthday, there was a big family dinner party at Friedrichsruh. Covers were laid in two separate rooms, in the further one of which I had taken my seat at table. After dinner the Prince, who was in excellent spirits, called me in, and, in his kind, inimitable way, addressed me.

"'We have not seen each other for a long time. I think we might drink a pint of champagne together.' He indicated an excellent French brand.

"'Why only a pint, your Highness?' I replied.

"'Very well,' Bismarck said, turning to his man-servant. 'Pinnow, bring us a whole bottle.'

"Somebody present thereupon mentioned that German champagne was coming into fashion, and that some of it was very good.

"'I do not think so,' said Bismarck. 'At least it is not good for me, since my stomach does not take to it. I remember, on one occasion,' continued the Prince, 'I was dining with his Gracious Majesty.* I had some champagne in my glass, the taste of which made me suspicious. When the butler again passed round the table I tried to get a look at the label on the bottle, but this was impossible, for a napkin was wrapped round it. I then turned to the Emperor to inquire the name of the particular brand, when his Majesty blurted out that it was indeed German champagne — *Deutscher Schaumwein.* "Yes," the Emperor said; "I drink it from motives of economy, as I have a large family, and I have strongly recommended it to my officers for the same reason. Then I also drink it from patriotic motives." Thereupon I said to the Emperor, "With me, your Majesty, patriotism stops short at the region of my stomach,"' (meaning, of course, that patriotism has its seat in the heart)."

On another occasion—it was in 1893—Eugen Wolf, the well-known traveller and writer, came on a visit to the Prince, after having passed through Rome, and having had an audience with the Pope. "The Pope asked me where I was going to on leaving Rome. I told him that I was going back home to Germany, and that my first object would be to pay my respects to Prince Bismarck, who had hitherto always received me. The Pope thereupon said: 'Il Principe di Bismarck! Do not forget to greet him from me.' So, when I arrived at Friedrichsruh, I told the Prince that I had greetings from Rome to deliver to him. 'Oh! indeed!' said Bismarck. 'I suppose you have paid a visit to the Pope. How fares the health of the Holy Father? I must tell you that I always got on very well indeed with him. He even gave me his highest decoration, mounted in brilliants. It was only that confounded [*verflixte*] little Excellency [Windthorst] whom I could not manage to get along with.'"

No man could have had less taste for dogmatical discussions than Bismarck, and yet his was essentially a religious nature. A deep sense of reverence and true humility in face of the enigmas of nature was among the mainsprings of his religious feeling. On one occasion he expressed himself to Herr von Poschinger with regard to the doctrine of metempsy-

* They have flown away. Now we can go too.

* This must have been between 1888 and 1890, as the present Emperor is meant.—S. W.

chosis—a doctrine in which Count Moltke was also deeply interested. With Bismarck it may have been only a fleeting, fanciful thought—as Herr von Poschinger assures me it was—but what Bismarck said on the subject was eminently characteristic of the man. "If I had to choose the form in which I should prefer to live again," he said, "I am not so sure that I should not like to be an ant. You see," he said, "that little creature lives in a state of perfect political organization; every one of them is obliged to work—lead a useful life—every one is industrious. There is complete subordination, discipline, and order among the ants. They are happy, for they work."

Those who are apt to judge Bismarck's character by the impression conveyed in reading accounts of his dealings with his opponents would naturally suppose him to have been a man of very strong and passionate likes and dislikes. If so, it is at least beyond doubt that in private life never a word passed his lips of a nature to lend countenance to such an assumption. Whether it was that he stood above the emotions of smaller men I am unable to tell, but I can vouch for the fact that I never heard him express a single opinion which I could construe as conveying an intense feeling or dislike for either man, beast, or doctrine. I mention this because in some parts it has become almost natural to expect an occasional outburst of indignation, of noble scorn, on the part of those who, from time to time, have taken upon themselves the task of pointing to a higher life by denouncing the mean motives of their opponents in the every-day struggle of pushful ambition. Bismarck had nothing of that in his composition. Neither did he bother himself much about the spiritual welfare of other people. He seemed to be perfectly content to let them take their chance with him in the realm of Frederick the Great, where everybody is supposed to obtain salvation in his own way. A certain dispassionate—may I say philosophic?—calm was also noticeable in him whenever deceased persons were mentioned in his presence, even when they were such for whom he had entertained a feeling of attachment when alive. The conventional expressions of sympathy for those who had gone before, sorrow or pity for the dead—such sentiments rarely crossed his lips. Although imbued with true piety, he would speak of the dead—of his friend Motley, for instance, to whom he was sincerely attached—by recalling some quaint incident of their joint youth, but more in a jocular, whole-hearted, sympathetic manner, entirely free from the sad thought that the old friend had now for years past been dead. Death in itself seemed, after all, only a natural incident to him, in which nearly all his friends had preceded him. Thus to waste any conventional words about so natural a matter was repugnant to him. There were, indeed, exceptions to this attitude, and these were when anything concerning the death of the Emperor William, or latterly of his wife, was mentioned. These were indeed tender memories to him. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that Bismarck's life was singularly free from the misfortune common to so many of us—that of losing prematurely those near and dear to us. Bismarck never lost a child, and his favorite sister, Baroness von Arnim, survives him.

One day at lunch, some years ago, Prince Bismarck said to me: "I have just been reading one of my old speeches. It was delivered so many years ago that the whole matter came upon me with a certain degree of novelty. In fact, I was quite surprised to find that I had ever spoken thus. I can't make out now where I got all those ideas from, and I am perfectly sure I should not be equal to such an effort now." His words bore the impress of evident sincerity—a childlike surprise at his own former intellectual powers, which, in his innate modesty, he really fancied had left him in his old age, whereas down to his eightieth birthday, and even later, he was still capable of delivering speeches, every word of which went home with pristine force to the hearts of thousands of hearers.

Much has been written about Bismarck as a public speaker—for his published speeches fill twelve bulky volumes—and a deal of argument has been spent to prove that he was indeed no orator. In a certain sense this is and must be true. For if there was one thing he loathed, it was the art of the rhetorician—the born mob-hypnotizer. He was no actor; he could be none, since he disliked the very rudiments of the art—self-conscious *pose*. But this does not mean that Bismarck could not speak effectively. This does not mean

that he has not spoken with more lasting effect to a whole nation than have a full generation of gifted orators, intoxicated with their own phraseology, whose efforts fade from human memory ere scarce the echo of their voice has died away. Bismarck was a child of Goethe herein—that he believed with Goethe:

> Denn eben wo Begriffe fehlen
> Da stellt ein Wort zur rechten Zeit sich ein.*

This is to say, volubility of speech, too fluent readiness with empty phrases, was repugnant to him; it excited his suspicion. Thus he never prepared himself for a speech. When in Parliament he got his facts together beforehand on important occasions. That was all. Their enunciation he left to chance. On the various occasions I have heard him address large audiences at Friedrichsruh—even several times in one day—he never, so far as I could tell or judge, prepared himself in the least for the ordeal, or, I would venture to assert, even thought what he was going to say, five minutes beforehand. What he had to say seemed to come to him in the course of each sentence, which he always brought out slowly, even jerkily, but with a "something" behind it which made the listener feel confident "this man is not going to lose the thread of what he is about to say, for it is of adamant." To hear him speak in public was to receive the impression that he was continuously engaged in a grim wrestle with his inner self to force out what a rugged nature refused to yield up without a struggle, the clear crystals of his pellucid mind. Also, the effect on his audience in such cases was electrical. They seemed to partake breathlessly in the physical struggle they were witnessing. I have seen stout men weep at his words. To read his speeches one would never think that their delivery had been a labor, although one cheerfully undertaken—an ordeal, though he got through free from any particle of nervousness, at least so far as outward evidence could enable one to judge. But such it always was.

In comparison with the prodigious effect Bismarck's voice produced on his hearers it was one of limited power, slightly high in pitch, but by no means sharp in tone. There was always something distinguished and agreeable in its timbre. Even when speaking before thousands it still retained the subdued character of a gentleman's voice holding casual converse at his own dinner table, bare of every trick of affectation or of the knowledge of the effect it might produce. Thus everything he said went straight to the hearer's heart, as only a voice can do which is entirely free from the suspicion of comedy or insincerity.

According to the testimony of everybody with whom I have spoken who had ever known Bismarck personally, it would be impossible to imagine a man in private life more spontaneously cordial, one to all appearance more completely unconscious of his transcendent intellectual powers, let alone of his dazzling worldly position. But here the testimony of John Lothrop Motley, the historian, may well take precedence of all others. It takes precedence not only on account of its being the opinion of so eminent an authority, but also because Motley met Bismarck as a fellow-student, then again in the early years of his political career, when he was Prussian member of the Diet in Frankfort on the Main, and, lastly, after the 1870 war, when he was at the very height of his greatness and popularity. Thus Motley's opportunities of observing him may be said to embrace the most striking periods of Bismarck's life. Writing to his wife from Frankfort, on the 27th of July, 1855, Motley says:

"I cannot express to you how cordially he received me.* If I had been his brother, instead of an old friend, he could not have shown more warmth and affectionate delight in seeing me. I find I like him even better than I thought I did; and you know how high an opinion I always expressed of his talents and disposition. He is a man of very noble character, and of very great powers of mind."

And let us bear in mind that this judgment was given a few years before Bismarck became the best-hated man throughout Germany.

Again, in the year 1872, Motley writes from Varzin: "The intense affection which he has for his wife and children is delightful to contemplate, and, as you may imagine, he is absolutely worshipped by them. The week passed here is some-

* For there just where ideas are lacking
A word comes handy in the nick of time.

* It was the first time they had met since leaving the universities of Göttingen and Berlin.

thing for Lily and me to remember for the rest of our lives. The parting was painful to me, *for Heaven knows when I shall ever see him again* .... I never can adequately express to you how kind and affectionate they have *all been to us.* She* is kindness and cordiality itself, and we have felt all the time as if we were part of the family. As for Bismarck himself, my impressions of his bigness have increased rather than diminished by this renewed intimacy."

In another passage of Motley's correspondence† he lays particular stress upon the total absence of calculation for effect, or of a sense of his own huge proportions —which was so striking a feature of Bismarck in private life, however much he may have impressed the weight of his personality upon those he contended with in the struggle of politics. Indeed, his manner towards the humblest ink-slinger who was ever favored with an invitation to take a seat at his hospitable board was as simple and as charming as ever it could be towards the most exalted in the land. More than this, no worldly position, however exalted, was a safe passport to his appreciation, or even that of his noble consort.

One morning—it was in the spring of 1892—he did not feel at all well; he had had a bad night. The day before, a number of Hamburg admirers had had a picnic in the forest, and had prevailed on Prince Bismarck to drive out to join them, and even to partake of a draught of some infernal champagne or Moselle cup in their honor. It was shrewdly suspected in the family that this gustation was the cause of the matutinal *malaise* about which Princess Bismarck had worried herself overnight — as was her wont, devoted soul. He sat down on a garden seat, and in answer to the query of a friend, replied that he did not feel at all well—he feared it was that picnic.

"Yes, Durchlaucht," said his companion, half jestingly. "The Princess says that in these matters you will not let anybody advise you—that, in fact, you are incorrigible."

"Yes, that is all very well," he replied, good-humoredly, almost pathetically. "What would you have me do in such a case? I cannot be discourteous."

No, indeed. Strange as it may seem in the Man of Blood and Iron, he could not be discourteous to people — though others were not always as considerate to him. Professor Lenbach, than whom perhaps nobody except Professor Schweninger knew Bismarck so intimately, once told me: "In all the years I have known Prince Bismarck I only remember him speaking hastily on one solitary occasion. A man-servant had shut the door with a bang. Bismarck rang the bell, and when he appeared, told the man sharply that he was to leave at the end of his month. About a quarter of an hour afterwards he rang the bell again, and said, in a mollified voice, 'You may stay.' That was all."

Some of Prince Bismarck's fervent admirers would have us believe that he was a man essentially cast in a certain mould which admitted of no after-variation in form, texture, or composition. As a matter of fact, no man could have been more than he was the product of long continuous felicitous development. Nothing about that man of the perky Roman patrician, strutting the Forum ere manhood scarce attained, spouting the stale wisdom of middle age—glibly caught up and assimilated long before the experience of life had lent sincerity and backbone to his thoughts. The following letter, written in Bismarck's university days to a friend, is interesting both as an example of young Bismarck's English and as bringing before us at a glance the contrast between the boisterous rollicking student and the great Chancellor of middle age:

My dear Astley,—You have been so kind as to allow me to ask you for some English books—a kindness which I shall be glad to take profit of. I am sure that old Shakespeare's works make part of your library, and I would be greatly obliged to you if you would send me the volumes containing *Richard III.* and *Hamlet.* We are here just in the same state as you have left us; our friend Norcott is just as tipsy after dinner as he ever has been; Savigny is as copious in words as ever he was; and Montebello is as good-looking as you have seen him and nothing else. As for me, I am a little half-seas-over too; but I am as much your friend as I learned to be it so in the few days I had the pleasure of see-

* Princess Bismarck.

† "The truth is, he is so entirely simple, so full of *laissez-aller*, that one is obliged to be saying to one's self all the time: This is the great Bismarck, the greatest living man, and one of the greatest historical characters that have ever lived," etc. Vol. ii., p. 340.

ing you. You will pardon me that I write to you in so bad English as I do; I hope that I shall learn it better. If you will not come here before the time, you may be sure that I shall make you a visit in the month of August, and "that then we shall meet again in thunder, lightning, or in rain." Till there wishes you good-bye, your most sincere

BISMARCK.

The love of Shakespeare, which filled him through life, is already evident here; but in his mastery of the English language, as in everything else, he made steady progress in the course of his life. When I was privileged to know him Prince Bismarck spoke English nearly faultlessly, and scarcely with any foreign accent at all. He disposed of an astonishing vocabulary of English words, and fairly surprised me one day during a drive in the country by calling a number of agricultural implements and other things connected with country life by their English names.

During the last months of his life Bismarck saw very few visitors, and spent a deal of his time in reading. He always had a great partiality for everything appertaining to the history of the first Napoleon, and read with avidity any books dealing however indirectly with the great Corsican's marvellous career. One of the last books he read was General Marbot's *Mémoires*, which interested him greatly. Also Émile Zola's works attracted his attention of late; he read the *Débâcle*, *Rome*, *Lourdes*, and *Paris*, one after the other. He was somewhat disappointed with the last three, and expressed himself with regard to *Rome* that it reminded him of a traveller's guide-book in its labored compilation. The *Débâcle* was more to his liking. But what particularly struck him was the fearless manner in which Zola therein told hard truths of his countrymen. Bismarck even expressed himself openly to the effect that, after reading the *Débâcle*, he was not at all surprised that the French were making such a dead set at Zola. For he had committed the unpardonable crime of telling them the truth.

Almost down to his very last hour Bismarck retained that keen sense of humor for which he was famous all through life —though latterly, with declining health, a pathetically sad note mingled with it now and then to remind the hearer that although his mind was as clear as ever, yet the blade was rapidly using up the sorely tried scabbard. During the last week of his life the Gymnastic Union of Germany, which had assembled at Hamburg, wanted to pay him a visit. He still found a joke for the occasion, for in sending them word that he regretted he could not receive them, Bismarck added, "I regret my inability all the more since I have been a gymnast myself during the last few days, for I have been standing on my head" (a German expression conveying the meaning of, "I have been at sixes and sevens"—in disorder—ill).

To Professor Lenbach, who, parting from him after his eightieth birthday, said he trusted Bismarck might yet have many happy years in store for him, he replied: "My dear Lenbach, the first eighty years of a man's life are always the happiest."

Even more recently—last year—in saying good-by, Lenbach again expressed the hope that his friend should see still some happy days. To this Bismarck replied: "There is only one happy day left for me. It will be the one on which I shall not wake up again." Bismarck lived exactly within a day to see one thousand months.

The day after his death I was sitting with Professor Schweninger on the hill where Bismarck is to find his last resting-place. Schweninger was bemoaning his death—which had left him without any ambition to live for. "For nobody will ever be like him, either in personal distinction, in refinement of feeling, or in the truly regal proportions which were those of this unique man. You knew him too, so you will understand me when I say that in his composition there was something of the tenderness of a woman, very much of the *naïveté* of a child, and *all* the qualities of a man." And then Schweninger proceeded to tell me of the peculiarly pathetic fact that all Bismarck's favorite dogs had died before him. "Not a single one was left to whine its sorrow o'er his funeral bier."

The circumstances attending Bismarck's death — the almost austere privacy enforced by the Bismarck family, which marked so strong a contrast to the pomp which attended Count Moltke's funeral, and the fact that the Emperor did not see

him again in death, and, lastly, the fact that his offer of a public funeral was accepted by the family—all this gave rise to much comment. Some people went so far as to hint that the word had gone forth from the dead man's funeral bier—"You cast him off in life; you shall not see his features in death." I do not think there is any reliable evidence to bear out the contention that such were the motives which swayed the Bismarck family at that supreme moment of anguish and sorrow. On the contrary, I am almost sure that the two causes which dictated the course things took were, in the first place, the exiguous, almost impossible conditions of the house at Friedrichsruh, and then, above all, the determination of Herbert Bismarck to carry out to the letter what were known to have been the last wishes of his great father himself. Moltke was a soldier without a family of his own, and he died in the capital, in the huge building which serves as the headquarters of the German General Staff. Thus all the conditions for funeral pomp and display were ready at hand, whereas these were all absent at Friedrichsruh. Besides—and this may have been the most potent factor—it was well known at Friedrichsruh that Bismarck hated and detested those "first-class state funerals" which, as show institutions, take rank immediately after a gala performance at the opera, and in which the living pageant—particularly the principal mourners—are *die Hauptpersonen*, the centre-pieces, and not the dead whom it is intended to honor. As Professor Schweninger said to me on the morrow of Bismarck's death:

"You must know that Bismarck had a peculiar horror of what he used to call humorously a first-class funeral—'ein Leichenbegängniss erster Güte,' as the Berliners term it. He was even apt to dub the ceremonies attending his departure from Berlin as a first-class funeral. Hence his determination to fix during his lifetime where he would like to rest was doubtlessly dictated by his strong aversion to a formal public funeral. Yes, here he will have a cathedral all to himself, arched over by the oaks and beeches he loved so well. And although I must needs leave him here in solitude, I shall always make a pilgrimage to his resting-place on April 1, his hallowed birthday."

That the determination of the family—or rather of its present chief, Prince Herbert Bismarck—to carry out faithfully the evident wishes of his father should have excited adverse comment, particularly in other countries, was only to be expected, and might well have been passed over in silence. That, however, a German paper could have been found which did not scruple to tell its readers that "even English papers have drawn attention to the impropriety of Prince Herbert Bismarck's behavior in this matter" is, to say the least of it, almost scandalous. I am sure there can be no English journalist between Land's End and John o' Groat's who, if asked privately his candid opinion, would be prepared to assert that he would be competent to judge what a man such as Herbert Bismarck should do or leave undone at the bier of his idolized father. There are certain things which are too monstrous for words, and this presumption and its citation by a German newspaper seems to me to be one of them.

Yet, monstrous as it is, I fear it will admit of a very natural explanation. There is still something of the Hotspur blood in the Bismarck family, something of those Plantagenet days yet lingering in their veins, which makes them unwilling to regulate the dictates of the heart by the staid methods many are forced to learn and adopt nowadays. When these are obliged to narrow down their conduct to the grim necessity of supplying the world with their best at the price of thirteen to a dozen and two and a half discount for cash, the Bismarcks are under no such direful obligation. Rather do such as they at times incline to

> dive into the bottom of the deep,
> Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
> And pluck up drowned Honor by the locks;
> So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
> Without corrival all her dignities:
> But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

There is too much of the clank of chain armor and spurs about all this for it to be brought comfortably down to the every-day level of a latter-day cash basis, and thus to avoid jarring on our critical instincts, our sense of propriety.

I was one of the very few—I do not think they were a dozen in all outside the family household—who were allowed to see the great German Chancellor on his death-bed.

He lay in death exactly in the same position which was habitual to him when asleep. His head was turned towards the left and slightly bent down on the chest. Each arm was stretched out at full length somewhat irregularly over the bedclothes. Thus even his position in death might be termed a mute protest against the meaningless conventionality he hated so cordially when alive. In his left hand he held a white rose, placed there by Professor Schweninger, and three dark red roses from an Austrian lady friend and admirer. His features wore a calm expression of proud imposing dignity—something of the majestic repose typical of some of those Teuton busts to be seen in the Roman Gallery of the British Museum. But the impression of the whole gaunt rugged figure as it lay there, with extended arms, like branches of trees, was more that of some monarch of the woods who, after laying low innumerable enemies, has been felled at last in his turn by the grim scytheman Thanatos.

Professor Lenbach, who was with me at the time at Friedrichsruh, subsequently gave me his impression of Bismarck as he lay dead, as follows:

"Bismarck looks simple and dignified, very much in death as in life, though of course paler. The hands, always beautiful, have become more delicate still; but death has not changed him as it did Döllinger, who in life had a somewhat reddish face, which in death was idealized almost to marble, like a cameo. Bismarck looked himself, noble and dignified in death."

Now that he is gone, it only remains to be said that in an ideal sense Bismarck is still to-day as much alive as ever Goethe has been since his death. Some of his pregnant sayings have already become part and parcel of the German language. Many passages of his speeches reveal the imagination of a poet, whose utterances latterly claim a place among the classics of his country. His political teachings are there for the guidance of those intrusted with the destinies of the German Empire, and those who may presume to act in opposition to his precepts will find unwelcome monition rise up over his grave to warn them of the consequences. I firmly believe that this living on of his, this true immortality, will gain in strength as the years roll on—more particularly in the democratic and yet more truly hero-worshipping south of Germany, where, whilst still living, he was revered almost as a demigod.

He was, in truth—to apply words written by one who admired him and was in return appreciated (Thomas Carlyle)—"A lynx-eyed, fiery man, with the spirit of an old knight in him. More of a hero than any modern I have seen for a long time; a singular veracity one finds in him, not in his words alone, but in his actions, judgments, aims, in all that he thinks, and does, and says, which indeed I have observed is the root of all greatness or real worth in human creatures, and properly the first, as also the earliest, attribute of what we call *genius* among men." And then again the following: "The man does leave his mark behind him, ineffaceable, beneficial to all, maleficent to none. Anarchic stupidity is wide as the night; victorious wisdom is but as a lamp in it, shining here and there."

HER ANSWER.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

WHAT would it be to shine as one small star—
Where day ebbs last across the bar
Of gold horizon rim?
One small star seen
Through apple blooms of white and green?
With the May crescent moon to lie awake
Decking the sky for love's own sake,
Lest the short night fall dark o'er one dear head?
That would be heaven,—the maiden said!

THE DRAWER

THE LADY OF LIONS.

BY WILMOT PRICE.

ONE May morning Elisha Jenkins stood at his accustomed post behind the soda-fountain in the corner drug-shop. An unusual atmosphere of excitement and expectancy pervaded the premises, for the circus procession was about to pass by, and eager children with their calmer parents crowded around the doors and windows.

Elisha, although twenty-one years old, was a timid, unsophisticated youth of singularly limited experience. He took a childlike interest in seeing the first outriders appear, and when the elephants and camels went by, his jaw dropped, his eyes dilated with delight, and his heart beat fast to keep time with the band. Viewed from the outside, his narrow, pinched little face, flattened to the window-pane and set in a framework of malt bottles, looked like an advertisement of "Before Taking," but he was too completely absorbed in the proceedings outside to have any thought for himself.

Some obstruction in the street caused the procession to pause for a moment, and fate ordained that directly in front of Saunders and Russell's drug-shop the lions' cage should come to a dead stop. Sitting inside, with two splendid creatures at her feet, was a tall, massive woman, clad in flowing garments which had once been white. A gilded crown rested on her golden hair, and one hand grasped a sceptre, while an incongruous pistol hanging from her girdle implied that the more regal symbol of law and order was for ornament alone. The two lions seemed sleepy and bored. They saw the humor of their position, but were too good-natured to interfere with their queen's success by devouring her, so they smiled lazily, and exchanged winks with those of the onlookers who were capable of appreciating the situation.

Elisha Jenkins was not one of these. His attention was riveted on the wonderful lady who had the courage thus to endanger her life. It seemed to him that he was at last gazing upon the ideal woman. She was on so heroic a scale as to be almost masculine; but her yellow hair fell over her shoulders in profuse masses, and gave her the touch of femininity that, in Elisha's eyes, converted her into a goddess.

It was only since his twenty-first birthday that Elisha's interest in the opposite sex had become at all personal; but with a slight increase of salary this young man's fancy had lightly turned to thoughts of marriage. Only once had he progressed so far in a flirtation as to present ten cents' worth of gumdrops (which he bought of himself) to a buxom blond beauty whose task it was to clean the steps and vestibule of a house on the opposite side of the street.

> A woman's garb that phantom wore,
> And fiercely swept the marble floor.

But this fair Rosaline had only lightly touched possibilities of affection in Elisha, which did not awake into love until he first looked upon his Juliet in the den of lions, and his heart recognized in her its sovereign lady. Her name—not Capulet, but Montague—stared at him from the top of the cage; and no name, he thought, could better have suited her:

MISS MINERVA MONTAGUE,
QUEEN OF THE LIONS.

Elisha's heart leaped up as he saw that his divinity was still unwedded, for in its own homely language his soul had echoed Juliet's exclamation when she first looked upon her Romeo. In his excitement he rushed out of the shop and stood as near to the curbstone as he could push himself. All shyness left him under the influence of the strongest emotion he had ever felt. With a magnificent gesture he flung a quarter of a dollar to a diminutive flower-girl at his side, snatched a red rose from her basket, and running after the lions' cage, threw his trophy between the bars.

Miss Minerva Montague stooped, picked up the flower, and fastening it in her girdle, bowed and smiled her acknowledgments to her blushing admirer.

He had made her look at him! She had known who it was that had flung the rose at her feet! From that moment he was in a delirious dream. All day his thoughts were with his heart, and that was in the second tent, with the fair lion-tamer, whom he was determined to see again as soon as his duties at the soda-fountain should be over.

Evening came at last, and the little apothecary was almost the first at the tent door. He hurried inside, inhaling the scents of sawdust and fur as if they had been the perfumes of Arabia. The lions were there, among their lesser brothers, but their queen had not yet assumed her evening sway.

Elisha did not enjoy being so near animals that seemed to him dangerous, even when behind iron bars, and soon went into the larger tent, where he waited breathlessly for the mo-

ment when Minerva should illumine the ring with her presence.

He had not to wait long. To the strains of "See, the conquering hero comes!" the lions' cage entered, drawn by milk-white horses. Once more Minerva was between the lions; but this time one happy beast was resting his head on her knees, and her muscular but shapely arm encircled his tawny neck.

> She that perforce robs lions of their hearts
> May easily win a druggist's.

Elisha could not conceal his agitation. "Oh, do be careful! Do take care!" he heard himself saying, loud enough to cause amusement to his neighbors—but he was unconscious of himself.

The cavalcade went slowly around the ring and passed out, amid the applause of the people, the rustling accompaniment of breaking peanut shells, and the appreciative munching of pop-corn. Elisha slipped from his seat and followed at a respectful distance. With trembling fingers he pressed a piece of silver into the willing hand of some functionary in uniform, and took a modest position at the door of the tent into which the lions' cage had disappeared.

"I—I wish to speak to—to Miss Minerva Montague," he said in a nervous whisper, trying to assume the manner of a habitual haunter of greenrooms.

"Yes, sir; she'll be out directly. I'll tell her you're waitin'," replied the official, departing with an alacrity which only bribery could have induced. In a few moments he returned. "Miss Higgins says she don't know who you be," he announced; "but she says she'll be goin' outer that side entrance in five minutes, an' if you've any business with her, you can wait there."

"Thank you very much," said Elisha, politely, "but I don't know Miss Higgins. It's Miss Montague I want to see—Miss Minerva Montague."

"Same person," replied the man of many buttons. "Stage name, Minerva Montague. Real name, Matilda Higgins."

This was a trifle disillusionizing, but Elisha reflected that her character and her physique certainly belonged to a Minerva, not a Matilda. He waited at the appointed tryst for a long five minutes, until the flap of the tent door was pushed aside and a large woman stepped out, enveloped in a black "gossamer" water-proof (the kind that rolls up small), and wearing a hat covered with bedraggled red plumes.

"Well, if you ain't the little feller that threw me the rose!" cried a good-natured voice. "I thought it was awful cute of you to think of doin' it."

"Are—are you Miss Minerva Montague?" asked Elisha, timidly approaching her and raising his hat.

"Yes; I'm Matilda Higgins. I look kind o' different in this rig, don't I?"

The electric light shone relentlessly on her painted cheeks and the few wisps of black hair showing beneath her hat.

"Yes, you do—at least—that is—well, I thought you had yellow hair," stammered poor Elisha. "But I wanted to see you to tell you how much I admire you for riding in the lions' cage. It—it's splendid of you, I think. I should never dare to—"

"Oh, that ain't anything," cried the amazon, in tones scornful of her own prowess. "Why, the lions are as quiet as lambs, and I only get into the cage after they've had a good square meal. Besides, if they did get mad, I'd shoot 'em. But they know me, an' they know I ain't afraid. I don't know what 'tis to be afraid of anything."

"Oh dear, just think of that!" exclaimed Elisha, feebly.

"You can walk along with me to the place where I'm stoppin'," the damsel went on. "I hate sleepin' in the tent. It's more genteel to have a place outside, an' I've always been used to genteel surroundin's. The Female Contortionist and the Mysterious Lady don't seem to mind, but it's the one thing I'm kind o' set about. I do like to sleep in a house."

Elisha hurried along by her side with short, nervous steps. The top of his head was on a level with her chin, and he was quite overpowered by her physical and moral superiority.

"Why did you want to see me, anyway?" Minerva demanded, after a silence, during which Elisha had been trying to think of some appropriate remark.

"Why—why—I admired you awfully this morning," he said, so incoherently that she had to incline her ear to catch his words. "I've been thinking about you all day. I just couldn't keep away from you. That's why I'm here."

"Well, well, to think of that!" said Minerva, evidently much flattered. "An' what's your name?"

"My name's Elisha Jenkins, and I work in a drug-shop. I have my evenings free," he added, with some pride.

"Then come and see me evenin's, after the performance. I get through before half past eight, an' I'd be real glad to see you. You ain't married, I s'pose? You're real young-lookin'."

"No, I ain't married," Elisha confessed, after a second's pause, during which the idea flashed into his mind that he might plead guilty to a wife and seven children, and then disappear forever. But when, after the acknowledgment of his unattached condition, he left Miss Higgins at the door of her shabby little boarding-house, it was with the understanding that he was to call at half past eight the next evening, and take her—or be taken by her—for a walk.

After this things progressed rapidly. Every evening the ill-matched couple started forth to some place of amusement, or spent an hour on some secluded bench in a public park. Matilda Higgins, or Minerva, as Elisha preferred to call her, carried on most of the conversation, and sometimes her startling and picturesque revelations concerning life at the circus caused the modest hairs of her escort to stand on end with surprise and horror. Many of his childlike illusions were cruelly dispelled by the wisdom of Minerva.

He had not yet dared to speak to her of love, but neither did he dare to postpone the subject much longer. If courting must be done, he hoped that she would do it. She was to be in town but one week more, and he thought, with mingled dread and hope, that their present indefinite relations must soon end. The decisive moment came one evening when they were sitting on a damp bench by the shores of an artificial pond.

"'Lisha," the lady said, "you know I can never leave the circus. I just love my life there, an' the manager promises me more work an' a raise of salary later on. He thinks I can do some snake-charmin' for him next season, besides the lion-tamin'—"

Elisha murmured his congratulations.

"Look here, 'Lisha," Minerva said, facing him suddenly. "Here you've been keepin' steady company with me for over a week, an' you 'ain't never said a word about our gettin' married. You don't seem like one o' those sneakin', deceivin' kind o' men that think every woman's as disrespectable as they be themselves. An' I think it's time I knew your intentions."

Elisha took a long breath. His hour had come. He must prove himself a man of honor.

"No, Minerva, I ain't one of those kind of men," he said, grandly, "an' I'd like to see one of 'em come near you. They wouldn't dare to, not when I'm here." The heroism of his own words inspired him. "Of course I want to marry you, just whenever you're willing. I supposed you understood that without my saying so."

"Well, I guess I did," Minerva confessed coyly, taking her lover's hand fondly in hers. "An' I've thought up such a beautiful plan for our weddin'! You see, I never forget my profession, even when I'm with you. I'm always tryin' to think up some novelty that will take with the public, an' I've got an elegant idea this time, an' you're to be in it too. I won't tell you a word about it till I've spoken to the manager, but you're sure to be real pleased." She chuckled to herself, and Elisha felt his knees trembling with apprehension.



ELISHA'S KNEES BUMPED TOGETHER.

"Will—will I have to join the circus?" he asked, timidly.

"Well, I guess you'd better get free from sellin' fizzes right away," his *fiancée* announced, decidedly. "I'm sure I can get you somethin' to do, even if it's only goin' round with pop-corn and lemonade at first. Perhaps later on you can help me with the snakes."

A low groan escaped from poor Elisha.

"You don't think you'd like to give up the circus and settle down here quietly with me?" he asked, tentatively. "Some time I shall be a real apothecary's clerk, putting up prescriptions—and then—then we should be very happy," he ended, lamely.

"*Me*, the wife of an apothecary? Well, I guess not!" cried the Queen of the Lions, laughing aloud. "'Lisha Jenkins, you do beat all. No. You're to travel round with us, and do any odd jobs that turn up; then later we'll see. I'll get hold o' Mr. Williams to-morrow, an' talk to him. We'll be married Saturday night, so you can be seein' about the license, an' I'll 'tend to the rest o' the business. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow night."

The next evening, when Elisha rang the boarding-house bell, Minerva rushed forward, and after greeting her lover with a resounding salute, dragged him into the untidy little sitting-room, and in a tone of great excitement commanded him to sit beside her.

"Mr. Williams is just wild over my plan," she exclaimed. "He says it 'll be the biggest drawin' card we've had for years; an' what's more, he's goin' to give me a good share o' the profits—an' me's you, you know, or will be, then—so chirk up, old boy, an' don't seem so anxious. Look at this! To-morrow there'll be three thousand of 'em to distribute all over the city." Minerva put a green poster into Elisha's trembling hands. "That tells the whole thing, and in elegant language too."

Elisha's dazed eyes read the following announcement:

UNIQUE EVENT!

MARRIAGE IN THE LIONS' DEN!!!

On Saturday Evening, May 27th,
Directly after the Regular Performance,

A WEDDING

will be celebrated in the

LIONS' CAGE

In the Smaller Tent.

MISS MINERVA MONTAGUE,

The Celebrated Lion-Tamer,
has at last yielded to the shafts of Cupid,
and consented to wed

MR. ELISHA JENKINS,

one of the well-known
Society-Leaders of this City.

A prominent clergyman has kindly volunteered his services.

The Happy Pair will hold a Reception immediately after the Ceremony.

Come and see
LOVE AMONG THE LIONS!
Bring the little ones to see
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST!

Admission, only.....10 Cents.

Elisha collapsed utterly. "Oh, Minerva!" he groaned, "I suppose I'm an awful coward, but I don't feel as if I *could* go through with this. The lions don't know me—they'll see that I'm afraid—and they'll eat me," he ended, feebly.

"They'd be ashamed to eat such a chicken-livered thing as you!" the scornful lady replied. "But there, 'Lisha, I don't want to be hard on you. I s'pose you can't help bein' a coward; it's because you're so weak an' little. Never mind; I'll protect you." She gave him a loving slap on the back which almost knocked him off the sofa. "I tell you I know those lions, an' they're gentlemen, that's what they are. They wouldn't take advantage of your bein' in their house on a matter of business. I thought you'd be real pleased to see your name in such big letters, and as a society-leader too."

"Oh, I am pleased at that," replied Elisha, with an effort, feeling that he had been ungracious. "But you *will* see that the lions have had a good dinner that night, won't you?"

"Of course I will," she responded, heartily, "an' I'll take you to see the lions to-morrow, an' they'll be real pleasant if I tell 'em who you be. An' I've thought of somethin' that ain't goin' to be put on the bills. You see, the public likes to have things done on a handsome scale, an' I don't want to have anything mean about my weddin', anyway. So I'm goin' to give people more'n their money's worth, an' throw in the Fat Lady an' the Livin' Skeleton."

"Throw them in the lions' cage?" asked the bewildered bridegroom, now proof against surprises.

"No, you stupid! Throw 'em in for ten cents. I thought 'twould be kind o' nice to have the Fat Lady for my bridemaid—we've always been great friends, anyhow—an' she an' I will walk in together. But I guess she'd better not get into the cage. She'd be pretty temptin' to the lions even after a big dinner."

Minerva laughed, and Elisha tried to echo her mirth, but failed dismally.

"And what is the Living Skeleton to do?" he asked, meekly.

"Well, I thought it would be a kind of a comfort for you to have some one to come in with, an' he's a real nice man, though there ain't much of him. But I think he'd be a sort o' support for you. Of course you could have one o' your friends for your best man, but the public wouldn't like that near as well. They'll be awful pleased to see the two freaks without payin' extra."

Elisha was beginning to enter into the spirit of the occasion. "We might have the Wild Men of Borneo for ushers," he answered; but his more modest bride thought that that would be sensational.

"No. I want to keep the whole thing real simple," she said, firmly. "Of course we could turn in the whole side-show, but I think that would be sort o' vulgar an' cheap. I wonder you don't feel the way I do, 'Lisha."

"Oh, I do, Minerva," he said, fervently disclaiming a desire for a melodramatic union. "I think it will be beautiful, if only the lions won't mind being disturbed at night."

"Oh, they'll be all right if I take you to see 'em first," replied his lady; "and now, 'Lisha Jenkins, you just stop worryin'!"

On Friday afternoon Minerva took her lover into the side-show and introduced him to the Living Skeleton. "I thought 'twould be pleasanter for you to meet before to-morrow," she said, graciously, as she presented the two men.

A skinny hand was extended from the platform where Mr. Adams, the thin man, was exhibiting himself. Elisha murmured a few words of awkward thanks for the favor Mr. Adams was to do for him the next day, but that gentleman seemed to feel so strongly that the favor was mutual that Elisha wondered whether side-show etiquette demanded that the best man should receive a fee.

A group of visitors came up to examine the thin man's anatomy, while Minerva and her *fiancé* stood in rather awkward silence before him. The young people made such outspoken comments on Mr. Adams's subcutaneous display that Elisha feared his feelings would be hurt. But the Skeleton proved himself fully able to protect his bones from insult. He held out a mysterious object in a frame, for the inspection of a rosy-cheeked damsel, saying, confidently, "There's a picture of the girl I'm going to marry." The unsuspecting maiden looked at it and saw her own face reflected in a small hand-mirror. The mixture of dignity and anger with which she handed it back to the Skeleton at once turned the general laugh against herself, and Elisha saw with pleasure and admiration that Mr. Adams was equal to the emergency.

The lions looked at their quivering visitor with eyes that were curious but by no means hostile, and the dignified gentlemanliness of their manner said plainly that any friend of Miss Minerva Montague's was their friend.

Elisha and Minerva had agreed not to meet on their wedding-day until evening, so it was already eight o'clock when he went to the circus-grounds and once more stood watching her lead the procession around the ring. He noticed with a sigh of relief that the lions were more lethargic than usual. Decidedly his lady had not forgotten to order that her beasts should be given extra rations. A glow of pride and tenderness for Minerva's perfections drove out fear from Elisha's heart for the moment, as he heard the populace, mindful of coming events, cheer her loudly. She wore a new white silk dress, made in honor of the occasion, and her cheeks showed the brush of an artist, instead of the customary daubs of the amateur.

Before the circus performance closed, Elisha was admitted into the smaller tent. The place was festively trimmed with green shrubs and branches, and the lions might well imagine themselves at home in their native jungle. Elisha thankfully observed that they were both sound asleep in a corner of their cage. He was timidly inspecting them when the Living Skeleton stepped forth from behind a sapling which had entirely concealed him, and the bridegroom's nerves were in so tense a condition that he almost screamed aloud at finding his best man so unexpectedly near him.

Greetings having been exchanged, the two retired to a leafy alcove, where they were concealed from view but could obtain glimpses of what went on. Mr. Adams proved to be a complete man of the world. He tried to amuse and encourage the trembling bridegroom by various matrimonial anecdotes, in the telling of which the recounter himself became so convulsed with mirth as to suggest that the evening's entertainment might include the death of the Only Living Skeleton.

At last the circus ended. Hundreds of people crowded in and grouped about the lions' cage. A flowery aisle was left free for the bridal party (extra broad, Mr. Adams said, for the bridemaid), and the band struck up the Wedding March. The Living Skeleton advanced, towing the poor little bridegroom after him. Elisha's knees bumped together, and his staring eyes were fixed on the lions, who, for the first time, seemed to be taking notice of their surroundings. Out of the tail of his eye he saw Mr. Russell, his former employer, and a group of old associates from the drug-shop. Hysterical laughs, eager whispers, and tentative applause broke from the multitude.

"Take a cough-lozenge, Elisha." "Drink Tonickine for your nerves," his former companions called after him.

"It's the most sacrilegious thing I ever saw. Say, let's go out," said another.

"Poor little chap! He looks frightened to death, an' I don't wonder," spoke out a good-natured matron. Elisha looked at her with grateful eyes.

They reached the cage and paused, facing the audience. The minister seemed to have arisen mysteriously out of the sawdust, and stood waiting, book in hand. Slowly up the aisle came the Queen of the Lions, her crown replaced by a long white veil, her yellow wig falling in luxuriant curls down her broad shoulders. Behind her waddled the Fat Lady, carrying an enormous bunch of peonies. A fresh wave of mirth broke over the assembly,

but it was hushed in an instant when Minerva, taking her quaking lover's hand in hers, deftly opened the iron grating and entered, dragging the wretched bridegroom after her. The door closed behind them with a click. Elisha was actually in the lions' den.

The two beasts looked curiously at the intruders, and one of them opened his mouth in a yawn so immense that poor Elisha grasped the stalwart arm by his side in a frenzy of terror. But Minerva whispered to him, encouragingly:

"They won't touch you. Turn your back on 'em, and show the people you ain't afraid. There's a pitchfork in the corner, an' I've got a pistol, if anything goes wrong."

Elisha felt that he was being married at the point of the pitchfork. Clinging to his bride, he turned and faced the minister, who stood outside the cage. Subdued comments from the crowd continued.

"I guess she thought he'd run away if he warn't locked in," whispered one.

"He needn't be so awful scared," said another. "I reckon they'd take her first. He ain't nothing but a wish-bone."

The clergyman waited in dignified silence for the criticisms to cease; then he opened his book. The service began, but Elisha's thoughts were on the beasts of prey behind him. Between the bars he caught the eye of his best man, who encouraged him with a furtive wink, and the bridemaid smiled fatly at the world in general. With quavering voice he made his responses, but just as the binding words had been pronounced, a protesting roar sounded in his ear, and Elisha promptly fainted.

He would have fallen forward in an ignominious heap but for Minerva's supporting arm. She spoke a soothing word to the lion, who was expressing surprise, but no resentment, and the good-natured creature submissively turned over and went to sleep.

For a few blessed moments Elisha remained unconscious, and when he recovered himself he was being supported out of the cage by his better — and stronger — half. The best man and the bridemaid, arm in arm, followed the bridal couple down the aisle, their aspect doing much to relieve the tension of the occasion.

A burst of applause broke from the crowd. The fainting of the bridegroom was a touch of nature which made the marriage something more than a cheap advertising show. But poor Elisha felt that he was disgraced, branded forever as a coward. Still, he did not much care, in his overwhelming thankfulness that the dreaded ceremony was over.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins took up their position under an arbor of green, prepared to receive congratulations, and the bridemaid and best man formed a rival attraction close at hand. The bride was radiant with the success of everything. Even Elisha's fit of unconsciousness had not been an undesirable feature, though bordering on the dreaded sensational. Her quick professional eye saw that he had scored a success.

"I — I'm awfully sorry, Minerva," Elisha murmured, somewhat refreshed by a glass of wine, though still ashen-white from his recent alarm. "That roar just finished me."

"Oh, that's all right," replied his amiable bride. "You won't mind it the next time."

She held out her hand to greet the first unknown friend who had stepped up to congratulate them.

"What do you mean by the next time, Minerva?" Elisha asked, anxiously, before another well-wisher arrived.

"Well, of course this is the real weddin' to us," Minerva explained, cheerfully, "but the public won't know that. We'll get up some new features each time. P'r'aps next year we can work in some snakes—that would be nice, wouldn't it?"

He put his little hand in hers and tried to nod a brave assent.

"You see, 'Lisha dear," she went on, gently, "this has been a grand success, an' we mustn't miss a chance of rakin' in the dollars. You won't be frightened after you get used to it. I've about made up my mind that in every new place we go to we must have a weddin' in the lions' cage."

MISSING VACANCIES.

A SHORT time since quite a discussion arose among the officials of one of our prominent Southern railroads as to the reason of the many vexatious delays and troubles in the transmission of local freight. It was claimed by some of the parties interested that it was caused almost entirely by the stupidity or inefficiency of the local agents, and as there was some difference of opinion on this point, it was decided that the matter should be tested.

To this end a tracer was prepared in due and formal shape, calling for the whereabouts of "One Box Post-holes," which it alleged was missing from a prior shipment. This was sent out in the regular order of business, with nothing except its "internal nothingness" to draw attention to its unusual character, and passed agent after agent without eliciting comment or information save the stereotyped endorsement, "Not here."

Some fifteen or eighteen local agents were actually passed in this way, until the tracer fell into the hands of a bright young fellow who was accustomed to looking into the business passing through his hands, and who speedily came to the conclusion that the tracer had gone far enough. At any rate the document went speedily back to the general office with the following endorsement: "Box of Post-holes, as per enclosed, held at this station for local charges to amount of $2 50. Will be forwarded on receipt of same." Under this endorsement was written: "N. B.—The price of beer at this station is $2 50 per keg." It is said that the charges went forward.



A CONSIDERATE MAIDEN.

"Frank," said the ingenuous maiden, "how far was mamma behind?"
"About a mile."
"Poor mamma! She must be tired. I hope she doesn't hurry."

THE SECRET OF GOLF.

A SURMISE.

BY CARLYLE SMITH.

He could loft a ball from the top of his watch
straight into his beaver hat.
He could tee a ball on the window-sill and pink
the vagrom cat.
He could putt from the top of the oaken stair to
a hole on the floor below,
And niblick the sphere from a baby's ear and
the baby wouldn't know.

He could brassie some fifteen hundred feet and
clip off a daisy's top.
He could jigger the ball o'er a steeple tall as most
men would jigger a cop.
He could stand on his head, to his caddie's dread,
and dismay of all hard by,
And then with the ease with which I would
sneeze lift the ball from a cuppy lie.

He could drive a ball for two hundred yards to
the blade of a carver keen,
And cut it in two as easy as you could slice up
sod from the green.
The bird that flies high up in the skies he'd wing
with his driving cleek,
And I've seen him graze as soft as haze the
down on a damsel's cheek.

But he never could win in the tournaments, no
matter how well he played.
He'd never a cup on his mantel-piece; in medals
was never arrayed
For though his game was the finest golf that ever
was witnessed yet,
He never could seem to comprehend a bit of golf
etiquette.

He'd cross the putt of the other man; he'd play
when nearer the hole.
He couldn't grasp the simplest rules to save his
golfing soul.
And that is why this golfer keen is never "up,"
but "down";
And that is why this King of the Green doesn't
wear the golfers' crown.

The moral is clear, oh golfer bold, oh golfer
strong and true:
You may be able to whack the ball, and make
your opponent blue;
You may be able to do freak things, and play
past all compare;
But unless you learn the etiquette, you'd better
play solitaire.

HE, SHE, AND THEY.

BY ALBERT LEE.

I.

THEY always dine promptly at seven at the Bentons'—or, rather, as Benton puts it, they are pretty certain to dine promptly according to at least one of the five clocks that tick in the immediate neighborhood of the dining-room, because there is a difference of about half an hour between the time shown by the fastest and that marked by the slowest one. So it is merely a question of knowing which clock to look at when wondering why dinner is not announced. This is an excellent plan, and should be recommended to one's enemies, for there certainly is some satisfaction in having at least one time-piece in the house that will strike seven as you unfold your napkin. Then, if Benton has been grumbling, his wife looks up archly as she hears the hour strike; or, if he has been obtrusive in his remarks, she says, sweetly,



"I HAVE A SURPRISE."

"Your watch must be a little fast this evening, Arthur dear; the clock is just striking seven."

The clock, indeed! Benton says he hasn't discovered yet which particular one of the five is entitled to that distinction; he thinks that perhaps this honor varies, but he has long since given up all attempts to keep them running along at the same pace. He has come to the conclusion that he cannot be a clock-maker, a picture-hanger, a furniture-mover, a carpet-layer, a brass-polisher, and various other things, and properly attend to the many requirements of his own profession besides. This is trite. Benton admits that. But he enjoys the satisfaction of saying it himself. It is a very simple matter, apparently, to put up curtain-poles; but if you smash your finger with a hammer, so as to incapacitate it from holding a pen for several days thereafter, and if you make your living by your pen—as Benton tries to do—it is cheaper in the end to pay an exorbitant price to a rough fellow with soiled boots to come into your parlor and put up the poles. Everybody knows this; but everybody's wife does not. Benton's wife did not—until one day she begged him, with tears in her eyes, to come down off the stepladder and cease blaspheming. That was the end of Benton's career as Jack-of-all-trades. Previous to this, he used to be sent up on a stepladder every Sunday, and on all legal holidays. But as soon as he became profane about it, his wife consented that he should resign, battered and bruised, from the various trades thrust upon him by matrimony; and Benton forthwith vowed he would never again, even secretly, offend the Pole-hangers' Union, or the Brotherhood of Carpet-Layers, or the Piano-movers' Association, by performing the work specifically conceded to their respective trades. And since then, Sunday has been for him a day of rest, in fact as well as in fiction.

But this is digressing. It is seven o'clock. Two of the time-pieces have announced the fleeting hour, and the others will surely fleet along with the soup.

"I have a surprise for you this evening," says Ethel, as she squeezes a section of lemon over an oyster, and shoots the juice into her husband's eye. But Benton's eye is quite accustomed to this. Ethel is his wife, and she is a very superior person. At the dinner table the two discuss the affairs of state, likewise those of the household, frequently those of their neighbors, and if Benton allowed such a small matter as a drop of lemon juice to interfere with the flow of conversation, he would justly deserve censure. Therefore, when Ethel announces that she has a surprise, he says, "Indeed?" and blinks rapidly.

"And a surprise that I think you will enjoy," continues Ethel, complacently.

"I hope you have not invited any idiots to come in after dinner?" Benton says.

"No," smiles his wife; "it is not that kind of a surprise. It's something for you—"

"You have not gone and bought me some stupidly expensive present?" There is a tone of genuine concern in his voice, for Benton hates presents.

"Oh no," returns Ethel. "Don't alarm yourself; this is only a gastronomic surprise."

"Ah," says Benton, with the sigh of relief which escapes every man after he has learned what kind of a "surprise" his wife has in store for him; "ah, yes, that nice fat partridge!"

"How did you know there was to be partridge for dinner?" exclaims his wife, with a tone of disappointment.

"I saw it in the kitchen."

"*You* saw it in the kitchen! Well, I'd like to know what you were doing in the kitchen?"

"I had business there," answers Benton, meekly.

"I can't conceive of any emergency that would require your presence in the kitchen," replies Ethel, with dignity, "except perhaps in the case of a recalcitrant iceman or an obstreperous grocery-boy. How many times must I tell you, Arthur, to keep out of the kitchen? The servants don't like you to go there; and besides, you have no business there."

"Well, I had business there to-day," he asserts.

"What was it?"

"I was looking for my hat."

"Looking for your hat!" cries Ethel. "In the kitchen?"

"Exactly."

"Now, Arthur" (pleadingly), "what *did* you go into the kitchen for?"

"That is exactly what I went into the kitchen for — my hat."



WHERE IS MY DERBY?

"Did you find your hat?"

"No; at least, not in the kitchen. But I found something else there."

"What?"

"My waste-paper basket. It was on the kitchen table. Mary's idea of humor seems to be to take my waste-paper basket out of my study and keep it away from me for three days. Result: being afraid to scatter paper on the floor, I stuff the waste into my pockets until they fairly bulge. Then, when I go out, I extract the wads in small quantities, and drop them surreptitiously into ash-barrels on my way to the elevated station. Then our neighbors get into trouble, no doubt, for having their ashes and their waste paper mixed."

"Men are such fools!" cries Ethel, in exasperation. "If Mary takes your waste-paper basket away and forgets to bring it back, why don't you ring and ask for it?"

"Well," stammers Benton, "I suppose I might do that."

"I should think you might. Now why did you go into the kitchen for your hat?"

"Because I could not find it anywhere else. I looked everywhere, even in the ice-box; the kitchen was the only place left."

"Did you find it there?"

"No."

"Did you find your hat at all?"

"No; I had to get out my silker."

"I'll ask Mary if she knows where your hat is—your brown Derby, you mean?"

"Oh, you need not ask her," laughs Benton. "I asked her when I came home. I know where it is now."

"Where is it?"

"On the hat-rack."

"Where was it while you were looking for it?"

"On the hat-rack, I suppose."

"And did not you look for it there?"

"Yes; but I could not see it. Mary had carefully hung my covert-coat over the hat."

"It seems to me you must have been very stupid."

"Well, I'd had one experience with Mary and that hat before this, and the hat-rack would be the last place I should ever go to in search of it. I really had hopes of finding it in the kitchen, especially when I saw the basket there."

"What experience have you had before? You never told me anything about it."



A CHOICE OF HATS.

"Perhaps I forgot to tell you, but I will tell you now. I was in a great hurry to get down to the office one morning about three weeks ago. I could not find my hat anywhere. I looked all over, and said all sorts of things in every known language. I even looked under the sofa in the parlor, and had a rush of blood to the head. Then Mary came along, and I asked her where she had put my hat. And where do you suppose it was?"

"I'm sure I can't guess."

"In the only place I had not looked—"

"Of course!" triumphantly.

"In your music-stand."

(Now this music-stand is a small mahogany cupboard that rests on four Colonial legs, and it is filled with horizontal shelves each about four inches above the other.)

"I never had any idea before," explains Benton, "how low a Derby hat is, until I saw mine comfortably resting on one of those shelves."

"The best thing for you to do," comments Ethel, "is to buy another hat. Then there will probably be at least one that you can find when you want to go out."

"Oh yes, I might buy any number of hats. But it would be cheaper to hire a valet."

"To wear your hats for you, I suppose?"

"Well, possibly; but if I knew where my valet was, I could at least be sure of a hat."



THE BIRD APPEARED.

Hereupon there is a lull in the conversation, a lull which might have been quickly followed up by more plaints from Benton if the partridge — which had started the whole discussion—had not appeared, and by means of this same partridge, Ethel, knowing the weakness of man, skilfully turns the conversation into other channels.



Two ladies, not *real* ladies (no offence—
I don't mean "not real ladies" in *that* sense),
But pictured fancies they—who dwelt between
The pages of a weekly magazine.

Though often in the selfsame week they met,
They weren't exactly in the selfsame set,
And could not know each other. One, I think,
Was done in wash; the other, pen and ink.
The wash lady (again there's no offence—
I use "wash" in its pure artistic sense)
Was a brunette, vivacious, charming wholly;
Neither too slim, nor yet too rolly-poly.
A dazzling smile had this enchanting creature;
Indeed, her most predominating feature
Was a continuous show of glittering pearl;
And on her forehead hung a little curl—
A most distracting little curl; and last,
She had a very slight Hebraic cast.

Gray eyes the other had, serene and clear;
A cold and distant manner; yet I fear
Her looks belied her, for she oft was seen
Lolling about the beach, or on the green,
Or in the conservatory's dim retreat,
Always some chappie nestling at her feet.
A first-rate fellow she, and looked her best
When in a golf or walking costume dressed;
In short, the other's opposite in all,
And fearfully and wonderfully tall.

One day, by chance, each occupied a place
On the same page, exactly face to face,
In such a way 'twas possible no more
For either one the other to ignore.
Then in an instant burst into a flame
The fire that had been smouldering.
"How came
You here?" they both exclaimed, as with one voice.
(Here I use asterisks, though not from choice
But type has limits, and must play the dunce;
When two young ladies both converse at once.)
—!—*?**!!!!!!*****!!***??——
—!!**********!!——!——!——***
***—!!!!!——!—!—!!!!!!!!!!!!
I left them to their scenes.

Next day I found the page in *smithereens*,
And I reflected, "It is very sad
That two nice girls should get so awfully mad
About a thing for which, had they but known,
Two artists were responsible alone."

OLIVER HERFORD.